



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

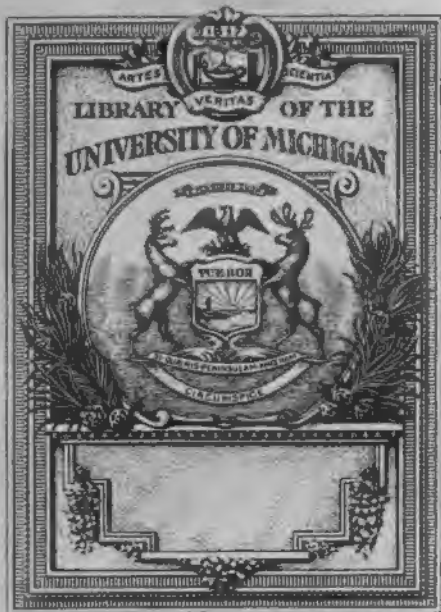
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>









M98

33
30
8990

36
30
1080

82 240

21 150

26 150

James. L. L.

178

179

180

ENLARGED SERIES OF THE MUSEUM.

MR. LITTELL has much pleasure in announcing to the patrons of the MUSEUM, that he has made arrangements for the future publication of the work in a style much superior to the present—and nearly approaching what he has always desired that it should appear in. The circulation of the work is now so large, as to make it important to the proprietor that he should be able to give his whole attention to it. This has hitherto been prevented by the care and labour attendant upon a multifarious and widely extended business. With the view of completing more quickly the publication of *Lodge's Portraits and Memoirs of Illustrious and Noble Characters*, (a splendid work now in hand)—of effecting a settlement of accounts extending over the whole of the United States—and of making arrangements in all parts of the country for the vigorous prosecution of the publication of the MUSEUM, he has made a contract with Mr. Adam Waldie of this city to print the work, attend to its distribution, and to manage all the financial concerns appertaining to it after the present year.

Mr. Waldie is a practical printer, not surpassed in taste by any other in the country; and as he is advantageously and generally known as the publisher of the Select Circulating Library, it is supposed that he will have it in his power greatly to promote the sale of the MUSEUM. He has contracted to issue it *promptly*, and thus will be corrected the greatest fault which has heretofore attended its management. The changes in the appearance of the work will be as follows:

1. It will be regularly and promptly published.
2. Will be uniformly and handsomely printed.
3. On better paper.
4. Will be considerably enlarged.

As the sale of the work has increased, Mr. Littell has always been desirous of devoting the enlarged profits to its improvement—and although he does not wish the appearance of the next volume to be considered as entirely carrying out his plan, he trusts that the subscribers will be convinced, upon comparing it with any other work, that it is richly worth the price asked for it.

We shall not have satisfied our own wishes, in respect to this work, until it shall be so far enlarged and improved as to make it clear to every purchaser that he will herein receive *all that is desirable* to an American reader from all the Foreign Periodicals. That we can do so in a single work, by making it contain four or five times as much matter as an ordinary periodical, we have no doubt. A great part of most of the Reviews and Magazines is composed of inferior articles, and we confidently appeal to those readers of the MUSEUM who have been in the habit of looking over the British Journals, whether we have not already, in a very great degree, succeeded in copying all that was worth preservation.

As the work will now be considerably enlarged, we shall be able more fully to accomplish this object.

In order that he may, by frequent journies from home, be the earlier able to finish

all other business, and devote himself exclusively to the MUSEUM, Mr. Littell has made arrangements with the Editor of Waldie's Library to edit this work after December, 1834. However deficient the proprietor may be in other qualifications, he has always felt so zealous an affection for the MUSEUM that he would not be willing to commit it, even for a time, to the care of another, were he not confident that the facilities, the experience and the ability of the new Editor will render it more worthy of the patronage of the public than it has heretofore been. *No change takes place in the proprietorship.*

☞ Bills up to the end of this year will be transmitted to all in arrears, and they are respectfully requested to make *immediate* remittances to the present publishers, E. Littell and T. Holden, as it is very desirable to close all past business.

☞ The accounts for the next year, and until notice be given to the contrary, will be forwarded by, and should be paid to, *Mr. Adam Waldie, publisher for E. Littell.* As Mr. Waldie looks entirely to the subscribers for the funds out of which he is to be reimbursed for the heavy expenses of the work, Mr. L. hopes that the *kind punctuality* which has hitherto supported it will be continued.

E. LITTELL.

Philadelphia, December, 1834.



all other business, and devote himself exclusively to the **MUSEUM**, Mr. Littell has made arrangements with the Editor of Waldie's Library to edit this work after December, 1834. However deficient the proprietor may be in other qualifications, he has always felt so zealous an affection for the **MUSEUM** that he would not be willing to commit it, even for a time, to the care of another, were he not confident that the facilities, the experience and the ability of the new Editor will render it more worthy of the patronage of the public than it has heretofore been. *No change takes place in the proprietorship.*

☞ Bills up to the end of this year will be transmitted to all in arrears, and they are respectfully requested to make *immediate* remittances to the present publishers, E. Littell and T. Holden, as it is very desirable to close all past business.

☞ The accounts for the next year, and until notice be given to the contrary, will be forwarded by, and should be paid to, *Mr. Adam Waldie, publisher for E. Littell.* As Mr. Waldie looks entirely to the subscribers for the funds out of which he is to be reimbursed for the heavy expenses of the work, Mr. L. hopes that the *kind punctuality* which has hitherto supported it will be continued.

E. LITTELL

Philadelphia, December, 1834.



THE

MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

VOL. XXV.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1834.

•

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY E. LITTELL AND T. HOLDEN.

NEW YORK:

G. & C. & H. CARVILL.

1834.



Maudie (1891)

mpl. 2210
education 2.
-3-28
1900

John P. White

A TABLE OF CONTENTS,

ARRANGED UNDER THE NAMES OF THE WORKS FROM WHICH THEY ARE TAKEN.

Edinburgh Review.

	PAGE.
Journal of a West India Proprietor. By the late M. G. Lewis,	222
Poetical Works of Mrs. Radcliffe,	439
Sir Egerton Brydges' Autobiography,	444

Quarterly Review.

Souvenirs d'un Sexagenaire. Par A. V. Arnault,	102
Autobiography of the Emperor Jehangueir,	109
Gutzlaff's Voyages along the Coast of China,	257
Beckford's Travels in Italy, Spain and Portugal,	263
Helen, by Miss Edgeworth, and Ayesha, by the author of Hajji Baba,	277
Autobiography of Sir Egerton Brydges,	289
Sharpe's Letters and Essays,	385
Philip Van Artevelde,	394
Poetical Works of S. T. Coleridge,	560
Napoleon's Letters to Josephine,	578
Life and Poems of the Rev. George Crabbe,	579

Foreign Quarterly Review.

The Crisis in the East—Turkey, Egypt and Russia,	1
Swedish Settlements in America,	28
Memoirs and Correspondence of Duplessis Mornay,	34
Rafn's Faroe Islands,	93
Miscellaneous Notices,	96, 384
Cousinery's Travels in Macedonia,	97
Italian Insurrection of 1831,	100
Encyclopedie des Gens du Monde,	381
Dumas' Travelling Impressions,	497
Madame de Stael,	503
Central Asia,	514
Oriental Literature,	528

British Critic.

Dr. Pearson's Life of Swartz,	47
---	----

Blackwood's Magazine.

Memoirs of Chateaubriand,	161, 209, 434
To an Old House Clock,	169
The English Boy,	235
The Moral of Flowers,	299
Fall of Earl Grey,	344
Mirabeau,	353, 500
Poetry of Ebenezer Elliott,	359
Results of the Triumph of the Barricades,	406

ms. 222
Radcliffe U.
-3-28
6910

John P. White

A TABLE OF CONTENTS,

ARRANGED UNDER THE NAMES OF THE WORKS FROM WHICH THEY ARE TAKEN.

Edinburgh Review.

Journal of a West India Proprietor. By the late M. G. Lewis,	PAGE. 222
Poetical Works of Mrs. Radcliffe,	439
Sir Egerton Brydges' Autobiography,	444

Quarterly Review.

Souvenirs d'un Sexagenaire. Par A. V. Arnault,	102
Autobiography of the Emperor Jehangueir,	109
Gutzlaff's Voyages along the Coast of China,	257
Beckford's Travels in Italy, Spain and Portugal,	263
Helen, by Miss Edgeworth, and Ayesha, by the author of Hajji Baba,	277
Autobiography of Sir Egerton Brydges,	289
Sharpe's Letters and Essays,	365
Philip Van Artevelde,	394
Poetical Works of S. T. Coleridge,	560
Napoleon's Letters to Josephine,	576
Life and Poems of the Rev. George Crabbe,	579

Foreign Quarterly Review.

The Crisis in the East—Turkey, Egypt and Russia,	1
Swedish Settlements in America,	28
Memoirs and Correspondence of Duplessis Mornay,	34
Rafn's Faroe Islands,	93
Miscellaneous Notices,	96, 384
Cousinery's Travels in Macedonia,	97
Italian Insurrection of 1831,	100
Encyclopedie des Gens du Monde,	381
Dumas' Travelling Impressions,	497
Madame de Stael,	503
Central Asia,	514
Oriental Literature,	528

British Critic.

Dr. Pearson's Life of Swartz,	47
---	----

Blackwood's Magazine.

Memoirs of Chateaubriand,	161, 209, 434
To an Old House Clock,	169
The English Boy,	235
The Moral of Flowers,	289
Fall of Earl Grey,	344
Mirabeau,	353, 369
Poetry of Ebenezer Elliott,	389
Results of the Triumph of the Barricades,	42

Asiatic Journal.

The Baba Logue,	140
Scan. Mag.	145
Confucius' Prediction of our Saviour,	288
Thugs of the Douab,	308

Christian Observer.

Hymn to the Creator, by Lord Brougham,	287
--	-----

Monthly Review.

Fanning's Voyage Round the World,	550
---	-----

Athenæum.

John Martin,	228
Bow in the Cloud, or the Negro's Memorial,	323

Literary Gazette.

ΙΕΝΙΟΣ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΙΑ.	313
--------------------------	-----

Spectator.

New South Wales Magazine,	287
Madame Junot's Celebrated Women,	326
Trials and Triumphs,	327

Examiner.

Progress of Publication,	599
------------------------------------	-----

Gem.

Story of Fiesco,	456
----------------------------	-----

Friendship's Offering.

The Client's Story,	465
The First Sleep,	477
Beatrice, a Lover's Lay,	480
Six Sonnets, by Charles Whitehead,	601
The Riddle of Life, do.	601
Night,	602
The Lonely Heart, by Sarah Stickney,	603

Forget Me Not.

The Bear of Carniola,	469
---------------------------------	-----

Amulet.

A Baptism in the Isles,	627
-----------------------------------	-----

Plates in this Volume.

Daniel O'Connell, Esq. and Richard L. Sheil, Esq.
Miss Harriet Martineau.
Edward Lytton Bulwer.
Captain Ross.
Miss Landon.
Sir Egerton Brydges.



MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

JULY, 1834.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Sketches of Turkey.* By an American. New York, 1833. 8vo.
2. *Precis historique de la destruction du corps des Janissaires par le Sultan Mahmoud en 1826.* Traduit du Turc par A. P. Caussin de Perceval. Paris, 1833. 8vo.
3. *Traite de la Guerre contre les Turcs,* par le General de Valentini. Traduit de l'Allemand par M. Blesson. Berlin, 1830. 8vo.

MUCH has been written lately on the probability of the regeneration of Turkey, and hopes, which we think ill founded, have been entertained on the subject, especially since the publication of Mr. Urquhart's book.* Every thing manifestly depends upon the present Sultan. All that has been done in the way of reform has been effected by him, and in spite of the opinions of his people, to this day as hostile as ever to all change. He is therefore of first importance in considering the subject. We are far from wishing to underrate his character. In estimating it, we admit that there has been too much inclination to judge by the results of his reign. The question, however, ought to be decided by considering the difficulties he has had to encounter, and the efforts he has made to overcome them. He has been upon the throne twenty-five years, and during no one year of that period has he enjoyed peace and tranquillity, or been exempt from foreign aggression or domestic revolt. He has had to contend, within his own dominions, with some of the greatest chieftains that Turkey has ever produced, and who, after matured preparations, have severally thrown off their allegiance. We may mention, among others, Tschappan Oglou, of Widdin—Ali, Pasha of Yannina—Abdoulah, Pasha of Acre—Daoud, Pasha of Bagdad—and finally, Mehemet

* *Turkey and its Resources.* We cannot mention this work without a passing tribute to its merits. It is one of the very few really useful and practical works on Turkey, being written with much higher objects and much sounder views than any other we have met with. The author has not been content with rambling over the surface, but has examined and explored and gone deep into the subject. If it be true that our government has sent this gentleman upon a new expedition, to ascertain the practicability of his schemes for extending our commerce in those countries, we hail the event with pleasure, not only from our high opinion of him, but as a proof of awakened attention to our interests in that direction.

VOL. XXV.—No. 148.

Ali, and Ibrahim of Egypt. These are a few names; but there is not a single province of his great empire that has not, at one time or another during his reign, been in a state of revolt. His Christian subjects have added their quota to his troubles; among them the Servians, under their prince Milosch—a name far less known among us than it deserves; and the Greeks, who, during five years of their revolution, waged a not unequal contest with their sovereign. In pursuing, also, with the fixed determination that marks his character, such reforms as he has attempted, he has had to remove the various impediments to them; first, by getting rid of the feudal chieftains—the unwieldy lumber of the state; and next, while organizing a regular army, to repress and keep down the Janissaries, who had murdered his cousin for the same attempt, and finally to destroy them. He has had wars with Persia and wars against the power of Russia concentrated against him. He has followed the advice of three friendly powers, interested in his welfare, of France, of Austria, and of England; all of whom, we lament to say, have at one time or another deceived or betrayed him. What with the rebellion of his subjects, the aggression of his enemies, and the intervention of his friends, it must be allowed that his has been no easy task; that he has kept his throne for a quarter of a century (a long reign for a Turkish Sultan,) is of itself evidence that he is no ordinary man.

Making every allowance, however, for the dangers and difficulties which he has had to combat, we must add, that most of them might have been foreseen and provided against, and many of them ought to have been prevented. To go no further than the last Russian war, it cannot be denied that it originated entirely in his own imprudence, and his unprincipled avowal of insincerity and bad faith.

The first and principal change which he has effected—and which, perhaps, with the state of opinion in his country, was necessary to carry into execution all others—has been the new organization of his army. In this he cannot be said to have been as yet successful. The next, and we acknowledge it with pleasure as the best and wisest, is the improved condition of his Christian subjects, and the respect shown for their rights and liberties. He has (though but lately) become sensible of the importance of cultivating their good will, and of endeavouring to obtain their support. In pursuing, however, his intentions, such as they are, in regard to the Christians, he has been far from consistent; many of his acts towards them

A

might be mentioned as indicating, at least, some infirmity of purpose. Amongst others, there is one which has been often brought against him, viz. the banishment from the capital of the Catholic Armenians, at the instigation of their schismatic brethren. This, however, was not an instance of Mussulman oppression of Christians, as such. It was suggested and planned by Armenians of one church against Armenians of another—two parties who hate each other, as none but sectarians can hate; and though authorized and executed by the power of the Sultan, it was in virtue of that principle which (as Mr. Urquhart has elaborately proved) has ever been recognised by the Mussulman conquerors, in regard to the Christians, of leaving to the conquered the administration and arrangement of their own civil and religious interests. We fear we must also add, that the wealthy Armenians knew too well, and found too readily, that there was a bye way into the sanctuary of justice. The sentence of banishment, however, has long been reversed, and the Armenians returned on the instant from their native land, where they were aliens, to resume in the city of their conquerors their peaceful and industrious employments.

But, however numerous the exceptions may be, there can be no doubt that, upon the whole, something has been done of late years to improve the condition of the Christian population, especially of European Turkey; and we are ready to give the Sultan credit for good intentions as to all his reforms. He has, however, we fear, as yet shown himself most active and expert in the work of destruction. Ascending the throne with the murder of his predecessor before him, he had perhaps no other course to pursue, and he has pursued it heartily. Destruction has always meant with him annihilation: he has not merely displaced, but swept away the obstacles to his plans; opposition has, in all cases, been atoned for by blood. No artifice, and no mode of violence known in the history of Turkish treachery and cruelty, have been left unresorted to for the accomplishment of his purposes. It is another and a higher order of mind which can reunite the scattered materials thus forcibly separated, and reconstruct the social edifice on a new and more perfect model. This he has shown no signs of possessing. He felt from the first that he was engaged in a mortal struggle with the Janissaries, in which one or the other must perish. He also felt that his irregular and undisciplined hordes were wholly unequal to cope with European armies, and therefore he attempted to form his own army on their model. It would, indeed, have been wonderful if, uneducated but in the vices of the seraglio, without communication (which he has never sought) with enlightened foreigners, and without instruction from any book but the Koran, he should have been able to understand and estimate at their real value, the social institutions of Europe. He has done what it was more probable he would do: feeling the necessity of some change, from the consciousness of increasing weakness, he has adopted a few of the accidents of European civilization, and some of its frivolities and vices, which, while they serve to show, that he is himself devoid of all religious principle, in fact tend to disgust the scrupulous and right-minded among his subjects with the notion of all change. It is not by drinking champagne, or letting his hair grow, or wearing the dress of a *bussar*, or listening to Italian music, or sitting

once a month for his portrait, that he could hope to improve the proud, ignorant, puritanical people he governs, or raise them from the degradation of their sensual existence; still less to destroy the factitious and unjust distinctions of race and religion among the different bodies of his subjects, and induce them by joining with each other to promote, through their own prosperity, the power and welfare of their common country. Security of life can scarcely be said to have been increased during as sanguinary a reign as any that is to be found even in Turkish annals. He has done nothing to improve and render less corrupt the administration of justice, on which depends the security of property. The provincial governments of the Pashas have been allowed to continue on the old system of robbery and extortion, under which all accumulation is prevented, production stopped, and population diminished. There is the same principle of corruption and favouritism in the appointment of all the functionaries of the state; men are still raised at once from the lowest grades to fill the highest and most important offices in the state. The most oppressive and destructive monopolies have been established, by the authority and for the profit of the Sultan, or of some of his favourites. The coin has been debased till forged money has become as valuable as the currency, and the Government, at every fresh issue, has defrauded all its creditors. Treachery and duplicity also have, during the present reign, as of old, characterized the foreign policy of Turkey. These are the great points in the Turkish government and institutions which required reform, and in these, we maintain there has been no alteration; or if any has been attempted, it has been either crude and ill-advised, or confined to trifling and superficial matters. *It is not reform in itself that has ruined Turkey, but reform undertaken partially and too late, and pursued without system and without judgment.* The vaunted principle of stability, which would bind the present and the future in the iron and unyielding bondage of prescription, has assuredly been tried in Turkey, if any where, and failed, as it has done every where else, and as it will fail until the world stand still. In Turkey, its failure—which we now witness—has been more signal and more rapid, from the intercourse and communication which exists with other countries, and from the pressure of contiguous civilization. In such a country as China, more happily situated in this respect, it has produced stagnation; in Turkey it has led to the succeeding stage of decomposition. The pride of the Turks, the most prominent feature in their character, and the most insurmountable obstacle to their improvement, has, indeed, as Mr. Urquhart remarks, been broken. Invariable defeat speaks too plain a language to be mistaken. We wish we could hope with him, that they will now learn the lesson of civilization; but he will find that though their pride has been broken, it has not been humbled. The spirit gone, there has been left as residue a sullenness equally unteachable and hopeless. We are convinced, then, that the regeneration of Turkey is but a vain speculation. The causes of her deep decline are still in existence, and there is nothing in her present condition, nor in the character of her ruler, which should lead us to think that they will either be removed or counteracted. It is true, that at any time during the last century and a half, the pages of all writers upon Turkey have teemed with prophecies of her speedy down-

fall, from their observation of her defective institutions, and their inherent principles of decay,—from the corruption of the government, and the indolence and ignorance of the people. These writers may have anticipated the period, but their prognostications were not the less correct. We are indeed witnessing what they foretold, and mark that was with them conjecture is to us fact. It must be remembered, that we have but little farther need of prophecy; for we have only to look at the map, and compare what Turkey once possessed with that which she now barely calls her own, and consider the various causes which have led to her dismemberment, to be convinced that the work of her annihilation has long commenced, and is now well nigh completed. That the day will arrive when the Turks will cease to exist in Europe, there can be no rational doubt. Do we regret it should be so? God forbid! There may be reasons for wishing the event postponed, but none for desiring that it should ultimately be prevented. It is melancholy to think on the length of time that so large a portion of Europe has been subject to their wasteful and destructive power, under which the fertility of their favoured countries has been wasted, the population diminished, and human enjoyment reduced to the least in amount and the lowest in kind. It is a proverb in the language of every country which they have entered, that the earth dries up wherever a Turk has set his foot. It is a not less melancholy reflection that their Christian subjects, who, though of different races, are all of superior capabilities to their masters, should so long have been kept in the bondage of their unenlightened and cruel despotism. That the authors of all this misery should retain the power to render it permanent, and continue to curse with their presence all that nature has endowed with its choicest blessings, is a wish which the staunchest conservative—the most strenuous supporter of the *status quo*—can hardly entertain.

Deeply impressed, however, with the justice of the fate which awaits the Ottoman government, and of the desirableness of its ultimate overthrow, we yet think that the hour is not arrived at which as yet would best serve the interests of mankind. The substitution of Russian for Turkish despotism, which would now be the result, is not such a commutation, with that regard, as could be desired; the condition of the subjects of European Turkey might be worse, and would probably not be bettered by the exchange. No improvement has hitherto marked the course of Russian conquests; on the contrary, some of the countries which Russia has taken from Turkey are less prosperous, less cultivated, and more thinly peopled than before they fell under her sway.

We must now, however, interrupt the thread of these remarks, and proceed, in the exercise of our critical functions, to give some account of the three books which stand at the head of this article. The authors of them compose a trio, such as is not often to be found meeting together in the same study: an American physician, a Turkish Effendi, and a Prussian general. From the observations of persons of such differently constituted minds, and viewing objects from points so various and so opposite, we hope to be enabled to throw some additional light on the subject we are now discussing. We begin with the first on our list.

1. We look with some degree of interest into

this book as an account given by an American to Americans, of his observations on a country, the very moral and political antipodes of his own. We had hoped to have seen faithfully portrayed, the strong contrast which could not have failed to strike him, between the two,—passing, as he did, at once from the young and half-developed energies of his own country, struggling in the first consciousness of life and freedom, yet strong in the feeling of self-dependence and of self-sufficiency, to the contemplation of another in the last stage of corruption and decrepitude, enveloped, indeed, in the pride of its former glories, but feeble and exhausted, and awaiting its impending doom without one rightly directed effort to avert it. We were curious to learn particularly, when we heard that the author's views were favourable to Turkey, if it could be proved that a less inevitable fate awaits her than we are accustomed here to think, or if anything might yet be done to stop the progress of internal disease, arising, as we fear, from inherent principles of decay.

We regret, however, to state, that the book, though not destitute of talent, and containing some graphic and lively descriptions, has added nothing to our stock of real information, the remarks upon the country are for the most part trivial, and the observation of the writer, extended over a small space, does not appear in any case to have penetrated beyond the surface.

He seems to have been a careless investigator of what he saw, and a careful retailer of all he heard,—two qualities eminently calculated to make a writer worthless as a guide. Every anecdote is detailed without considering who the person was from whom he "held" it, to use his own expression; and in one or two instances he is obliged to contradict what he had before said, and yet suffers it to remain; so that we have the story in one place, and the contradiction in another, for what purpose it is difficult to say, except to swell the volume.

The same unimportant facts, and the same improbable fictions which constitute the gossip of Paris, and have been repeated a hundred times by the wonder-gathering travellers of Europe, are here once more set forth. Doubtless it is supposed that they acquire value and authority from the author's pen, for he is far from being in ignorance of the labours (if such they are to be called) of his predecessors. He borrows, indeed largely from them, and whenever he disputes their authority which he occasionally does, he is sure to be in the wrong. There is much pretence of knowledge—by which we mean much real ignorance—on classical subjects, and a dogmatism on disputed points connected with them, which is excessively amusing. There is a large amount of national and personal vanity, the former far more excusable and better founded than the latter. He has a happy knack of applauding what is blamable or worthless, and blaming what is good. We say nothing of the want of what we should call good taste in many of his remarks, because there is happily no fixed standard in such matters, and what may be bad taste with us, may be the reverse on the other side of the Atlantic, as the language of *charlatanerie* in this country is often that of sober science in Germany.

In his way to the Dardanelles, the "Sketcher" visits the plains of Troy, and takes the opportunity of giving a short account of the Iliad, which he calls at once 'Homeric Poema,' and resolves the

author into Homeric Bards, though afterwards he calls him the *winy* Homer. The historical foundation of the poem, "this joint-stock affair of the Homericidæ," he states to be simply this, "that a peaceful band of Greek graziers inhabited a plain near Troy, which was itself a mere mud village; and they for several years were subject to occasional attacks from a set of marauding cut-throats, and soldiers let loose by the termination of the second Theban war." He conceives that it could not have been written at the period commonly supposed, nor by one man, for this plain reason, that there were then no writing materials, and that one man could not learn it by heart. Having done this much to demolish the authenticity of the poem, and to strip from it all delusion, he proceeds to state, with respect to Troy—what others had stated before, and what indeed one should suppose would be the case, from the materials of which he assumes it to have been composed—that there are no certain traces of "the village" now existing.

He gives us to understand, however, that he is a scholar, and has studied the Greek language; a fact, which, without the information, we should certainly never have discovered. In two or three places he declines copying an inscription upon a tablet, because the Greek cross above it told him it was modern. The Greek cross *could* not necessarily tell him any thing, as it might have been put there at any time; the form of the letters *would*, as well as the subject matter of the inscription, had he read it. He translates *βαθυ πελπος* "a beautiful field," p. 97, and derives Negrepont from Eubœa, telling us that the first corruption of Eubœa was into Euripus, p. 37. After all, therefore, we confess that our surprise is not as great as his, at finding that the Greeks did not understand him, when he addressed them in their native tongue. He is not, however, quite without the antiquarian sense. At Smyrna, he represents himself "as exceedingly interested in a morsel of scriptural antiquity." This is "a plain box neatly turned out of plaster of Paris or alabaster, and about the size of a shaving box, with a cover of the same material, which had come from Ephesus." And why does the reader think that this is called "a morsel of scriptural antiquity?"—solely because "it puts him in mind of the box of ointment with which Mary anointed the feet of our Lord!"

The main peculiarity of the writer, however, putting aside classical subjects, appears to be a love of contradicting all received notions upon minute points, open to the observation of every traveller, such as the appearance of Constantinople, or some peculiarities in Turkish life and manners; points unimportant, perhaps, in themselves, but as to which the accounts of all travellers have invariably agreed. Thus, he was particularly struck with the absence of dogs in the streets of Constantinople, p. 76, and borrows a remark from a friend, that they are not more numerous than the hogs of New York. He finds out also, that women in Turkey actually enjoy more liberty than in the other countries of Europe, or in America; and this he says every man will agree in, who is not afraid of speaking out his real sentiments. He considers the women are great gainers by being obliged to live separate from the men, p. 267. The first reason which he gives for this is, that they are free from the nuisance of tobacco smoke. From this remark we may draw an inference with respect to American manners, but the gain to the Turkish women cannot be great, as the great ma-

jority of them inflict the nuisance on themselves. He says the song of the nightingale is very much overrated—"it is not half so effective as the shrill scream of our night hawk." p. 93. Turkish music is richer and more melodious in some respects than European; the plague is only a species of typhus fever, not more dangerous than the ordinary typhus fever which appears in Scotland, &c. &c.

He is also particularly pleased with the Greeks of the Fanar, whom every body else who has had anything to do with them, describes as the falsest, most corrupt, and intriguing people in the world. He says, "if anything is capable of redeeming the character of the descendants of Themistocles from its deep abyss of degradation, it certainly is the reputation of the Greeks of the Fanar." p. 387. He particularly admires the *fez*, (which our readers know is a plain red scull-cap,) and calls it "a beautiful and becoming article;" and though he regrets the picturesque dress which the Turks have abandoned, tells us in the same page, that when they wore turbans they only looked like walking mushrooms. He admires the mosques and minarets, but they put him dreadfully in mind of "gigantic candlesticks surmounted by their extinguishers." He sees the dancing Dervishes, and is reminded "of boys making cheeses in America;" what he means, of course, we know not, but is it possible to conceive a man coming from New York to Constantinople, and carrying back across the Atlantic such remarks as these? He has particular pleasure in retailing similar trumpery, when he is not himself the author of it. Thus, he mentions that somebody supposed the first Sultan was an Irishman, because he is called Padi-Shah (Paddy Shaw)!—and that St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians was addressed to the inhabitants of Galata, one of the suburbs of Constantinople!

His mistakes are innumerable. Thus, he praises the appearance of the boatmen of the Bosphorus, and says that they present "the finest specimens of the genuine *Tartar* physiognomy;" they are a fine race of men undoubtedly, but any body there could have told him they were *Greeks*. The porters also, who are famous for carrying immense weights, are cited in proof of the strength of the *Turks*. He might have also learnt that they are *Armenians*! His account of the Turkish alphabet is short, but curious; he says there are thirty-three letters, of which thirty are always consonants, one always a vowel, and four occasionally vowels and consonants, p. 143. He says there is a description in the novel of *Anastasi* of a large Turkish ship of war—which ship, however, has not been three years in existence. He places Croatia on the Black Sea; and says when an English diplomatic agent is called a *Resident*, it means that he has been appointed by the East India Company. He is very angry with the poet Coleridge, for having over-praised Homer in his "Introduction to the Study of the Classic Poets," which, as every body knows, is not written by the poet. "Listen," says our author, "to the nonsense which this distinguished poet suffers himself to publish to the youth of England."

These, it will be said, are insignificant points, but of such is the substance of the book. Whenever the author attempts to describe the laws, or institutions, or customs of the Turks, beyond those which are most palpable to, and have been described by all visitors, his remarks are always imperfect, and his explanations sometimes given at

a wanton hazard. Thus he does not scruple to tell us within a few dollars what is the amount of the Turkish revenue, a thing never accurately ascertained, from the absolute want of data, or their inaccessibility. He tells us that the municipal institutions among the rayas no longer exist, "every vestige, indeed, of them has disappeared;" p. 203—and that there are no silver mines in the country, p. 202;—two points on which we have much information to a contrary effect, from Mr. Urquhart's valuable work. The abuse of the Greeks, and the revolution by which they have effected their freedom, we own, we did not expect, though we might that of the principles of free trade. Many of these mistakes are upon matters of no great moment, and numerous as they are, we should not have thought them worth alluding to, had it not been for the supercilious and contemptuous tone with which the writer speaks of the ignorance and presumption of the "book-making travellers of Europe."

We were for some time at a loss to account for the singular fact of an American being an enthusiastic admirer of a worn out Turkish despotism, and we can only now explain it by his hatred, first of the English, (against whom he never loses an opportunity of a passing sneer,) and next of Europeans in general, and all that belongs to them, which seems to blind his perception of the plainest truths. Thus, he is inclined to think that the Sultan is the most enlightened sovereign in Europe, and the Turkish the most tolerant, humane, and religious of nations; he talks, p. 147, of the progress which education has made amongst them, and says, that "works appear almost daily from the presses of the capital, which would do honour to any country in Europe."

The book, however, presents some smart and lively descriptions of scenes in which the author was a party concerned; and there are also two or three passages of which we can speak in commendation. There is a careful, well written description of the mode of supplying the capital with water, which had, however, previously, though not quite so fully, been detailed by Dr. Walsh; and some good remarks on the evil effects of employing native Dragomans in the intercourse of Christians with the Porte. We are satisfied that where our negotiations with the Turkish government have failed, they have, for the most part, done so through the intrigues and treachery of this corrupt body of men; but often as the note of warning on this head has been struck, it has found no respondent chord among our rulers. There are some calculations as to the future amount of American trade in the Levant, which we think somewhat extravagant; and a not uninteresting account of the negotiations concerning the American treaty with the Porte, and the difficulties that were thrown in its way by the Senate at home, which, though it has nothing to do with Turkey, yet shows how mischievously the executive government is occasionally interfered with in America, apparently for the sake of interference. We will quote also the following statement, because it is highly creditable to the Americans, and because we rejoice to see them co-operating with the liberal and enlightened in Europe, in the holy work of civilization, and in the diffusion of moral and religious instruction. The author of the book before us found (though by the bye he only visited Constantinople and Smyrna,) that

"To America, almost every great school in Turkey

and Greece is indebted for its elementary books of instruction. These books are printed at the American printing press at Malta, which has been unwearied in its efforts to do good. According to an official statement, it appears that, from the year 1822 to 1829, there were issued from the Malta printing press 250,000 copies of various religious works, containing more than ten millions of pages in Greek, Italian, and Turkish, with Armenian characters." p. 287

He also speaks with the highest praise of the zeal and exertions of Mr. Goodell, the American missionary at Constantinople, in the establishment of Lancasterian schools. This is as it ought to be, and as we have every reason to expect it would be, from the Americans.

2. The "*Historical Sketch of the Destruction of the Janissaries*" need not detain us long. It is interesting, however, both as a specimen of Turkish literature, and as the work of one who was an eye witness to the events which he relates. It contains, moreover, an account of the actual condition of the Janissaries at the time of their destruction, and a summary of the acts of violence and tyranny of which they were habitually guilty. It proves conclusively that they had long ceased to be serviceable as a military force. The book in short may be considered to furnish a complete answer to those who, from ignorance or party-feeling, have maintained that the ruin of the Turkish Empire has been caused by reforms, and the substitution of an army formed and disciplined on the European model, for the old military force of the country, to which it was indebted for all its conquests. The fact is, that not above one-tenth of those enrolled in the corps of Janissaries were soldiers at all, the rest being artisans and tradesmen, and some even of the lowest rabble of Constantinople, who bore arms for the purpose of intimidating the Government and the people, and received pay as regular soldiers for doing nothing, which they were always ready and prepared to exact by force, if there was the least disposition shown to withhold or diminish it. They alone in short possessed any real power, which however was never used against the enemies of the state, but against the Sultan, and all who were not Janissaries. In time of peace, and within the capital, there could have been no security for either life or property from their lawless excesses.

They amounted to no less than 196 companies at the time of their destruction, but out of these no considerable force could ever be collected for military service. Upon the breaking out of a war, a levy of troops was always attempted amongst them, but those who had profitable trades and occupations refused to leave them. Of the rabble, moreover, who were induced to come out from the city and go to the ordinary place of rendezvous, in the plains of Daoud Paclin, about a mile from the capital, generally above one-half returned; the remaining portion pillaged wherever they went, and often left their general on the field of battle, upon the approach of the enemy, though in their flight

*As for instance in such passages as these, taken from a periodical of no mean celebrity. "It will be found that the Ottomans have fallen a victim to the same passion for innovation and reform which has proved so ruinous both in this and a neighbouring country." "The Janissaries, an institution which upheld the Turkish Empire, and of essential service in repelling the invasion of Christian powers."—*Blackwood's Mag.* 1822.

they seldom forgot to plunder their own camp; and they have been known on many occasions to take bribes from the Russians.

Within the last century, they have murdered four sultans and dethroned four others, and on three distinct occasions have stopped by violence the attempts that were making to introduce discipline and order in the army. No class of inhabitants, not even the Mussulmans, was safe from their violence. They had often a complete monopoly of the provisions of the capital, which they would seize upon as the dealers were carrying them to market, or pay a nominal price for, and retail afterwards at whatever they chose to fix, using moreover their own weights and measures.

Having the police entirely in their own hands, they would sell their protection at an exorbitant rate. They would take possession of vessels, and, under the pretence of guarding them, levy a sum upon the cargo. During the fires, of which they were oftener than not the cause, they had possession of the engines, and would refuse to work them unless a sum little short of what they would gain by pillaging was paid them by the proprietors of the houses. Nobody dared to accuse them, and no judge would give sentence against one of their body, as they could immediately procure his dismissal. The Janissary artisans could compel individuals to employ them in preference; as, for instance, if a house were building by masons and bricklayers who were not Janissaries, a party from one of their odas or companies would come, fix the number and mark of their company upon the house, and insist upon finishing it at their own time, and with their own materials, and at their own price. Their extortions from the rayas, whether Greeks, Jews, or Armenians were endless; especially, after the Greek revolution afforded them an excuse for continual plunder on the score of retaliation. Is it not then the height of absurdity to talk of a country being a loser by the destruction of such a public and legalized band of robbers and murderers as this?

The notion entertained in this country, however, that their violent destruction was a premeditated, cold-blooded massacre, appears to be quite erroneous; on the contrary, it was purely a defensive act, and had the victory been on the side of the Janissaries, who were the aggressors, the lives of the Sultan and all his ministers would have been sacrificed. The account which is given by Assad Efendi, the author of the book of the events which immediately preceded and produced the great conflict, is very interesting.

A council of the first civil, military, and religious authorities in the state, was summoned, and an exposition made to it of the actual condition of the Janissaries, of their opposition to all authority, the cruelties and enormities of which they had been guilty and their inefficiency as a military force. Of this latter fact the constant defeats sustained from foreign enemies, and especially the successful insurrection of the Greeks, were mentioned as indubitable proofs. Reference was made to the ancient laws and regulations of the corps itself, which prescribed their mode of enrolment, discipline, and duties; and it was made evident that in no one particular were these complied with by the actual members. The religious question—whether it was contrary to the Koran, to study war as a science, and to have a disciplined and regular army? was discussed, and resolved in the negative by the authority of the prophet's own

injunction, to employ against infidels "all possible means." It was then unanimously determined to reorganize the Janissaries, to bring them again into the state of order and efficiency which had formerly distinguished them, and to train them as regular troops. It was settled that there should be taken from the general body a certain number of those who were called *echkendjis*, that is, *bona fide* soldiers in active service, and that they should be required to submit to a course of military discipline, the regulations for which are detailed at great length. Ample pay was to be given to them, and the amount of their retiring allowance after different periods of service fixed. The officers were to take rank by seniority, an important advantage in a land of favouritism, and the vacancies in the new corps were to be filled up from a large body of supernumerary Janissaries (men who were on the list, but not as yet in the receipt of pay,) that the expectations they had formed might not be disappointed. The Janissaries were still to exist as heretofore, but the sale of their pay tickets* was prohibited, those only who should perform actual service, and were the nominal as well as real holders of these tickets, being entitled to receive payment of them. The Sultan had gained over the members of this council, principally, as our author tells us, by money, and its resolutions had of course been agreed upon beforehand. In this Mahmoud showed much greater prudence than his predecessor Selim, who trusted too much to his own power and authority. The determination of the council was communicated to the Janissaries, as had been agreed, and they were called upon to ratify it; this they professed the greatest readiness to do, and thronged the appointed places for the purpose of setting their seals to the mandate, in token of assent. The enrolment of the *echkendjis* immediately took place. The sight of the first corps of these, however, and of the exercises and drilling to which they were subjected, appears to have roused the indignation of the Janissaries, who had nearly a month to recover from their surprise, and to organize an insurrection. They assembled in large bodies, preceded by the inverted kettles of their different companies, (the old emblem of revolt,) and demanded the heads of all the ministers who had recommended the hated changes. The Sultan was prepared with a force on which he could rely, consisting principally of the artillery and the marines of his navy, and the issue of the dreadful contest which ensued is well known. After this revolt and the violation of their engagement to submit to the new organization, it was considered impossible to trust them any longer, and that nothing but their extermination could afford any security for the future safety and tranquillity of the empire. The executions, private and public, which followed, were very numerous, and continued for several days. Their name was erased from the Turkish vocabulary, and the new troops were styled "the Victorious soldiers of Mahomet," in anticipation of success which we fear has not as yet attended their arms. Within a month one regiment of them was completed, and had made some progress in military training.

The Sultan, in order to remove all discontent, appears to have undertaken other reforms of a

*These were granted for an indefinite period, and often held by the heirs and successors of the original possessors.

popular nature, but they seem to be so incomplete that we can hardly concur in the unmeasured approbation of them, in which our author (whose praise, by his own account, is not altogether disinterested,) indulges. Thus, for instance, in abolishing the confiscation of property belonging to individuals not in the service of the state at the time of their death, the decree is with this reserve: the private property of those who are not functionaries, is not to be seized, *unless the treasury is want.*" If this is a reform, what must the system be?

3. The work of General Valentini, on the wars with the Turks, is interesting principally to military readers; for by them only can its numerous details, and its many ingenious disquisitions on points connected with the science and practice of strategy be fully understood and appreciated. It is the work of a veteran, who, in the repose of peace has occupied himself in detailing in a clear, unaffected manner, and in a style remarkably free from bombast, facts connected with the Turkish wars of the present century, in some of which he had himself taken a part; and the inferences which he has drawn from them, if not always convincing, are in no case unworthy of consideration. The work is composed much on the same model as that portion of Montecuculi's *Commentaries on the Art of War*, which is devoted to the subject of the Turkish armies. Montecuculi, one of the ablest and most successful generals of his time, and who, commanding the troops of the Emperor in the latter part of the 17th century, had beaten the Turks at the famous battle of St. Gothard, (in 1664.) by which their power was for a time paralysed, had yet so strong an impression of their military skill—their great resources—their indomitable spirit, and their persevering aggression, as he found upon it his main argument on the necessity of a standing army as a protection against them. No other means, he considered, afforded any chance of preserving Germany, or indeed, Europe at large, from being overrun and brought to subjection by the Mohammedans,—with whom, he says, there could be no real peace or compact, whose armies were always in the field, and always prepared for attack. He considered it necessary that his country should be at peace with every other, before it engaged in a war with Turkey, and feeling its insufficiency even then, he proposed a plan for a union of the several powers of Europe, for the purpose of a simultaneous attack on different parts of her empire.

General Valentini takes up the history of the Turkish wars at the latter part of the 18th century, (not a hundred years after the conclusion of Montecuculi's book,) but in his work, on the contrary, there is to be found a mere catalogue of defeats, "disasters dire, and total overthrow"—battles feebly contested, and wars dishonourably terminated. From a comparison of the two accounts, the difference between the former and the present state of the Turkish army will be found to consist: 1.—In the smaller number of troops which they can now bring into the field, their numbers having always been a great element of their superiority. 2.—The want of the preparatives and munitions of war, to which they were before most attentive, and with which they were always abundantly provided. They drew their supplies from Wallachia, Servia, Bosnia, and Egypt—countries now virtually closed to them. 3d.—In the want of veteran

troops: the greater proportion of their army formerly consisted of men who had been long in the service, and from their constant state of hostility with foreign or domestic enemies, thoroughly inured to war. 4th.—In the skill and capacity which formerly distinguished their generals, who were then, occasionally, chosen from having displayed qualities which fitted them for their office, and not taken at random from among the slaves of the Seraglio, or mechanics of the capital. "Le Turc," says Montecuculi, "a des chefs et des soldats d'expérience, de valeur et d'exécution." 5th.—In the inferior discipline of their armies, and the impossibility of restoring order after defeat. They had formerly the best light infantry in Europe, as it was on all hands acknowledged to be; the Cossacks also were then on their side, and the spahis and delhis, once excellent cavalry, are now reduced to what Valentini calls "une canaille Asiatique à cheval." But above all the causes of their growing inferiority, it must be mentioned that they have ceased to be aggressors in their wars with Russia, ever since the time of Peter the Great. The hope of conquest and of plunder, the only motive to barbarians, no longer allures them, and in its place is substituted the presage of sure defeat, founded on long standing experience. With a superstitious people, this is fatal. On this Diebitsch calculated, when he passed the Balkan with a handful of men.

M. Valentini, after a rapid sketch of the Turkish wars of the last century, passes to that which they waged with Russia, during the years 1809, 10, and 11, and terminated with the peace of Bucharest, in 1812. This is followed by a chapter of "Conjectures and Results," which contains many curious remarks and suggestions. He considers it to have been proved that it is indubitably in the power of Russia, and he implies that it is no less certainly her duty, to seize and appropriate, not only the European provinces of Turkey, but all her maritime possessions in Asia Minor. His great desire is to see the Turks once more fairly behind the Taurus, and he goes so far as to assign a residence to the Sultan at Dorylee (now Eski-Schehr.) If such a course on the part of Russia should excite the jealousy or the alarms of other powers (which, however, with amiable simplicity, he seems to think not at all likely,) he proposes that an order of knighthood should be established, for the purpose of occupying the conquered countries in Asia, and repressing the attempts of the Turks to recover them; by which means, he says "loin d'être une pomme de discorde, il ferait naître entre les puissances de nouveaux rapports d'amitié." He does not enter very fully into the mode of instituting this order, nor into its laws and regulations; but he proposes that it should be open to natives of all the countries of Europe. There would by this means be a great depot of warriors established, from which the countries of Europe might have an abundant supply, and as he concludes, "on n'aurait plus besoin de désirer que les puissances Chrétiennes se fassent de temps à autre la guerre pour entretenir le feu sacré (p. 196.)" This is the view of a true soldier.

In a former edition of his work, published some years before events had proved the correctness of his views, General Valentini had the merit of pointing out, that the real object of attack in a war with Turkey, in the present day, ought to be the capital; that no other was worth wasting time upon; and that the Balkan, the Thermopylae of Tur-

key, defended by Turks, was a mere delusion. The plan of the campaign which he sketched, corresponded in all material points with that which Diebitsch pursued, and which carried him to Adrianople.

M. Valentini, after passing lightly over the Turkish wars in Greece, which afford, he says, only examples of the unskilfulness, the ferocity, and the treachery of savages, proceeds to the last campaigns of 1828 and 1829, which he describes with great minuteness, those in Europe, as well as those in Asia. Respecting the latter, we had before but imperfect information; and from his account we cannot but conclude, that there was greater skill displayed on the part of the generals on both sides—greater bravery on the part of the soldiers, and greater difficulties overcome by the Russians, with slenderer means and fewer resources—that the war was more vigorously contested, and victory more arduously won in the Asiatic than in the European campaigns. It is indeed only in talking of Paskewitch that our author permits himself to be enthusiastic.

M. Valentini is on the whole decidedly of opinion that the power of the Turks is annihilated, and that they have brought destruction upon themselves by the military reforms which they have attempted. He calls their present system "une singerie," and states that from the moment they gave up their distinctive character—when they could no longer say, as in former times it was their boast to say, "nous sommes nous," they became nothing. In this opinion he is far from being borne out; on the contrary, we think it would not be difficult, by comparing his account of the last with former wars, to prove not only that a considerable improvement has actually taken place in their armies, but that the only effective resistance which was offered to the Russians in the last war was by the newly-organized troops. For instance, in the war at the beginning of the century, he gives this picture of their state of discipline.

"Le grand Vizir ou pacha fait dresser sa tente, et tout le monde campe autour de lui, comme un essaim d'abeilles. L'armée, doit-elle se mettre en marche, on indique le jour et la direction,—et libre à chacun de partir tout de suite s'il lui plaît. Un chef se sent-il la fantaisie de se battre, il le fait à ses risques et périls, et sans demander d'avis. Des escarmouches s'engagent, et deviennent des affaires générales, au gré de hasard. Si, au contraire, la multitude n'est pas disposée à combattre, alors il n'y a point de bataille, lors même que la raison de guerre l'exigerait." (p. 90.)

But in describing their condition in the last war, he is forced to admit, what must be considered a vast improvement over the state of things which he has given us above. (pp. 228, 229.)

"Nous appuyons plus sur l'obéissance que Mahmoud venait de leur inoculer que sur la tactique qu'il leur avait fait apprendre. On ne vit plus les troupes aller et venir à leur guise, entraîner les vizirs et leurs chefs malgré eux, comme autrefois; des prisonniers au contraire auxquels on demanda, pourquoi ils s'étaient portés ça ou là? répondirent inopinément 'nous n'en savons rien, on nous commande, et nous obéissons.'"

He mentions the first appearance of regular cavalry. (p. 246.)

"On observa pour la première fois ici un ordre remarquable dans les mouvemens de la cavalerie Turque. Elle se ploya en masse, se déploya, combattit éparpillée et en essaim, mais se rassembla promptement; et il était facile de s'apercevoir que ce n'était pas une

fougue guerrière qui la dirigeait, mais bien la volonté de ses chefs."

And the improvement in their artillery. (p. 305.)

"Leur artillerie s'est perfectionnée, et ils savent mieux l'employer, puisqu'on leur a vu lancer des boulets, des bombes et des obus, même des boulets creux enchaînés, à différentes distances avec une précision admirable. Il est possible que la prédilection du sultan pour les modèles Européens, et le grand pas qu'il a fait de s'arracher aux préjuges nationaux les plus enracinés, y soient pour quelque chose."

He admits an improved knowledge of tactics. (p. 322.)

"On a remarqué dans la dernière campagne chez les Turcs,—autre un ordre plus grand, et une unité d'action marquée par un commandement visant à un but reconnu,—une combinaison réfléchie et profitant du terrain entre leur infanterie et leurs essaims de cavalerie. Des détachemens de bons tireurs à pied étaient en outre mêlés à leur cavalerie, ou cachés derrière elle, et celle-ci les démasquant tout à coup, savait attirer les assaillans dans le feu de ces tireurs embusqués."

Other passages might be quoted to the same effect.

This is unwilling testimony, but it is the more valuable on that account; we think, therefore, that General Valentini is not justified upon his own showing, in condemning the change of system to the extent he has done. But neither at the same time do we think that the general opinion is entirely correct, that the Turks in the last war were taken at a disadvantage—that they were in a transitive state, and necessarily less strong than they would in a little time have become. It is, doubtless, true, that they were in a certain sense, in that state, for opinion was still unsettled, and confidence in the sovereign but little restored. But on the other hand, the Sultan in the formation of his new army, had not been able to avail himself of the elements of the old. An entirely new force may be raised, but cannot be fully disciplined and matured in a time of peace; it is by campaigns and in the field of battle alone that troops can acquire the dexterity, the self-confidence and the hardihood which constitute their excellence. All that drilling was likely to effect with the Turks had been effected. The Sultan boasted at the beginning of the war, that he had 100,000 regular and well-disciplined troops,* and no doubt they were as ready to engage in war as they ever would have been, without an experience of its hardships and practical instruction in its difficulties. But what is evident from all that M. Valentini states, is, that their army was entirely without generals—that there was no one who had the least acquaintance with military science, or who knew more than a drill-serjeant the value and advantage of regular troops. They showed themselves incapable of combined movements, or of executing a single complicated manœuvre throughout the whole of the war: they were entrapped into a pitched battle, and all, of course, was lost.† There was

* "Ce but (de gagner du temps) était atteint, puisqu'on portait l'armée régulière de nouvelle création à 100,000 hommes, et que les places se trouvaient dans le meilleur état, pourvues de tout, et qu'on avait même élevé à grands frais des nouveaux boulevards."—Valentini.

† The policy of the Turks should have been to have avoided all general engagements and pitched battles;—to have prolonged the war by the obstinate defence

not a plan of a battle—sketch of a campaign, or map of the country ever to be found among the papers of the Turkish staff, and it is notorious that they disdained all such auxiliaries.

It is after all, however, a mere question of degree between us and General Valentini. One thing he has made abundantly evident, and that is, that the Turks are wholly unequal to cope single-handed with the Russians; they are not equal to them in the arts of war, and we fear from late events, they are as little so in those of peace. But European powers who have an interest in opposing the aggrandizement of Russia will find in the resources which Turkey still possesses, an auxiliary not to be despised; and if they would only act in their true interests, the hopes and expectations of General Valentini may yet fail of being realized.

If the views which we have developed in the preceding pages as to the actual state of Turkey, and the chances of her regeneration required any confirmation as to their soundness, we should find it in the history of the late disastrous war with Egypt, and the negotiations which immediately preceded and followed its termination. As no complete or authentic account of these events has as yet, so far as we know, been given to the world, we conceive that we shall be doing our readers a service in putting them in possession of a sketch, derived from public documents as well as private sources to which we have had access, both of unquestionable authenticity. We foresee, however, that this will occupy so large a portion of the remaining space in our present number as almost to require an apology. We hope that this will be found in the great importance of the subject—no less than one on which a question of peace or war may turn—and in our desire of enlightening the public mind regarding the true character of the late events in the East.

With respect to Egypt, an ample and detailed account has been given in a former number of this *Review** of the flourishing condition of that country—of its great resources so long dormant, and now in the course of development, and of the high administrative qualities, combined with fearless and inflexible perseverance which distinguish its ruler. Born and bred in the lower ranks of a degenerate nation, and without instruction (having only learnt to read when past the meridian of life) this individual has by the master spirit that moves within him, exalted himself above his fellows and his age; by the might of his arm and the example of his character, he has raised the land of his adoption from the condition of a desolate province of a worn-out empire, pillaged by its rulers and torn by contending factions, to that of a prosperous and independent country—rich in its own resources, the products of a soil that never knows exhaustion—with an army strong in numbers and discipline—with a large and well equipped navy, and with commerce and its train of blessings, a willing because a courted guest. The man who has effected all this is no common man, nor deserving the least rank among the benefactors of his race.

In their fortresses, in which they were always distinguished, however wretched the fortifications: and in the attack of which the Russians have been as remarkably unskilful and unsuccessful. Witness the three months passed under the Imperial auspices before the walls of Varna.

*See No. XIV. p. 307.

The work, we are well aware, is far from complete, nor can it be matured in the lifetime of its author; but in education and in the rudiments of institutions, he will leave the best securities for its continuance and progress. There is also, as we know, a dark side of the picture. His country has paid a heavy price for the service he has rendered her;—he has reached his throne through blood—blood, often we fear unjustly, always unmercifully shed. There is much, however, to excuse his individual criminality in the state of opinion and the habits of his nation, where life is but little valued and often as wantonly surrendered as destroyed. In the great massacre of the Mamelukes, the plea of necessity might, neither falsely nor tyrannically, be urged: it should at all events not be forgotten, that, unlike other despots dyed in blood, he has made the evil subserve and minister to good. We can only add to the details formerly given, that the same course of improvement has continued, and that the progress has been one of accelerated velocity. Fresh manufactories have been established, and are flourishing;† more schools have been founded, both in Lower and Upper Egypt; anatomy is taught at the capital, both by drawings and actual dissections of the human body—innovations unheard of before in a Mohammedan country. The youth are sent abroad in numbers from Egypt (there are nearly 200 in France alone,) to be instructed in the arts and sciences of more advanced countries, and in the refinements of civilization, while genius and knowledge, from whatever quarter, are invited to her shores; no distinctions are made founded upon a difference of religious persuasion.‡ European officers are allowed to take rank in the army and navy, and all who are found worthy enter into the service of the state, without distinction of race or creed. All agricultural products, cotton especially, sugar, indigo, corn, have increased in proportion to the demand, both foreign and domestic. From the new arsenal, constructed at an immense expense, three first-rates were launched before it had been three years in existence, and its triumphant arms have made the self-styled “shadow of God over two hemispheres” to tremble, and “the distributor of earthly crowns” to be a suppliant for his own.

We regret to add, that little has been hitherto done to amend the condition of the Fellahs or Arab population engaged in agriculture; they have exchanged their many masters for one; but still, we fear, there is but little left to them beyond the necessities of life—too hardly earned, and too scantily afforded, in a country where labour is quickly followed by exhaustion. It is not surprising, therefore, that in some districts their numbers have diminished more than the drafts for the service of the state will account for. The only gain, if gain it can be called to the wretched, which they have derived from the government of Mehemet, has been security to life. Every man in Egypt may now reckon upon and provide for a morrow. It is no longer the common law of the land, that a

*We hope, however, in this respect, that the Viceroy will not be led into error, for his is strictly an agricultural country.

†During one season when the Nile did not rise, an order was issued that, all of whatever modes of faith, should offer up prayers in their respective mosques and churches, that the annual blessing might not be withheld: and in the famous island of the Nile, near Cairo, their different ministers met under one roof for the same purpose.

Mameluke or Janissary may kill an Arab, and for the best of all reasons—there are no longer either Janissaries or Mamelukes to abuse their power. It is upon the abolition of these privileged classes (which, indeed, included all the Turks settled in Egypt,) that we found our strongest expectations of the continuance of her regeneration. We are assured, moreover, that the changes which are contemplated in the administration of justice and in the collection of the revenue, have for their object, the better condition of the Arabs. Having gained security to life, the next step is to allow them full security to property. This Mehemet Ali is called upon to grant, no less imperatively by his own interests, than by the principles of justice and humanity. It is really all that is wanted, with their industrious and frugal habits, and with the abundance and riches of their country, to make them as happy and prosperous a peasantry as can be found amongst the nations of Europe.

The origin of this war is to be found in the disputes which had for some time subsisted between Mehemet Ali and Abdoullah, Pasha of Acre, on account of the protection and encouragement given by the latter to the Egyptian fellahs, who had emigrated in considerable numbers to Syria. On a former occasion, when Abdoullah, whose character was that of a turbulent neighbour and rapacious tyrant, had entirely thrown off his allegiance to the Porte, and incurred its vengeance, Mehemet Ali interfered on behalf of the Sultan with his forces, and compelled Abdoullah again to submit to his authority; after which he generously interposed his influence to procure his pardon and re-instatement, and actually advanced him a large sum of money in order to secure it. Forgetful of these important obligations, Abdoullah now flatly refused, either to send back or deliver up the Egyptian fugitives, or to repay the sums lent to him; to these wrongs were added vexations and frauds committed by him on the Egyptian commerce with Syria. Mehemet had long applied to the Porte for its interposition, and failing that, for leave to take upon himself the redress of his grievances. On the subject of the Egyptian emigrants, the reply of the Turkish government was neither deficient in preciseness nor in a show of justice: "the fellahs were Ottoman subjects, not slaves of the Pasha, and were therefore at liberty to remove wherever they pleased." On the other heads of complaint, it returned evasive answers, till the revolt of the Pasha of Scodra made it of importance to procure the assistance, or at least to secure the neutrality of Mehemet. In consequence, a show was made of giving orders to the Capitan Pasha to proceed to Alexandria with his squadron, and form a junction with the Viceroy's fleet, and afterwards to commence operations against Abdoullah. This, however, was nothing but show, for the Capitan Pasha, on pretence of avoiding the cholera, which was then making dreadful havoc in Egypt, remained with his fleet quietly anchored in the Dardanelles. After the Grand Vizier had succeeded in putting down the insurrection of the Pasha of Scodra, the Porte, elated by this success, and following its ancient system, ceased to pay any attention to Mehemet's demands, and flattered itself that its recent triumphs would deter the viceroy from taking any step of aggression without a regular firman, which it determined not to grant him.

Mehemet, however, had made up his mind that he would not be trifled with any longer, and judg-

ing the moment favourable, urged forward the preparations for his expedition with the greatest activity. Although his real, as well as ostensible motive, was to obtain redress of his grievances from the Pasha of Acre, there can be no doubt that he was glad to avail himself of the opportunity which it afforded him of accomplishing his ultimate object, namely, the possession of that part of Syria contiguous to Egypt, which to the ruler of that country was of the greatest importance, as the means of securing its eastern frontier from the attacks to which it had, from the most remote times, been exposed from that quarter.

Had the Porte really taken pains to inform itself of its own inability to support a war with its powerful vassal, and acted with the liberal policy which might have been expected towards one from whom, on various occasions, it had received such important services;—had it at once gratified his ambition by adding the Pashalic of Acre to the government of Egypt, we have no doubt that Mehemet would never have provoked a contest, by which he had nothing to gain, and might possibly be a loser, and the Sultan would have been saved the disgrace which has fallen upon his arms, and the loss of the territory which he has been obliged to cede. We are aware that the disclosures which Mustapha, Pasha of Scodra, made after his defeat, and when he was a prisoner at Constantinople, would charge Mehemet Ali with intrigues against the Porte, and with instigating him to revolt by promises of assistance, both in money and arms, and of a simultaneous declaration of independence. But the Pasha's motive was too obvious in these self-exculpatory statements to admit of much importance being attached to them. At all events, there can be no doubt that offers of assistance and opportunities of throwing off his allegiance, had not been wanting to the Pasha of Egypt: opportunities far superior to that which he is supposed to have chosen, at the moment when the Porte had some cessation from its troubles upon the effectual suppression of the insurrection in Albania. For instance, either during the Russian war, or immediately after the peace of Adrianople, when the resources of the Sultan had been exhausted, and when Bagdad at one extremity of the empire, and Albania at the other, had started into revolt. On two occasions also, if not on more, he peremptorily refused the proffered negotiations with England and France, when, not very creditably to themselves, they offered to treat with him independently of his sovereign;—England, when his troops were in the Morea, and France, when about to proceed on her expedition against Algiers. That the language of Mehemet Ali was occasionally unfriendly to the Sultan,—that he openly censured his conduct in forcing the Russians into a war before his reforms were properly matured, and for paying more attention to the forms than to the substance in his attempted improvements,—are facts notorious to all who have had opportunities of conversing with him. All this, however, is far short of open revolt, and a declaration of independence.

It should also not be forgotten, that, though many Pashas have thrown off their allegiance, not one in the present day has ever made such exertions, or spent so much money in the service of his sovereign, as Mehemet Ali. The sums which he has paid as tribute for his Pashalic, at different times, have been enormous, and these payments have been continued (we grant irregu-

up to the present day. A large instalment transmitted immediately on the termination

Russian war, when of course it was the wanted. He has also, by the Sultan's orders, with all his military power and resources in actions which have been successful against neighbouring Pashas, who were in revolt, against others, against this very Pasha of Acre, (he has now defeated,) against the Wahab and against the Greeks of the Morea.

Moved by these various considerations, towards the end of October, 1831, the Viceroy put his in motion, under the command of Ibrahim, his step-son. It proceeded by land, passing the sea-coast, and entered Syria by El Arish, after taking possession of Gaza and Jaffa, on the 17th of November it laid siege to St. Jean d'Acre,—no slight undertaking, when we consider the strength of the place, and the character of those who have failed before it. Abdoullah, who had long been more than half a rebel, had never sent his contingency of troops

Sultan's aid, and but seldom any pecuniary contributions, had consequently always looked to the possibility of an attack, and provided against it. His fortifications were in good repair, his garrison was numerous, well disciplined, and well armed, and provisioned for more than a year. Pasha himself was a man of resolute and energetic character, neither wanting in skill nor in experience. The Egyptian fleet supported the operations by land, and, jointly with the army, laid siege to the town, and at the same time strongly blockaded the port.

The movement of Mehemet Ali appears to have taken the Sultan completely by surprise, at least if we may judge (though that certainly is no criterion) by his total want of care and preparation, either to prevent or oppose it. It was not till the 3d of December, 1831, when the siege of Acre had already commenced, that the fact of the Egyptian army having invaded Syria was officially announced to the Ottoman world. On that day a firman was published at Constantinople, stating that the Pashas of Egypt and Syria having agreed, the former had dared, without orders from the Sultan, to invade Syria. That the Sultan, nevertheless, willing to make himself the arbitrator of their differences, provided they laid down their arms and submitted themselves to his authority. But that, if they refused immediately to obey this injunction, he would take the necessary measures for inflicting terrible and exemplary punishment upon them both. Commissioners were also sent to Alexandria; but Mehemet Ali, having now taken the first step, and committed the first overt act of hostilities, felt that he had no course to pursue. Redress at the Sultan's hands, or reconciliation with him, were for the moment entirely out of the question. He, therefore, upon the arrival of the Sultan's emissaries, made a sudden necessity for a more strict enforcement of his sanitary regulations, and subjected them to a rigorous quarantine. When released from this, he received them with the greatest distinction, made them presents of considerable value, exhibited the various signs of his power, (amongst other things, they witnessed the launch of a three-masted vessel of more than one hundred guns, from his arsenal, which was to proceed forthwith to reinforce his naval forces off Acre,) and dismissed them with his demands on the Sultan, which are understood to have been, compensation for his losses,

and that the Pashalic of Acre should be united to his government. He solemnly declared, however, that after obtaining redress from Abdoullah, he had no ulterior views. The Sultan refused to listen for one moment to these demands. His late successes in the east, and against the Albanians, had made him too sanguine, and too confident in the magic of his name, when used against a rebellious subject. He once more, however, despatched Nasif Effendi, one of the former commissioners, (who was also one of the ministers of the Porte) to remonstrate with Mehemet Ali; but after a further delay of two months, during which he had no tidings of his messenger, he published a second firman, announcing, that as the negotiations were not likely to terminate favourably, he should immediately proceed to the punishment of the rebel. Thus, it was not till near the end of March, that the Turks made preparations in good earnest for carrying on the war. On the 25th of that month a firman was published, appointing Husseyn Pasha to be commander-in-chief of the Asiatic army, and elevating him to the rank of *Serdari Ekrem*, (or Field Marshal,) a rank then for the first time known in the Turkish army. Extraordinary powers were granted to him, extending over the whole of Anatolia,* but with the new and unheard of limitation, that punishment was on no occasion to be inflicted on the soldiers, except after trial, and by the sentence of a court-martial. Among the reforms which have been regarded as indicative of increasing civilization among the Turks, the introduction of such a tribunal is not unworthy of mention. The choice of this individual as a general was not in the end fortunate, but there was no one who, in the war with Russia, had given proofs of equal military skill, though his was not great; in personal courage, firmness, and energy of character, he was excelled by none. He had been one of the most daring and efficient of the Sultan's agents in the destruction of the Janissaries, and had distinguished himself greatly in the Russian war, and more recently in Albania. His appointment was, therefore, well calculated to inspire confidence in the army. The Seraskier Pasha, in his report to the Sultan, stated the number of regular troops to amount to 60,000; it is probable that not above half that number ever really joined the ranks. They were to proceed by different detachments, rendezvous at Konia, and thence advance as speedily as possible upon Antioch and Aleppo.

In the mean time the siege of Acre continued, although but slowly. Ibrahim, so early as the 9th of December, 1831, made a vigorous attack both by sea and land, which had, however, been wholly without success. The Egyptian account states the army to have fired more than 60,000 shots, and the bombardment lasted during eight hours; but the firing from the town was so well sustained and directed, that great damage was inflicted upon the Egyptians, especially upon their fleet, the greater part of which was obliged to return to Alexandria to refit, leaving only a sufficient number of vessels to maintain the blockade.

The Sultan, previous to the departure of Hus-

*The powers with which Husseyn was invested had never before been granted to any but the Grand Vizier, who is the Sultan's military representative. In this instance, the Grand Vizier was forced to continue his work of pacification in Bosnia, having completed so effectually and creditably that of Albania.

reyn Pasha, sent orders to the different Pashas whose provinces lie between Koniah and Aleppo, to furnish troops and supplies, and to march against Ibrahim. Mehemet, Pasha of the district which passes in Europe under the name of Carmania, who had been much distinguished in the late war against the Pasha of Bagdad, was raised to the rank of three-tailed Pasha, and appointed commander of these forces, which, when the different contingents were united, amounted to above 15,000 men. In an army so composed, however, there is as little unity of purpose among the different chiefs, as there is subordination or discipline among the troops, and its deficiency in both these respects in the end proved the cause of its destruction. By enabling Ibrahim to attack them in detail, they were easily defeated, and the disorderly conduct of the troops was such, that the inhabitants every where declared against them.

Ibrahim having, shortly after his entrance into Syria, placed small detachments in the different towns of the sea coast between Jaffa and Tripoli, attacks were made by the Turks upon them at different points, and in some instances with considerable success. Osman, the Beglerbey of Tripoli, having collected a considerable force, amounting to above 5,000 men, took up his quarters at Latakia, and thence proceeded to the attack of Tripoli, which was held by the Egyptian troops. He made two attempts to dispossess them, in both of which he failed, but having taken up a position at Minch, a league from Tripoli, he was there attacked by the Egyptian colonel, Dries Bey, with little more than 1,000 men; Osman succeeded in repulsing him with considerable loss, and followed him as far as the city, which he invested. Ibrahim, who was with the besieging army before Acre, hearing of the hostile movements of Osman, brought up a body of 5,000 men with six pieces of artillery to the relief of Tripoli, and on the 31st of March, succeeded in putting him to flight, after a severe engagement. Osman retired upon Hamamah, and Ibrahim encamped on the plains of Homs. Here he was attacked on the 15th of April, by a Turkish force, considerably superior in numbers. In the contest which ensued, both sides claim a victory; we must infer, that on neither side was the success very decisive, though it is probable that it inclined to that of the Turks, as Ibrahim thought proper to retire, though unmolested, upon the ruins of Halbeck. His object was for the present, to keep the communications open with his troops in the different stations which they occupied along the sea coast, to menace Damascus and Aleppo, and cover the siege of Acre, while waiting for reinforcements from Egypt, to enable him to bring that to a conclusion. Ibrahim *le petit*, (as he was called by the French officers, to distinguish him from his uncle, Ibrahim *le grand*), had been left in command of the besieging force, which amounted to little more than 8,000 troops. Abdoullah in the meantime was not idle, but, taking advantage of the absence of Ibrahim, made several very successful sorties on the besieging army, and once having, by a simulated retreat, induced the Egyptians to pursue his forces till within the range of the guns, opened a tremendous fire, which threw them into confusion, when another sortie was made, and the Egyptians sustained a severe loss of men, the enemy after destroying their advanced works, and spiking their guns, again retreated into the town.

It was at this period that the prospects of the

Egyptians wore the least favourable appearance. During four months, little had been effected towards the conquest of Syria; they had, on the contrary sustained heavy losses in their army, and the greater part of their fleet had been so much damaged as to be obliged to return; the spirit of the army no longer remained what it had been, and it was obvious that Ibrahim, if there was no favourable turn of affairs, would soon be driven to act on the defensive. Had this intelligence, instead of confirming the ministers of the Porte in their obstinate belief of Mehemet Ali's weakness, and their distrust of his offers of peace, induced them really to put forth their strength, and at that moment to have pressed hard upon the viceroy: had they made the exertions then which they did subsequently, and when it was too late, the result of the war might have been very different. Mehemet Ali felt that the moment was critical. He roused his energies, and called into action all his resources. A valuable portion of his army which had gained experience in Arabia, in the Morea, and subsequently in Candia, was now in that island, he immediately gave orders that two regiments from thence should join the army in Syria, and sent in their place the new levies as fast as they were raised in Egypt, there to be trained and disciplined, and to maintain order in the island. Provisions were at the same time forwarded to the army, and the ships being refitted, again put to sea. From the negligence and inactivity of the Turkish fleet, the communication by sea with the army in Syria was never interrupted. Orders were sent to Ibrahim to stake every thing upon the fall of Acre, to collect all his forces before it, and push the siege with vigour; and to allow nothing to deter him from the one great object of its capture. The siege had, in fact, hitherto been ill conducted, and but little had been done to justify the general expectation of success, founded upon the military experience and sagacity of Ibrahim, and the skill of the Europeans who accompanied him. Their works* were injudiciously placed, and imperfectly constructed; the firing, moreover, was ill-directed, and spread over too large a surface, no attempts being made to concentrate it, and at such long intervals, that the besieged were enabled to remove the rubbish, and restore the parts that had been destroyed or damaged. The men at the batteries were also much exposed. The moment Ibrahim had received his reinforcements, he again took the command, in person, of the besieging army: the siege, however, still lingered on to the end of May, 1832; and during that period, the Egyptians suffered greatly from the continual sorties of the besieged. At length, three breaches having been effected in the walls, which appeared practicable, Ibrahim, ordered an assault to be made simultaneously upon them all. His precautions were also taken with skill and judgment; reserves were placed for two of the parties which were likely to meet with the strongest opposition, and every division of the army was made thoroughly acquainted with its duty. During a portion of the night of the 26th of May, the batteries kept up a constant fire; and at day-break the next morning the attacking parties advanced. The resistance was vigorous, and well maintained at all the points of attack. On two, the assailants,

*Four batteries had been raised, mounting 20 pieces of 24, with 10 mortars of 16 inches; but their disposition was bad, none bearing upon the same points.

consisting of the brave and well disciplined troops from Candia, kept their ground; but from the third, after some fighting, they were repulsed, and had already begun to retreat in confusion, when Ibrahim, forcing his way into the midst of them, and striking down with his sabre some who were flying, and encouraging the others by his voice and manner, succeeded in rallying them, and himself led the charge. The besieged three times forced back the assailants and passed the breach, and were as often driven in again by the Egyptians, who pressed so closely upon them, that with the third vigorous charge they effected their entrance into the town, which then immediately surrendered. The fighting was desperate, and lasted from day-break till four in the afternoon. A deputation, consisting of the Mufti, Imams, and chief officers of the garrison, presented themselves as supplicants to Ibrahim, who promised to save the town from pillage, and to grant his life to Abdoullah. It is not to be supposed that the town, thus taken by assault, after so long and desperate a resistance, could be entirely preserved from the violence and excesses of the victorious troops; but the endeavours which were made by their officers to restrain them were not without success; and restitution of property was, in many instances, enforced by Ibrahim. At all events, to compare two similar occasions, it should be mentioned to their credit, and in favour of their habits of discipline, that the excesses, particularly in plunder, were much fewer than had been committed at the capture of Algiers, although the latter was not taken by assault, and the faith of a Christian commander was pledged to the preservation of order and the security of property. The official return made by Ibrahim stated his loss on the occasion as 512 killed, including 23 officers, and 1,429 wounded. Other accounts, with greater probability, estimate the number of killed at above 1,000. From 12,000 to 15,000 men were engaged on the side of the besiegers.

It was on the 2d of June that Abdoullah arrived at Alexandria in an Egyptian ship of war; preparations had been made to receive him with the highest distinction. He was conducted to the palace of the viceroy, who is represented in the French accounts as having met his great rival, "avec une teinte de tristesse due à la compassion;" he made him rich presents, called him his son, and assigned him a palace at Cairo for his residence.

Nothing could exceed the consternation produced at Constantinople by the news of the fall of Acre, which the Turks regarded as impregnable. They had, at all events, relied upon its holding out until Husseyn should arrive with his army to relieve it. Their delays had been consequently in proportion to their blind confidence in the strength of the place.

Considering now, that the only good troops which the Sultan possessed, and on whom he could depend, were still engaged in another extremity of his empire (against the Bosniacs,) the length of time that would elapse before Husseyn could arrive in Syria, and that his army would be in no condition to compete with its victorious enemy, which in the interval could hardly fail to overrun and conquer the whole country; it was the obvious policy of the Porte to make peace with Mehemet Ali, even upon his own terms, which were then more moderate than those that were afterwards granted to him. But the pride of the Turks, which, when they were in the ascendant, was one of the great

elements of their success, now stood in the way of these timely concessions, and finally aggravated the conditions of their defeat. To be wise in time is a maxim which all who know them best are convinced they will never learn. The Sultan issued another firman, abounding in vituperation, after the oriental style, of the two arch-rebels, and apostates, (Mehemet and Ibrahim;) but added, that he had sent an emissary into Syria to promise a free pardon to their deluded soldiers if they would leave the ranks of the traitors, and also to the natives of Syria who had been seduced into joining the Egyptians, if they would return to their allegiance.* Mehemet and Ibrahim had previously been deprived of their governments, the one of Egypt, and the other of the Holy Cities, which were given to Husseyn, and an order sent to the authorities in Egypt to put in execution, by any means they could, the sentence pronounced against them.† A note was also addressed to the ambas-

*This person was Nedgib Effendi, formerly the Egyptian charge d'affaires at Constantinople. We never heard that he had any success in his mission.

†This sentence, and the permission to the Sultan to have recourse to arms against Mussulmans was accorded by the civil and religious authorities of the state. And in the firman or decree appointing Husseyn, there is a curious account given of the mode in which the Sultan is compelled to obtain a legal sanction for proceedings in such a case. Whenever an opinion is formally asked of the grand mufti, the case is always stated under fictitious names. We give the account in French to avoid the double translation.

"Amrou, qui de la part du souverain legitime des Musulmans et serviteur des lieux saints, dont l'arret et le firman imposent le devoir de l'obéissance, a été nommé gouverneur d'une contrée, vient de s'écarter de ce devoir de l'obéissance. Il a envoyé des troupes et des chefs de complaisance contre Bekir, autre gouverneur, investi comme lui par le souverain legitime de la fonction de défendre une place; il l'a fait dans le but de verser le sang Musulman; il a investi la place et commencé l'attaque.

"Le Sultan des Musulmans, instruit que Amrou n'est laissé entrainer au dernier degré de la révolte, et convaincu de ce fait par la demande de secours de la part du gouverneur Bekir, conçoit pour première pensée l'espoir de ramener l'agresseur à l'obéissance, et d'éviter le mal que sa conduite va amener. Il envoie à Amrou un commissaire et des dépeches successives. Les ordres souverains, les intentions généreuses du Sultan des Musulmans, sont reconnus par lui; l'insensé n'écoute ni représentations ni conseils; il insiste dans les prétensions qu'il a eues, de plus il ose conjointement avec ses complices faire passer sous sa main oppressive quelques unes des forteresses de l'empire. Le premier il attaque Khalid, nommé à son poste par le Sultan des Musulmans, qui est accouru au secours de l'une de ces forteresses."

This statement being made, then follow the questions founded upon it, and the replica of the judges.

"Demande L'extermination des provocateurs et fauteurs d'insurrection étant prescrite comme un devoir, et la démarche d'Amrou, exposée ci-dessus, ayant pour but la révolte et la provocation à ce crime, dans le cas où il ne serait pas possible d'étouffer la révolte d'aucune autre manière, par l'extermination jusqu'à dispersion de leur rassemblement, la mort d'Amrou et de ses complices devient-elle légale?

"Réponse. Ils sont rebelles, et leur extermination devient un devoir sacré au Sultan des Musulmans et à tous les croyans.

"Demande Ainsi ceux qui ayant de leur propre et pleine volonté, embrassé la parti de la révolte d'Amrou, ont osé engager le combat, devront être considérés

sadors of the different European powers, recapitulating all the circumstances of the revolt; of course, according to the Turkish version. It called upon them to prevent their subjects from rendering any assistance to the rebels by supplying them with arms or provisions, or aiding them in any other way. To this application Russia alone immediately acceded, by withdrawing her consul* from Alexandria. For this ready compliance, M. Boutenieff, the Russian minister, was presented by the Sultan with a diamond snuff-box, and the consul received a decoration. Austria also subsequently recognised the blockade of the Syrian and Egyptian ports by the Turkish fleets, (although, in fact, it never was a blockade at all,) and ordered her subjects not to render assistance to Egypt, or even to carry any freights on Egyptian account. The preparations at Constantinople continued; the fleet was also for the first time ordered to put to sea, after remaining for seven months inactive at Constantinople and the Dardanelles, without attempting to relieve Abdoullah, or to prevent the Egyptians from pouring in troops and supplies into the different parts of Syria. Husseyn, after a dilatoriness which it is difficult to account for even by Turkish apathy and indifference, was not suffered to depart until the end of April. The Sultan took leave of the army in great form. He gave solemn audiences to all the general officers; and is represented in the *Moniteur Ottoman* to have conversed with them on tactics and on the organization of regular armies. He also made them magnificent presents, and abundant promises of rewards and distinctions. The Imaums also bestowed upon them their blessings and their promises of heavenly rewards. Much time, indeed, appears to have been wasted in idle forms. If their ceremonies had been fewer, and their expedition greater, their chances of success would have been much increased. The army had to traverse the whole of Asia Minor before it arrived at the scene of operations, to encounter the commencing heats of

comme des rebelles; et ceux qui proclameraient qu'il ne serait pas juste de soumettre par l'épée les auteurs de la revolte devant être regardés comme des impies qui bravent les prescriptions d'Alcoran; la mort de ces deux partis devient-elle légale?

"Reponse. Oui.

"Demande. Ainsi pour étouffer la revolte, si le Sultan des Musulmans donne l'ordre de les combattre ceux qui reçoivent cet ordre, sont-ils dans l'obligation sacrée de s'y soumettre?"

"Reponse. Oui.

"Demande. Ainsi les troupes impériales ayant été envoyées pour combattre les rebelles, ceux qui tuent ces rebelles sont-ils considérés comme légitimes vainqueurs? et ceux qui sont tués par les rebelles sont-ils considérés comme des martyrs?"

"Reponse. Oui."

These opinions were signed by the grand mufti, 3 ex-grand muftis, 14 kadileskers, 12 mollahs, 9 professors, and the 2 head sheiks of the mosques of St. Sophia and Akmet. Nothing, in short, was wanting to the formalities of the sentence—little to the justice—every thing to the execution of it.

*When this gentleman (M. Lavisonoff) took leave of Mehemet Ali, the pasha said, "puisque vous partez, monsieur, c'est moi qui demeure chargé de protéger les sujets et les intérêts Russes. Soyez certain qu'ils le seront efficacement. J'en répond sur mon honneur." Russia has, however, but little commerce with Egypt. Only 55 vessels under her flag entered the port of Alexandria during the year 1831.

summer, (it being the end of April when it started,) and to pass through a country nominally indeed Ottoman, but in which the inhabitants, if they did not oppose, would certainly do nothing to assist it. The fear of pillage and of violence made them everywhere flee from its presence.

Ibrahim's object, the moment his army was left free to act by the capture of Acre, was, of course, to follow up his success as fast and as far as possible, before the arrival of Husseyn. The repairs of the fortress of Acre were commenced the day after its capture, and a garrison being left in it, Ibrahim, with the main body of the army, consisting of 20,000 regulars, and from 6,000 to 8,000 Bedoween cavalry, on the 8th of June commenced his march upon Damascus. He met with no opposition till within two hours march of that city, when, having taken up a position at Awahdie, he discovered a Turkish force drawn up round the city for the purpose of opposing his advance. At day-break on the morning of the 14th, this force, though consisting of not more than 2,000 cavalry, with some levies hastily made in the town, made demonstrations of advancing, but they were not of a character to produce much effect on their opponents. Perceiving their weakness, Ibrahim immediately ordered an attack to be made upon them from all sides. His Bedoween cavalry charged with impetuosity; and after a stout, though ill-maintained resistance, the Turks fled in disorder. Damascus being an open town, could offer no obstruction to the entry of Ibrahim. The Pasha Ali, having passed out on the opposite side with such force as he could collect, and with the civil and military authorities, the inhabitants sent a deputation entreating Ibrahim to take possession of the city, but to spare their lives and properties. Ibrahim accordingly surrounded it with troops, which encamped at some distance, and allowed only two regiments to enter, who took possession of the citadel under the command of his nephew, and no disorder ensued. It would here be injustice not to mention that one of the principal causes of the success of Ibrahim throughout the war, was the admirable discipline and orderly conduct of his troops. They were everywhere hailed as protectors and friends; and the natives willingly furnished them with supplies, which were regularly paid for, and facilitated their advance. The Turks, on the contrary, treated both friends and enemies equally ill; so that their approach was universally regarded as a calamity.

It is impossible on this occasion to refrain from contrasting the result of the reform introduced into the Egyptian, with that effected in the Turkish army; but it must be admitted, that the Pasha has had far better materials to work upon than the Commander of the Faithful. The Turks are accustomed to despise the Arab character; and their language knows no word of reproach to a human being more expressive of contempt than the appellation of Arab. Whatever may be the sum of the characteristic merits and defects of the two races, the Arabs are certainly devoid of the distinguishing qualities of the Turks, namely, pride and indolence; and if for no other reason, they are calculated to make so much the better soldiers. They are much more docile, and more readily admit of training and discipline; added to which, they possess great courage and activity, and are sober, frugal, patient, and indefatigable.* In the higher

* As the season advanced, their perseverance and en-

also, the Egyptian officers have shown an aptitude for acquiring scientific knowledge; their acquaintance with military tactics is greater, and more generally diffused, than the Turkish officers.

In addition to the assistance which the inhabitants of Syria rendered in furnishing the necessities to the Egyptian army, the Christian population of Mount Lebanon (the Druses) declared for Ibrahim. They are a brave, warlike, and faithful race, living under a prince, their Emir, and can occasionally bring from 20 to 25,000 into the field. The nature and position of this rugged country have enabled them to maintain a virtual independence. This was an important aid; and at the taking of Damascus, the Emir Bachir had already joined with 5,000 men. The Emir, a warrior patriarch, as he is described, accompanied the army, carried in a litter, and attended by sons and grandsons.

Sultan excused the fall of Damascus in his statement of that event, by stating, that as he wished to make one of the Holy Cities the theatre of war, no attempt had been made to fortify it; that he had supposed, that even the rebels would have abstained from shedding Muslim blood on such a spot. But that as he had disregarded all religious considerations, as he had trampled upon every thing which the Faithful respect, and had attacked this city, the governing power, unprepared, had retreated without many resistance, and left the city to his mercy. The Turks were, however, assured that one portion of Husseyn's army had already arrived at Hama, and that when the field-marshal himself should have joined, he would not delay a moment to execute summary vengeance upon the presumptuous rebels. The Turkish army was, in fact, approaching Syria. By the 8th of May several divisions had arrived at Koniah, in Asia Minor, about a hundred miles from the capital, and were followed by Husseyn himself on the 10th. He immediately sent forward to Antioch a brigade under the Pasha; and by the 1st of June, the whole army had left Koniah; but at least a month elapsed before they reached Antioch. Ibrahim, in the meantime, having taken all necessary precautions for the security of Damascus, left that city with his army, intending to advance against Aleppo as the next place of importance. The forces, however, of the different Asiatic Pashas, which were united under the chief command of Mehemet Ali, to the number of 30,000, mostly irregulars, taken up their station in the neighbourhood of Hammah. This is a town of considerable importance, occupying a central position, and in the line of communication between the northern and southern provinces of Syria. They were here awaiting the arrival of the Turkish grand army, and should Ibrahim attempt to advance on, or to oppose his passage. Ibrahim consequently fixed his head-quarters at Balbeck, in the neighbourhood of the friendly Druses.

The moment was now fast approaching when the strength of the two parties was to be measured in the field—when the Egyptians would no longer have to contend solely with the undisciplined

as is described as above all praise, marching sometimes twelve and thirteen hours during the heat of the day, and over a rugged country at night, exposed to the unwholesome damps, and often suffering from want of provisions.

and irregular troops of the provinces—and when the relative merits of the two new organizations (the new Turkish and the new Egyptian regulars) were to be fairly put to the test. No sooner were the Pashas joined by the advanced body of the Turkish regular army, than they quitted their encampment at Hammah, which is situated in a very mountainous district, and descended into the open plains that extend on every side round the town of Homs. These plains are famous as the scene of many a contest. It was on them, in ancient times, that Zenobia contended with Aurelian, and made her last vigorous efforts against the domination of the Romans. This place Ibrahim also was approaching, and on the 7th of July the conflict took place which decided the fate of Syria.

The actual amount of the Turkish army was considerably greater than that of Ibrahim's, being above 30,000 men, but the number of regular troops was much less than his, consisting of not more than four regiments of infantry and two of cavalry, in all between 9 and 10,000 men. The irregulars charged with impetuosity, but could make no impression upon the solid compact masses of Ibrahim's army. His infantry were placed in the centre, and the two wings consisted of cavalry. The battle on the Turkish side was, in fact, maintained by the regular troops. It is stated in the Turkish accounts that they had advanced by forced marches, and had to engage the very day of their arrival. At all events, it is certain that the men could have had no time to recover from the fatigues of a long and rapid march. The battle lasted the whole day, and twice the Turkish troops seemed to gain the advantage, which they were however unable to maintain. The Asiatic troops, long before the battle was over, had ceased to render much assistance; but upon the last charge which Ibrahim ordered with his guards, a panic, which nowhere spreads faster than in a Turkish army, seized upon all, both regulars and irregulars, and a precipitate flight ensued. Night put an end to the pursuit, but the slaughter of the Turks was very great, and their overthrow complete. They were, moreover, as if in a hostile country, overwhelmed by the natives, who, after their defeat, every where rose against them, and completed the work of destruction, wherever it had been left unfinished by the Egyptians. Nine Pashas of three tails with their respective forces were defeated on that day, and Ibrahim in his letter to Mehemet Ali says he should not fear to engage 2 or 300,000 such men. From two to three thousand perished on the field, and a far greater number in the subsequent flight. The prisoners were sent to Acre, there to be enrolled in the Egyptian army, or passed into their own country, as they thought fit. The moral effect of this victory, in a country where all are fatalists, was even of greater advantage to the Egyptians than the dispersion of the army which opposed their progress; for although failure is ever ascribed to personal demerit, success is not the less supposed to arise from the help of Providence, and consequently to be irresistible. It was fatal to the spirit and courage of the remainder of Husseyn's army that such an event awaited its arrival.

Early on the 8th of July, Ibrahim advanced with his army upon Hammah, where the fortified camp of the Turks had been placed, but so far from rallying, upon reaching it in their flight, none of them appeared to have even entered it; when Ibrahim arrived there on the 10th, he found every thing as

it had been left on the morning of their advance upon Homs. The plunder was very great; the papers of Mehemet Pasha also fell into his hands, containing all the Sultan's denunciations and anathemas against his father and himself. Amongst these papers was one which Ibrahim mentions in his bulletin, containing an order for the levy of some thousand troops from the Anezee Arabs, a warlike tribe, who, instead of aiding, actually lined the roads along which the fugitives had to pass, and cut off every Turk who came within their reach; a striking proof how little the Porte knew the real state of feeling of the natives towards it. All the Turkish cannon that had not been taken on the field were left on the road, as impeding the celerity of their flight. Between twenty and thirty pieces were taken.

Being now master of all that part of Syria which is included on the coast between Tripoli and the southern frontier, Ibrahim made a division of his forces, sending one detachment in the direction of Antioch, and pushing forward himself with the main body towards Aleppo. The main body of the Turkish army had now entered Syria, and was encamped in the plains of Antioch. Including the Asiatic levies which had joined it on the march, it probably did not amount to 35,000 men, of which not quite 20,000 were regular troops. From his first arrival, Husseyn's troops appear to have suffered severely from the want of provisions, the inhabitants everywhere refusing to aid them, or rather concealing their means of doing so. In addition to their miseries from this cause, the cholera was raging in the army and in all the country round about.

The Turkish army was in motion and proceeding southward to the support of its advanced detachments, when news reached Husseyn of the defeat at Homs. His first report to Constantinople conveyed the intelligence of that defeat, and of the retreat of the fugitives upon Antioch. He himself immediately changed his direction, and made a rapid movement upon Aleppo, with the view of saving it from the Egyptians. By the time, however, that he arrived near that city, so ill had he taken his precautions, that the provisions of his army were nearly exhausted, and no relief or assistance could be obtained from the inhabitants, who refused even to admit him within their walls. Husseyn made no attempt to force an entrance, and the Egyptians were now advancing; in consequence, after remaining in the neighbourhood for two days, he returned to Antioch without having effected any thing.

In his absence, the Egyptian commander, who had been sent in the direction of Antioch, advanced without opposition, and proceeded to take possession of the town. He was not suffered however to remain there quietly. Mehemet Pasha, with 20,000 regulars and irregulars, attacked him, and the conflict which ensued was one of the most desperate and sanguinary which occurred during the war, and perhaps the most brilliant on the side of the Turks. Ibrahim's troops were obliged to retire, and the Turks began to think that fortune had at last turned in their favour. Provisions had now been brought for the army by the Turkish transports to the port of Scanderoon; but Husseyn is stated in private accounts to have been so fearful of being again exposed to a similar destitution, that he commenced building storehouses and providing securities for the safety of the provisions, while his men were dying of hunger and disease.

Halil, who now held the post of Capitan Pasha, had arrived in the waters of Rhodes about the 9th of July, and had from thence sent those supplies to the army in Syria. But of all the gross and palpable blunders committed by the Turks during this war there is none more obvious, nor more deserving of censure than the little use which they made of their fleet. The admiral did not even arrive at Rhodes till the eighth month of the war, and then, with the exception of convoying a few transports, and occasionally giving chase to a stray Egyptian vessel, the fleet remained quiet spectators of the struggle that was going on.

The Turkish fleet was superior to the Egyptian in numbers, and greatly so in weight of metal; and this might have been considered as some counterbalance to the inferior quality of the sailors. It is manifest, that coming so late into the field, when Ibrahim was already in possession of most of the strong places of Syria, and nearly all the country had declared in his favour, the object of the Turks should have been to have made a diversion on Egypt. Exhausted as that country was by its efforts to maintain the war, and drained of all its troops, a much smaller Turkish force than that which was defeated by Ibrahim in the field, would have sufficed to make Mehemet Ali tremble in his divan. It is true, that as soon as Halil arrived off Rhodes, the whole of the Egyptian fleet put to sea, and it would have been no easy matter for him to have beaten them, or to have eluded their vigilance; but when all was being lost by land, something should have been risked by sea. Mehemet Ali acted with great judgment in giving strict orders to his fleet to act solely on the defensive: so long as the Turkish naval force was kept in check, and reduced to inactivity, he could have no further object. Nothing was to be gained by risking his own ships to deprive his enemy of a power which they did not know how to use, or choose to exert.

Ibrahim had now advanced upon Aleppo in an orderly manner, and principally by night, in consequence of the intense heats and the scarcity of water; when within two days march, being informed that Husseyn had been refused admission into the town, he pressed forward himself with a detachment of his army, in the hope of arriving while Husseyn was still there, and cutting off his retreat. But he was too late. Some pieces of the heavy artillery however, left by the enemy in his precipitate retreat, and about five hundred prisoners, fell into his hands. The inhabitants of Aleppo immediately advanced to meet him, hailed him as their deliverer, and surrendered the city to him. He made his triumphal entry into it on the 15th of July, and was soon after joined by his nephew at the

*An office similar in its functions to that of Lord High Admiral. Halil was originally a Georgian slave, in the service of the Seraskier Pasha, and had on several occasions distinguished himself, as in the destruction of the Janissaries and in the Russian war. At Petersburg, whither he was sent as ambassador after the peace of Adrianople, he left a favourable impression from his intelligence and his agreeable manners.

†The Turkish fleet consisted of six sail of the line, two of which were three-deckers and four of 74 guns, 8 frigates, 8 brigs, 10 corvettes, 2 cutters, and a steamboat. The Egyptians had 4 ships of the line, three of which were three-deckers, 7 frigates, and 19 brigs, corvettes, and brulots. It has been generally remarked, that there is a great aptitude in the Arabs to become good sailors. There were also some English and French officers on board the Egyptian ships.

the remaining portion of the army. He left civil and military authorities in the city, and left a garrison to hold it. He then took the necessary steps for securing the possession of the adjacent country, and having given his army rest, proceeded towards Antioch, with the intention of giving battle to Husseyn, where he might find him.

The Turkish field-marshal seems to have been completely bewildered from the first moment of his entrance into Syria. The hostility of the inhabitants, the discouragement of his army, and the want of provisions, seem to have completely defeated his exertions. He displayed a singular imprudence in his arrangements and of skill in his manoeuvres; and, indeed, in no part of his conduct do we find any traces of the energy and which had previously distinguished him. He was lost without his striking a blow. Upon the approach of Ibrahim his army was suffering from the climate, wasted by disease, and by constant desertion of large bodies of men despairing, therefore, for the present, of recovering what had been lost, he took up his position at the pass of Bylan Boghaz, the ancient *Byzantion*, situated between the port of Scanderoun and the town of Antioch: it is the north-western inlet into Syria, and a position of great strength, and he made every preparation to defend it with vigour. He ranged his troops on the heights, and posted artillery on all the commanding points: his cavalry were also dispersed in different parts of the defile, and he determined to await the attack of Ibrahim. It was not long before the Egyptian army reached the pass on the 1st of August, and on the succeeding morning prepared to force it. There are two roads which lead to the town, and the army, having been divided, proceeded along both, Ibrahim, with four regiments of cavalry, advancing along the main road on the right hand, which the enemy had most strongly defended. The resistance on the part of the Turks appears to have been most determined, and their fire was ill-directed, and caused much damage to the Egyptian troops, the latter were repulsed in their successive charges, and made little progress during a great portion of the day. When, however, by a well-sustained fire of artillery, they had succeeded in dismounting some of the Turkish guns, and produced confusion in their ranks, Ibrahim sent round his army in an endeavour to take the heights on one side, which were accessible, and made a simultaneous attack in front. This manoeuvre was completely successful. A panic similar to that at the battle of Homs again seized the Turks, and extended itself to the whole of their army. They fled in the direction of Adana in the greatest confusion, leaving their guns, ammunition and arms, and were pursued by the Egyptians with dreadful slaughter. The loss of the Turks in killed is stated to be nearly forty pieces of artillery and many more were left on the ground. They may have lost the whole of their artillery, baggage, and baggage. The next day the Egyptian cavalry were sent to disperse any remainder that might take place, and brought in from the field a thousand prisoners. Others deserted, and many joined the Egyptians, and the remainder made their way as they best could.

The Turkish army had thus in fact ceased to exist, and that within one short month of its entrance upon the scene of action; and its commander, from whom so much had been expected, and upon whom so many honours and distinctions had been conferred, in the certain anticipation of his success, was a fugitive like the rest.* The artillery and ammunition, together with the store-houses built with such care at Scanderoun, and filled with provisions, had fallen into the enemy's hands. Ibrahim, in short, was master of the whole of Syria, without an enemy before him or behind him.

The affair of the pass of Beylan was certainly that in which the Egyptian commander gave the greatest proofs of his superiority in military skill and tactics, and his troops of determination and bravery. The advantages of position, numbers, and artillery were all on the side of the Turks.

On the 1st of August, Ibrahim received the principal inhabitants of Antioch, who surrendered their town to him; and on the 2d, the inhabitants of the large district of Orpha, which forms the north-eastern portion of Syria, sent a deputation with their submission. Judging from all accounts, there was but one feeling of satisfaction throughout the country at being delivered from the Turkish irregulars, who had everywhere committed the most frightful ravages. It was not, however, solely to the superiority of the Egyptian army, and the skill and bravery of its commander, that the Turkish commander owed its defeat; pestilence and famine claim an equal share in its destruction. On the whole, this short and miserable campaign adds one more instance to the many on record, how easily an army may be sacrificed, its strength wasted, and its substance destroyed, not only by the military incapacity of its commander, and his ignorance of tactics, but by that passive imbecility which exposes it to the action of natural causes, which vigilance and prudence would have anticipated and prevented. It is by no means to be supposed, from the almost uniform success of the Egyptians, that there was any backwardness or cowardice shown by the Turkish regular soldiers; on the contrary, their conduct on many occasions would have done honour to the best European troops. In every instance they showed a decided superiority in discipline, in order, and in firmness, over the irregulars, or old military force, and proved that they could in all instances be depended on. They often, however, fought at a great disadvantage, by being brought into action when exhausted by long forced marches in the heat of the day, and by want of food; and they suffered extremely from the pestilential climate in which they had been first placed in the neighbourhood of Antioch. But it is one thing to train and discipline troops, and to inspire them with the confidence which springs from a consciousness of strength in orderly combinations: it is another, and far more important matter, to educate officers, and to possess generals of skill and genius. In this respect the Turkish army was still, as it had been in the Russian war, wholly deficient: it was, in fact, a body without a soul. The troops were always exposed to their enemies at a disadvantage,

*He put his own treasure, and that of the army, on board a Greek vessel, which, instead of proceeding to Constantinople, made for Greece; but by the exertions of the Greek government, and, as it is said, of the English resident, the greater part was recovered and sent to its destination.

XV.—No. 145.

and for ever sacrificed to the blunders and incapacity of their leaders. Ibrahim, on the other hand, was not only possessed of far greater military skill than any of the generals opposed to him, but was surrounded with able and experienced French officers. The best European officer in the Sultan's army was an Italian,* who had been of great service in training his cavalry, and teaching them to ride in the European fashion; but his pretensions were of no higher order: and even he was dismissed after a short time. Nations, either in their infancy or their decrepitude, should take care to fill the public situations, which require superior minds, with men of talent, of cultivation, and of experience from other countries, wheresoever they may be best obtained. This is equally true as applied to a country in a state of regeneration, which has been described as *caduc sur un rapport, en fait sur un autre*. The Russians, though a far more intelligent race than their rivals, have long pursued this system, and found their advantage in it. But the prejudices and pride of the Turks, which equally prevent them from seeing their own deficiencies, or seeking to supply them, have hindered them from following so good an example.

The intelligence of these disasters produced the utmost consternation and alarm at Constantinople. The brilliant success which had attended the progress of Ibrahim, as well as the rapidity of his movements, were well calculated to arouse even the indolence and apathy of the Turks. Their fears, and the imperfect information which was allowed them, magnified the danger, and led them to expect nothing less than that Ibrahim's army would bring to the Bosphorus the next tidings of its progress. Discontent, as on all former occasions, showed itself chiefly by the frequency of fires; and the Janissary spirit, ever ready to start up, was again in action. The Sultan, powerless himself for the moment, could only look for foreign assistance. His first determination was to apply to England, notwithstanding the offers of Russia, and though France was equally with us a maritime power in the Mediterranean, and equally interested in the preservation of Turkey. He relied, no doubt, upon our professions of good will, and perhaps upon our good faith, in not taking undue advantage of his distress, or expecting recompense for our services. The application for some assistance by sea was first made to our minister at Constantinople, and subsequently M. Mavrojeni, the Turkish charge d'affaires at Vienna, was sent to London to forward the application. Al though it appears to have been backed by the Russian government, it was attended, as we all know, with no success. The reasons assigned for rejecting it are thus summed up in a contemporary journal of high authority in such cases. "The application came in a form and at a time when it was hardly possible for our government to comply with it; for it was in October, when the late parliament, though not yet defunct, had closed its labours, and could not with any decency have been re-assembled, and when there was no possibility for the new parliament to meet till January. That government, therefore, would have been rash and inconsiderate, which, without the power of soon acquiring the sanction of parliament, should have complied with a request that would instantly have involved the country in a very large expense, and incurred the hazard of a gene-

ral war. We had also other important affairs upon our hands. Portugal and Belgium, &c. At the same time we must have appeared to the Turks, who cannot possibly comprehend the working of a free government, to have coldly neglected their interests."

The Sultan, though anxiously hoping for foreign assistance, was himself far from idle. He had still resources and he was determined to employ them to the utmost. His pride forced him to continue the struggle, and his throne, as well as his personal safety, might be involved in its success or failure. Since the first great reverse in Syria, he had consented to receive the proposal of Mehemet Ali; but after the destruction of his army, he still refused to accede to them. Mehemet Ali had written to Halil, the captain-general, proposing that he should come to Alexandria, there treat with him about the peace. This, he was commander of the fleet, he was not allowed to do, but the viceroy's proposals were forwarded to Constantinople. To the credit of Mehemet Ali, it must be said that he never raised his demands in proportion to his successes, so that those which he made at the conclusion of the war did not vary from those which he made at the battle of Hama. Having now obtained complete possession of Syria, so essential to the security of his Egyptian dominions, the summit of his wishes was attained; and it was his obvious interest to bring the war to a speedy conclusion. It had been extremely onerous to him, and was likely to become more so as the seat of it was removed to a greater distance. He had never for a moment contemplated the possession of the Ottoman throne; he was too well aware of the prejudices, the superstitions, and the obstinacy of the Turkish character to suppose that, even if the throne were vacant, and the Sultan without heir, he would be allowed to take possession of it. He was also sufficiently acquainted with the policy of Russia to be certain that any such design on his part would meet with her determined opposition. On the other hand, as Mehemet offered to hold Syria of the Sultan in a similar form to the other Pashas, and to pay more than double the tribute for it which former Pashas (and especially the displaced Abdoullah) had only nominally paid, it would have been in the best and truest interest of the Sultan to accede at once to his terms, without listening to the advice of disaffected enemies, or soliciting the assistance of lukewarm friends. Mahmoud, however, either distrustful of Mehemet Ali, or overrated his own strength. His hopes now rested upon Redschid Pasha, the grand vizier, who had since the peace of Adrianople been engaged in the western provinces of the empire, first in quelling the insurrection in Albania, and subsequently that in Bosnia, which he did most effectually. His conduct in both instances was such as to reflect the highest credit upon his courage, his administrative qualities, and his (though not unchequered in this respect) upon his humanity, and would have fully justified his appointment, if his reputation as a commander had been upon a par with other qualifications. In this respect, however, he had been already tried and found wanting, and that too on a memorable occasion. It was he who had been out-manoeuvred by Diebitsch, and forced into the famous battle of Koulefscha, the loss of which left the road to Co-

* M. Calouse.

* Edinburgh Review, No. CXVII. p. 138.

ople open to the Russians. The fate of was, however, a second time to be entrusted to him. The sultan issued a firman re- the powers and dignities conferred on Hus- and bestowing them on Redschi. The ex- ns, however, with respect to Husseyn were rly mild for a country where failure is in nymous with crime. It was simply stated, rough the will of God, a fatality had at- all his operations, and that he had been succeed in none of them. An order was ued, and read in all the mosques, forbidding dy to talk upon public affairs; and this e only notice, on the part of the govern- the people, of the disasters which had be- heir armies.

chid Pasha, who was still engaged in the as directed to repair forthwith to Constan- and to bring with him his Albanians, and er regular troops he had, together with es he might make in the countries he pass- ough in his way to the capital. This sum- as obeyed with alacrity—troops were col- from every quarter—a draft was made ie fortresses of the Danube, in which the ops are always placed as a security against n aggression—and new levies were made inia and Bosnia. The result was, that two months of issuing the above order, an 40,000 men marched through Adriano- heir way to the capital. The expedition in collecting an army so considerable in numbers, and consisting for the most part who, if not trained in the discipline of re- mies, were at least accustomed to arms, of that the military resources of Turkey, the present day, are far from contempti-

mal military report was in the mean time o the Sultan by the Seraskier Pasha on ts of the late campaign in Syria. The er Pasha, though inferior in rank to the izier, is the generalissimo of the Ottoman nder the new system. He is a remarkable only from this circumstance, that he has old in the active service and continued fa- the Sultan—a privilege of which few can Turkey. The Sultan is indebted to him, t others, for the destruction of the Janis- and he has the entire merit of the new or- ion of the army. He is a man of a thou- murders—a characteristic which hardly s to a reproach in a country where inifler- human life and suffering is too universal nsidered criminal; of an intelligence, how- d activity of mind and energy of character o be met with in a Turk. He is also the inveterate personal enemy of Mehemet h whom he once contended on the spot for reignty of Egypt. His military skill and nce are considerable, and perhaps he may to be the only person who really under- ie value and importance of the recent mili- nges; at all events he was the one who ew their practical application. After n's defeat, he was desirous of being ap- to the command of the new army; but the in consideration of his advanced age, de- mplying with his request. In his report ultan, the Seraskier went seriatim over rent events of the campaign, and pointed rly and judiciously the various faults com- by Husseyn, to whose inexperience and

ignorance in the command of regular troops, he justly ascribed the destruction of the army. His report concluded by the strongest anticipations of success from the talents of the grand vizier and the strength of the army, the numbers of which were studiously exaggerated, in order to inspire greater confidence.

Upon the first news of the defeat in Syria, Reuff Pasha, who had been formerly grand vizier, was sent into Asia to assume the interim command, and to collect, if possible, at Koniah, the fugitive remains of Husseyn's army.

In the mean time, Ibrahim, whose great charac- teristic, so long as he has an enemy to contend with, is the rapidity of his movements, appeared disposed not to take advantage of his successes. Instead of negotiating with the Sultan at the head of his army before Constantinople, he and his fa- ther were contented to send emissaries to the Porte with propositions, which, as was evident, it only received in order to gain time, while an- other army was being collected, and preparations made for fresh resistance; and he himself remain- ed in Syria, apparently inactive. No course, how- ever, under the circumstances, could have been more judicious. His object, from first to last, was Syria: having become master of that by a rapid series of victories, he was yet far from having se- cured it; if his army were too suddenly withdrawn, he had reason to fear that the inhabitants might rise against his authority, and entail upon him the work of conquest anew, placing him at the same time, if he advanced northwards, between two enemies, in a country where his language was not spoken, and where it was probable that the dispositions of the inhabitants would, upon the least reverse, be unfriendly. He allowed not, therefore, the excitement of conquest, nor the ar- dour of his soldiers, to lead him beyond the limits of prudence; nor the apprehension of a fresh Turkish force under a new general, to precipitate his movements in the hope of forestalling its at- tacks.

Ibrahim, therefore, proceeded to assure his do- minion over Syria, to receive submission from the different parts which still held out, and to strengthen his army by incorporating the Syrians and Turkish deserters in its ranks, by which means he was enabled to garrison the towns by a portion of his own troops, on whom he could more fully depend. He proceeded to the north-eastern part, and took possession of the district of Orpha, and the towns of Bire and Aintab. He still met with annoyance—for it could hardly be said to amount to resistance—from his old enemy, Mehe- met, Pasha of Aleppo, who commanded the irre- gulars at Homs, and still held some of the strong places in the north. But above all, he endeavour- ed, by pacific measures, to restore order, tran- quillity, and confidence. In the settlement of dis- pute he displayed the strictest impartiality and justice, and by this course he acquired—what all his victories could not have gained for him—the love and gratitude of the people. The effect, in- deed, of such a course, in a country where oppres- sion has had no limit but in the will of the power- ful, is instantaneous. We, with whom justice is a right, hardly, perhaps, know its value; with that, as with all other goods, there must have been privation to render enjoyment perfect.

Having devoted two months to this work, and sufficiently recruited his army, both with Syrian levies and reinforcements from Egypt, he left one

nephew, Ibrahim, in command at Aleppo, and another, Abbas Pasha, at Beylan, and passed into the province of Adana, which forms the angle with Syria at its north-western extremity. He had been in possession of this since the defeat of Hussein, at Bylan Boghaz, the pass which gave him admission into it. Here he remained until the beginning of October, establishing (as he had done in Syria) order in the province and securing possession of the town; preparing also his attack upon the mountain passes of Carmania and his subsequent descent into Asia Minor. These passes are of great natural strength, and, if well defended, capable of becoming a formidable barrier to an invading army, however numerous. In the present instance, however, they offered but little resistance to the progress of Ibrahim. The Asiatic irregulars defended them, with some regulars that had been got together after the dispersion of Hussein's army. Ibrahim carried the heights almost by a *coup-de-main*, and defeated a large body of Turks who had taken up their position near Erekle, the first town in the northern extremity of the mountains. His army then passed down into the extensive plains of Asia Minor. Its numbers have been variously stated, but it appears, that at that time, they could not have been more than 20,000 men, with 25 pieces of artillery, subsequently increased to nearly double, both in men and artillery. The army advanced in two divisions, the main body with Ibrahim taking the direct road to Koniah, the other going to the east, in the direction of Kasarich, both to meet the attack that was expected in that quarter from the Pasha of Trebizond, who had collected an army in Turkish Armenia, and to assist and strengthen the disaffected, who everywhere, and in great numbers, rose upon their approach. Ibrahim arrived at Koniah on the first of November. It is a place of some importance, situated half way between the frontiers of Syria and Constantinople, and formerly of great note in Turkish history. The remnants of the Turkish army, which did not amount to more than 3,000 men under Reuf Pasha, evacuated the town upon his approach. The grand vizier, in the meantime, arrived at Constantinople, from Bosnia, on the 25th of September, and immediately busied himself with great activity in providing necessaries for his army, and forwarding them into Asia. He brought with him his own Albanians, who appear to have made a great impression in the capital from their warlike appearance, their high state of discipline, and their devotion to the cause of the Sultan. The Bosniac chieftains also, lately in revolt, appeared to do homage, and brought their contingents of soldiers and money to his aid. One hundred pieces of artillery were sent with the army, and there was a series of reviews and ceremonies as on the former occasion. Confidence was much restored in the capital. Ever in extremes, ignorant and ill-educated men will always be, the Turks had inferred from the apparent inactivity of Ibrahim, that he was either unable to follow up his success, or that his presumption had reached its limits; that he dreaded, perhaps, the hostile disposition of the inhabitants of the countries through which he would have to pass, and that the defiles of the Taurus were impregnable. At all events, they anticipated that no fresh attack would be made till the spring, before which time negotiations might end the contest. Relieved from the apprehension of immediate danger, they

relapsed into their wonted indifference, though not wholly participated by it. The grand vizier was excited some alarm among the people when the Egyptians arrived, nor did he quit it till the 14th of thirteen days afterwards. By that time of Ibrahim's advance had arrived, and excited some alarm among the people were heard in the divan, and from thence that the Sultan, by his sacrilegious brought down the wrath of heaven upon him; notwithstanding this, great confidence was placed in the army which had now been placed under the auspices of the grand vizier Pasha was, at the same time, despatched to different courts of Europe to solicit assistance in the settlement of the dispute between the Sultan and his viceroy, and protector in the event of its unfavourable termination. Without penetrating now into the mysteries of diplomacy, the result of his application was without success in the month of November, indeed, England appointed ambassadors to the Porte; see in the sequel, that but little advantage was to be gained from their appointment.

Although Ibrahim was well informed of the movements of the Turkish army, upon his arrival at Koniah that the Sultan was still at Constantinople, he was not the Turkish preparations were advanced to render it impossible for Constantinople without a conflict. On the importance of the Sultan to punish him would admit of no delay in making a move, he judged it more prudent to avail himself of the strong position which he occupied at Koniah, than to push forward. This double advantage of allowing his own troops to recruit from their fatigues, and of exposing the enemy to all the inclemencies of the winter, the fatigues of a march, which from the nature of the preparations, and the inefficiency of the commissariat, could not but be attended with extraordinary difficulties. The result was not what he expected. The Turks exhibit their usual improvidence and unskilfulness in the winter set in with unusual severity, the heavy snow rendered the roads in heavy conveyances, for artillery, and provisions; of the latter there was an utter want in the country. The grand vizier, having issued positive orders to allow no delay in stopping his progress, his troops were forced to march till they arrived at three-fourths of the way to Koniah, and were obliged to wait several days for the artillery, and for provisions; from which his army was already suffering in the middle of December before he advanced his main body of his army; but from the want of his arrangements, his ignorance of the country through which he had to pass, and the difficulties to be encountered, and the delay which they would occasion him, he made a series of mistakes and errors. Having ascertained that an army of Ibrahim's army had taken post at Zilleh, an hour and a half's distance from Koniah, he directed a division of his troops, 5,000 men, to march against it, under

lictar; and having calculated the time at which he could arrive with the rest of his army by the route at Koniah, he ordered the attack to be made on the same day simultaneously with the Egyptian force, and should the place be carried, the Egyptians were then to advance to his assistance, and to be in the general engagement. On the appointed day, accordingly, the attack was made by the Egyptian force, the Turkish force, being superior in numbers, would have been successful, but that intelligence was instantly conveyed to Ibrahim of the Egyptian approach; the latter having no apprehension of an attack from the grand vizier, instantly ordered his divisions of infantry and cavalry to the front, and decided the affair (which did not last above more than three hours) in favour of the Egyptians. The Turkish division was completely defeated, and a number of prisoners were taken, and the Egyptians returned into the town. The grand vizier, in the meantime, having had to fight against innumerable obstacles and difficulties, which completely exhausted his soldiers, was unable to reach Koniah on the appointed day. His roads were everywhere blocked up, and in many parts utterly impracticable for artillery. The roads had to be cleared; and his troops for several days were bivouacked in the snow. Redschid, however, was firm: his orders were peremptory; and he himself felt the necessity of attempting something to justify the high expectations that were formed of him and the army under his command. Under all these disadvantages, with his army worn out by their sufferings, which are well known to have been dreadful, dispirited by the losses they had already encountered, he arrived in the neighbourhood of Koniah on the night of the 10th of December. The next morning he made a disposition of his force as upon a hasty occasion, and with no previous knowledge of the plan he deemed advisable. In this disposition there were many errors, and amongst others this (according to the Turkish report of the battle) was that in the hope of ultimately surrounding the Egyptians, in the event of their breaking through his centre, he had directed his line to extend on both sides, but on the left the ground did not admit of this extension. His left wing, consequently, was crowded into a dense mass, and was exposed to a well-directed fire from the Egyptian artillery.

The Egyptians took up their position outside of the town; and their arrangement was as admirable. At daylight they advanced upon the enemy. The battle began by a discharge from the whole of the Turkish artillery, as much more numerous than the Egyptian, which kept up a continued fire during two hours; but the guns had been placed too far back between the divisions of the army, and did but little execute. The grand vizier, who had so little to expect from the favourable position of his soldiers, or from their discipline as regular troops, seemed to have reposed all his confidence in the impetuous onset of his irregulars, a general charge by whom he expected to break through the ineffective fire of his artillery. The Egyptian regiments, which were formed up upon two lines, nowhere gave way. On the right wing, indeed, some impression was made by a charge of the Turkish infantry; but the grand vizier, having quickly sent reinforcements to it, repulsed a charge of cavalry on the left flank of the Turks, which was completely successful. The conduct of the Egyptian cavalry is spoken of

on this occasion in the highest terms. The Turkish right having in the meantime failed in repeated charges, and being closely pressed by the Egyptians, began to retreat in disorder, which, indeed, soon became prevalent throughout the whole of their line. The grand vizier, at the head of a division which he had succeeded in rallying, now charged impetuously against the third and fourth regiments of the Egyptian guards; but they stood the shock, and no impression could be made upon them. Fresh disorder ensued among the Turks, and it was manifest that the day was irretrievably lost. But the grand vizier had staked all upon this battle: he had secured no place on which to retreat; and there was no *corps de reserve* nearer than Ak Shehr, which of course could not arrive in time to be of any service to him. In vain did he try to rally his troops; the panic had already spread too far. Putting himself, therefore, at the head of his fine Albanians—men of determined courage and tried fidelity, who had, in fact, sustained the brunt of the engagement, he made a last desperate charge, in the hope of forcing a passage into the town of Koniah, and taking possession of it. His followers, however, did not amount to more than 2,000 men, a number much too small to effect his object; but they were men without the fear of danger or of death, who knew not what it was to retreat; and they were cut off or taken prisoners to a man. The grand vizier himself succeeded in reaching the town; but he was unsupported and alone. He had forced his way, with the courage of despair, through the centre of the enemy's troops; but being separated from his followers, and surrounded on all sides by the Arabs, he was at last made prisoner. He proclaimed his name, and was instantly conducted to the presence of Ibrahim. The rout of the army had, in the meantime, continued, and the night alone put a stop to the work of destruction. Three thousand prisoners were taken, and forty pieces of cannon. The slaughter was dreadful during the day; and immense numbers perished in the snow and from the severity of the weather during the night: no provision having been made for their retreat, and no place in which they could take refuge. The numbers engaged on this day are very differently stated by the respective parties. It appears, however, most probable, that the Turkish force amounted to about 40,000 men, with 60 pieces of cannon, and the Egyptian to more than 30,000 and 40 pieces of cannon. In every thing else but numbers, in order, in discipline, in the nature of its position, the Turkish army was decidedly inferior to its opponent, and a portion of it was little better than an armed rabble. From the first moment, perhaps, the issue may be said not to have been doubtful; but a portion of the Turkish force maintained the contest throughout the day with the most determined bravery. Victory, therefore, was not so easily won as to be deprived of its glory. Ibrahim and his army added fresh laurels to those they had gained in Syria; and in this one day, he ended the war and laid prostrate the Turkish power, which had now exhausted all its resources. This, its last army, never rallied: some of the fugitives rejoined the *corps de reserve* at Ak Shehr and Eski Shehr; and these, with the few troops that had been sent from Constantinople, might, perhaps, have amounted to 10,000 men; but they were wholly insufficient to think of offering a moment's resistance to the victorious Egyptians. They had, moreover, no leader; and had as their two former commanders had been, there was no

one of equal pretensions to supply their place. If the idea of further resistance, therefore, ever crossed the Sultan's mind, as is implied in the Seraskier's report, it was but for a moment, and during the first burst of indignation. A sense of the hard necessity to which he was reduced, must quickly have forced itself upon him. In this extremity of his distress, without an army, without resources, an enemy within a few days' easy march of his capital, with disaffection and treason spreading around him, we need not be surprised that he should be ready to accept any offer of assistance, come from whatever quarter it might.

At a former crisis, Mahmoud had sought in vain the aid of those whom he considered his friends, on the present occasion, he was compelled to ask it from those he had always known to be his enemies—he was compelled to throw himself into the arms of Russia, now for the first time extended to him in friendship. The fears and jealousies, however, of the ministers of the other European powers, were roused by this determination of the Sultan; nor was he suffered quietly to put it into execution. He had to pass through a previous stage of diplomatic interference. The advice of each of the foreign ministers at his court, given according to the fancied interests of his country, or to his own views of the proper policy of the Porte, added perplexity to fear in the Sultan's mind; and in the end, they nearly deprived him of any assistance by their difference of opinion as to the mode in which it should be given. It is to the present day a matter of dispute whether Russia out-maneuvred France, or France Russia. We have no hesitation in deciding for the former. We will state the principal occurrences. Early in December, when the grand vizier was marching upon Koniah to attack Ibrahim, and the unsuccessful result of the Sultan's application to the court of St. James's was known, General Mouravieff arrived at Constantinople with a letter from the emperor of Russia, offering to his friend and brother, Sultan Mahmoud, to place any amount of force, by sea and land, at his disposal. The general had also orders to proceed to Alexandria, and threaten Mehemet Ali with Russian displeasure, if he did not instantly suspend hostilities and accede to the Sultan's terms. The Porte, however, was itself at that very time treating with Mehemet Ali, though not in good faith, as it relied upon the success of the grand vizier's army, or at all events never anticipated the almost instant destruction of that army. It had also just obtained from Mehemet Ali a distinct statement of his demands, which were as before, the governments of Syria and Adana; and a promise, that if the Porte would send a minister to treat on this basis, hostilities should instantly cease. The Turkish ministers on their part were endeavouring to obtain some mitigation of these terms. The proposal brought by General Mouravieff was, therefore, at first declined, and impediments thrown in the way of his journey to Alexandria. The Sultan's distress had not reached that height at which Russian protection was indispensable: he still paid some respect to the remonstrances of his ministers, and his feelings—we will not call them prejudices—of his people. In this state of affairs, the battle of Koniah came upon him like a thunder-bolt. In the first moment of alarm he accepted the offer of Russian ships, fixing the number at twelve, and requested General Mouravieff to proceed immediately to Alexandria. The indignation, however,

which this step excited amongst all classes of his subjects, was too formidable for the Sultan to contend with, while any other resource remained untried. He, in consequence, revoked his application for Russian aid, and endeavoured to stop General Mouravieff's departure. But that officer pleaded his orders from St. Petersburg, and proceeded on his journey.

The Porte now determined to treat directly with Mehemet Ali. On the 2d of January, 1833, a great council was held, at which all the highest authorities in church and state were present. The question of peace or war was proposed: there could be but one answer. It was unanimously resolved, that the *ferwa* (or sentence) of excommunication against Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim should be revoked—that they should be admitted within the pale of Mohammedan society—and that the Pashalic of Syria should be conferred upon Mehemet Ali, under the sole condition of his acknowledging the sovereignty of the Porte. Information was sent to Ibrahim of the resolution of the Divan; and Halil, the late Ottoman Pasha, was the bearer of it to Mehemet Ali, with instructions to negotiate the peace. General Mouravieff had already left Constantinople, and Austria again, as she had throughout the whole affair, followed in the wake of Russia. An assurance was sent to Mehemet Ali of her entire concurrence in all that general Mouravieff should urge, and further, in all that he should threaten.

There needed, however, no representation. General Mouravieff was said to have been far from using threats—to induce Mehemet Ali to receive Halil Pasha with the greatest distinction, instantly to acknowledge himself a true subject of the Porte, and to send a positive order to Ibrahim to suspend hostilities, and to advance no further on the capital. His conduct clearly proves, what we have before asserted, that he never contemplated the assumption of independence, still less the usurpation of the Ottoman throne.

During the time that elapsed before an answer could be received from Alexandria, disturbances were apprehended in the capital: fires were of almost daily occurrence, and other signs of dissent had shown themselves. Ibrahim also, felt the importance of concluding the peace with the impression of his victory was yet recent, and fully suffered reports to be spread that he was advancing, and that he meant to take up his quarters at Brousa, within a short distance of the capital. The disaffected in Asia, encouraged by the hope of his support, were everywhere in insurrection. The French charge d'affaires (who had been active in his endeavours to effect peace by negotiation) wrote in the strongest terms to remonstrate with Ibrahim upon his conduct. Ibrahim, in reply, disclaimed all knowledge of the proclamations which had been issued, declared that his intentions were no longer hostile, and that he should wait the pleasure of the Porte to accede to his terms. In fact he was still at Koniah at the end of January, though about to put his army in motion.

The Sultan's fears, however, a second time, the better of him: in an evil hour for himself

*Upon the conclusion of this business, the Austrian minister at Constantinople received the grand cross of the order of St. Anne from the Emperor of Russia, and states that he confers it on him, as "an acknowledgment of his hearty satisfaction with his loyal co-operation."

his empire he turned a deaf ear to the remonstrances of his divan. Alarmed for his personal safety, distrusting the professions of Ibrahim, and eagerly catching at the hopes, insidiously fostered and treacherously disappointed, that his concessions to Mehemet Ali would be reduced within the narrowest limits, he persisted in requiring the armed support of Russia; and on the 2d of February a fresh demand was made, both for troops and ships. On the 6th, however, intelligence was brought from Alexandria, by General Mouravieff, of the pacific disposition of Mehemet Ali, and of the favourable reception given to Halil Pasha. It was also certain that Ibrahim had stopped at Kiutayah, to which place he had advanced, as he positively declared, solely for the greater convenience which it afforded in the supply of provisions and of wood for his army. The French chargé d'affaires, seconded by the English secretary of embassy (the new ambassadors of both powers not having yet arrived,) strongly pressed upon the Sultan the propriety of again renouncing Russian assistance. The Reis Effendi was consequently permitted by the Sultan to sound the Russian minister upon the possibility of countermanding the armament. A note was addressed to M. Boutenieff, dated the 17th of February, stating that the presence of the Russian troops was not now necessary in the capital, but at the same time requesting that they should be directed to some neighbouring port, where they might be within call and ready on the shortest notice. To this the Russian minister assented, if it were yet possible to prevent their arrival, as they had already sailed from the Russian port; but it was settled that in that event they were to put into the Gulf of Bourgas, in the Black Sea. On the same day on which these notes passed, Admiral Roussin, the new French ambassador, arrived.* He insisted upon an immediate audience with the Reis Effendi, which was granted him on the 19th, when he urged most strongly upon that minister the impropriety and impolicy of the step which the Turkish government had taken. The Reis Effendi was much impressed with these representations; and presuming that the ambassador had arrived with full powers from his government, and with the latest knowledge of its intentions towards Turkey, he promised on his part that the best endeavours of the Porte should be used to prevent the arrival of the troops. It was, however, too late. On the 20th, the very day after, the Russian squadron sailed into the Bosphorus.

The importance of the moment was strongly felt by all the diplomatists of Pera. The conduct of the French ambassador, who appears to have been the only man who endeavoured, even at the last moment, to avert the evil, was equally prompt and decisive. He instantly declared to the Porte that he should decline to disembark his effects or take up his residence at Pera, unless the Russian force was immediately dismissed. The Sultan hesitated; but on his demand, M. Roussin went so far as to guarantee the conclusion of a treaty with Mehemet Ali, upon the basis of the terms which Halil had been instructed to propose at Alexandria. He signed a convention to that effect; in consequence of which the Porte immediately en-

*Lord Ponsonby, the British ambassador, was appointed about the same time with Admiral Roussin (November 9,) and arrived at his post in the month of May following, three months after the transactions we are now detailing.

gaged to renounce, from that moment, "all foreign assistance, of whatever kind, which circumstances had compelled it to require." The Reis Effendi, in consequence of this convention, addressed a note to the Russian minister on the 23d of February, stating that the affair had been negotiated with the French ambassador, and terminated to the satisfaction of the Sublime Porte; and that, as the presence of the Russian fleet was, in consequence of this, no longer necessary, the Porte had engaged that it should sail with the first fair wind. Up to this point, Admiral Roussin's success appeared to have been complete. The Russians, without the least intention of violating the letter of their engagements, had no such apprehension. The Sultan had readily entered into the French ambassador's proposal, because he was himself happy to be released from the presence of the Russian force, and because he hoped to obtain peace upon the terms he had already offered: these excluded the cession of Adana. This, the Russians well knew, Ibrahim would not give up unless compelled by force, which the French government were not prepared to employ. It is added also, and it is an important fact towards obtaining a right estimate of the conduct of Russia, that Ibrahim was informed that however much Russia might interfere to protect the Sultan's person and the capital, the conditions of the peace should be left to him to settle. Authority, moreover, had been given to Halil by the Turkish government to yield the government of Adana in the event of its being insisted on; and this he had actually done at the moment Admiral Roussin was pledging his country to effect the peace without it. Two French aides-de-camp were despatched by the ambassador; one to Ibrahim, and the other to Mehemet Ali, informing them of what had taken place; but as they had already settled the terms of peace with the Turkish plenipotentiary, they refused to accept of any others. France had not the means at hand to compel them; in fact it would have been bad policy in her to have attempted it; and even if force had been resorted to, it would have arrived too late to prevent a catastrophe at Constantinople.

The famous convention of Admiral Roussin, therefore, which produced so lively a sensation in Europe, and was declared to be one of the greatest achievements ever effected by diplomacy, (but which is now as much ridiculed as it was at first applauded,) fell to the ground; the French government, without disavowing the act of its minister, backed out of the affair, by saying that Turkey had failed in her part of the engagement by not dismissing the Russian forces. It should be mentioned however in favour of the success, however partial, of this intervention, that immediately upon the receipt of the Reis Effendi's communication, the Russian fleet was actually put under sailing orders; but a long prevalence of contrary winds (which in the straits of the Bosphorus, with its rapid current, cannot be contended with) prevented its departure. Subsequently, indeed, the serious disturbances at Smyrna made the Sultan little anxious to hasten its departure; especially after it became doubtful whether Admiral Roussin's convention would be acknowledged and acted upon by his government. The whole ended therefore in the Russian troops being disembarked on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, and in a fresh supply being sent from the shores of the Black Sea, constituting a total force of nearly 20,000 men.

The emperor also now announced that he would no longer be trifled with, that his troops should not leave Turkey until Ibrahim had evacuated it, and with his army was again behind the Taurus.

It is quite manifest that the moral support of any one of the great European powers (if granted in time) would have been quite sufficient, without the intervention of force, to have upheld Turkey, and effected peace between her and her vassal. Still more easily of course would the joint interference of more than one of these powers have attained that object, on the expediency of which all of them professed to be agreed. It is equally manifest, that if the Sultan had been well advised in himself, or allowed himself to be moved by the strong representations of the foreign ministers, and made timely concessions, he might, at any moment, have put an end to the contest without any foreign interference whatever; for, after having had two armies annihilated and his resources exhausted, and subsequently after wasting four months in fruitless negotiation, he was at last obliged to grant the same terms to the fullest letter which had been demanded of him at an early period of the war, and repeated in the hour of victory.

The little province of Adana, so long the cause of delay in bringing the arrangements to a conclusion, was certainly an object, the importance of which to both parties we do not wish to deny. Although the Sultan's authority in the districts south of the Taurus had long been little more than nominal, it was still most desirable for the strength and security of his empire that no part of them should be in the possession of Egypt. But when the Russian government, unlike the French ambassador and more prudent, (and unwilling to weaken Egypt, whose growing* greatness she had never discouraged,) had refused to dictate to either party the conditions of peace, or to interfere in what she was pleased to call the arrangement of family disputes, it was the height of impolicy, it was madness, in the Sultan to persevere in his refusal.

The avowed motive of Ibrahim (and probably a true one) in demanding and insisting so pertinaciously on the government of Adana was the advantage to Egypt of having some place within its dominions, on which it could depend for a supply of timber for all purposes, and especially for ship-building. That country has long been in the habit of importing timber from this and the contiguous provinces, but their wretched condition and unsettled† governments under the Turkish rule,

have always rendered any intercourse with them very precarious. Perhaps, also, Ibrahim might contemplate the extension of his dominion along the shore, situated exactly opposite to Egypt, abounding in natural advantages, in harbours and conveniences for commerce.

"Its numerous creeks," says Captain Beaufort, "and easy access will always render it a favourite resort of the small and timid coasters of the Levant; while its great extent, its bold shores, and the facility of defence may hereafter point it out as an eligible place for the rendezvous of a fleet."

Another, and perhaps the strongest reason of all, was that this province gives its possessor the keys not only of Syria but of Asia Minor. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the possession of Adana is a most important addition to the resources of Egypt, and to her security against all aggression from Turkey, should that power be ever again in a state to resume the contest. In the event, also, of an insurrection in Syria, which has been always so confidently predicted, the Turks are now precluded from rendering any assistance to the insurgents, the country being inaccessible to their army. We rejoice, therefore, in the interest of Egypt, that the cession was demanded and exacted; and we rejoice at it in the interests of humanity; for we are convinced that, under the strong yet just government of Ibrahim, order and tranquillity will be restored; an essential condition to the moral and physical improvement of these long desolated countries.

The Sultan at length yielded to the necessity, daily becoming more urgent, of concluding the peace. The mere presence of Ibrahim's army had nearly disorganized the whole of Asia Minor. On the 26th of April, the annual list of Turkish Pashas was published at Constantinople; at the head of it appeared the name of Ibrahim as Pasha of Abyssinia and Djidda, and Governor of the Holy Cities of Mecca and Medina; and to that of Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt and Candia, was added the Pashalic of Syria. But it was early in May before Ibrahim was informed that the Sultan had finally acceded to his request, and granted him the government of Adana. The intelligence was accompanied by a demand on the part of the Turkish government for the immediate withdrawal of his troops. Ibrahim signified his readiness to comply with this demand, and returned a letter of acknowledgment and compliment, with a fulsome panegyric on the Sultan, too exaggerated, we should have thought, for even Oriental hyperbole.*

On the 6th of May a general amnesty was published to all the inhabitants of Anatolia, and a strict injunction addressed to the authorities, civil and military, throughout the country, to follow the Sultan's example, and bury all past transactions in oblivion. In the course of the same month the whole of Ibrahim's army had left Kiutayah, and begun its retrograde march. Turkish commissioners accompanied it, and reported from time to time the different stages of its progress. A Russian officer was also sent personally to ascertain the fact of its having passed the frontier,

thing can present a more striking picture of the pervading sloth and misery, than the hardly credible fact, that on this extensive line of coast, which stretches along a sea abounding with fish, the inhabitants do not possess a single boat."

*Moniteur Ottoman, 21st July.

*It is well known that it was part of the Empress Catherine's great schemes against Turkey to erect Egypt into an independent sovereignty. Vide *Eton's Account of Turkey*. The author's known devotion to Russia renders his evidence perfectly trustworthy, where he is admitting against its government intentions of robbery and spoliation.

†Captain Beaufort in his work on Caramaina, thus describes these districts.

"Sheltered from the effectual control of the Porte by the great barrier of Mount Taurus, the independent and turbulent Pashas, amongst whom they are parcelled, are engaged in continual petty hostilities with each other, so that their respective frontiers change with the issue of every skirmish. Thus groaning under the worst kind of despotism, this unfortunate country has been a continued scene of anarchy, rapine, and contention; her former cities deserted, her fertile vallies untilled, and her rivers and harbours idle. Perhaps no-

or that the Russian forces might then, according to promise, return to their own country. It terminated for Turkey, as far as her enemies were concerned, this disastrous war. She tried to learn what could be effected by her

while the Egyptian troops were retiring from the country, the Sultan and the Russians were engaged in a course of mutual dalliance, as offensive to the Europeans who witnessed it, as it was to the pride of his own subjects. He ordered their troops, had medals struck in honour of the occasion, decorated their officers, gave snuff-boxes to their diplomatic agents; the soldiers were mingled together in harmony with the Russians, and ordered to embrace their brothers and best friends. Russia's part was not merely passive; tender expressions and professions of most disinterested attention were reciprocated *ad nauseam*; and all Turkish ministers received substantial proofs of consideration and good will. The way being prepared, Count Orloff was sent, with his usual like bearing and his frank and open manner, to finish the conquest of the Sultan's heart, and lead him gently into the trap which had been prepared for him.

It is, however, that on the very day after the return of the Russian officer who had seen the passage of Ibrahim's army across the Taurus, the Russian commander requested permission of the Turkish government for his troops to return to their own country, which being granted, they immediately embarked and sailed. Nobody on the spot ought it probable that they would go; no, indeed, would believe that they had gone. The last vessel had rounded the Symplegaden all at once burst forth a general chorus of Russian honour! The sincerity of the Emperor's professions and the loyalty of his courtiers were everywhere vaunted. Had Russia, in acting in the *spirit* of her engagement, allowed her troops without obtaining any recompense; had she not taken advantage of the weakness of her ally to further her own selfish ends, though she would have acted only in common honour and honesty, yet looking at the general course of her policy, we should have credited with praise that in this instance she pursued a straightforward course. But this—by herself—she has not left it in our power

The Europeans at Constantinople had not been freed from their surprise at seeing Russia, so open and readiness, fulfilling her engagements, when a report arose—hardly credited, as originating with the dishonest dragoman—that the long interviews between Count Orloff and the Reis Effendi, and subsequently with the Sultan, had not been without result. A treaty, talked of, of what kind does the reader think? A treaty of mutual protection between Russia and Turkey. The report was confirmed, and as secret in that land of corruption may not be believed,—a copy of it, though not for some time officially given, was soon obtained by the credulous ambassadors of other countries, who, in flattering themselves, "thinking no ill where no ill is done," had been rejoicing over the termination of their embarrassments, the moment they saw the Russian squadron sailing up the Bosphorus.

The basis of this treaty (of July 8th) is declared to be that of reciprocal defence; its object being

the protection of the two contracting parties against all attacks, whether foreign or domestic; and each engages to give to the other such effective aid and assistance as will ensure that object; and that the auxiliary forces, whether by sea or land, which circumstances may compel either party to require by virtue of this treaty, shall not be at the expense of the party who asks for the assistance, except in the supply of provisions. By a separate article, the Porte, "*acting in the spirit of this treaty, and to promote its object*," engages to close, *in case of need*, the straits of the Dardanelles. The intention of the contracting parties is, that this treaty should last for ever, but for the present its duration is limited to eight years. All preceding treaties are confirmed, especially, amongst others, the treaty of Adrianople; and the parties pledge themselves to everlasting peace and amity.

Looking at the state of the relations between Turkey and Russia previously to this treaty, we shall find that the latter power had secured too firm and solid a footing in the other to be easily shaken. By the ninth article of the treaty of Adrianople, Turkey acknowledged a debt of nearly five millions sterling, as an indemnity for the war. It was subsequently agreed that this sum should be paid by regular instalments in ten years, during which time Russia was to hold the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia as security for the payment. We need hardly add that Turkey never will, never can discharge this debt; and she has the less inducement to do so, since Russia has, by other regulations of the same treaty, so far taken the principalities under her protection, and deprived the Turks of all advantage from them, that the nominal suzerainty of the Porte, and the equally nominal tribute, cannot be worth possessing, certainly less so than the large sum which must be paid to recover them. By the same treaty it is agreed that the commerce of Russian subjects is not to be checked in any case, or under any pretence, by any prohibition, restriction, regulation, or measure, whether of administration or legislation. Russian vessels are never, under any pretext, to be visited, or spoken to, or interfered with in any way by the Ottoman authorities; and Russian subjects, who, be it mentioned, have of late greatly increased in Turkey, are placed throughout that country under the exclusive jurisdiction and police of the ministers and consuls of Russia. By this last treaty of Constantinople, the Porte not only binds itself to have the same friends and enemies as Russia, but to close the Dardanelles against the vessels of every other country, in case of need, which means, if it have any meaning, at her request. Is it not little else than a delusion, under the circumstances, to call Turkey an independent country?

It is true that a similar treaty was made between Russia and Turkey at the end of the year 1798, when France had invaded Egypt, in which assistance was mutually promised by each party to the other. They were then, however, much more upon a par, and the treaty contained a clause which stipulated that as neither party desired to make conquests, but only to defend the integrity of their possessions, and to preserve the balance of power and the general tranquillity, other countries should be invited to become parties to the treaty. Great Britain was so invited, and instantly acceded to the invitation. The avowed object of that

treaty, as of the present, was to preserve the integrity of Turkey. But this time Russia thinks proper to effect it by herself.

The fact is, Russia has at last driven into Turkey the end of that fatal wedge by which she has contrived to dispossess so many other countries of their governments and independence, and to substitute herself in their place. She has afforded her protection and gained the right of interference. Her course has then been uniform; she mixes herself up in every question between the government and its subjects: she foment the dissensions which she interferes to allay; she corrupts where there is strength, and oppresses where there is weakness, until exhaustion and treachery finish for her the work of subjection.

In the present case, be the cause what it may, whether disturbance within, or attack from without, and in the actual restless and unhappy state of Turkey, the crisis may arrive at any moment which will require Russia's interference. Russian troops will again be called to occupy Constantinople, and Europe will find, as in the late instance, that it would have been easier to prevent than to remedy. From the large pecuniary claim which she has upon Turkey, Russia must, if that government is attacked, look after her securities. She has a deep stake in the trade of the Black Sea, the very existence of which depends on the will of whatever power possesses the Dardanelles, and she must therefore protect her interests, should the approach of an enemy endanger them in that quarter. Should the Sultan, who has now asked her assistance and signed this fatal treaty, wish to shake off the yoke of subjection, Russia will no doubt consent when her war indemnities have been paid up. There is the same check upon him if he should resist—not the commands, for no such harsh form would be used, but—the recommendations of his new ally, be they on what subject they may. We hesitate not therefore to say, that the Russian monarch is at this moment more safely and more decidedly master of European Turkey, and his word more absolute law at Constantinople, than if his flag were flying at the Seraglio,—for perhaps a less quiet and secure possession might then be allowed him. So, we have no doubt, he would be willing for the moment to allow matters to remain; the distressed condition of his southern provinces would make him for the present but little desirous of extending his frontier in that direction, into districts of greater fertility and resources, which would entirely remove the trade, and destroy the little prosperity which they may actually enjoy.

With reference indeed to the late events which we have been describing, if we regret the backwardness of England, it is not that we are so Quixotic as to wish that she should espouse the weak side of every contest, and throw her shield before the distressed in every quarter of the globe; still less are we so fond of Turkish barbarians as to wish that they should remain for ever in Europe. To assist the Turks, we can never look upon as an end desirable in itself, but only as the means of preventing the aggrandizement of Russia in that direction where it is likely to be the most hurtful to us. For, to say nothing of her increased preponderance in the councils of Europe from her increase of power, the possession of Constantinople and Turkey will be a most important step in furtherance of her designs upon our Indian possessions—designs, be it mentioned, which she never for one instant

loses sight of, nor ceases to prepare the way for the execution. Her maritime power also will rapidly increase when she has an unlimited supply of sailors from the Levant—and she will obtain at the Dardanelles the entire command over our trade in the Black Sea, which is now considerable, and readily admits of augmentation to an almost indefinite extent.

There are many, however, we are aware, who conceive that the aggrandizement of Russia is not to be feared, by reason of the weakness inseparable from overgrown empires; and indeed, supported as the argument is by the experience of past ages, it may well be considered as not inapplicable to an empire now extending over a ninth of the habitable globe. But experience may in this instance mislead us, if we fail to take into consideration all the circumstances of the case. A great distinction is to be drawn between an empire that has shot up by conquests of rapid growth and slender structure, and one that has crept into greatness by slow and imperceptible increments,—between the territorial acquisitions of a conqueror and those of a country pursuing through successive ages a uniform system of aggrandizement. Of the former it may at least be said, that they are lost as easily as they are won; they depend for the most part upon the life of the conqueror, who sometime outlives them; the aggrandizement may be considered his rather than that of his country. He may overrun nations with his armies, and may hold them in subjection; but he cannot subjugate, much less assimilate the habits, manners, and feeling of different races of mankind: he is powerless against opinion, which sooner or later bears its fruit, and that fruit is disunion. In a word he cannot unite nations, but he cannot produce nationality. His empire is a rope of sand, an accumulation without adhesion.

The mighty growth of Russia has been effected in a far different manner. With her, appropriation is incorporation; she has depended upon the power and character of no one individual; she has raised up no Alexander the Great nor Napoleon, men who pursue through blood and devastation their own selfish ends—who blaze indeed as meteors over an astonished world, but, as if their course had really been through space, leave nothing but their fame behind them. From Peter the Great to Nicholas the course of Russia has ever been slow but sure; so slow as to have met with scarcely any interference, yet so sure as to have within a hundred years nearly doubled her territory, and more than trebled her power and resources; none of her rulers have ever been hurried too fast, or forgot the show of moderation. In war they have always stopped short at that point at which they would have alarmed the jealousies of other powers; and after victory their demands have been small, or have been reduced down to that which it was not worth a war to refuse. They have never sought by violence what they could gain by intrigue. Though they boast a million of men enrolled in their army, though all savours of military ardour—rank and distinction, for whatever service, being expressed in military terms, even priests and bishops ranking among the men of blood,—they have no recourse to their military prowess until their crafty diplomacy has failed. In the arts of chicanery and intrigue, Russia surpasses all the nations of the earth. Her emissaries, down to the lowest agent, have all the same character, and the basis of that character is cunning. With apparent sim-

plicity and openness of manner, they are perfect masters of flattery and all the arts of deceit. they pass into the confidence of those with whom they are associated, and gain, without deserving, their sympathies and affection.

Let the means, however, be what they may, by which Russia has so enormously advanced her power, the fact that she has done so is undoubted, and the influence is proportionably great which she exercises (always, be it remembered, in opposition to our views and interests) in the settlement of every European question. And who can say, looking at the condition of countries most exposed to her aggression, that her power has yet reached its zenith, or that her influence will not more and more preponderate? There can be no doubt to those who look at facts without exasperation of feeling, and not through the medium of their passions, that the balance of power is threatened at this moment more than at any time since the downfall of Napoleon.

Of the countries interested in the settlement of every question that regards Turkey, no one, from its position, is more deeply so than Austria. And there is no more remarkable circumstance connected with the affairs in that part of the world during the last few years, than the apparent indifference and neglect, or the insignificant interference, when there has been any, of that power. It is impossible that any one, in passing from the history of the last century to that of the present, should arrive at the important events which have occurred of late years in that part of the world, without exclaiming, where upon all these occasions was Austria? That power, which formerly, though united to Russia in resistance to the Turks, as the common enemy, was ever her staunch rival in aggrandizement. Did Russia rob Turkey in the East, Austria was to be appeased by an equivalent in the west. Has she ever now made her remonstrance heard? When there was every prospect in the last year of the Emperor Alexander's life, that in the words of Mr. Canning, "Russia would swallow up Greece at one mouthful, and Turkey at another," was she to be found ranked with those who interposed to prevent that consummation? Where was she when a Russian army was defiling through the Balkan; or now, when a Russian diplomatist, by a furtive treaty, was robbing Turkey of her independence? The murmurs of her ill-omened voice have indeed on one of those occasions been heard in the Divan. At the period of the Greek insurrection, frightened at the notion of successful revolt, and fearful for her trade in the Mediterranean, should Grecian prosperity revive, it was she who whispered into the ear of the too-confiding Turks, that the Christian league against them was nominal, not real,—that the parties to the Greek treaty were neither sincere nor united,—and that their mutual jealousies would never permit them to carry into effect the provisions of the treaty. Credit in an evil hour was given to her, and it was she therefore who thus procured the famous Hatti Scheriff which summoned the Mussulmans to arms against Russia, because she had made the Porte indifferent to the result of the war, through her assurance that England and France would interfere for its relief, and that then would be the moment for the recovery of Greece. And this, too, after she had, in the early conferences of St. Petersburg, been the first to profess her willingness to recognise the independence of that country. Well indeed might Mr. Canning talk of

the delusive and worn-out policy of Austria. She has her reward; she may fancy herself indifferent to the destruction of Turkey. Greece, however, is now an independent power, with a commercial navy rapidly increasing; and the principalities on the Danube, one of which she has always hoped to place among the most valued jewels of her crown, are, to all intents and purposes of power and profit, in the hands of Russia. While she, powerless but when she works for ill against outnumbered and enervated Italians, and alarmed by the murmuring slaves whom she oppresses in her dependencies, yet hopes, by subserviency to Russia, that she shall, as far as that power is concerned, be allowed to retain her own in quiet. This feeling, and her deep-rooted hatred of liberal principles, appear to us to afford the only explanation of her so obstinately shutting her eyes against the evidence of the danger to her best interests arising from the constant and steady march of Russian aggrandizement.

From Prussia also no assistance is to be expected in checking the encroachments of Russia. She is overawed at this moment by the immense body of troops which that power keeps upon her frontier, and may be considered as giving a certain vote in her favour upon this as upon all other questions. Her interests in the East are moreover too indirect and contingent for her to risk her tranquillity by any interference.

There is, however, one country, powerful as our own, to which, we hope we can look for hearty and effective co-operation on the present occasion. The union of England and France, which at no period of their histories has been more close and sincere, is the bright spot in the otherwise gloomy aspect of our foreign relations. Bound by the attraction of common interests, and the sympathies produced by a civilization of higher order and more generally diffused than in other nations, we trust they will long continue to afford, as they have for the last three years, an affective guarantee for the peace of Europe. We say this, notwithstanding the late discussions in the French Chamber, and though the explanations of M. de Broglie certainly show the influence which Russia exercises at the French Court. For to those who would dwell on the treachery and inconstancy of attachment which has before marked the conduct of France towards this country, we would answer, that the government of France is daily becoming less absolute than it has been at any period before or since the revolution; that the people—not in Paris but in the provinces—are becoming daily more conscious of their power, and more enlightened as to their real interests; and that they will make their voice be heard and obeyed, whatever be the inclinations of the Government. The secure bond of union between us is the extent of our commercial intercourse, and as that increases (which it has already done, and will, in spite of party sneers on this side of the water, and interested opposition on the other, we are convinced, continue to do,) that bond must be strengthened. It is impossible to doubt the altered state of opinion in France with respect to commercial interests, if we refer to the powerful provincial press. The newspapers there, as elsewhere, speak the language of their supporters, and furnish a palpable and decisive proof of the truth of our assertions, and, as we hope, the correctness of our prognostications. It is to the journals of Bordeaux and Lyons, and not to the professions of French states-

men, that we look; and from them, as regards our foreign interests, we derive our only comfort in the present, and our best hope for the future. The settlement of the great and important questions in the East of Europe is one of the results which we expect from this union. We certainly do not expect that France should fight our battles or join with us in matters in which she has no interest, but as far as the temporary preservation of Turkey is concerned, the two nations have strictly a common interest, and France has on many occasions distinctly avowed that she would not tolerate the absorption of Turkey by Russia. It has, in fact, been generally understood that the French and English Governments have awakened to the importance of what is passing in Turkey. England, of course, will never permit the terms of the treaty to be put in execution against her, though she could hardly remonstrate against the treaty itself, as Russia is too wary to have violated the letter of the law of nations. The treaty is alarming, when viewed in conjunction with the circumstances of the parties, and the spirit in which its stipulations will be executed. We will not believe, however, that Russia will be mad enough to provoke a war with England and France. Her commerce once stopped, there is an end to her internal tranquillity, and she will be slow to doom to certain destruction the navy that she has been rearing with such anxious care.

With respect to Turkey, we speak not without knowledge of fact, when we say, that every means of corruption have been resorted to with that government (always accessible to such influences), to induce it to stand upon its right to enter into alliance and to make treaties, with whatever country it chooses, and to persist in its determination of abiding by the terms of that which it has last entered into with Russia. At the same time intrigues have been at work in the Pashalics of Asia to produce disturbances and insurrectionary movements, and accelerate the crisis which will cause the prolonged interference of Russia to be required, and which, as we said before, may now at any moment arrive.

There is one circumstance on which, before concluding, we would wish slightly to touch. The symptoms of approaching dissolution in Turkey are so unequivocal, that if it were not for the surprising manner in which her existence has been prolonged during so many years of weakness and decay, we might well doubt whether it will be possible even for the powers of Europe to prevent the fabric of her empire from falling to pieces. Disaffection and hostility to the Government everywhere exists, and the Sultan once removed, with only an infant heir, anarchy will prevail from one extremity of the empire to the other. It is worth while then to consider how much the events of the last few years have lessened the difficulties which attend the removal of the Turks from Europe. Several countries have been detached from their dominion, are now growing in strength and independence, and closing in upon the remaining portion of their territory from every side. This we consider as the most favourable circumstance that could have occurred, and if we believe in the improved condition of the ruins of Roumelia, and the cheering prospect which is opened to them of becoming thriving and prosperous; if we acknowledge with him the great resources of their country, and the ready means which they possess of indefinitely extending their

commerce and augmenting their wealth; we rejoice at the facts, not as presenting the means of regenerating the Turks, but of supplying their place. It will be the duty of all governments who are opposed to the aggrandizement of Russia, to support and bring forward those countries, to rejoice in every step which they make in improvement, and to recognise them as free states, so soon as they have shown themselves substantially capable of maintaining an independent existence. This process of substitution will necessarily require time; and should the course of events proceed too rapidly, and the Turkish Government become too weak and helpless to maintain a struggle with its internal as well as external foes, recourse may be had to other schemes, according to the exigencies of the circumstances. The passage of the Dardanelles, which should never be Russian, may be placed under the guarantee of the European powers, and a confederation formed, under the same protection, of the towns of Roumelia, the commercial population of which, be it remembered, is entirely Christian. Some such constitution might be allowed them as was obtained by Russia, at the beginning of this century, for the Ionian Islands, when she insisted upon their being formed into an independent state, a precedent which, as being afforded by herself, she would perhaps be less likely to object to.

Svea. Tidskrift för Vetenskap och Konst. 12 Hefter. (Sweden, a Journal of Science and Art. Numbers I.-XII.) Upsala, 1819-1829. 8vo.

[Bring part of an article from the *Foreign Quarterly Review*.]

PERIODICALS are not in general esteemed fit matter for reviewing in journals like ours, although, when such periodicals consist altogether, or chiefly, of original essays and original poetry, we scarcely know why they should be thus considered. This impression would, however, probably prevent our dedicating our attention and our pages to French or German Magazines;—but of Swedish literature we still know so little, and Swedish books are, in this country, so hard to procure, that we conceive a short account of the Swedish periodical miscellany, entitled *Svea*, cannot but be acceptable to our readers.

The *Svea* is edited by Professor Geijer, the author of the unfinished History of Sweden, the first volume of which was reviewed in one of our late numbers. Independent of his historical labours, which we have already noticed, Geijer has distinguished himself as an orator, a philosopher, a poet, and a musical composer. In two of these characters he contributes to, we believe, all the Swedish periodicals that belong to the National, or Anti-Gallican School; and as though all this were insufficient occupation, he has further undertaken the editorship of the *Svea*.

*The work is, we believe, still in progress, although we have seen only the first twelve *Hefter*, or numbers, divided into two or more parts each, (if we should not rather say volumes published in numbers;) but this dozen being fully sufficient for our purpose of showing the nature of this learned periodical, we resolved to review them, without waiting the result of that usually tedious operation, the procuring more volumes from Sweden.

The principal of Geijer's brother contributors are Atterbom, who, amongst his compatriot admirers, bears the title of the Swedish Goethe; Franzen, similarly designated as the Swedish Scott and Byron blended into one; Palmblad, an oriental scholar; Schroder, sub-librarian at Upsala, an erudite scholar, and Geijer's colleague in the editorship of the old Swedish historians, with others less generally known.

The mention of these names, in addition to the *auto-descriptive* title, (a title, by the way, rather too exclusive—*Journal of Science and Art*.) renders it superfluous to state that the *Svea* is a periodical of a far more ambitious character than most of the magazine fraternity; but this would not, unassisted, convey an idea of its singular austerity. Never does it, like those of the highest reputation in this country, attemper its profounder disquisitions by the admixture of light tales or *jeux d'esprit*; a very, very small infusion of poetry, and some accounts of travels, offering pretty nearly the sole relief from metaphysics, political philosophy, statistics, &c. Neither does the *Svea* seek to uphold its essentially miscellaneous nature, by confining every single paper within such limits as may insure variety in each separate number. So far from it, that the number which at this moment catches our eye, namely, the first number of the tenth *Hafte* for 1826, consists wholly of an essay upon the nature and origin of society, of a discussion upon one or two articles of the Swedish constitution, relative to the formation and the duties of the Royal Council, and a list of new books. Such essays, somewhat more varied, are almost the sole contents of the first few numbers; in later years the learned editor has added thereto, reviews of valuable new publications, whether Swedish or foreign.

Having thus given a general idea of the nature of this journal, we are next to speak more particularly of its literary and philosophical merits. These we think very considerable, although the dissertations are conceived and executed so much more in the German than the English taste, that we should fear to weary our readers, did we offer such an analysis of any of them, as, in our private opinion, some, at least, abundantly deserve. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with giving some brief notices concerning their nature and character, ere we select for translation what may appear more likely to interest an English reader. For this purpose we shall class the papers contained in the twelve *Hafte* before us, according to the subject matter of which they treat.

One of the most important divisions is that which more especially entitles the journal to its name of *Svea*, to wit, information relative to Sweden. Amongst the papers on such matters we have a geological description of the country by Wahlenberg; a statement respecting the working of the native silver mines, and a comparison of the Swedish and English modes of manufacturing iron; essays upon the ancient or Sweo-Gothic laws of Sweden, by Collin and Schlyter, upon the legal History of Sweden, by Dellden; upon Swedish legislation, with relation to the proposal of new laws, upon different articles of the Swedish constitution, and upon the composition and character of one or two national tribunals, by Schlyter and Dellden; anecdotes of Sweden's financial and economical history; a scientific disquisition upon old Scandinavian songs, by Haeffner; a sketch of Linnæus's life and labours, by Wahlenberg; an ac-

count of Swedish picture galleries; and an account, by Grafstrom, of a Swedish sculptor, named Sergell, outlines of some of whose works, namely a Cupid and Psyche, a drunken Faun, and two busts, by no means deficient in talent, adorn the first three *Hafte*. Occasional short surveys of the literary productions of the year, too many of which, we regret to say, are only translations, complete this division. A moment's reflection makes it evident that most of these papers, however valuable to Swedes, are scarcely of a kind to afford extracts interesting or instructive to foreigners. To inform readers altogether unacquainted with the subjects, each of them should be treated as a whole, and in the present active state of the Swedish mind, we do not despair of meeting occasionally with opportunities for presenting our readers with more comprehensive, and therefore more comprehensible, developments of some these matters. The accounts of Linnæus and Sergell might have proved exceptions, but we have our own private reasons for not introducing into these pages a detail of the rise and progress of the naturalist's botanical observations, discoveries and opinions; and with regard to the statuary, (of whom Atterbom thinks that "had he not lived and died concealed in the North, he might have disputed with Canova the honour of reviving sculpture,") Grafstrom gives us merely an enumeration and eulogy of his works, together with a descriptive catalogue of all the Cupids and Psyches extant.

We now turn to the philosophical division of the *Svea*. The first paper of this kind that we shall notice is an Essay by Geijer himself upon Feudalism and Republicanism, of which 227 pages are divided between the first and second *Hafte*, and the remainder is promised, but not given in those we possess; the learned editor being perhaps too much engrossed by his historical labours to spare the time and thought requisite for completing a dissertation, which, however homogeneous with his professional avocations, demands more of both than magazine contributions, usually considered as light recreations from hard study, should naturally claim. This fragment displays a familiar, a profound, and a varied knowledge of modern history, with much acumen and some originality. The writer cherishes a tenderness for the better parts of feudalism, the very reverse of that abhorrent and keen search after its abuses which distinguishes modern liberalism in France, Italy, and even Germany. But with this reverence for the past, Geijer blends a cordial love of liberty, such as was to be expected from the highly gifted and cultivated son of a country, where the popular portion of the representative system is carried further than in any other land with which we are acquainted, the peasants having long constituted, and still we believe constituting, in the diet, a distinct and separate order or estate from the burghesses. So that the two orders of what, upon the continent, has usually been called the third estate, form, in fact, an overbalance for the two, equally distinct, orders of nobility and clergy, inasmuch as the last of these contains an upper and lower house within itself, in the prelates and the parish priests.

Without entering into a detail of Geijer's views, for which we have no room, we may briefly state that he considers the whole history of modern Europe as one uninterrupted conflict between feudalism and republicanism, which two principles

he thus characterizes—feudalism as the spirit of, or resting upon, relations not created by law, but natural, analogous to those of parent and child, &c.; republicanism as the spirit of, or resting upon, relations wholly legal. Of republicanism he finds a twofold source; the one in the forests of Germany and Scandinavia, in the part which, amongst all tribes of Teutonic origin, the universal nation took as well in the discussion of foreign politics as in the internal administration of justice, and the fruit of this source he distinguishes as *rural* liberty; the other, he traces back to the municipal Roman forms, uninterruptedly preserved in the internal government of many cities of Italy, southern France, and the banks of the Rhine, amidst and despite all the tyranny of the Roman Emperors, all the devastation of barbarian conquest; and the offspring of this source he distinguishes as *civic* liberty. The first tempered whatever might otherwise have been too harsh in early feudalism, dying away as the power of the aristocracy became excessive; at which very period, namely, that of the Crusades, civic liberty revived to supply its place, encouraged by the monarchs of Europe, who sought, by the help of the third estate, to free themselves from baronial encroachment. From this civic liberty Geijer derives taxation and, as therewith connected, a spirit of representation, the fruitful parents of mercenary soldiers, (the citizens soon learning to fight by deputy,) standing armies and all modern tyranny, as well as of true freedom, in the representative system of government. The French revolution, when republicanism gained an undue ascendancy, is the point selected as the close of the conflict between feudalism and republicanism; but this is merely indicated, all inquiry into that fearful event, its causes and consequences, is wanting, with the continuation of the Essay.

Amongst the other politico-philosophical papers, is one, in 150 pages, upon true and false liberalism; in which, notwithstanding the anonymous writer's admiration for the British constitution and its gradual developement or growth, (resembling, he says, that of an organized body,) the horror excited by the French revolution produces a considerable anti-liberal tendency, whence we infer the irritating presence of French liberalism in Sweden. Another, upon the fundamental idea of the social doctrine of society, by Grabbe, incomplete in 80 and 202 pages, is written more in the impartial and fair temper of Geijer. Both dissertations are, however, characterized by deep historical research, by acute and judicious reasoning; but in virtue of their essentially metaphysical character, they are, as before observed, better adapted to the meridian of Germany than to that of England. The same remarks apply to the purely metaphysical and to the *æsthetic* papers, concerning which we shall only say that the whole philosophy of the *Svea*, whether political, metaphysical or *æsthetic*, is deeply and essentially religious. Religion is herein considered as the sole and indispensable foundation of society itself, as well as of liberty, morality and happiness.

The next division embraces the papers relative to foreign countries. These are many and various.

Perhaps the most valuable and attractive to them, to that reading public for which they are designed, are Palmblad's upon Oriental antiquities. But how great soever be this scholar's reputation and his proficiency in such studies, it is to be supposed that his disquisitions upon Ti-

bet, the Ancient Histories of the Hindus, &c. can offer any thing peculiarly new or striking to readers familiar with the researches and writings of the mighty Orientalists of France, Germany, and England. We shall, therefore, pass them by without further notice than the expression of our gratification at finding them in a much read Swedish miscellany, and turn to others that may, we conceive, contain metal more attractive to British readers, namely, some papers upon North America.

Even after all that has been published about the United States within the last few years, nay, the last few months, a Swede's views of the country might still, we apprehend, not be uninteresting; but there is in these papers matter of yet more novelty, and it is to this we shall address ourselves. It is not, we believe, very generally known, either that the Scandinavians claim the merit of having been the first, the original, albeit accidental, discoverers of America, or that the Swedes established a colony upon the Delaware, much about the time when our persecuted Puritans were colonizing New England; which Swedish colony remained, up to the period of the establishment of American independence, so far unabsorbed by its British neighbours and masters, as to be regularly supplied with Lutheran pastors from Stockholm, a fact implying the preservation of their mother tongue. Concerning these two points we shall select a few extracts; and, first, from Schroder's paper, *Om Skandinavernes forðna Upptacktsresor till Nord Amerika*, or "Upon the Scandinavians' former voyages of discovery to North America."

Iceland had been discovered by Northman *Vikingr*, or sea-kings, Norwegian, Swedish and Danish, early in the ninth century; but the discoverers' colonizing propensities—as far as those piratical adventurers, whose object was plunder and booty to be enjoyed at home, could be said to have such—found more alluring localities in *la belle* France and merry England, than in the realm of ice and snow, and the new discovery seems to have been little thought of until the year 874. At that period Harald Harfager, *Anglice*, Harold the Fair-haired, made himself monarch of the whole of Norway, which had been previously divided amongst many petty kings.

"Under the despotic power of one Sovereign Lord, the flower of Norway's noblest spirits fled with their freedom and their recollections to Iceland. One Ingolf was their leader, and became the founder of the colony."

These Icelanders recorded their proceedings in writing from their very first settlement, and, accordingly, the knowledge of all their maritime expeditions has been accurately handed down to us. One hundred years after the founding of the colony, Erik Raude discovered Greenland, of which, however uninviting, he easily persuaded his countrymen to take possession. At the close of the tenth century he conducted thither a small colony, one of the chief members of which was a descendant from Ingolf, named Herjulf Bardarson. This man's son, Bjorn Herjulfson, was a renowned *Vikingr*, whose sanguinary successful expeditions in a ship of his own had spread desolation through many a fair province, and inspired the lays of many contemporary *Scalds*. The triumphant *Vikingr* had now been for some time a resident in Norway, which country its sainted king, Olof Tryggvason, was then zealously la-

bouring to convert to Christianity. In the beginning of the eleventh century, Bjorn Herjulfson left Norway to return home, and learning upon his arrival in Iceland that his father had removed to Greenland, he at once resolved to follow him thither. A resolution which old Sturleson, from whose *Saga* or History of Olof Tryggvason, Schroder derives his facts, lauds as extraordinarily bold, even in a *Vikingr*, inasmuch as neither Bjorn nor any of his crew had ever before sailed on the sea of Greenland. The hardy mariners were driven from their course by a tempestuous north wind, and when, after many days of storm, fog and darkness, the weather in some measure cleared, they saw land.

"This they knew could not be Greenland, because, as Sturleson relates, they had been told that there they would find high snow-covered mountains. They sailed nearer, and beheld a country without mountains, covered with wood, and here and there a few small heights. * * * After two more days' sailing, they again saw land. As they neared it they perceived before them a flat country, overgrown far and wide with trees; and as the wind at the same time somewhat abated, the crew would have gone ashore, but the prudent Bjorn Herjulfson still deemed it unadvisable. * * * They now sailed back with a south-west wind for three days, when they again had sight of land, which was all high lands, with bare fells* and primæval icebergs. As they saw that this was no serviceable landing-place, they merely coasted the land, and found it to be an island. The wind continued, and they steered out again to sea. Afterwards the weather became rougher, and they were obliged to reef most of their sails. Their voyage lasted four days more, ere they recognised the south-easternmost out-jutting point of Greenland, the above-mentioned Herjulfsonas (Herjulfssness,) where they at length found their original place of destination, since it so chanced that just there had Bjorn Herjulfson's father fixed his residence."

Our bold *Vikingr* had by this time, it should seem, had enough of the sea, or else his new discovery did not present itself to his recollection in any very tempting light. At all events, from that time until his return to Norway, he dedicated his time and thoughts to the Greenland colony, leaving the shores of which he had caught a passing glimpse uncared for. But not so all his fellow colonists. Leifr Erikson, (the son of Erik Raude,) a youth converted to Christianity by King Olof, and employed by him to convey Christian missionaries to Greenland, determined to explore the newly discovered country, and purchased a vessel for the voyage of Bjorn Herjulfson himself.

The first land made by Leifr Erikson seems to have been, as indeed was to be expected, that last seen by his predecessors. Schroder regrets that this point should not be more positively established, by Sturleson's having mentioned the number of days consumed in Leifr Erikson's voyage thither. The omission does not, we confess, appear to us very material, since a measure of distance depending so much upon "skiey influences," especially in the then imperfect state of nautical science, could only slightly have corroborated the already strong probability. The new visitors, like Bjorn Herjulf-

son, describe this land as one of snowy mountains, bare fells, and general sterility, and they named it Helluland. The next land they saw was flat, sandy, and woody, and this they named Markland. Two day's more sailing with a north-east wind, brought them again in sight of land, when they cast anchor, and went ashore upon an island lying north of the mainland.

"As the weather was mild, they were induced to wander about the country, where, amongst other things, they noticed dew of unusual sweetness upon the grass, most likely the common honey dew, which not a little astonished our Northmen."

Hence they made their way up a river to a lake, where they secured their vessel, and built themselves huts for winter quarters.

"Their principal provisions were supplied by the streams, which abounded in fish. Especially there was good store of salmon, larger than they had ever before seen. * * * The fruits were good and choice; the climate was mild. The grass on the ground withered but little, because the winter brought no frost. They saw, added the historian (Sturleson,) that here there would be no need to provide winter fodder for the cattle. They likewise observed that the days were more equal in length than in Iceland or Greenland. * * * This region Leifr Erikson continued to explore, and upon one excursion found grapes, a discovery so remarkable to our Northmen, that they thence named the new country *Vinland*, or *Vinland det Goda*, (Wineland the Good,) which name it still retains in all Icelandic records. This assertion of Sturleson's has been much questioned, and the father of northern history has in some measure experienced the same honour as Herodotus of old, many of his statements, which were long treated as mere fables, having been confirmed by later investigations. Thus travellers have observed that grapes of several kinds grow wild in North America, and especially in Virginia. * * * Amongst other productions of the new country, Sturleson mentions that wheat there grew wild. This was probably maize, (*Zea Mays*, Linn.) which grows all over America."

When spring came, Leifr Erikson loaded his ships with the produce of the country, and returned to Greenland. His brother, Thorvaldr Erikson, was the next visiter of this *Landafundi*, or Found-land, as the newly-discovered regions were collectively designated in Icelandic. Thorvaldr, like Leifr, wintered in Vinland, but in the spring proceeded further to explore the sea coast, which appeared to be thick-set with islands, but without trace of man or beast, if we except a single corn chest, found upon an island. Next summer he prosecuted his researches, and had determined to plant a colony in a favourable situation, when he encountered three boat-loads of natives, whom Sturleson calls *Skraelingr*, the Icelandic name for the Esquimaux, and whom he thus describes:—

"They are of small stature and foul aspect, they dwell in caves, use arrows for their weapons, and make their canoes of skin."

These natives Thorvaldr attacked and captured, all but one, who escaped to report the disaster of his comrades, and bring down a *Skraelingr* army to avenge them. With this army our colonists next day fought a battle, and gained the victory, but lost their leader, Thorvaldr Erikson. They consequently renounced all further thought of colonization, and, loading their ship with the produce of the country, returned home.

A third brother, Thorstein Erikson, died in an unsuccessful endeavour to reach Vinland, which

*We think Johnson might have found in the Swedish *fäll*, or the old Norse *fall*, to say nothing of the Anglo-Saxon *feall*, a better etymology for our *fell*, than the German *fels*, which, though of course akin to others, literally means rock, not mountain.

the shivering Greenlanders, or at least the Erikson race, amongst whom the knowledge seems to have been kept as a sort of family secret, regarded as another promised land. One Thorfin Karlsefne, according to Sturleson an immoderately rich man, soon afterwards arrived from Norway, married Thorstein Erikson's widow, Gudrid, and set forth with 140 persons, (his wife and a few other women included,) and a stock of cattle, to colonize Vinland. His prospects seemed promising. The cattle found abundant pasturage, and the natives presented themselves in more friendly guise, establishing a regular traffic of their furs for red cloth and milk. This amicable intercourse was unfortunately interrupted by the casual killing of a native, in resisting his attempt to possess himself of European arms, with which Thorfin Karlsefne had strictly prohibited their being furnished. Hostilities ensued, when the savages were repulsed and driven away. Nevertheless Thorfin seems no longer to have judged his residence in Vinland comfortably secure, and he returned with a cargo of country produce to Greenland.

The next adventurer to Vinland was Freydisa Eriksdotter, the sister of Leifr, Thorvaldr, and Thorstein Erikson. But the lady resembled her brothers only in their spirit of enterprise. She first cheated her partners in the speculation, two Norwegians recently settled in Greenland, and then persuaded her husband to murder her dupes, after which achievements she returned home with a valuable cargo. Here Sturleson's history of the American expeditions closes, and henceforward the subject is only incidentally mentioned in the Icelandic *Sagorna*, or Annals, all idea of colonization seeming to be entirely abandoned.

We feel hugely tempted to leave these simple, but curious, and, to our mind, interesting annals of Scandinavian discovery to the reader's consideration, even as he now has them, neither troubling him with any of the multifarious disquisitions they have produced amongst the learned of Sweden and Denmark as to the precise points of the North American coast to which they refer, nor balancing the rival pretensions of Newfoundland, Baffin's Bay, and Labrador, of Virginia, and of every state lying between the mouth of the Potomac and the St. Lawrence. As the Norwegians have not as yet advanced any claim of proprietorship, founded upon prior discovery or occupancy, no question of political importance is involved in that of disputed locality; and old Sturleson's account is too plain and straightforward, we think, to admit any doubt of his voyages, at least those of the Erikson race having reached a southern latitude without fixing the precise degree. The only part of his narrative that appears to us at all perplexing, is his describing the natives of his Vinland as Esquimaux. This difficulty Schroder solves by the supposition, that the Esquimaux may formerly have possessed a larger portion of the continent, and been subsequently driven northwards from the more genial regions by the Red Men: and assuredly we know nothing of the early history of the New World that should justify our rejection of the hypothesis as impossible. But it is to be observed, that such indications of a different race of inhabitants from the present Indians, as have yet been found in North America, lead to the conjecture, that the predecessors of the Red Men were more civilized, not more barbarous than themselves. *We must refer this question to Transatlantic an-*

tiquaries. offering, however, to the general reader this one additional suggestion, that to the fair, stately, and arrogant Northmen, all savages might seem sufficiently alike, to make the description of those they knew best answer for the better-looking strangers. And now, after expressing our wonder that the whole Greenland colony did not transplant itself bodily to the fair and fruitful Vinland, where, as their numbers would assuredly have enabled them to resist the *Skraelingr*, they might have lived in comfort, we proceed to the later connexion of Scandinavia with the New World.

About the year 1625 one Wilhelm Usselina, or Willam Ussling, (for his name is written both ways,) an Antwerper, said to have been in some way connected with the Dutch West India Company proposed to Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden to establish a Swedish commercial company, upon similar principles with the Dutch, for the creation of a trade with America, and the advancement of the general commercial prosperity of Sweden. The ardent and patriotic monarch was pleased with the suggestion, and granted a privilege or charter for the incorporation of such a company, under the title of General or Southern Company, which is dated the 14th of June, 1626. In this company his Majesty's own royal self became a partner, the queen-mother, together with the chief of the nobles and bishops, to say nothing of official personages, municipal dignitaries, and the inferior clergy, following his example. In his more properly capacity, Gustavus Adolphus was to receive both a duty of 4 per cent. and a fifth of all minerals, with a tenth of all other colonial produce, whilst Ussling's services were to be rewarded with one-tenth per cent. upon all purchases and sales. The following year this charter was sanctioned by the national diet; but the foreign politics of Sweden, especially the share taken in the Thirty Years' War by Gustavus Adolphus, and afterwards that great king's untimely death, had nearly strangled the scheme in its birth. Subsequently, however, at the instigation of one Peter Mennet, a Dutchman, and a discarded servant of the Dutch West India Company, Axel Oxenstierna, the great Swedish chancellor and statesman, revived the project, and declared himself president of the company, and obtained from Charles I. of England, a cession of all British claims to the land upon the banks of the Delaware.

"Well supplied with colonists, provisions, ammunition, and merchandise adapted for barter with, or presents to the Indians. Mennet was despatched from Gotheborg (Gothenburg) with two vessels; in the spring of 1638 he reached the mouth of the Delaware, and landed in what is now the state of that name, near Cape Hinlopen, which he called Paradise Point, and the site of the present Lewis Town, Paradise. A district of country extending from that point up the Delaware to Santickan Fall, (now Trenton in New Jersey,) and thence as far inland as was desired, was purchased of the Indians as the perpetual property of the crown of Sweden. The treaty was drawn up in Dutch, and the Indians set their hands and marks thereto. Payment was made in awls, needles, scissors, knives, hatchets, guns, powder and ball, (the Swedes were less cautious than the Norwegians,) blankets and coarse cloths. Land-surveyor Kling, who had accompanied the colony, measured and mapped the country. It was named *Nya Sverige*, (New Sweden,) and its boundaries were marked by posts set in the ground. In length it was something better than twenty Swedish miles, and in breadth unlimited, or

ed as far as the purchasers chose. Upon the hill the present Wilmington in Delaware, Menuet d a fortress, named after the then reigning of Sweden. *Christina-Skans* (Christina's Castle) The Hollanders, who were settled upon the Hudson, had once had some forts even upon the shore, whence they had been driven by the Indians, and utterly destroyed their buildings. These men kept some of their number nevertheless permanently resident upon the eastern bank of the Delaware to watch the movements of whoever should move parts. Their purpose was to secure at the peninsula (now New Jersey) between that and Nieuw Amsterdam (now New York.) As it was observed that Menuet was laying the foundation of a castle, the Director-General of the Netherlands protested against the act in the name of the Dutch Company, upon the ground that it belonged to them. But these remonstrances had no effect upon Menuet, and on the Dutch side the matter did not for some time proceed further words."

Swedish colony was henceforward managed like the colonies of other nations. An attempt was made to transport convicts thither, but it was told that "the neighbouring nations and Indians" so much disliked the measure, that the jail cargo was returned upon the hands of the persons, and the idea was given up. Speculation in silk, wine, and salt were set on foot, and the company was endowed, after many changes of ownership, with a monopoly for supplying the mother country with tobacco. Meanwhile New-Swedish were building, not only in the present New Sweden but also in what is now Delaware, Maryland and Pennsylvania. We are told, in this direction the Swedish possessions extended to great falls of the Susquehannah, in the present Maryland, of which the first European cultivators were the Swedes. With the Indians they lived upon good land and learned their language, but with the Hollanders incessant disputes arose. Our countrymen regarded themselves as the rightful owners of the land they had bought, and resisted the pretensions and claims of the Dutch. These again complained of the considerable arrogance of the Swedes, who, they said, paid no more attention to Dutch protestations than a cow should fly over their heads."

A beautiful illustration is ticked off in the margin, as though extracted from some Hollandian state paper or other document, and we have carefully transcribed the marks, because, if the use of speech be at all applicable, we must make strongly against its employers. If the Swedes paid *as much* attention to the Dutch protestations as they would have paid to a phenomenon so rare and so unwonted as that of a flying cow, or vague nursery reminiscences of a cow reported to have jumped over the moon cannot induce the adjective "unwonted," we should have made them the most attentive, and most powerful, of diplomatists. At least for ourselves, we desire, that not all the possible protocols could be concocted by all possible conferences, we believe no political occurrence short of a social revolution or foreign conquest, would trouble our inward man a half, or a hundredth as much as the sight of one of the "milky moose" who daily perambulate the environs of London, rising from the road, yard, or field, and looking over our own individual heads. But our business not being to criticise Dutch rea-

soning or Dutch eloquence, we return to the colonial dissensions between the two nations.

"Should the Swedish governor"—writes Adrian van der Donck, (we suspect, but cannot positively assert, the brilliant inventor of the flying-cow comparison,) 'receive reinforcements in time, we shall have more trouble with him than we had with the English or any of their governors.'"

The government at Stockholm does not appear to have duly exerted itself in behalf of the active colonists, not even supplying means of conveyance for those who were eager to seek, cultivate, and defend the new and more fertile Sweden. The Dutch built Fort Casimir on the western bank of the Delaware, despite the earnest protestations of Printz, the second governor; and he, in despair at the neglect under which his promising colony languished, committed his authority to his son-in-law, Papegoija, as vice-governor, and in 1652 returned home. In 1654 Papegoija received the long looked-for reinforcements, and Rising, who came out with them as governor's assistant-counsellor, and secretary to the College of Commerce, immediately upon landing took Fort Casimir. Papegoija now made over his authority to Rising, who, assuming the Dutch title of Director-General, concluded a new treaty of closer friendship with the Indians, during the negotiation of which, we are told that the interpreter employed by the Swedes being graced with a magnificent beard, the bald-chinned aborigines insisted that he should shave off one half the honour of his manhood ere he should presume to exercise his office on their behalf.

But the Dutch yielded their possessions only to such as were too strong for them, which the Swedes were not. In the course of the following year, troops were despatched from the United Provinces to Nieuw Amsterdam, at the head of which Governor Stuyvesant first recovered Fort Casimir, then compelled Rising to capitulate in *Christina Skans*, and finally overran the colony, leaving the colonists no choice except that of selling their property, or taking an oath of allegiance to the States General. A few Swedes and one Finn became Dutch subjects, rather than abandon their new homes; but the greater number, remaining temporarily for the avowed purpose of selling their property, managed, in conjunction with the Indians of New Sweden, to maintain themselves in a sort of independence during the short remaining period of Dutch Sovereignty in North America. Lars Lock, the Lutheran clergyman who had accompanied the pious Swedes at the very first founding of the colony, remained with his flock; and the Hollanders, who had been less diligent in supplying their spiritual than their corporeal wants, now participated in his pastoral care.

Rising, upon his return to Sweden, vehemently urged the government to recover the colony. But Charles X., who now wore Christina's abdicated crown, was engaged in wars that fully occupied his resources. He therefore merely endeavoured to obtain from Holland, by negotiation, some compensation for his overthrown company, and abandoned all pretension to *Nya Sverige*. It did not however long remain under the government of the United Provinces. In the year 1664 the English took the Dutch colony, subduing alike conquerors and conquered; and the new masters of the province readily allowed their Swedish subjects the free exercise of their religion.

"The celebrated William Penn, who became the owner of the land, (of that portion of *Nya Sverige* which lay in Pennsylvania,) was much pleased with the Swedes, whom he even employed as interpreters with the Indians, and praised for their gravity, industry, strength, fecundity, and civility; but said 'that they made no great progress in agriculture and horticulture, as though they desired only to have enough, but no superabundance.' They were eligible, and often elected, to sit in the Assembly and in the governor's council. The Swedes, and especially the Finns, were nevertheless excited to tumult and sedition by an impostor, who assumed the name of *Konigsmark*, and afterwards by others, but they were mercifully dealt with, from the good opinion which government entertained of their honesty and obedience to lawful authority when not seduced by strangers. Penn applied to the Swedish embassy in London for priests and books for their use, but without much success. Parson Lock had taken a German assistant, who afterwards succeeded to his office, but became blind in his old age. The American Swedes then vainly applied for pastors to Sweden, where their letters did not arrive, and to the Lutheran consistory at Amsterdam, which did not even answer their petition.

"Meanwhile the elders read homilies in the churches for the instruction of the young. At length a Swede named Prinz visited our American countrymen in an English vessel, and on his return home reported their condition to Thelin the Gothenburg postmaster, who transmitted the information to Charles XI. A correspondence was now opened with the colony. The king consulted the ecclesiastical authorities. Archbishop Ol Swebelii made the necessary arrangements, and in the year 1696 the king sent out three clergymen, with abundance of bibles and other religious books. From this time the three Swedish congregations in America, two on the western and one on the eastern side of the Delaware, were regularly supplied with Swedish priests, through the care of the archbishops of Upsala. The congregations have occasionally had to stand hard contentions with the Quakers and Zinzendorfians, especially during the clerical vacancies that occasionally happened. But the chief inconveniences to the clergy, and the chief evil to the laity, sprang from the constant disputes that arose touching the support of the churches and parsons, which was not fixed by any law, or provided for by the resident government."

The difficulties upon this subject are not very interesting, and it may suffice to say that much of the needful expenditure seems to have been long defrayed by Sweden, till the Swedish Diet latterly began to grudge the cost; and that soon after the establishment of the independence of the United States, the Swedish colony ended the discussion at Stockholm, by undertaking thenceforward to supply themselves with and support a native clergy, beginning from the time appointed for the departure of their then pastors; for it appears that the Swedish ecclesiastics were sent out only for terms of years, after which they were to be provided for at home. One of those then in America, *Prost* (or ecclesiastical superintendent) Collin, preferred to remain in the colony, where the pension, to which he would have been entitled on his return home, was, in the year 1825, still paid him from Sweden; and so highly satisfactory does his determination of remaining appear to have been, not merely to his flock but to all who knew him, that he has since, although a native Swede, had the honour of being elected one of the representatives of Pennsylvania in Congress.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Memoires et Correspondence de Duplessis Mornay, pour servir a l'Histoire de la Reformation, et des Guerres Civiles et Religieuses en France, sous les regnes de Charles IX., de Henri III., de Henri IV., et de Louis XIII., depuis l'an 1571 jusqu'en 1623. Edition complete, publiee sur les manuscrits originaux, et precedee des Memoires de Madame de Mornay sur la vie de son mari, ecrits par elle-meme pour l'instruction de son fils. Tom. I.-XII. 8vo. Paris. 1824-1834.*

WITH the exception of the Revolution, the period of Henry the Fourth is beyond a doubt the most interesting and important in the French annals. No history presents a finer subject for study and contemplation than that of the means by which, in the face of obstacles to ordinary minds insurmountable, that gallant prince succeeded in firmly seating himself on the throne of his ancestors, from which both the temporal and spiritual powers of the kingdom, and the great majority of his own subjects seemed united to exclude him. To see the dexterity with which one commanding mind can attach others to its interests,—the influence by which elements the most discordant can be brought into one solid harmonious mass, must strike even the most unreflecting observer. Henry of Navarre was indeed such a mind. In sentiment and in action he was the most chivalrous of princes; unrivalled in bravery, he infused a kindred spirit into his followers; generous, magnanimous, and indulgent in his nature, in each follower he found a steadfast and attached friend; prompt in the execution of designs which he had formed in conjunction with his advisers—some of the wisest of their age—he either surprised his enemies by his unceasing activity, or rendered their best plans abortive before they could be put into execution.

But if the extraordinary success of Henry derived much of its splendour from his personal qualities, he was also indebted for a great portion of it to the co-operation of his friends, many of whom could serve him as well with the pen as with the sword. Among these were two, whose fame will be commensurate with that of their great master, and whose memory will ever be held dear by the wise and good of their country. Sully and Duplessis Mornay were the men to whose councils, more than to any other human cause, was Henry indebted for his throne, his glory, and—what is of more inestimable value—for the proud distinction of being revered as one of the best of French kings.

But though both these great men contributed in an equal degree to the triumphs of their master, their fate was very different. While Sully almost daily succeeded to new honours and riches, and enjoyed the royal favour unimpaired till the death of the bestower, Mornay had little reward for his services beyond the approbation of his own conscience, and the esteem and unbounded confidence of his co-religionists. Nor has fame done equal justice to both. While the first is lauded as one of the ablest ministers the world has ever seen, religious prejudice has injured the memory of the

*Three more volumes, which have been long promised and ought to complete the collection, are announced speedily to appear.

either suppressing or distorting the facts could add most to its lustre; and—what is pertinent to our present subject—while the is known to every one in this country from of history, and from the translation of his ng memoirs—of the latter, the generality sh readers of the present day know little an that he was a Hugonot, and the confi- adviser of Henry.

following pages we purpose to rescue the of Mornay from the state of comparative in which it has so long remained, and to his claim both to his country's gratitude, the esteem of all posterity. And this we by adverting as well to the more striking of his private life, as to the public trans- in which he was concerned. As may be supposed, it is not our intention to enter history of France during the period in e lived. The events of that period are ly known from the multitude of works devoted to it, to the number of which daily making fresh additions. We shall o it no farther than as it is connected with et of our present notice.

e prosecution of this task we have been e publication of the voluminous collection s. It is preceded by the hitherto unpub- memoirs of Mornay by his wife, up to 1606, d of her death; the remaining volumes f original letters written by or to Mornay, ate papers chiefly drawn up by him, pro- be a complete edition of the political acts espondence of that great man. Hitherto portions only of both had appeared; one after his death, and another, together ife of Mornay, long afterwards: from me to the present no attempt has been her to re-publish or to augment them. erials for the present publication, beyond l been already printed, are in a great de- ived from the family repositories of the de Mornay, his descendant, and other- ources. The twelve volumes already l only come down to 1614, within nine his decease. We fear that within the of the three additional volumes so long d, (and to which the series was to be it will be impossible for the editors to engagements of their prospectus. Of inal papers there promised, we have as one-fourth; and we still want Mornay's s on *De Thou*, from his interleaved copy storian, believed to be lost, as well as his ry from 1610 to within a few days of his cuments of such high importance as to eir non-appearance a matter of infinite nd for which ample space might have d by a more judicious exercise of edito- etion. In no other view do we regard lonment of the original design as a mis- the collection is already by far too volu- offer any attraction to the general rea- the historian it certainly presents one of st mines which has ever been opened for ration of that remarkable and troublous

happy to see that Mr. Smedley, in the valuable f the *Reformed Religion in France*, with is now enriching our historical literature, has ade important use of these materials. The his second volume are marked by continual to this correspondence, which he justly cha-

The Memoirs of Charlotte Arbaleste (the maid- en name of Madame de Mornay,) which now ap- pear for the first time, are, as far as we know, the first and only specimen of a class quite new in French memoir-writing, and of which we possess only two in our own literature; we mean the Me- moirs of Mrs. Hutchinson and those of Lady Fan- shawe, which have recently appeared. The French female memoirs which we previously pos- sessed, were the compositions of ladies of rank or station attached to the court, and derive their principal interest from the lively picture they pre- sent of the intrigues that were passing before the eyes of the writers and in which several of them acted a conspicuous part. They are very amus- ing, and that is the best that can be said of them; but the Memoirs now before us, like those of our two countrywomen just mentioned, are of a very different character. The object of each of these three excellent women was the same, namely, to leave behind them such memorials of the lives of their husbands as would serve both as a stimulus and an example of noble and virtuous conduct to their descendants. Dissimilar in fate to our coun- trywomen, both of whom survived their husbands for years, Madame de Mornay had the misfortune to sustain the premature loss of that son, for whose use her Memoirs had been especially des- tined, but not that of surviving her illustrious husband, who outlived her seventeen years. It would be an interesting task to compare the spirit of these three works, which present strong features of resemblance; the sentiments of ardent attach- ment and respectful admiration of the subjects of their biography are common to the three; while a certain severity, not to say sternness, of religious principle, and a high-minded and lofty feeling which never hesitated to make a sacrifice of per- sonal interests to what they regarded as public duty, make the parallel more complete between the lady of the French Protestant pope, and the wife of the English regicide. But it must be ad- mitted, that Madame de Mornay's powers as a writer are as much inferior to those of Mrs. Hutchinson, as the character and reputation of Duplessis were superior to those of Colonel Hutchinson; although the earlier period (more than half a century) at which she wrote, and the constant moving about from place to place, which her husband's duties and the civil wars then rag- ing necessitated, must be taken as some excuse for the naked and dry form in which a large por- tion of her narrative is presented. As a monu- ment of the times, however, the volume is emi- nently curious.

Philip de Mornay, or, as he was usually desig- nated, Duplessis Mornay, from his feudal inheri- tance of Plessis-Marly, was born at Buhy, the seat belonging to the head of the family, Nov. 5th, 1549. He was the second of four sons, and like many other younger sons of the times, was in- tended for the Church. But this design was

acterizes as offering "inexhaustible portraiture of motives, measures and manners." We regard Mr. Smedley's work as the most successful attempt that has yet been made to invest the history of the French Reli- gious Wars, with interest and attraction to an English reader. Indefatigable research, a judicious selection and arrangement of facts, no mean skill in portrait painting, and a spirit of impartiality, are qualities con- spicuous throughout the whole course of his animated and elegant narrative, to the completion of which we look forward with much pleasure.

frustrated—first by the premature death of his uncle Bertin de Mornay, Dean of Beauvais and Abbe of Saumer, whose benefices were to have been resigned in his favour, on his reaching the canonical age; and secondly, by the secret attachment of his mother to the tenets of Calvinism. There was indeed another uncle, the Bishop of Vannes, afterwards Archbishop of Rheims, who, though far from orthodox in the Roman Catholic acceptance of the word, was willing enough that young Philip should enter the church, and succeed to his livings. The latter was accordingly placed at college, and for a time required to wear the habit of a candidate for the ecclesiastical state. But as early as his tenth year, when he lost his father, he was not wholly unacquainted with the leading doctrines of the Reformation. He had attentively read the New Testament, in which he was somewhat surprised to find no mention of purgatory, the invocation of saints, veneration of relics, &c. From learning to doubt of the faith in which he had been reared, the transition to one more simple and rational was natural and easy. In 1560, his mother, who had been left a widow at the early age of twenty-nine, with six children, and whose mind had been long alienated from the established faith, made an open profession of the reformed religion, with all her family. Philip embraced its tenets at that early age from the strongest conviction, and in consequence renounced all idea of entering into the catholic priesthood, nor could all the persuasions of his uncle, who with equal doubts had not equal disinterestedness, induce him to embrace it. During the six following years, he prosecuted his studies at one of the colleges at Paris, and there laid the foundation of that solid superstructure of learning and accomplishments by which he subsequently became distinguished.

In 1567, Philip returned from Paris to Buhy, in the design of obtaining his mother's consent to his taking part in the civil broils for which religion was the pretext. But the shortlived peace of Chartres intervening, he set out on his travels. He passed through Switzerland into Germany, and remained a whole winter with the celebrated Tremellius at Heidelberg. But the jovial manner of the Germans, it seems, did not suit him; to escape frequent intoxication, he must also escape their society; hence he proceeded to Italy. At Padua he applied himself to the study of the canon and civil law; but he was soon disgusted with the vanity of the Italian doctors, who read, he says, not so much to benefit their pupils, as to display their own acquirements. As he never went to mass, and was even imprudent enough to beard the lion in his den, by disputing with some of the professors on certain ticklish theological points, his heresy was more than suspected. Finding Padua too hot for him, especially as its zealous bishop was disposed to render it still hotter by making bonfires of the heretics, he proceeded to Venice. But there also dangers awaited him. One day the state inquisitors sent to demand an oath from him touching his opinions on certain articles of faith: he replied in Italian, that *his religion* would not allow him to take it; this reply was equivocal, as it might either mean that his conscience did not permit him to subscribe to those articles, or that he was a monk. and consequently that there was no need of an oath from him. In the latter sense he was understood by the messenger, who expressed some surprise that

one so young should be *religious*, i. e. a monk. "There are many younger," was the not less ambiguous rejoinder. The inquisitorial agent went away, and no more was heard of him. To which Madame de Mornay adds somewhat earnestly: "Cependant son intention n'estoit point de dissimuler, mais leur faire entendre franchement sa profession, et leur rendre raison de sa foy."

Upon subsequent occasions, during his stay in Italy, our young traveller's conduct was in entire conformity to this principle; although carefully avoiding opportunities of unnecessary display, he showed himself as uncompromising, whenever he looked upon compromise as dishonourable, as Luther, Calvin, or even Knox himself. No consideration of personal risk prevented him from withholding the outward marks of respect to those ceremonies of the Catholic Church which he regarded as idolatrous. One instance is mentioned by his biographer, when in the presence of the doge, the senators, and a number of the nobility of Venice, who all fell upon their knees while the host was passing, Mornay alone remained standing and uncovered. All looked at him, but no one ventured to molest him. At Ancona he was less venturesome; he stole away from his travelling companions,—an abbot and some pilgrims, who were journeying to the shrine of Our Lady of Loretto, and who, he had reason to fear, would not be slow in resenting his refusal to do reverence at her altars. At Spoleto, also, he was in no slight peril. Towards the close of an earthquake, which had tumbled every thing topsy-turvy during two months, another representation of the Virgin had been added to the already countless hosts of popular veneration. This image,—so the rabble averred,—had performed several notable miracles; its tears, too, had saved the town from utter destruction. Thus religion and gratitude concurred in sanctifying the block (whether of wood or stone we are not informed:) solemn processions from the neighbouring towns and villages, accompanied with banners, crucifixes, chaunting litanies, &c., thronged to the spot. Wo betide the heretic who failed to salute the sacred symbols, and to make all due acknowledgment to the Virgin for her miraculous benefits! There Mornay would have run a risk of adding another to "the noble army of martyrs," had not the Holy Father, justly incensed that any one should presume to make a saint without *his* sanction,—thereby reducing him to a mere cipher in the exercise of his prerogative,—issued a fulminating mandate, forbidding all persons to resort thither upon pain of excommunication, until the reputed miracles were properly verified. This saved Duplessis; yet, as he passed before the oratory, which, in despite of the Papal denunciation, was still frequented, some of the mob stopped his horse, and commanded him to alight; but finding him obstinate, they suffered him to depart. Proceeding on his journey, he heard much of the saint's miracles, the fame of which had spread throughout all Italy. In such a town a *blind* man had received sight; in another a *lame* one had been restored; but, on his reaching those towns, and inquiring for the lucky individual, he always found that a trifling mistake existed as to the *name* of the place: the miracle had indeed been performed, but in some other town at a convenient distance. To the latter he accordingly repaired, (he was curious to sift the affair,) but with as little success:—the same mistake; the signor must travel some twenty leagues further be-

he could meet with the object of his search: not an individual could be found to boast of celestial favour. At Rome, carefully as he endeavoured to have conducted himself, he ran some risk from which a prudent retreat once more saved him. At Milan and Cremona, cities then going to Spain, he found the subjects of his Catholic Majesty as anxious as their mothers to prove their title to so enviable an appellation. Being one day at dinner with a few Spaniards, one of them asked him if all Frenchmen were not Lutherans. "Just as all Spaniards are Catholics," was the prompt and sage reply. The Spaniard maintained that Lutherans were worse than the worst, in fact, of all God's enemies. Mornay did not much relish the suspicious looks and questions of the zealot: and the result showed that his distrust was well founded, for after dinner the Spaniard hastened to report him to the grand inquisitor of Cremona. Having discovered this, Mornay's wife, *par un instinct de Dieu*, (her memoirs are full of these *special providences*), fled to Piacenza, from thence to Turin, and again to Venice. Pursuing his travels, he proceeded to Vienna by way of the Tyrol, visiting Hungary, Moravia, Bohemia, Misnig, and Hesse, arrived at Frankfort in September 1571. He spent the winter of that year at Cologne, where he became acquainted with a Spanish theologian of some celebrity, Father Pedro Ximenes, with whom he had many disputes on controverted points of religion,—disputes in which his loving biographer is careful to give him the victory. She tells us that he rehearsed the positions of the Spaniard in a Latin treatise, which his opponent was in no hurry to answer. In the spring of the following year he passed through the Netherlands to England. He presented to our Elizabeth a poem of some hundred lines in which he strongly urged her to the destruction of Antichrist, and the re-establishment of the true church; with what effect we are not told. After a few months residence in England, he returned to France about three weeks previous to the massacre of St. Bartholomew. After his return, Mornay waited on Admiral Coligny with his *Discours au Roi* (Charles IX.) to stimulate that monarch to a war with Spain in the Low Countries. As this was the subject which the admiral had much at heart, he presented the paper to the king, who with the courtesy of his character, received it favourably, and elected to take considerable interest in the matter. So convinced was the venerable monarch that his forces were about to be despatched to the aid of the Prince of Orange, that he proposed Mornay as a person every way fit to combat with the latter. But the match was allighted and ready to produce the infernal conflagration which was to annihilate the most loyal and virtuous of the French people. The destruction of the Hugonots had been decreed; and the execution of that decree was pursued with a second perseverance that amply justified the execution of Sully, who terms the conduct of Mornay and his mother, Catherine de Medicis, *un prodige presque incroyable de dissimulation*. Several days preceding the terrible twenty-third of August, however, many Protestants were suspicious of treachery, and secured their safety by flight. Mornay himself was so convinced of the tragedy that was about to be attempted, that he refused to join in the hollow rejoicings at-

tendant on the marriage of the king of Navarre with Margaret de Valois, the sister of Charles. But, whatever might be the approaching danger, he did not see how he could honourably flee from it, so long as young Henry, the Prince of Conde, the Admiral, and many other leaders of the Protestant cause, were exposed to it. He therefore resolved, after first securing the flight of his mother, to await the result, and share the perils which were impending over the heads of the party. His resolution was well nigh proving fatal to him: he was several times on the point of adding another to the victims whom the hellish policy of the court caused to be immolated. There is something so singular in his escapes, that we lay them before the reader in the words of Madame Duplessis.

"His host was named Poret, who is still alive, a Roman Catholic, but a man of conscience. There he was sought for: he had scarcely time to burn his papers: he crept between the two roofs of the house, and did not venture out until he heard those who were in search of him depart. The remainder of the day was passed in some anxiety; and in the mean time he sent to M. de Foix, on whose friendship he placed great reliance, for assistance in the present danger; but that gentleman, not thinking his own house sufficiently secure, had retired to the Louvre. The fury of the mob recommencing on the following day, (Monday,) M. Poret beseeched M. Duplessis to flee, saying that he could not save him, and that his continuance there might prove the ruin of both, adding that he should have disregarded his own danger, if it could have secured the safety of the other. The assassins were already in the house of the next door neighbour, Odet Petit, a bookseller, whom they slew, and whose corpse they threw out of the window.

"M. Duplessis then assumed a plain black dress, girded on his sword and departed, while the mob were plundering the next house. Thence he proceeded through the Rue St. Martin, into an alley called Troussevache, to the house of one Girard, a law-agent, who transacted the business of his family. The way was long, nor was it traversed without some disagreeable encounters. He found the agent at his door, who received him favourably, and fortunate it was, for the captain of the watch was passing at that very moment. Girard promised to see him safely away the following morning. He fell to writing like the other clerks. The mischief was, that his servants, suspecting the place of his retreat, though he had given them no reason to do so, followed him, one after another, and were observed to enter the same house. When night came, the captain of the district sent for the agent, and commanded him to surrender the individual who was in his house. The man was troubled at the discovery: at a very early hour the day after (Tuesday) he pressed M. Duplessis to flee—a step which, however hazardous, the latter was resolved to take. He left behind him M. Raminy, who had been his tutor, and who hesitated to depart with him lest one should be in jeopardy for the other. As he descended the stairs alone, (for the agent would no longer hear of accompanying him out of the city,) one of the clerks offered his services, saying, that as he (the clerk) had formerly been on guard at the Porte St. Martin, and was known there, he could procure egress for M. Duplessis at that gate. This assurance gave great pleasure to the latter; but on getting into the street he perceived that the clerk was in slippers only. As these were not very fit for a long journey, he desired the clerk to put on a pair of shoes; but the other thinking there was no necessity to take that trou-

ble, he did not press it. As ill-luck would have it, the Porte St. Martin was not opened that morning, so that they were compelled to seek the Porte St. Denis, with the guard of which the clerk was wholly unacquainted. After answering a few questions—M. Duplessis giving himself out as an attorney's clerk going to spend the holidays with his relations at Rouen—they were allowed to pass. But one of the guard having observed the clerk's slippers, was convinced that no very long journey was intended by the wearer: he at once suspected that M. Duplessis must be a Hugonot, under the protection of a Catholic. After them were despatched four fusileers, who arrested them at Villette, between Paris and St. Denis, where the carter, quarrymen, and plasterers of the neighbourhood assembled *en masse*, breathing the most furious threats. God saved him from their murderous hands on this occasion; but as he endeavoured to pacify them by fair words, they dragged him towards the river. The clerk began to be alarmed. He swore from time to time, that M. Duplessis was not a *Hugonot*, (such was his expression,) he frequently called him M. de Buhy, (forgetting the agreement they had made, that the latter was to be considered an attorney's clerk,) and whose house, he said, was well known in the environs of Paris. God shut the ears of these wretches, so that they gave no heed to what was uttered. M. Duplessis thus learned that they did not know him: he therefore observed, that he was sure that all of them would be loth to kill one man for another; that he would refer them to respectable individuals in Paris; that they might leave him at any house in the suburbs, and under whatever guard they pleased, until they had sent to the places he should mention to them. At length some of the more moderate among them approved the proposal, and conducted him to a neighbouring tavern, where he called for breakfast. The most agreeable words addressed to him were threats to drown him. At one time he thought of escaping through the window, but on full consideration, he ventured to trust for safety to his own assurance. He referred them to the Rambouillets, even to the cardinal, their brother: this he did to delude the mob, for he well knew that fellows like them could not gain access to persons of such distinction. In fact, they declined his proposal, but they questioned him in various ways. Just then passed the public vehicle to Rouen; they stopped it to ascertain if he was known by any individual in it, but being recognised by no one, they concluded him a liar, and threatened again to drown him. As he was said to be a clerk, (so the vulgar call scholars in their jargon,) a breviary was brought to see whether he understood Latin; finding that he did, they said he must be destroyed, for he was enough to infect the whole city of Rouen. To escape their importunities, he replied that he would answer no more questions; that if he had been found ignorant, they would have judged hardly of him, and now that he was proved to know something, they used him the worse; that, in short, as he perceived they were unreasonable men, they might do with him what they would. But during this altercation, they had despatched two of their comrades to the above-mentioned Girard, to whom M. Duplessis had referred them, with these lines:—'Sir, I am detained by the people of the Porte and suburbs of St. Denis: they will not believe that I am Philip Mornay, your clerk, whom you have permitted to go to Rouen during these holidays to see my relations. I request you to confirm the fact, that I may be allowed to proceed on my journey.' The messengers met with M. Girard just setting out for the palace, whom they found to be a man of respectable appearance, and well-dressed. After scolding them a little, he certified on the

back of the letter that Philip Mornay was neither *rebellious* nor *disaffected*, (he durst not use the term *Hugonot*,) and he signed the certificate with his name. But a little boy belonging to the house was near spoiling all by saying, that M. Duplessis had been there only since Monday. In the midst of so many difficulties, we may observe how the Divine Providence watches over and for us, against all human hope. The paper being brought back, these barbarians deemed it every way satisfactory; they suddenly changed both their looks and language, and reconducted him to the place where they had first seized him."*—pp. 39—40.

But Mornay's danger did not end with his escape from the capital. At Yvry-le-Temple, where he remained all night, some persons, who probably suspected that he was a fugitive Calvinist, entered the room in which he was sitting, observing to each other that they smelt a Hugonot. He had the presence of mind to disregard the observation, and to enter with apparent indifference into conversation with some about him, which effectually lulled all suspicion. On his way to Buhy he narrowly escaped falling in with the one-eyed monster Montafie, who, at the head of a sanguinary band, was scouring the French Vexin. He reached the hall of his ancestors, but he found ~~it~~ *desolate*; the whole family was dispersed in ~~unknown~~ *unknown* directions. At length, after undergoing many privations and more perils, he privily embarked at Dieppe, and landed in England.

During Mornay's stay in this country, he busied himself in composing remonstrances to the queen, both in Latin and French, urging her as strongly as on the former occasion to the re-establishment of the *true* Church, and to the consequent overthrow of "the beast at Rome." So hostile was he to every thing Popish (and who can wonder at this, after his recent experience of what Popery was capable of executing?) that he was tempted to volunteer his services to fight "the Irish savages," as Madame Duplessis calls them. But the election of the Duke of Anjou, the great enemy of the Protestants, to the throne of Poland, and the restless ambition of his brother, the Duke of Alençon, whose policy it was to gain their support, opened the way for our exile's return home.

It seems to have been Mornay's intention in the outset to attach himself to the fortunes of the last-named duke, who appreciated his merit, and was anxious to employ him. But he soon learned by experience that little or no dependence was to be placed on that prince. Immediately after the peace concluded at Chatenai, in May, 1576, between the duke and his brother, Henry III., who had renounced the crown of Poland to assume that of France, on the death of Charles IX. (in 1574,) he joined a more staunch friend of religious freedom. This was Henry of Navarre, who after his escape from the court, in which he had been detained prisoner since the massacre of St. Bartholomew, became the acknowledged leader of the Protestants. Much did that prince stand in need of so able and zealous an adviser, in his desperate struggle with the chiefs of the League, supported too as that league was by the favour of the court.

*The hair-breadth 'scapes of Madame de Mornay herself (then Madame de Feuquieres) are scarcely less singular than those of her second husband, and are much more affecting. We regret that our space precludes us from giving a detail of them, and can only refer our readers to the book itself.

But Mornay was as famous for bravery in action as for wisdom in council. He had fought bravely while attached to the duke; he had been taken prisoner once, and redeemed by Madame de Feuequees, then a widow, whom after a courtship of some duration he married a few months before his union with Henry. This lady became his biographer, and proved herself worthy to be the partner of such a man.

About the same time, the convocation of the three estates at Blois by the French king furnished Mornay with an occasion for displaying the soundness of his political views, and the liberality of his sentiments,—a liberality in which he equalled the most enlightened of his contemporaries, the illustrious chancellor de l'Hopital. He did not indeed approve the assembling of the states at that precise period: he justly considered that the minds of men, whether Catholics or Protestants, were yet too much heated to promise a dispassionate investigation into the origin and cure of existing evils: he saw too that the greater portion of the deputies elected were in the interests of the League. But as the meeting of the assembly was inevitable, he resolved to remind the deputies of the duty they owed to their country,—of the obligation by which they were bound to preserve unimpaired the edict that had recently been passed in favour of the Calvinists,—the only thing capable of securing the public tranquillity. He well knew that if his "Remonstrance aux Etats de Blois" produced little effect on the members themselves, it would not be lost on the thinking portion of the community. That his representations might have the greater weight he published them under the assumed designation of a Roman Catholic.

In this famous Remonstrance, Mornay, after dwelling on the necessity of continued peace for the cure of the wounds which civil war had occasioned in the whole body politic, reminds the Catholics how vain had been their greatest efforts to extirpate the Protestants.

"At first," says he, "we burned them alive at a slow fire, without distinction of sex or rank; yet so far were we from consuming them by this means that they extinguished the flames with their blood; they were nourished and multiplied in the midst of the fire. Then we drowned them, but it seemed as if they had left their spawn in the water. As their number increased, we fought and conquered them in repeated battles: sometimes we defeated them by stratagem, when we could not do so by open force. We made them drunk at our marriage-feasts; we beheaded them as they slept; yet a few days afterwards we saw them rise again as vigorous as before; with heads sounder and stronger than ever. Since then we have been unable to destroy them, why not let them live? since we have gained nothing by brute strength, let us try what may be done by kindness! since war has availed us nothing, notwithstanding the sacrifice of our property, our lives, and even our honour, let them henceforth live among us in peace!"

The following observations addressed to the intolerant Catholic zealots of his time, are as forcible as they are appropriate to the intolerant zealots of all faiths and of all times.

"We have been taught to regard these people (the Hugonots) as monsters: we have hallooed after them as if they were mad dogs. But if we look at them, they are men of the same nature and condition as ourselves. We have been forbidden to hold any intercourse with them just as if they were infidels; yet are they Christians, adoring the same God, seeking salva-

tion in the same Christ, believing the same Bible: children are they of the same Father, claiming a share in the same heritage, and by the same will as ourselves. We have been told they are not Frenchmen: their language and behaviour, their patriotism and hatred of our foreign foes, sufficiently prove the contrary: many have highly distinguished themselves against the enemy, and are ready to do so again. The whole difference between them and us lies in this one point: they, perceiving the existence of certain abuses in our own Church (some of which we acknowledge ourselves) have clamoured for its reformation, and on our refusing to listen to them, have separated from it, fearing that a continuance with us would peril their souls." "Now, shall it be said that because they and we choose different paths to happiness hereafter, we must cut the throats of each other?"

"Whether, I ask, would you have these people become Atheists, or remain what they are? If Atheists, the worse for *them*, because as they would believe nothing, there could be no hope of their amendment; worse for *us*, because, as they would neither fear nor respect any thing, we could have no hold on them in our intercourse with them; worse for *the state*, because they who do not believe in God as a future Judge will care little for the magistrates whom He has established on earth." "Now who can doubt that a portion of them would become Atheists if we were to leave them like beasts, without even the form of religion? I shall be answered, perhaps, that they will still have the Catholic form. But if they do not observe it, it cannot benefit them. If they *do* not observe it, from being good people after their own way, they will become, not Catholics, but hypocrites,—not believers, but infidels, as respects both religions; and so much will they be accustomed to deceive the God they serve, and to violate their consciences, that they will make no scruple of deceiving men."

We have extracted these passages, not from any novelty they will be found to possess *now*, in an age so much more enlightened, when the principles of civil and religious liberty are so much better understood, but as extraordinary specimens of liberality in those furious times.

From the zealot the author turns to the statesman who cannot conceive how two rival religions can subsist together in any country, and yet the public tranquillity be preserved. To prove the contrary he appeals to the Germans and Poles, who were too wise to decide their religious differences by arms, and who lived in perfect good will with each other;—to the Pope, who tolerated the Jews;—to the good understanding which, in so many individual cases, prevailed between Frenchmen of the rival faiths. Having adverted to the restoration of kindly feeling between them collectively, which had been brought about by the restoration of peace, he continues:

"I go further: even in the midst of our skirmishing, we conversed together as if we were enemies only while our visors were closed. Nay, what Catholic is there who has not a Hugonot friend? What Hugonot who would not in case of need die for a Catholic? Now, what should prevent us from doing *collectively* what we should *individually* do for our friends?"—"It is not religion then, but the passions of others with whose will we are too apt to comply, that disturbs our peace."

"I ask the statesman, who cannot endure two religions in the kingdom, which of them he intends to abolish. He will doubtless reply, *the weaker*; but he well knows that this implies a recurrence to hostilities; its exercise cannot be abolished by edict, for peace

could not be obtained without permitting it. So then, our arms must be resumed: I should like to know what we can gain by them?"—tom. ii.

In conclusion, the author inculcates the necessity of concord, in a strain worthy of the man, the Christian, and the philosopher; of one who combined the comprehensive views of a de l'Hopital, with the benevolent feeling of a Fencelon. His exhortations were unfortunately uttered amidst prejudices too obstinate to be convinced, and passions too furious to be calmed. Their "still small voice" was disregarded amidst the howling of the tempest by which the political horizon was overcast and deformed. Were the "Remonstrance" the only monument of Mornay's wisdom, the only effort he ever attempted for his country's good, he would be well entitled to its gratitude, and we may add, to the veneration of posterity.

The following year (1577) Mornay came a third time to England, on a special mission from his new master. He did not succeed in obtaining troops, but after some trouble he prevailed on Elizabeth to furnish 80,000 crowns in aid of the Protestant cause. He succeeded, however, in acquiring two faithful friends, Sir Francis Walsingham and Sir Philip Sidney, a circumstance that must increase our opinion of his talents and virtues. Leaving England, he passed with his family to the Netherlands, to assist the Prince of Orange, then at war with Spain, with his advice. While residing at Antwerp, a book, deducing the genealogy of the House of Lorraine from Charlemagne, fell into his hands. He at once perceived that its object was to prove the right of that family to the throne of France to be superior to that of the Valois themselves. It had been privately printed in London, and was evidently intended for distribution by the partizans of the Duke of Guise. Mornay extracted a few of its pages, which he sent to Henry III., who acknowledged the obligation, and commanded him to expose the falsehood of the pretended pedigree, a command that was ably and promptly obeyed.

In 1582 Duplessis returned to France at the express injunction of his royal master. In his service he was never for a moment idle. Sometimes he addressed energetic representations to the King of France, to open the eyes of that imbecile monarch to the real designs of the Guises; sometimes he occupied himself in vindicating the steps of Henry of Navarre, and in striving to remove the prejudices entertained against the Calvinists by their Catholic brethren. The letter which he composed for Henry to the Archbishop of Rouen (afterwards the Cardinal Vendome) does equal honour to both master and servant.

"You assert that to please the nobles and people I ought to change my religion, and you represent the unpleasant consequences that must ensue if I fail to do so. I think, cousin, that good men of both faiths (whose approbation only I am anxious to obtain) will esteem me more in seeing me devoted to my religion than with none at all; and well might they suspect that I had none, if, from considerations purely worldly, (and none others do you allege,) they perceived me pass from the one to the other. My cousin, tell the men, who may hereafter urge the pretended necessity of such a change, that if they know what religion is, they must also know that it cannot be put on or off at pleasure, like a shirt."—tom. ii. p. 304.

The reader would scarcely expect such sentiments to be sanctioned by one who, in a very few years, not only passed from the reformed to the

ancient faith, but had it also in his power to make the example general. But his was a political conversion, and how easily such a one may be effected recent events nearer home have sufficiently shown.

But whatever might be the dereliction of others, from principles, whether political or religious, it had no influence over Duplessis, whom time only confirmed in his early convictions. As he was not without honourable ambition, his devotedness to a cause which ruined its adherents must have cost him some struggles. This we gather from an interview which he had with the king of France in 1584. After ably acquitting himself of the very delicate mission of demanding on the part of his master some reparation for the insult publicly offered to Margaret de Valois by order of her brother, the French king himself, the latter spoke to him about a change of religion. He acknowledged to his majesty that for more than twelve years he had endeavoured to make up his mind to re-enter the Romish communion; that to attain conviction he had conferred with the ablest divines, whose reasoning had been powerfully supported by every consideration of worldly interest.

"But after all, sire, my conscience has obtained the victory, though it well knew the price of that victory to be the disgraces, losses, and perils I have since sustained." "That is," replied Henry, "because you were under the influence of passion." "Yes, sire, but it was a passion which *opposed* my religion,—a desire of advancement, rendered stronger by the hopes of youth; but the settled conviction of conscience overcame me."

This unshaken adherence to a persecuted faith, joined to an incessant watchfulness to improve every opportunity of defending both it and its professors, and of promoting their interests in every possible way, won for him the unbounded confidence of his co-religionists. And well did he deserve that confidence. It was owing to his respectful, yet energetic representations (supported by the authority of the king of Navarre) to the French king, on the contraventions and evasions of the edicts passed from time to time in their favour, that the Calvinists were indebted for whatever degree of toleration they enjoyed. Thus their gratitude laid the foundation of the all-powerful sway he held over them to the end of his life, and which acquired him among their enemies the title of the *Hugonot Pope*.

But with all his influence, and all his well-founded claims to the gratitude of his brethren, Mornay's family were at one time (in 1584) excluded by the minister and elders of Montauban from the Lord's supper. The circumstance is a curious instance of the rigid puritanical spirit which so early exhibited itself in the dissenters from the church of Rome, which was so marked a feature in the English puritans of the following century, and which still survives in some of the more rigid Dissenters of the present day. The cause of this exclusion was Madame de Mornay's persisting to wear her hair in curls, notwithstanding an express regulation against so monstrous a vanity! Their reverences stood aghast at her unholy presumption in demanding a ticket of admission to the Lord's table, with an ornament fit only for harlots! The lady (her husband was for some time ignorant of the catastrophe) contended that the regulation was not general, or that it was misunderstood; that in no other place had she been required to observe it. The affair became serious,

led to a schism in the church of Montauban. He sent in a long confession of her faith to the minister and elders, with notice of appeal to a national synod. All would not do! neither she, nor her children, nor her domestics, were to partake of the sacrament until the obnoxious curles were removed. Nay, the prohibition was extended to Mornay himself. Seeing the obstinacy of the pastors of Montauban, Madame de Mornay sent to a minister three leagues distant, who, being less scrupulous, was persuaded to give her the necessary tickets both for herself and family; and in the mean time the mighty affair lay over till the assembling of the next synod. What is the result of its deliberations does not appear.*

The disclosure made about this time by one captain Beaurgard, of the secret designs of the Spanish king and the Leaguers,—designs which ended at the deposition of Henry III. and the transfer of the crown to the Guise,—induced Duplessis, with his master's approval, to wait on an unfortunate king, whose eyes he wished to warn on the imminent dangers surrounding the state. He accordingly hastened to the French court, and immediately obtained a private audience. He opened his communication with observing, that he was well aware that whatever came from Hugonots was regarded with suspicion; yet he prayed his majesty to believe, that an English Hugonot and a good Frenchman at the same time. When the king learned the fearful extent to which treason was carried by any of his creatures and dependants, his first impulse was to adopt measures corresponding to the emergency of the case; but with a weakness characteristic as it was unaccountable he insisted on the whole affair being also communicated to his mother, Catharine de Medici. Through her it soon reached the ears of the principal actors, whose plots it only diverted into another channel. The king's imprudence nearly proved the death of Mornay, whom the Duke of Guise used to be waylaid, but who almost miraculously escaped. But if the monarch was weak, he was careful: he offered Duplessis a gift of 100,000 francs, but with characteristic disinterestedness, he latter refused it. This conduct was the more able, as he was then labouring under considerable pecuniary embarrassments which had been lately occasioned by his devotion to the cause of the King of Navarre.

The empire which Mornay deservedly held over the mind of Henry, and his conscious rectitude of intention, made him sometimes adopt a tone of remonstrance with him which a prince as magnanimous would hardly have tolerated. We find a remarkable instance of this when the intancy of the death of the Duke of Anjou, the

king's brother, left Henry the acknowledged presumptive heir to the French crown; on that occasion he addressed a letter of advice to his master, in which he exhorted him to every possible virtue,—to reverence towards the king of France, to a love of justice, to magnanimity, to moderation, to anxiety for the people's relief, to clemency towards his enemies, and, above all, to the fear of God. He exhorted him to sedateness in council, to gravity in demeanour, to perseverance in serious affairs, and consistency in all. He reminded him that not only virtue, but the appearance of virtue, was necessary in one whose example must have a powerful influence over others. The conclusion of the lecture is still more pointed:

"Excuse, sire, a word more from your faithful servant. These open amours in which you so much indulge are no longer becoming. You may continue to make love, sire, but let it be to all Christendom, and especially to France; let all your actions tend to render you charming to her eyes. And your majesty may believe me,—for your very countenance speaks it,—not many months will elapse before you gain her good graces, and enjoy honourably and lawfully all the favours in her power to bestow, when God, your own right, and the order of succession, shall make her yours."—tom. ii. pp. 574-578.

The death of Anjou was for some time rather injurious than favourable to the King of Navarre. The Catholics could not contemplate without alarm the near prospect of being governed by a heretic; and the Duke of Guise had little difficulty in strengthening the League. But to whom must the crown revert after the death of the reigning monarch? The conspirators (for such may the adherents of the House of Lorraine be designated) would have it to devolve on the Cardinal de Bourbon, uncle to the King of Navarre; but this was all a feint; for there is little doubt that Guise himself aspired to the throne. The feeble monarch was persuaded, or, we should say, forced into a treaty with his rebellious subjects,—with those who had long endeavoured to depose him. That treaty decreed the utter destruction of the Protestants, unless they expatriated themselves within a given time.

Much as Henry of Navarre had been accustomed to see the sovereign authority degraded, he was not prepared to expect that the king of so great a nation would become the ally of the worst of rebels. Nor had the sagacious Mornay, who was then on a mission to the French court, ever dreamed of its possibility. On the contrary, his letters flattered his master with the hope that ere long the two kings would be closely united, and their combined forces led against the Leaguers. On receiving the edict of Nemours, he showed it to his friends: "Judge whether this blow be not enough to overwhelm me! My faithful Duplessis has been deceived for the first time;—but what good man could comprehend such a court,—such a king?"

But neither Duplessis nor Henry were long dejected at the alarming intelligence: neither had a mind that would easily sink under misfortune. "Sire," said the former, "you may be thankful to heaven that your enemies commence a war which you must inevitably have sustained one time or other. It had better come during the present reign than after your accession; and you are fitter to bear it young than when you are old." Both roused themselves with the energy of men to whom death could at no time inspire terror, and

*Mr. Smalley, who has noticed this curious instance of Presbyterian intolerance, refers in a note to a passage illustrative of it in Birch's *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*, where, speaking of Mr. (Antony) Bacon, he says that "Mr. B. found his residence in Montauban no agreeable than it had used to be, because Madame Duplessis sought to entangle him in a marriage with her daughter (by her first husband, and then only in her uterine year,) and also because she was extremely opposed against him for taking the part of the principal minister, whom she persecuted for censuring her scandalous excess in her head attire, vol. i. p. 64."—*Smalley's Hist. of the Reformed Religion in France*, &c. p. 162.

to whom it would at any time be more agreeable than defeat or submission. While Henry was drawing to his standard the chivalry of the kingdom,—all who admitted the validity of his claims, or admired the nobleness of his character, Mornay was no less active in defending by his sword and his pen the rights of his master and of his persecuted brethren. His famous “*Declaration du Roi de Navarre contre les Calomnies de la Ligue*,” was excellently calculated to make an impression on all thinking men. It was an unanswered and unanswerable document; never were the criminal projects of an ambitious faction so clearly exposed, or the cause of an injured king so triumphantly vindicated. To save the effusion of blood, Henry waived his dignity as first prince of the blood, and proposed to meet the Duke of Guise in mortal strife, with two, or ten, or twenty companions. Though a Puritan in many things, Mornay was in others one of the most chivalrous of men. He belonged to a nation in which want of courage is considered synonymous with moral baseness; and on more than one occasion we find that he was not unwilling to become a party in a duel. In the present case he refused to pen the challenge unless he were nominated one of the combatants,—a demand to which King Henry, who knew his valour, readily acceded. But the cartel was not accepted: the duke was averse to risk his life for an object, the attainment of which he considered certain in the ordinary course of events.

The last four years of the reign of Henry III., and the first four of Henry IV., (1585–1593,) were among the busiest of Duplessis’ whole life. As superintendent of the household affairs and finances of the King of Navarre, he might be regarded as that monarch’s prime minister and confidential adviser in every emergency. He alternately fulfilled the duties of secretary of state, financier, ambassador, military commander, pamphleteer, and director of the affairs of his co-religionists; and in all these capacities his services were so important, that it was a frequent remark of his royal master that he could no more do without Duplessis than he could without his shirt.

In 1587 Mornay was present with Henry at the splendid victory of Coutras, where he equalled even the Bourbon in courage. Before the action commenced, he exhibited a very characteristic trait of himself: having taxed the king with a recent amour, he urged him, as one who might in a few moments appear before the Judge of All, to make a public confession of his sin. Some of the courtiers would have persuaded Henry that the acknowledgment required was too humiliating, and unworthy of him. “We cannot humble ourselves too much before heaven, nor too much disregard man,” was the only reply. He knelt; the army knelt with him. Seeing this, the Duke of Joyeuse (the enemy’s general) exclaimed: “the King of Navarre is afraid!” “Think not so!” answered his lieutenant, who knew the Calvinists better: “these men are always the most terrible after prayer!”

After the assassination of the Duke of Guise and his brother the Cardinal by the order of Henry III., and when the latter was obliged to withdraw himself from the capital to escape the fury of the Leaguers, Duplessis, along with Sully, negotiated a treaty between the two monarchs, by which their forces were united against those of the League, now commanded by the Duke de May-

enne. One of the conditions of this treaty was, that Saumur was to be given up to the King of Navarre to secure his passage over the Loire, and as a cautionary town for the reformed; and Duplessis was appointed governor of that fortress. This appointment procured him a resting place for his family, which had been driven about from place to place, and suffered a large portion of the miseries of the preceding years.

Soon after the assassination of Henry III. (1589) the first important service which Duplessis rendered to his sovereign, now King of France, was to gain possession of the Cardinal de Bourbon, whose person the Leaguers, for their own purposes, were also anxious to secure. Though suffering from indisposition, he accomplished the design with a promptitude of decision that called forth the admiration of the king. “This is, indeed, service! Duplessis always makes things sure!” The year following (1590) the poor old cardinal died, leaving his nephew one rival less, but with enemies as furious as before.

In 1592 Duplessis came again to England to solicit supplies for the prosecution of the siege of Rouen, but his mission was not immediately successful. Though Elizabeth had doubtless reason to complain that her troops had been suffered to consume themselves in France—that she had advanced considerable sums towards the support of the Protestant cause—that she had done enough, and that she was justified in doing no more—Mornay was right in attributing the failure of his negotiation to a more powerful cause—to the Queen’s anxiety for the Earl of Essex, whose precious life she was unwilling to risk any longer at the head of her troops. There is something amusing in her invectives against the favourite every time the ambassador was admitted to her presence: upon no subject could she speak a dozen words without reverting to the earl, and testifying the pique of wounded affection and pride. “She would let him (the earl) see that he had less influence than he supposed—that she alone was mistress in her own kingdom—and that he was about one of the lowest in it.” Duplessis, perceiving how things lay, wrote to his sovereign to permit the favourite to return. This was done, and the supplies required were immediately sent.

We now come to nearly the first step which Henry took without the advice of Mornay, and a most important step it was—his change of religion. Seeing that there was little prospect of his being able to subdue his enemies, supported as they were by the favour of the Pope, and by supplies both of men and money from Spain; that his very victories seemed only to prolong the contest; and that if even ultimately successful, France would be undone—her towns sacked—her fertile plains deluged with blood,—he at length resolved to embrace the faith professed by the majority of his subjects. But this was a proceeding at once delicate and hazardous: it might alienate his steadfast friends the Calvinists without gaining the Catholic chiefs. To convince the latter of his sincerity, and of his resolution to maintain the ascendancy of their faith; and to reconcile the former to the change by securing to them their rights and privileges, were objects apparently incompatible. But if either party *must* be estranged, be the weaker. So whispered policy, at whose voice gratitude was dumb.

The facility with which Henry’s conversion was effected, almost proves the accuracy of the obser-

vation of Montaigne.* He declared to the bishops, whom he had assembled on the occasion, that his mind was already fixed on the change, and that little preparatory instruction was necessary. Accustomed from his infancy to the bustle of arms, for the hurry of dissipation, he was scarcely capable of serious reflection; and he probably knew a little of the religion he forsook as of the one he embraced. The faith which has no avowed principles for its foundation, which depends for its existence only on early prejudice or pernicious impressions, must fall at the magic touch of worldly interest. Had Henry, like La Noue and Duplessis, been addicted to meditation as much in the commotions of the camp as in the retirement of the closet, and thereby transformed mere impressions into principles; had he listened with attention to "the still small voice" of conscience and of truth; he would have adhered to his opinions with as much steadfastness as either of these conscientious men. But he had imbibed the philosophic notion that the followers of all Christian sects are equally safe if they observe the precepts enjoined them. That all who sincerely believe the doctrines, and conscientiously practice the duties, of the faith they profess, may hope for the celestial favour, even on their errors, is a truth at once Catholic and scriptural; but we fear the royal convert scarcely asked himself the question, whether he had carefully weighed the evidence adduced in support of the two religions, and afterwards adopted that which from conviction he believed to be true. The most zealous of his advocates must acknowledge that he betrayed more precipitation—to use the mildest word—than the importance of the case demanded.*

Of this conversion, whether pretended or real, Bully speaks with great complaisance, as of an event which his counsel had the greatest share in producing. He carried his liberal notions—let us rather say his indifference—even further than his master, so far, indeed, that there is some reason to doubt whether he had any religious principles at all. If he had, certain it is that he held them subservient to his political maxims. We regret to perceive more than once in his Memoirs, that to the same maxims, or rather to the advantages arising from them, he was ready to sacrifice the most important of the moral duties.†

Not so Duplessis Mornay. The first intimation

*In the Memoirs of De Thou there is an interesting conversation between Montaigne and the President De Poigny, on the origin of civil wars. After observing that the hatred subsisting between the King of Navarre and the Duke of Guise was the sole cause of those wars, (an observation, however, not strictly correct,) Montaigne adds—"Both make a parade of religion, and an excellent pretext it is to secure partisans, but neither care about it in reality. The fear of being abandoned by the Protestants is the only consideration that deters the King of Navarre from returning to the religion of his fathers; and the duke would not depart from the confession of Augsburg, which his uncle the Cardinal of Lorraine led him to approve, if he could adhere to it without prejudice to his interests." Montaigne was acquainted with both, and he professes to speak from his own knowledge.

†The question of Henry's abjuration has been treated with great fairness and candour by Mr. Stedley—See *Hist. of Ref. Relig. in France*, vol. i. p. 361, 364.

‡See for instance, the extent of his duplicity in his negotiation with the King's sister, Catharine of Navarre, tom. ii. c. 6.

conveyed to him of Henry's intention filled him with equal astonishment and affliction. He repeated his homely but expressive observation, that he could not conceive how any one could change one religion for another, as if it were a shirt; and he feared that the change in question would be followed by the persecution of the Protestants. He penned some energetic remonstrances, in which his attachment to his faith made him sometimes trespass on the respect due to his king. He observed that from idolatry to intolerance the step is not so great as from the truth to idolatry; and in more than one letter he obscurely hints, that the indignant Calvinists might so far forget themselves as to seek another protector to vindicate their rights. But in his letters to the ministers and chiefs of that sect, he uses no other language than that of loyalty. He evidently writes more in sorrow than in anger. In his letter to M. de Lomnie, (tom. v. p. 510,) he pathetically laments the situation of the King.

"From the bottom of my soul I pity and bemoan the hell into which his Majesty has fallen. I am no stranger to it. Tell him, I beseech you, that if he has any wish to escape from his double bondage, temporal and spiritual—bondage which I so much grieve to behold—though my fidelity in his service will not admit of increase, I will redouble my courage to assist him. They (the Catholic party) do not give him peace in the state, but they rob him of that which conscience bestows. They do not reduce the rebels to obedience, but they cool the fervour of his most faithful friends. They do not restore him to his kingdom—it is God's not the devil's, to give—but they do all they can to make him renounce the kingdom of heaven. I am grieved to see him thus ruined, thus deceived, thus betrayed; and I find no good man, even among the Catholics, who does not say the same. But the resolution must begin with himself, we can only follow him."

For some time previous to the king's abjuration Duplessis refrained from going to court, and it was not till nearly two months after it took place, and in obedience to his Majesty's commands repeatedly signified to him in the most earnest and affectionate manner, that he determined to repair thither.

On his arrival at Chartres (September, 1593,) where Henry then was, Duplessis was three hours closeted alone with him. The king was extremely anxious to justify himself to his faithful servant. He attempted to prove that the change was not merely a matter of prudence, but of necessity; that the conduct to his own Catholic adherents, and the little support he received from the Protestants, had brought him to the brink of a precipice from which he had no other means of escaping; but that his affections were still the same towards the reformed faith, and those who professed it, and that he hoped God would be merciful to him; and finally, he expressed a hope that he should one day be able to bring about a union between the two religions, which differed, he said, less in essentials than the animosity of the respective preachers would have the world to believe. In reply, Mornay observed that no such union could ever be effected in France until his Majesty was first firmly seated on his throne, and the Pope's power entirely abolished; that if even a French pope were elected, no good could be expected from him; that the cardinals most disposed to a reformation became its most bitter enemies on their elevation to the pontifical chair—witness Pius II., Adrian IV., and others; and that, as was well observed by Card-

nal du Bellay, to this chair of the son of perdition a plague was attached, which instantly communicated its infection to those who in appearance were the best of men.

It cannot be denied that this step, as a preliminary to a general pacification, was productive of the greatest blessings to the kingdom. The great body of the people had been long clamorous for peace: none but the more ambitious chiefs of the League wished for the continuance of war, and they only in the view of obtaining better conditions from the king. After a long series of negotiations, in which the talents and experience of Duplessis were frequently called into requisition, chief after chief, and city after city submitted, and at length the peace of Vervins with Spain and Savoy, concluded in 1598, restored complete tranquillity to France.

The same year is memorable by the publication of the celebrated edict of Nantes, a measure intended by the king to redress the grievances under which his loyal subjects of the reformed faith had so long laboured, and which, had it been honestly and fully carried into effect, would doubtless have satisfied that body. But the king's intentions were in a great degree frustrated by the obstinacy and intolerance of the different parliaments and courts of justice, several of which evaded and others flatly refused the verification of the edict. There are many memorials and representations (mostly composed by Duplessis) scattered through the volumes of this correspondence, which sufficiently prove that up to that time "ceux de la religion" had little cause to congratulate themselves on the accession of their former co-religionist and protector to the throne of France. We need only refer to one of these "Brief Discours, &c." (vol. vii. p. 257,) drawn up in 1597, from which it appears that their patience and long suffering had been almost worn out, and that finding their services and submission had hitherto stood them in so little stead, they had determined to avail themselves of the king's necessities, and actually drew off their forces, when Henry was engaged in the siege of Amiens. Mornay is charged by Sully with being one of the refractory chiefs on that occasion. We think the charge unfounded, though, had it even been otherwise (considering that not his own interests or opinions were at stake, but those of his co-religionists) we are satisfied that he would have had little difficulty in justifying to himself his own conduct. The result proved that the course adopted by the Hugonot leaders was the right one; the justice which their long and faithful services had failed to procure them from their monarch's gratitude, was at last wrung from his fears.

Numerous as were the enemies of Duplessis at court, and constant as were their efforts to procure his disgrace, Henry long continued to regard him with equal esteem and gratitude. When towards the close of 1597, a gentleman named St. Phal, of high and powerful connexions, who felt aggrieved by an act of Duplessis performed in his public capacity, applied to him for explanation or satisfaction, and, failing in that, went so far as to knock him down with a stick in the open street at Angers,—no one was more prompt than the king in offering to avenge him. The letter which Bourbon wrote on the occasion does the highest honour to his magnanimous heart:

"Fontainebleau, Nov. 8th, 1597.

"M. Duplessis,—I am exceedingly incensed at the

outrage you have received, in which I participate as your king and your friend. As the first I shall fail to do both you and myself justice. If I only in the second relation; you have none who will sheath the sword more promptly or risk his life more freely for you than I. Be assured that in this I will serve you as your king, master, and friend.

So sensible was Mornay to the outrage, eager for the vindication of his honour,—wrote to all his most powerful relations and friends, urging them to assist him in bringing the offender to justice, or at least in extirpating the faction. The result was, that not only the nobles but the highest and noblest of his subjects, Catholics as well as Protestants, espoused the cause of Duplessis; then all rivalry, and what is more, religious animosity, were hushed at the imperious voice of chivalry and honour. The affair was prosecuted by Mornay for above a year with much seriousness as if the fate of the whole kingdom depended on it, and concluded, in the presence of the king and his nobles, in a manner very gratifying to the wounded pride of the spirited Hugonot. His biographer dwells with evident pleasure on the details of the impressive ceremony of reparation. We could have well dispensed with the voluminous mass of *justificatives* which the editor has published relative to this affair, which was magnified into importance at the time, and has now not a great deal of interest. To say the truth, in no other part of his life does this great man appear to us to little advantage. *Sed humanum est errare*.

But unfortunately for France, whatever may be the regard which Henry entertained for his friend and counsellor of his youth, the confidence and good understanding that had for so many years subsisted between them, grew weaker. Mornay's unceasing activity in defence of his co-religionists, the prominent part he assumed, not only as a negotiator for them, but as a religious controversialist, rendered him peculiarly obnoxious to the Catholic party, and by degrees estranged the king's confidence from him. When he published a "Treatise on the institution of the Eucharist," (he had previously published several religious works, some doctrinal, a few controversial,) in which treatise he did not spare the lying tenets of the Roman Catholic Church. D'Andelot, the brother of Coligni, he not only thought, but called the sacrifice of the mass an execrable profanation." His friends forebore the obloquy to which his bold opinions would subject him, requested him to publish them anonymously; but they had to do with one who disregarded consequences in discharging what he conceived a positive duty. The book produced a greater sensation than had been foreseen among the French clergy only, who in several places caused it to be burnt by the common people, but even at Rome. The Pope's legation commanded its suppression; the Pope himself expressed considerable umbrage at the remains of it still shown by Henry towards its author; and it was at that time the king's special policy to irritate the papal court, it became doubtful whether he would not be compelled, in furtherance of his policy, to sacrifice his old and faithful friend.

But the doctrines of Mornay's work were the only portion assailed. The majority of the numerous quotations were asserted to be either false or misinterpreted, an assertion which

contradicted, and offered to disprove. The of Evreux, afterwards the famous Cardi-Perron, (who was himself a converted Hugonot) came forward both to impugn the document and to support the charge as to the quota. The prelate contended that in this latter, the book throughout was inaccurate. said he to Sully, "that I mean to charge M. Duplessis with dishonesty; I pity him for having been so nately trusted to compilers who have led him astray." With the pope's sanction, a dispute between the two champions was appointed place at Fontainebleau in the presence of the king.

From this time forward till the king's death, Duplessis was in a sort of continued disgrace with Henry. Not that he had no interviews with the latter, nor that letters did not occasionally pass between them; but he was seldom consulted in affairs of importance, and still seldomer benefitted by the royal munificence. This is a deep stain on the memory of the king, who, if policy forbade him to repose his usual confidence in the Hugonot, was bound by gratitude to reward in some other way a zealous and faithful friend—one who had grown gray in his service. It was the complaint of Mornay, that at the end of twenty-five years arduous exertion for the king, he had not been able to pay a debt or purchase a rood of land. "I retire," writes he to his friend Lomenie, "without a single acquisition, without a house to live in, without office or benefice; unhappy he who has served only men, but I have served God, and His rewards are sure."

In 1602 Duplessis narrowly escaped assassination, while he was attending service in the church of Saumur. It appears from the evidence subsequently adduced that one Anastasio de Vera, a profligate and fanatical Sicilian monk, had instigated two young men, as great fanatics as himself, to attempt the destruction of one who had done so much injury to the Church of God. He promised them in a future state a similitude of glory with Clement—the blessed martyr Clement—who had rid the world of a tyrant, and the church of an enemy. The attempt was frustrated by the compunctious visitings of one of the youths, just as he was preparing to inflict the fatal blow: all three were arrested and tried—the monk was executed; one of his instruments was banished; the other sentenced to the galleys.

Three years afterwards Duplessis and his wife had to sustain the shock of the greatest domestic calamity that had yet befallen them, in the death of their only son, Philip, a youth of the highest accomplishments and the most promising hopes, who fell in an assault on the city of Gueldres, October 22d, 1605, while serving in the army of Prince Maurice against the Marquis Spinola. "I have no longer a son," exclaimed the resigned but afflicted father on hearing the melancholy news; "I have then no longer a wife." His words were prophetic: that event was her death-blow.

But whatever might be the agony of her maternal feelings, Madame de Mornay was sprung from too noble a race, and was too chivalric in her notions, not to derive some consolation from the honourable death of her son. Even in the midst of her anguish she cannot avoid exclaiming—"Happy end to one born in the Church of God, reared in His fear, distinguished even at that age for his virtues—to one who died in a just cause, and in an honourable exploit! But to us the beginning of an affliction which our own deaths only can end."

When the fate of young Mornay was known, all whether Catholics or Protestants, who were acquainted with the family, hastened to console the afflicted parents. Even the king forgot his pretended causes of dissatisfaction with his old ser-

conference took place in May, 1600, and the result of the contest was awarded to the bishop of Luçon, whose joy on the occasion appears to have been extreme. "What think you of your verdict?" was his question to Sully at the conclusion of the conference. "He is more a pope, sire, than a bishop," replied the politic minister, "he has put on the red hat to the bishop,"—a prediction, however, which was not verified till four years afterwards.

On the evening preceding the conference, Duplessis, however, observed to be very thoughtful; and the learning and solidity of judgment of which he was the possessor, and the solicitude as to the issue, that his secretary Lomenie could not but have perceived, were manifest in his manner. In telling him that he had never seen him so anxious on the eve of the most decisive battle.

the circumstances of this great triumph may be examined a little closely, the whole affair is found out to be nothing more than a miserable intrigue got up for the express purpose of supporting the credit of the papal party at the expense of the reputation of the Hugonot. When a charge so serious of fraud and forgery (which is implied in falsification and mistranslation of quotations) was presented, justice required that the accused should be heard beforehand with a list of the passages in question, and allowed sufficient time to collect and produce his authorities in vindication. Instead of this, he was studiously kept in the dark as to the course of proceeding, and it was only at the close of the conference that he was apprized of the charges so charged; editions different from those he had referred to were brought forward, and every species of verbal quibble was resorted to. To all this were added the browbeating and serious manner of the royal umpire, and the sycophantic faces of the courtly auditors reflecting on their master, we need not wonder that the Hugonot was for the moment confounded, and that the conference, after a few hours, ended in an apparent discomfiture. Mornay himself was so ill immediately afterwards that his friends despaired of him. His malady, however, was of short duration, and his first care, even while in his bed of sickness at Fontainebleau, was to get up, with the assistance of his son and some

vant, to whom he addressed a kind and consolatory letter. "I feel your loss, both for your sake and my own: I feel it as a good master ought, for such I am to the father, and such I was to the son. I hoped that he would imitate your fidelity and devotion to my service, as much as he imitated your virtues." "Be comforted, both in the favour of an indulgent master, and from your own prudence and constancy." This resumption of kindness on the part of a beloved king, *did* comfort his faithful servant: it fell on the old man's heart like rain on the parched ground.

With the death of her son, the pen drops from the mother's hand. Madame Duplessis had been for many years an almost constant sufferer from constitutional and other maladies: such a calamity in addition was more than her frame could bear. She survived it only a few months.

This second blow was to Duplessis as grievous as the former; it almost overwhelmed him. "My afflictions," says he to Casaubon, "are such as you may conceive. I digest the bitterness as well as I can, and I find my only consolation in God. To Him my remaining days shall be devoted—days which however short will be too long for me." But time mitigated *his* grief, as it does that of all other men; every day brought its duties which called forth his exertions: he lived thenceforward for his religion, almost dead to human affections. He carried on a correspondence, indeed, extensive as ever with the greatest and wisest of his age, but he had less attachment to the persons than to the subjects; he cared not so much for men as for truth.

But on the assassination of Henry IV., the affection, which age and unkindness had almost extinguished in the heart of Duplessis, burst forth with all its ancient brightness. The young king and the queen mother, in acquainting him with the tragical event, exhorted him to use whatever influence he possessed in disposing his co-religionists to testify the same loyalty to the son that they had rendered to the father. Nothing can be more pathetic than his address to the assembled ministers and elders at Saumur, as the tears ran down his furrowed cheeks, in bemoaning the fate of his murdered master.

"Our king—the greatest king Christendom has had for five hundred years—who survived so many adversities, so many dangers, in sieges, battles, and attempted assassinations, has at length fallen under the blow of a wretch who has plunged the whole state into mourning, and drowned every true Frenchman in tears."

Having exhorted them to take the oath of fidelity to the new king, and the queen mother as regent, he says—

"Before God, I take that oath; I give you the example. Let me hear no more of Hugonot and Papist; those words are forbidden in our edicts: let all animosity be extinguished in our hearts. If no edict existed, as Frenchmen, as lovers of our country, of our families, of ourselves, such animosity should for ever cease."

Unfortunately, however, the measures of the regency were not of a nature to satisfy the nation, much less the Reformed, to whom any thing but favour was shown by the court. But Duplessis was for a long time caressed,—with hollow views no doubt,—from the immense influence which he possessed over the whole Protestant body. His heart groaned at the evils which he saw approaching, and his indignation was roused at the tyrannical acts and shameless perfidy exhibited by an

ignorant, incapable, and profligate ministry towards the professors of the reformed faith. So great was that indignation, that in his controversial writings he called on James I., the bulwark of the Protestant cause, to wage an exterminating war against Antichrist. The reply of the royal pedant to the invitation is sensible and characteristic.

"We must say something as to the exhortation you have made us, both in your letter, and in the preface to your book, that in future we should quit the pen, and go forth, sword in hand, to dislodge Antichrist from his stronghold. But though we praise the fervour of your zeal, especially in your declining years, we beg you to consider that neither in Holy Scripture, nor in the doctrine or example of the primitive church, above all, in its greatest purity, can we discover any warrant sufficient to stir us up to an offensive war on religious grounds only, against any other prince or potentate, ecclesiastical or temporal. Besides, we have no reason to expect that our strength alone would suffice for the execution of so great an enterprise, and still less to hope for miracles in these latter times."—xi. 309.

Persecution sometimes makes even the mildest intolerant, and the philosopher sometimes fanatical. Thus it was with Mornay, who, however, preserved towards his sovereign his devotedness of loyalty, though he feared not to remonstrate when prayers proved ineffectual.

"The late king, your father," says he to Louis XIII., "would have sent these new ministers to school, who, like ignorant quacks, employ steel and fire for a slight defluxion, and make one arm cut off the other."

In 1621 the destruction of the Protestants was decided by the government. The King placed himself at the head of his troops to invest Rochelle, the most formidable rampart of the reformed religion. The occupation of Saumur, the government of which Mornay had possessed for so many years, was, from its position and strength, necessary to the execution of the royal will. The king wrote to the governor, acquainting him with his intention of residing for a short time in the castle, and assuring him that there was no intention of making the slightest change in the place. Relying on the word of a prince, Mornay prepared accommodations for the court; but he discovered the perfidious nature of the visit, when one hundred thousand crowns were offered him on condition that he would surrender the fortress to the king.

"Were I a man to be bribed," replied the indignant patriot, "I could have gained millions, but I have always been more anxious to deserve riches and honours than to solicit them."

It was however decided in the king's council that the place should be given up; and the ministers sent a peremptory mandate to that effect. But their hearts were touched, in spite of themselves, at seeing the veteran soldier and statesman thus deprived of the only reward he had enjoyed for his splendid services. He retired to his chateau of La Foret-sur-Sevre. There he composed a pathetic letter to the king, which his friends with some difficulty prevailed upon him not to forward. In that letter he demanded permission to leave France with his family (he had many daughters, who had long been established in life, and who had a numerous issue,) and with the bones of his ancestors; and he added:

"Perhaps some one will engrave on my tomb, 'Here lies one who, in the seventy-third year of his age, and

ploying, without reproach, forty-six of them vice of two great kings, was compelled, for crime than doing his duty, to seek a sepulchre in a foreign land.' "

ath took place on the 11th of November,

estimonies of his contemporaries, both Catholics and Protestants, and the evidence supplied by the vast mass of papers he left behind present to us so rare a combination of talents, high principle, and accomplishments, with an alloy of human infirmity, united in the person, that Duplessis Mornay appears almost unique character in history.

"And," it is well said by the editor of these volumes, "was always the asylum, the refuge, the sanctuary—of all noble and generous thoughts—of firmness and disinterestedness: and in this as in other respects, he will always be an honour and a glory to France. In no case does he tamper with his duty; he was always sincere, and owns his errors. Mornay is one of the very few who suffer in the public opinion, because he is a constant defender of the rights of humanity and justice—rights which had never an abler advocate in the midst of opinions the most diverse, and opposed to each other, he remains the same unflinching defender of those sacred principles: he is fearless amidst fanatics, and tolerant, though persecuted by intolerance." "Mornay is great and great at whatever period, and in whatever circumstances he regard him. He opposes the fatal genius of despotism when he perceives that genius a rebel: he labours to snatch a feeble prince from the influence of disastrous counsels and a guilty monarch; he is an ambassador to several courts, his only care is to preserve his virtues and the name of his king. And interesting in his private as he is admirable in his public life: as father, husband, friend, he attracts to himself by proofs of the most affecting simplicity—simplicity which becomes sublime in a great mind. Mornay professed a religion long proscribed, but our historians, either from party spirit or prejudice, have either wholly omitted, or distorted the details of his life. Of the cowards who have persecuted him, nearly all have omitted to notice his high holy sentiments, his love of humanity, his attachment to his country, his loyalty, and unshaken courage."

A philosopher and a Christian, he approached the powers of the earth only to demand justice and to demand persecution, indulgence and support for weakness and pardon for error."

include this necessarily imperfect sketch of an extract from another eloquent writer—Mornay, who in his *Histoire des Guerres de la France*, thus speaks of him:

"Among the companions of Henry de Bourbon, he was the most authority in his council, and the most powerful empire over his soul, was the severe Duplessis."

This Protestant stoic soon perceived that his reason would prove a feeble barrier against the passions of his age. He was at once a consummate warrior, a prudent economist, a sincere and profound philosopher.

It was with him that Henry de Bourbon wrote his manifestoes, his letters to the king, the nobles, the third estate; the only papers of the times in which we discover the heart. In them eloquence is joined to nobleness of sentiment; even at this time when a succession of great writers have purified and embellished the French language, no man exhibits expressions more animated or ener-

From the British Critic.

Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of the Rev. Christian Frederick Swartz: to which is prefixed a Sketch of the History of Christianity in India. By Hugh Pearson, D. D. M. R. A. S. Dean of Salisbury. London: J. Hatchard and Son. 2 vols. 8vo. 1834.

WE are told by his biographer that Swartz,—that greatest of Christian Missionaries, since the days of the Apostles,—deprecatd posthumous praise. This, perhaps, is by no means surprising in him, or in any man whose thoughts were, like his, intently and constantly fixed upon the *honour which cometh of God* only. But it would be quite impossible for those who come after him to act up to the spirit of his self-denying modesty, otherwise than by total abstinence from any recital of his labours. The simplest biography of him unavoidably involves such commendation, as casts into the shade most other Christian excellence. And such an account of his services is a debt most righteously due to the Church of God; or rather, to the mercy and the grace of God, which raised up so perfect a model of the Missionary character. To consider his *deprecation* as altogether sacred and inviolable, would, therefore, be no less than to defraud the world, and to dishonour Him who came to redeem the world. It would be a burning disgrace to the Christian name, if the Church were left without as full and distinct a memorial as could be prepared, of what the Lord has done for his own cause, almost by the instrumentality of a single man.

It is somewhat surprising that this work has never been achieved before. Six and thirty years have now elapsed since this eminent minister of Christ entered into rest: and we have now, for the first time, before us, any thing like a digested narrative of his labours, from his first entrance on the duties of a Missionary in 1750, to the day of his death in 1798, a period of nearly half a century! The task, however, has frequently been in contemplation. The amiable and admirable Gericke—the venerable Kohlhoff, the coadjutor and successor of Swartz—the zealous and munificent Buchanan—the excellent Missionary Horst, each of them entertained the design. The execution of it, however, has, after all, been reserved for Dr. Pearson: and we are now to give some account of the result of his inquiries.

The materials of his work have been rather more scanty than could be desired. The great Missionary left no collection of private papers. His official communications to the venerable Society which employed him, were by no means very frequent or copious; and, of these, the most important parts are dispersed throughout the Society's Reports. Some original letters and notices, indeed, have been diligently gleaned from various other quarters; partly from Germany, partly from the fellow-labourers of Swartz, partly from several of his personal friends and correspondents, partly from the Honourable John Sullivan who was the resident at Tanjore in 1784 and 1785, partly from Colonel Blackburne, who filled the same station many years immediately subsequent to the death of Swartz, and partly from the records of the Indian government in this country. Dr. P. would gladly have enriched his collection from the correspondence of John Hudles-

ton, Esq., with the venerable Missionary. This gentleman was a very valuable servant of the company, and during many years a member of the honourable Court of Directors. His private letters would probably have illustrated that interesting period of Swartz's life, which connected him with Serfogee, the Rajah of Tanjore. But Dr. Pearson regrets that he has been unable to obtain these papers from Mr. Hudleston's successor. From such resources, however, as he has been able to command, he has compiled a simple, unambitious, but very interesting narrative, which exhibits the Apostolic man more distinctly to our perceptions, than any former notice which has ever been laid before the public. There may possibly be some persons, to whom certain portions of the recital may appear somewhat monotonous. The employments, the conversations, the correspondence, of a man whose thoughts were incessantly fixed on *the one thing needful*, can scarcely be expected to supply that variety of feverish excitement, which is produced by the representation of worldly adventure and vicissitude. But the ear which is accustomed to the solemn and majestic harmonies of Divine Truth, will experience no weariness from their repetition. The theme of man's redemption can scarcely pall upon the spiritual sense of any one who habitually remembers that, simple as it may be, it is a theme which eternity itself cannot exhaust. We will not, indeed, undertake to pronounce that the impatience and fastidiousness of that important personage, *the general reader*, might not have been better consulted by a process of retrenchment. But, nevertheless, in a case like this, where what has been preserved to us is, after all, little and precious—*καλὸν τι φάρμακον*—we confess that we greatly prefer a religious regard for every fragment, to the rejection of a single sentence which may gratify the ear of piety.

It is a most remarkable circumstance that the real character of Swartz was not properly understood even by Bishop Heber, before he went to India. "I used to suspect," he says, "that with many admirable qualities, there was too great a mixture of intrigue in his character; that he was too much of a political prophet; and that the veneration which the heathen paid him, and still pay him, and which almost regards him as a superior being, putting crowns and burning lights before his statue, was purchased by some unwarrantable compromise with their prejudices." He adds, however, immediately, "I find I was quite mistaken. He was really one of the most active and fearless, as he was one of the most successful of missionaries who have appeared since the Apostles. To say that he was disinterested in regard to money is nothing. He was perfectly regardless of power; and renown never seemed to affect him, even so far as to affect an outward show of humility. His temper was perfectly simple, open, and cheerful; and in his political negotiations (employments which he never sought for, but which fell in his way,) he never pretended to impartiality, but acted as the avowed, though the successful and judicious agent, of the orphan prince entrusted to his care; and from attempting whose conversion to Christianity, he seems to have abstained from a feeling of honour. His other converts were between six and seven thousand; besides those whom his predecessors and compa-

nions in the cause had brought over."* Now, man like Bishop Heber carried out with him India such mistaken prepossessions as he here confessed and retracted, it is by no means impossible that there may be persons, even this day, labouring under similar misapprehensions. And if this should be so, we urgently commend all such persons to do the memoir of Swartz the very easy justice of looking through these two volumes. They may, if they please, pass over those portions, which threaten to with lassitude from the iteration of the same sentiments. Nay, they may, if their stock of patience should run short, confine their attention to the parts of his biography which represent him in willing contact with secular interests and political transactions. The most cursory perusal cannot fail to disabuse them for ever of their unwelcome suspicions. They will rise from their task with full conviction that the heavens never looked down on a man more free from guile, or duplicity, or dissimulation of any kind. It is irresistibly evident that he had no more thought of any intricate or circuitous way to his object, than he thought of swindling or picking pockets. There never was a character more entire simplicity and *directness*. He seemed to have walked throughout his life in a calm serene abstraction from all worldly motives. If we are to judge purely by what is known of him, we would seem scarcely enough to say that he struggled successfully against them, for he appears to be one who was placed altogether beyond the reach of their disturbing power. To all fear, except fear of God, he was manifestly a stranger; and even the fear of God was merged and swallowed up in love. His courage was that of a man who is conscious that he is living in a world where evil worth a thought could possibly happen to him, except the evil of falling into wilful and penitent sin; and against this evil he felt a constant security in the promises of divine mercy and protection. If there is any thing in the narrative of his life which can tend to impair the interest in the estimation of the world, it is the total absence of any thing which looks like human infirmity. We are literally in possession of a thing which tends to fix the slightest or minutest blot upon his name. His virtue, so far as is recorded, was (if we may so apply the words) *without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing*. His nearest approach, which we have been able to detect, even to a momentary commotion of temper, was occasioned by what he conceived to be a most pernicious abandonment of saving doctrine. He had received from some friend a volume of Sermons by Dr. Price, the celebrated Dissenting Minister. The following is the language in which he speaks of them; "Dr. Price's book of Sermons was sent to me. I perused them, *was shocked at the doctrine, cut the book to pieces, and buried it*. They destroy the foundation of happiness, true holiness. What can they build? Paul was another master builder, who knew of no other foundation than Jesus Christ." (vol. ii. p. 10.) This may be thought by some to look like an over-vehemence of spirit. But, even so—we suspect that the anger of which an Apostle would hardly have been ashamed. At all events, it spent itself on the impassive volume; and, so far, it resembles the curse pronounced upon the barren fig-tree.

*Heb. Journ. vol. ii. p. 461.

however, should feel unable to forgive this for the purrness of his memory from all imputation, they may console themselves with the reflection that he could not have been perfect; although, as his biographer says, "whatever may have been his failings and infirmities, they were known only to himself and God."

As to the intellectual powers of Swartz, it will be remarked by those who consult his memoirs, that they were not of an order which inspires, at once, admiration and despair. He had been devoted merely to literature, it is probable that he might never have been able to acquire for himself a very commanding reputation. His talents were eminently practical. The talents which he possessed, if separately contemplated, were not of a much more powerful or extensive than we find very frequently exemplified in the sons of men. But in their combination they were admirable. They produced together a sort of harmony which indicates what is called a *sound mind*. There was no predominance of any one capacity: none of the regular movement which is the result of excess in one faculty, and excess of activity in another. It is scarcely to be supposed that any heart was so warm should be destitute of imaginative power. But, if he possessed it, it was in strict subordination to more solid and useful qualities. His mind never wasted itself in any excursions: or if it ever wandered beyond the sphere of the duties which lay before him, he expatiated in the regions where the spirit of the blessed shall behold the face of God. His mental endowments, in short, were precisely fitted to entitle him to the praise of a saint. But the grand secret of his usefulness, his piety, and his renown, was, that he drew his strength from the fountain of all sufficiency, in Christ, the power of God, and the wisdom of God.

His birth-place of Swartz was the small Prussian town of Sonnenburg. He was born in October, 1727.

His parents were respectable. His mother was eminently pious. On her death-bed she exhorted her husband, and the pastor who attended her, that she had dedicated her son to the service of God, and begged that he might be educated for the ministry. At the age of eight years he was sent to the town Grammar School. His impression of childhood appear to have been serious. He was accustomed, even then to retire into solitude, to pour forth his heart before God. If he was conscious of acting wrong, he could never rest in peace of mind till he had implored the Divine forgiveness. His religious feelings, however, were dormant for a time; and when he was removed to Halle, in order to his preparation for the University, he fell into thoughtless company, by which his religious principles were considerably shaken. In 1746, he was sent to Halle, where his devotional habits were revived. It was here that he was first turned his attention to the study of the Tamil language, with a view to employment in the press of a Tamil edition of the Bible. Tract in the same tongue, under the supervision of the late Missionary Schultz. He was thus engaged, he heard of inquiries for missionaries to India. He immediately gave his resolution to offer himself for that destination. Having obtained his father's consent, his first step was to divide his patrimony

among his brothers and sisters. His next was, to refuse an advantageous opportunity of entering the ministry at home. On the 8th of August, 1749, he set out for Copenhagen for the purpose of receiving holy orders. On the 8th of the following December, he arrived in London, where he and his two reverend brethren, Poltzenhagen and Hutteman, remained six weeks, learning the English language, and making preparations for their voyage. In January, 1750, he and his companions embarked for India, as Missionaries engaged by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. On the 16th of July following he had reached India, and by the 30th was settled at Tranquebar. Such was his diligence, that in less than four months he qualified himself to preach in Tamil. He delivered his first sermon in that language on the 23d of November, 1750, in Ziegenbald's Church. From this period commenced that wonderful course of labour, which continued without intermission for upwards of eight and forty years; and which have furnished the world with a perfect pattern of missionary zeal and faithfulness.

Of course, it is utterly impossible for us to conduct our readers throughout the whole progress of these sustained exertions. We can do no more than endeavour to select such particulars as may best illustrate the methods by which, under the blessing and guidance of the Eternal Spirit, he made the south of India the principal scene of the triumphs of the Gospel in our Asiatic Empire.

The first object of attention, then, is the mode he adopted for winning over the slaves of a stupid, frivolous and sensual superstition to the purity and the simplicity which is in Christ. With reference to this point, we find that Swartz was accustomed to make daily excursions both among the Christians and unconverted natives, generally in company with one of the elder brethren. At that time there were seven or eight missionaries at Tranquebar. Of these four or five occasionally went out, attended by one or both of the country priests; each missionary being followed by a catechist, or assistant, and some of the school-boys of the first class. They divided themselves, either singly, or in parties of two, among the neighbouring towns and villages, conversing with the natives, endeavouring to convince them of their error, and to persuade them to embrace the religion of the gospel. This was a regular and stated proceeding. In addition to this, every individual belonging to the mission was always on the watch for every promising occasion of uttering a word in season to persons with whom they might be casually brought into contact. In this peculiar line of duty Swartz appears to have been without a rival. His imperturbable temper—his winning benevolence—his perfect self-possession—his simple and heavenly-minded wisdom—his entire mastery of all the most effective topics, and producible arguments, connected with the subject—his felicity of application to the prevailing habits of thought and feeling among the natives—and, lastly, (as his residence among them became prolonged,) his consummate and minute acquaintance with the follies and absurdities of their system,—all these perfections were so combined in him, as to "give the world assurance of a man" who seemed to be set apart, as it were, from his mother's womb, to do the work of an evangelist. One is tempted, by the contemplation of these endowments, to imagine what the effect must be, if men like him were scattered by hundreds and by thousands over

the face of Hindostan. With the actual success of this one man before our eyes, we cannot well conceive how the corrupt and "dark idolatries" of the land could long maintain their ground before a succession of such preachers. That God can, by the breath of his mouth, raise up such men in troops and multitudes, cannot of course be the subject of doubt. And if the dominion of Christ is eventually to prevail through an outpouring of the Spirit of God, we have only to figure to ourselves his mighty operation in overshadowing the regions of idolatry by a cloud of such witnesses as Swartz. The process might, in a certain sense, be deemed miraculous. But it would be an economy of miracles, which would appeal directly to the hearts, and the consciences, and the understandings of men. And if this be so, how can we better acquit ourselves of our responsibility towards the degraded millions of our eastern empire, than by labouring, humbly and instrumentally, in conformity to the plan by which the providence of God may hereafter condescend to work. If the precept "Go, preach the gospel to every nation under heaven," were written as in flame upon the hearts of Englishmen, can we doubt that the Lord of the Harvest would answer their prayers, by raising up an abundance of labourers like unto the wise and apostolic Swartz.

Another remarkable feature in the proceedings of Swartz and his associates, was their scrupulous care in the preparation of those whom they had converted from idolatry, for the Christian Sacrament of Baptism. This preparation was regularly carried on at stated periods of the year. Several of the missionaries were occasionally employed with different parties of the natives at the same time. No less than twenty of such preparatory lectures and instructions were given in the course of the year 1751. This department of labour was generally committed to the junior missionaries, whenever they were sufficiently conversant with the native language. The exercise was admirably fitted to make those engaged in it familiar with their work; while the seniors were thus left more at leisure, for the purposes of correspondence, and for other arduous duties of their calling. It is further to be observed, that the care of the missionaries was not confined to the object of ascertaining the proficiency of the catechumens in religious knowledge. It was extended to their personal habits and dispositions. If their apprehension was slow, or their sincerity doubtful, they were put off to the next season of preparation. The period of probation for baptism was sometimes extended for several months, in order that the missionaries might have a better opportunity of observing the moral character of the converts, and also of informing themselves respecting the previous conduct of those candidates who came to them from distant places. Such exemplary caution would, of course, deprive the labourers of all chance of astonishing the world by such prodigious drafts of proselytes as are said to have filled the nets of De Nobili or Xavier. But the whole scheme of proceeding is such as to demolish, at once, the silly and malignant calumnies which have frequently been circulated in this country, relative to the efforts of our Christian brethren for evangelizing India. We have been frequently, and very confidently, assured that the Christian congregations are, in reality, nothing more than the sweepings and off-scourings of Indian society! That the utmost vigilance of their instructors and guardians should be

insufficient for the formation of a community, made up of perfect and consistent Christians, may be very true. It is just nothing more than might reasonably be anticipated by any but the most visionary enthusiasts. But that men like Swartz and his fellow-labourers should be such fools or knaves as to open a vile sanctuary for despicable and profligate outcasts, is, on the face of it, absolutely incredible. They who can deliberately affirm this, must be in the very gall of bitterness. As to they who have been imposed upon by such fiction, have only to consider the spirit of sobriety and watchfulness which presided over the admission of the converts into the church of Christ. If this should fail to satisfy them, we really know not what can be said, but that their judgment must be secretly perverted by the very wantonness of scepticism—in a word, by an *evil heart of unbelief*.

With reference to this subject, we may, in this place, very properly appeal to the triumphant, though calm and temperate, vindication, by which Swartz himself, more than thirty years afterwards, poured confusion upon this miserable brood of slanders. In 1793, a resolution was passed by a Committee of the House of Commons, to the effect, that it was the bounden duty of the British Legislature to provide for the religious and moral improvement of the Hindoos. In the course of the debate on this subject, Sir Montgomery Campbell (who had held an official situation at Madras) gave his decided vote against the proposition, and reprobated the notion of converting the natives.

"It is true," he is reported to have said, "that missionaries have made proselytes of the Pariahs; but they were the lowest order of the people, and have even degraded the religion they professed to embrace. Mr. Swartz, whose character was held so deservedly high, could not have any reason to boast of the purity of his followers: *they were proverbial for their profligacy*. An instance occurred to his recollection perfectly in point. Mr. Swartz had been preaching for many hours to this caste of proselytes on the heinousness of theft, and, in the heat of his discourse had taken off his stock; when that and his gold buckle were stolen by one of his virtuous and enlightened congregation. In such a description of natives did the doctrine of the missionaries operate! Men of high caste would spurn at the idea of changing the religion of their ancestors."

Now let us turn from this precious version of the incident in question, to the fact, as stated by Swartz in a letter to the secretary of the Society.

"About seventeen years ago, when I resided at Trichinopoly, I visited the congregation at Tanjore. In my road, I arrived very early at a village inhabited by collariès (regular bred thieves.) When I arrived at one of these villages, called Pudaloor, I took off my stock, putting it upon a sand-bank. Advancing a little, to look out for the man who carried my linen clothes, I was regardless of my stock; which time some thievish boys carried it away. When the inhabitants heard of the theft, they desired me to confine all the boys, and to punish them as severely as I pleased. But I refused to do that, not thinking that the trifle which I had lost was worth so much trouble. That such boys, whose fathers are professed thieves, should commit a theft, can be no matter of wonder. All the inhabitants of that village are heathens: *not one Christian family was found therein*. Many of our gentlemen, travelling through that village, have been robbed. The trifle of a buckle, therefore, I did not lose by a Christian, as Mr. B

all will have it, but by heathen boys. Neither each at that time. Mr. C. says that I preached. I did not as much as converse with any. This poor story, totally misrepresented, is all Mr. C. to prove the profligacy of Christians, he called, with a sneer, *virtuous and enlight-ple*. If he has no better proof, his conclusion upon a bad foundation, and I shall not admire it: truth is against him. Neither is it true, the best part of those people who have been in- are pariahs. Had Mr. C. visited, even once, which he would have observed, that *more than* *is were of the higher caste: and so it is at Tran-* *and Vepery.*"—vol. ii. pp. 288-290.

seeing this victorious statement, Mr. M. all thought fit to write an apology to; assuring him that his speech had been usily reported—and so forth. In the mean- wever, the speech, or the report of it, had road throughout the empire; and had, is, established, to the satisfaction of the hat the houses of prayer of the Hindoo ns were little better than dens of thieves! cannot resist this opportunity of laying be- readers the remainder of Swartz's letter. orm rather a long extract, but a very valu- . It displays, in its perfection, the meek- wisdom. It shows the prodigious ascen- which Swartz had acquired, purely by the Christian integrity, over the minds of the of every class. And, lastly, it will enable er to estimate rightly the monstrous mis- tations with which the missionary cause n assailed. We hold that to those who er have seen it before, this one document elf, well worth the whole price of these mes.

ntention," continues Swartz, "is not to boast: I may safely say, that many of those who n instructed, have left this world with com- with a well-grounded hope of everlasting at some of those who have been instructed ized have abused the benefit of instruction, is

But all sincere servants of God, nay, even les, have experienced this grief.

asserted, that a missionary is a disgrace to try. Lord Macartney, and the late General ould have entertained a very different opi- hey and many other gentlemen know and dge, that the missionaries have been benefi- overnment, and a comfort to the country. im able to prove in the strongest manner. ntleman, who live now in England and in try would corroborate my assertion.

the Rev. Mr. Gericke has been of eminent t Cuddalore, every gentleman, who was at e when the war broke out, knows. He was ment, in the hands of Providence, by which e was saved from plunder and bloodshed. l many gentlemen from becoming prisoners r, which Lord Macartney kindly acknow-

a Negapatam, that rich and populous city, he deepest poverty, by the unavoidable con- s of war, Mr. Gericke behaved like a father tressed inhabitants. He forgot that he had to provide for. Many impoverished families ported by him; so that when I, a few months ched and administered the sacrament in that aw many who owed their own and their chil- es to his disinterested care. Surely this, my ould not be called a disgrace to that place. e honourable Society ordered him to attend

the congregation at Madras, all lamented his depar- ture. And at Madras, he is esteemed by the governor, and many other gentlemen, to this day.

"It is a most disagreeable task to speak of one's self. However, I hope that the honourable Society will not look upon some observations which I am about to make, as a vain and sinful boasting, but rather as a necessary self-defence. Neither the missionaries, nor any of the Christians, have hurt the welfare of the country.

"In the course of the late war, the fort of Tanjore was in a very critical condition. A powerful enemy was near; the people in the fort numerous; and not provisions even for the garrison. There was grain enough in the country, but we had no bullocks to bring it into the fort. When the country people formerly brought paddy into the fort, the rapacious dubashes deprived them of their due pay. Hence, all confidence was lost; so that the inhabitants drove away their cattle, refusing to assist the fort. The late rajah ordered, nay, entreated the people, by his managers, to come and help us; but all was in vain.

"At last, the rajah said to one of our principal gentlemen,—*We all, you and I, have lost our credit; let us try whether the inhabitants will trust Mr. Swartz.* Accordingly he sent me a blank paper, empowering me to make a proper agreement with the people. There was no time for hesitation. The sepoys fell down as dead people, being emaciated with hunger. Our streets were lined with dead corpses every morning. Our condition was deplorable. I sent, therefore, letters every where round about, promising to pay every one with my own hands; and to indemnify them for the loss of every bullock which might be taken by the enemy. In one or two days, I got above a thousand oxen, and sent one of our catechists and other Christians into the country. They went at the risk of their lives, made all possible haste, and brought into the fort, in a very short time, eighty thousand kalams. By this means the fort was saved. When all was over, I paid the people, (even with some money which belonged to others,) made them a small present, and sent them home.

"The next year, when Colonel Braithwaite, with his whole detachment, was made prisoner, Major Alcock command this fort, and behaved very kindly to the poor starving people. We were then a second time in the same miserable condition. The enemy always invaded the country when the harvest was nigh at hand. I was again desired to try my former expedient, and succeeded. The people knowing that they were not to be deprived of their pay, came with their cattle. But now the danger was greater, as the enemy was very near. The Christians conducted the inhabitants to proper places, surely with no small danger of losing their lives. *Accordingly they wept, and went, and supplied the fort with grain.* When the people were paid, I strictly inquired whether any of the Christians had taken from them a present. They all said, 'No, no! As we were regularly paid, we offered to your catechist a cloth of small value, but he absolutely refused it.'

"But Mr. M. Campbell says, that the Christians are profligate to a proverb. If he were near me, I would explain to him who are the profligate people who drain the country. When a dubash, in the space of ten or fifteen years, scrapes together two, three, or four lacks of pagodas, is not this extortion a high degree of profligacy? Nay, government was obliged to send an order that three of those Gentoo dubashes should quit the Tanjore country. The enormous crimes committed by them filled the country with complaints; but I have no mind to enumerate them.

"It is asserted, that the inhabitants of the country would suffer by missionaries. If they are sincere Christians, it is impossible that the inhabitants should suffer any damage by them; if they are not what they profess to be, they ought to be dismissed.

"When Sir Archibald Campbell was governor, and Mr. M. Campbell his private secretary, the inhabitants of Tanjore were so miserably oppressed by the manager and the Madras dubashes, that they quitted the country. Of course, all cultivation ceased. In the month of June it should commence; but nothing was done, even at the beginning of September. Every one dreaded the calamity of a famine. I entreated the rajah to remove that shameful oppression, and to recall the inhabitants. He sent them word that justice should be done to them; but they disbelieved his promises. He then desired *me* to write to them, and to assure them, that he, at my intercession, would show kindness to them. I did so. All immediately returned; and first of all, the kallar (or, as they are commonly called, collaries,) believed my word; so that seven thousand men came back on one day. The other inhabitants followed their example. When I exhorted them to exert themselves to the utmost, because the time for cultivation was almost lost, they replied in the following manner:—'*As you have showed kindness to us, you shall not have reason to repent of it: we intend to work night and day, to show our regard for you.*' Sir Archibald Campbell was happy when he heard of it; and we had the satisfaction of having a better crop than the preceding year.

"As there was hardly any administration of justice, I begged and entreated the rajah to establish it in his country. 'Well,' said he, 'let me know wherein my people are oppressed.' I did so. He immediately consented to my proposal, and told his manager, that he should feel his indignation, if the oppression did not cease immediately. But as he soon died, he did not see the execution.

"When the present rajah began his reign, I put Sir Archibald Campbell in mind of that necessary point. He desired me to make a plan for a court of justice; which I did; but it was soon neglected by the servants of the rajah, who commonly sold justice to the best bidder.

"When the honourable Company took possession of the country during the war, the plan for introducing justice was re-assumed, by which many people were made happy. But when it was restored to the rajah, the former irregularities took place.

"During the assumption, government desired me to assist the gentlemen collectors. The district towards the west of Tanjore had been very much neglected, so that the water-courses had not been cleansed for the last fifteen years. I proposed that the collector should advance five hundred pagodas to cleanse them. He consented, if I would inspect the business. The work was begun and finished, being superintended by Christians. All that part of the country rejoiced in getting one hundred thousand kalams more than before. The inhabitants confessed that, instead of one kalam, they now reaped four.

"No native has suffered by Christians; none has complained of it. On the contrary, one of the richest inhabitants said to me, 'Sir, if you send a person to us, send us one who has learned all your ten commandments.' For he and many hundred natives had been present when I explained the Christian doctrine to heathen and Christians.

"The inhabitants dread the conduct of a Madras dubash. These people lend money to the rajah, at an exorbitant interest, and then are permitted to collect

their money and interest in an appointed district. It is needless to mention the consequences.

"When the collaries committed great outrages, in their plundering expeditions, sepoys were sent out to adjust matters; but it had no effect. Government desired *me* to inquire into the thievish business. I therefore sent letters to the head collaries. They appeared. We found out, in some degree, how much the Tanjore, and Tondimans, and the nabobs' collaries, had stolen; and we insisted upon restoration, which was done accordingly. At last, all gave it in writing, that they would steal no more. This promise they kept very well for eight months, and then they began their old work; however, not as before. Had that inspection over their conduct been continued, they might have been made useful people. I insisted upon their cultivating their fields, which they readily did. But if the demands become exorbitant, they have no resource, as they think, but of plundering.

"At length, some of the thievish collaries desired to be instructed. I said, 'I am obliged to instruct you; but I am afraid you will prove very bad Christians.' Their promises were fair. I instructed them; and when they had a tolerable knowledge, I baptized them. I then exhorted them to steal no more, but to work industriously. After that I visited them, and, having examined their knowledge, I desired to see their work. I observed with pleasure that their fields were excellently cultivated. 'Now,' said I, 'one thing remains to be done. You must pay your tribute readily, and not wait till it is exacted by military force;' which, otherwise, is their custom. Soon after that, I found that they had paid off their tribute exactly. The only complaint against those Christian collaries was that they refused to go upon plundering expeditions, as they had done before.

"Now, I am well aware that some will accuse me of having boasted. I confess the charge willingly, but lay all the blame upon those who have constrained me to commit that folly. I might have enlarged my account; but, fearing that some characters would have suffered by it, I stop here. One thing, however, I affirm, before God and man, THAT IF CHRISTIANITY, IN ITS PLAIN AND UNDISGUISED FORM, WERE PROPERLY PROMOTED, THE COUNTRY WOULD NOT SUFFER, BUT BE BENEFITTED BY IT.

"If Christians were employed in some important offices, they should, if they misbehaved, be doubly punished; but to reject them entirely, is not right, and discourageth.

"The glorious God and our blessed Redeemer commanded his apostles to preach the gospel to all nations. The knowledge of God, of his divine perfections, and of his mercy to mankind, may be abused; but there is no other method of reclaiming men, than by instructing them well. To hope that the heathens will lead a good life without the knowledge of God, is a chimera.

"The praise bestowed on the heathens of this country by many of our historians, is refuted by a close (I might almost say, a superficial) inspection of their lives. Many historical works are more like a romance than history. Many gentlemen here are astonished how some historians have prostituted their talents by writing fables.

"I am now on the brink of eternity; but to this moment I declare that I do not repent of having spent forty-three years here in the service of my divine Master. Who knows but God may remove some of the great obstacles to the propagation of the gospel? Should a reformation take place amongst the Europeans, it would no doubt be the greatest blessing to the country.

"These observations I beg leave to lay before the

honourable Society, with my humble thanks for all their benefits bestowed on this work, and sincere wishes that their pious and generous endeavours to disseminate the knowledge of God and of Jesus Christ may be beneficial to many thousands.

"I am sincerely, Reverend and dear Sir,

"Your affectionate brother and humble servant,
"C. F. SWARTZ."

vol. ii. pp. 290—301.

It is almost needless to repeat here, that among the principal circumstances which established the commanding reputation of Swartz, was the unimpeachable purity of his life. There was not, in his composition, a single element of fanatical austerity. But, nevertheless, his own personal habits were of such extreme simplicity, as to invest him with a character of the highest sanctity, especially in the eyes of those who adopted, or who admired the ascetic life. He literally *laid aside every weight, that he might run with patience and alacrity the race that was set before him*. In the first place, it is clear that when once his hand was on the plough, he never looked back. He evidently left his country without the slightest hope or intention to return. He had a heart overflowing with the kindest affections: and yet he devoted himself to a life of celibacy. This course of self-denial relieved him from the galling load of domestic cares and responsibilities; and it moreover enabled him to carry his contempt for wealth to a length, which alone was sufficient to secure for him the honours of a saint. He no more dreamed of accumulating money for himself, than he thought of accumulating hats, or coats, or trousers. In his estimation, the faithless mammon was but a drudge, to be employed in the service of charity and holiness. His only riches were his converts: and whenever he sent forth another catechist, to administer to the spiritual wants of a distant flock, he despatched him with infinitely more joy and pride of heart, than if he had been sending a steward to collect the rents and profits of some new and flourishing possession. The effect was, a universal confidence in his entire disinterestedness and singleness of purpose; and this proved a magazine of strength to him, in the prosecution of his labours. It gave him access to all ranks and conditions of men. That man, they thought, must indeed be holy, who, without the slightest appearance of effort or ostentation, was elevated above the motives and the passions which mastered, and often degraded, the rest of mankind. Hindoo and Mussulman, Prince and Brahmin, all were ready for familiar converse with the venerable, self-denying, and heavenly-minded Frank. Though his faith was different from their own, he evidently belonged to an order, which men of every faith are unable to look upon without reverence and admiration. He was manifestly one who had overcome the world.

But this is not all. It has frequently been the subject of remark, even among intelligent and religious Europeans, resident in India, that our missionaries have not always been sufficiently attentive to the prejudices of the Hindoos. In this respect, the conduct of Swartz appears to have been beyond all praise. He seems to have discerned the precise line between unworthy compromise of the truth, and abrupt assault upon falsehood. He never forbore to declare the whole counsel of God; he suffered no opportunity to escape, of warning the heathen that they should turn from idols, to serve Him who is the Father

of all Spirits. He never disguised or modified the unpalatable doctrine of man's degeneracy and corruption. But yet this was all done with so much patience, with so much kindness, with such a mastery in the art of *speaking the truth in love*, that there is not an instance known or recorded, of any heathen leaving his presence with a feeling of personal irritation or offence. Many, doubtless, have retired with emotions of compunction and of shame. But this disturbance was never connected with any thing like displeasure against the faithful monitor. They had experienced that the truth had searched them; but they were without the slightest touch of resentment towards the lips which uttered it. Such was the fidelity, and such the skill, with which he set forth *the words of eternal life*, that even Brahmins were perpetually heard to confess, that his sayings were unrebukable. Yes, the very dealers in priestcraft, the earthly gods themselves, often avowed, that nothing but inveterate sensuality and avarice could resist his doctrine. They felt, and they acknowledged, that the Christian law was holy, and just, and good. But they also scrupled not to allow, that there was a law in their members which warred against it, and kept them in captivity to the law of sin. If they did not tremble when they heard of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, they at least listened with patience and courtesy. And this they never would have done, if the preacher had commenced with rude, sarcastic, unfeeling aggression upon opinions and practices which had been handed down, through immemorial time, from generation to generation. And the consequence of all this was, that even when the Gospel failed to seize upon their heart, and to disarm the *strong man* within, it still secured attention, and respect, and honour. And this was one important step towards obtaining a more free course for the word of God, among those hearts who were simpler, and who were less formidably entangled in the snares of worldly pleasure and ambition.

One or two instances may be here recorded of the judgment and address with which Swartz was in the habit of dealing with the prejudices of the natives. Among those prejudices, that of *caste* is notoriously the most difficult to encounter. The following extract will show with what wisdom, and with what success, he contrived to soften the collision which this institution had a tendency to produce even in Christian congregations:—

"Concerning the question about castes," he observes, 'both at Tranquebar and here, our congregations consist of nearly an equal number of the higher and the lower.' He then refers particularly to the difficulty which naturally arose as to the intercourse between natives of different castes, even after their conversion to that divine religion, which, while it invariably recognises the distinctions of rank in civil society, teaches that all are brethren, as the children of the same common father, and the disciples of the same meek and lowly Saviour. 'Here,' he continues, 'the men and women of the higher caste, sit on one side of the church, and on the other, those of the lower.'

"I have carefully avoided all unnecessary restraint, and thus have met with fewer difficulties. Even at the administration of the sacrament, sometimes one or other of the lower caste has first approached to receive it, without producing any unpleasant sensation. Should you visit our church on a Sunday, you would observe with surprise the clean appearance of the lower caste, so that one might often

h his female pupil, and told them that no persons shall enter into the kingdom of

"Alas, Sir!" said the poor girl, "in that hardly any European will ever enter it." At the same time, a wealthy old merchant asked him, "How do Europeans spoke as he did? Swartz replied,

"Europeans were not true Christians; but there were many who were really so, and sincerely prayed for the Hindoos, that they become acquainted with Jesus Christ. 'astonish me,' said he, 'for, from what we serve and experience, we cannot but think of them, with few exceptions, to be self-intelligent, proud, full of illiberal conduct and prejudice against us Hindoos, and against their own religion; especially the females. So, at least, I have found it, with the majority of those with whom I have had any intercourse.'" Again,

on his journey to Tanjore, says Mr. Pæzold, in a letter to the Society, "in company with Mr. Swartz, I had the opportunity of being present at a conference with that excellent missionary and about twenty natives, to whom he expounded the Christian doctrine, pointing out its great pre-eminence over their idolatry and idolatry. Their general reply to him was, 'very true; your doctrine, your religion, your God is a pleasing thing; but it is inconsistent with nature and blood; it is repugnant to our carnal desires; it strikes at the natural propensity to moral evil, to worldly pleasures. Moreover, they do not see your Christian people live conformable to what they teach. The Christians appear to be quite the contrary: they curse, they swear, they are drunk; they steal, cheat, and deal fraudulently with one another; nay, they blaspheme, and in matters of religion, and often make a mock of God, who profess to be religious: in short, they are no Christians often demean yourselves as not worse, than we heathens. Now, pray, tell me, of what benefit and advantage is all your doctrine and recommendation of Christ's religion, if it does not reform the lives of your own people? Do you not first endeavour to convert your Christians: do you attempt to proselyte pagans?' To these questions, says Mr. Pæzold, whether applicable to the European Christians, or to the native converts, the answer was, however, unhappily, well-founded, though inconclusive, "Mr. Swartz replied with so much propriety, and with such wonderful intrepidity and courage, that at length the Brahmins unanimously said, 'Of a truth, you are a holy man; and if all Christians thought, and spake, and lived as you would, without delay, undergo the change, and become Christians also.'"—vol. ii. pp. 310, 311.

and similar passages, all dissolute and unchristian. Europeans may hear a most exterminating voice. They find themselves ranged, even as idolaters, among the worst enemies to the

By what precise line of argument the able missionary was accustomed to dispose of this formidable class of objections, we are not fully informed. He would probably say, and very justly, that it would be most iniquitous to require any religion, or any rule of life, with the consequences which result only from the neglect of it. But this answer would scarcely be sufficient to silence many an ignorant, bigoted, and selfish heathen. For to such a person, any religion, or discipline, which was unable to respect itself, and which suffered a gross violation of all its sanctions to pass with total impunity in this life, would, probably, appear

but a poor and contemptible thing. From all that is known of Swartz, however, it may very safely be inferred, that, after he had been some time in India, he would be in constant preparation for such adversaries, and would be in readiness to answer the foolish people, according to their folly, in all its shapes and varieties. That he felt the difficulty is evident, from his frequent, though temperate complaints of the discord between the precepts of the Gospel, and the practice of its European professors. There is some reason to hope that the missionary labour will henceforth be less formidably embarrassed by this grievous stumbling-block; and that the carelessness, the profligacy, and the impiety of the *Franks* will no longer be an *astonishment and a curse* to the nations who fall down before wood and stone.

If this hope should not be frustrated,—if the European professors of the Gospel should, in future, walk more worthy of their sacred calling,—the prospects of Christianity in the east, we may presume, would rapidly brighten. We hear it frequently remarked, that by a very slow, but still a perceptible process, this fabric of the native Superstition is wasting away. Even so long ago as the year 1778, it was remarked by Swartz, in one of his communications to the Society, that among the Hindoos of Trichinopoly and Tanjore, there were many thousands, even of the Brahmins, who confessed that their idolatry was vain and sinful. When hard pressed by the arguments of the honoured missionary, they would sometimes exclaim—"True; what virtue can there be in all our images, and innumerable ceremonies? There is but one Supreme Being, the Maker and Preserver of all!"—"Hardly a day passes," he says, "in which Brahmins do not visit my house at Tanjore, hear attentively what is addressed to them, frequently take up a book in which the doctrines of Christianity are explained, and praise it as a Divine Religion." It is true, that these men would often look into the mirror of the Divine Law, and then retire ignorant or forgetful of what manner of persons they were. But Swartz would not often suffer them to depart without an endeavour to fix their attention on the features of their own *natural face*.

"A Brahmin,"—he continues, "being asked, what he would resolve upon, whether he intended to stifle his conviction, or to receive the divine doctrine, and to profess it,—replied, that he could not deny the impression he had received, and that he had sounded some of his acquaintance; but that they all insisted on the task as too difficult and dangerous, on account of the great numbers of the professors of idolatry. Nothing, therefore, but fear, keeps them, at present, from embracing the Christian Religion; but it is to be hoped that this conviction will embolden them, one day or other, to shake off the inglorious servitude of sin and Satan. For my part," he adds, "I entertain a cheerful hope of seeing better days, and, therefore rejoice in the present opportunity of preaching the Gospel of Christ, frequently calling to my mind, that there is a time of sowing preceding that of reaping."—vol. i. pp. 327, 328.

We can easily imagine the thankfulness and exultation with which he would have seen the things which we now see; the Legislature of England awakened to a sense of its responsibilities, the Church of England expanding herself to the East, the auspicious commencement of, we trust, a long line of Apostolic Prelates, and a College raised up for the nurture and training of Evangelists! And

if, in addition to these glorious and animating signs, we could behold the accomplishment of that first wish of Bishop Middleton's heart—that *the Christians should be christianized*,—what might we not expect to see achieved among the superstitious millions of the East? Surely they would be provoked to jealousy and to shame by the spectacle of Christian righteousness and purity! Surely the grotesque and gigantic follies of their creed would, gradually, fall down before the Cross of Christ!

There is one other point, in which the wisdom and caution of Swartz were uniformly manifested. It has been frequently, and very mischievously asserted, that the Hindoo converts adopted Christianity much in the same spirit as the multitudes followed our Saviour—purely for the sake of the loaves and the fishes. Now Swartz, we find, was always vigilantly upon his guard against such mercenary and selfish proselytes.

"He is very careful," observes Mr. Pohle, in a letter to the Society, "with regard to receiving both heathens and Roman Catholics into the Church. *He has nothing to do with people who want only to be fed, or that are unknown vagabonds.* But such as are known, and wish to be Christians, and, after being received, to eat the labour of their own hands, them it would be unjust to reject, though they should want a little assistance during the time of their preparation. They must live from hand to mouth: *and it would be cruel not to assist them, under the pretence of a supposed hypocrisy,* or lest it should be looked upon as buying Christians for money."—vol. i. p. 395.

Here we have the triple alliance of Christian prudence, and justice, and benevolence, in its perfection. And we trust that the example has not been lost sight of by those who have succeeded to his labours.

Of Swartz as a preacher, we are left to form our conceptions chiefly from the wonderful effects produced by his ministry. Of his written compositions for the pulpit, only four have been preserved; and these are printed by Dr. Pearson in the fourteenth chapter of this work, (vol. ii. pp. 41–76). Like every thing he did, they are remarkable for plainness and energy. They betray an intense solicitude for the inculcation of the prime and fundamental verities of the Gospel. They are evidently conceived in the same spirit with which a man like Howard would labour for the relief of those children of adversity who were outcasts from all other sympathy. The care of the preacher is only for the necessitous and perishing souls of his hearers. He no more thought of entertaining them with minute criticism or gaudy rhetoric, than a philanthropist would think of laying sweetmeats or dainties before a starving multitude. The bread of life, and the waters of life, and the simple and sovereign medicine for diseased spirits—these were the things which his sacred office called on him to bring forth out of his store; and, beyond these, all would have been a mere mockery of the want and wretchedness around him. The following description of him, when he was approaching his seventieth year, is given by the excellent Mr. Gericke:—

"I found him," says Mr. Gericke, "as healthy and vigorous as he was several years ago. He devotes four hours every day to the instruction of English and Tamul children, and such native Christians as are prepared for baptism; after which he enters into the most cheerful and edifying conversation with those who visit him.

"The purity of his mind, his disinterestedness and

strict integrity, his active zeal for the prosecution of the mission, and his constant attention to the temporal as well as spiritual prosperity of the native Christians, his indefatigable exertions to procure them the means of subsistence, his pastoral wisdom and charity, his fervour in prayer, his eminent talent of engaging the attention even of mixed companies by the manner and tone of his conversation, his peculiar skill in noticing defects and reproofing faults with so friendly and cheerful an air, that even the highest and proudest are not offended—these, and many other excellent qualities but rarely found together, render him universally beloved and respected; and even the whole of his outward deportment, his silver locks, and serenely beaming eye, and all the features of his countenance, are calculated to inspire both veneration and affection.

"I spent a whole week with this patriarch in a very delightful manner, and almost forgot in his society that I was sick."—vol. ii. pp. 271, 272.

We have already remarked that the memory of Swartz has laboured under one imputation, which, if well-founded, might partially impair the veneration which his humane and pious labours have so generally commanded. It has been imagined that the spirit of worldly and secular intrigue was allowed occasionally to mix itself up with his more exalted motives. Now as his name must ever be a precious possession to the missionary cause, it is a positive duty to rescue it from the damage inflicted by such a suspicion. For this reason, it may be advisable to present the reader with a very succinct statement of the extent to which he was connected with temporal and political matters.

The first occasion which involved him in any secular employment was in 1779. In that year Sir Thomas Rumbold, the Governor of Madras, requested him to undertake a confidential mission to Hyder Ali, at Seringapatam, with a view to ascertain his actual disposition with respect to the English, and to assure him of the pacific intentions of the Madras government. He requested time for consideration, and the result was that he thought it his duty not to decline the proposal. His reasons were, first, that the mission was purely pacific, (for at that time he believed the governor's intentions to be upright and honourable); secondly, that it would enable him to announce the Gospel in many parts where it had never been known before; thirdly, he was anxious to show his gratitude for the repeated kindness he had experienced from the Honourable Company. At the same time he resolved to keep his hands undefiled with bribes, and actually received not one farthing, save his travelling expenses. The journey was taken. The missionary was allowed to pass in safety. He was courteously admitted to an audience with the usurper, who—to use the words of Swartz himself—gave a plain answer to all the questions which he had been ordered to put; so that the Honourable Board at Madras received the information they desired. On taking his leave, he explained the motives of his journey to Hyder as follows:—

"You may, perhaps, wonder," said I, "what could have induced me, a priest, who has nothing to do with political concerns, to come to you, and that on an errand which does not properly belong to my sacerdotal functions. But as I was plainly told that the sole object of my journey was the preservation and confirmation of peace, and having witnessed, more than once, the misery and horrors attending on war, I thought within my own mind, how happy I should

deem myself if I could be of service in cementing a durable friendship between the two governments, and thus securing the blessings of peace to this devoted country and its inhabitants. This I considered as a commission in no wise inconsistent with my office as a minister of a religion of peace.' He said, with great cordiality, 'Very well! very well! I am of the same opinion with you; and my only wish is, that the English would live in peace with me. If they offer me the hand of peace and concord, I shall not withdraw mine, provided—' 'But of these mysterious provisions, nothing,' observes Colonel Wilks, 'can now be ascertained.'—vol. i. pp. 361, 362.

On the return of Swartz to Madras, the governor communicated to his Council the result of this mission, which seems to have been undertaken without their knowledge. But it is remarkable that no official record or report of the whole transaction is extant, either in India or in this country. But though a degree of mystery still hangs over the details of this affair, one manifest good resulted from it. On his departure from Seringapatam, a bag of 300 rupees was sent to him by Hyder. This he delivered to the Board at Madras, who, however, insisted on his keeping it. He consented, on the condition that he might appropriate it to the establishment of an Orphan School at Tanjore. The design was accordingly commenced, and was afterwards carried into extensive and beneficial execution.—(vol. i. pp. 341–368.)

In 1783 his services were again put in requisition. Commissioners had been appointed to proceed to the camp of Tippoo Saib, to enter into negotiations for a treaty of peace. In consequence of the well-known integrity and ability of Swartz, and his familiar knowledge of the native language—of which the commissioners were ignorant—he was solicited by Lord Macartney, the Governor of Madras, to join them, and to act as their interpreter with the Sultan of the Mysore. "By complying with this request," said his lordship, "you will render an essential service to the public, and confer an obligation on the Company." The reply of Swartz was, that "his repugnance to a political mission, though great, had yielded to his desire of rendering the Company any service in his power." That the object of the government was defeated, so far as Swartz was concerned, will appear from the following very important extract of a letter addressed by Colonel Fullarton to the Government of Madras:—

"On our second march we were visited by the Rev. Mr. Swartz, whom your lordship and the board requested to proceed as a faithful interpreter between Tippoo and the commissioners. *The knowledge and the integrity of this irreproachable missionary have retrieved the character of Europeans from imputations of general depravity.* A respectable escort attended him to the nearest encampment of the enemy, but he was stopped at Sattimungalum, and returned to Tanjore. I rejoice, however, that he undertook the business; for his journal, which has been before your Board, evinces that the southern army acted towards our enemies with a mildness seldom experienced by friends in moments of pacification. From him also you learned, that this conduct operated on the minds of the inhabitants, who declared that we afforded them more secure protection than the commanders of their own troops."—vol. ii. p. 16.

The next demand upon him was in 1786, when a committee was appointed by Sir Archibald Campbell, the governor of Madras, to watch over the affairs and interests of Tanjore, which the govern-

ment had resolved to place under their own temporary superintendence, in consequence of intolerable oppression exercised by the Rajah Tuljajee and his ministers.

"With this committee Sir Archibald Campbell proposed to unite Mr. Swartz; observing, 'There are abundant proofs on record of the zeal, ability and services of the Rev. Mr. Swartz, whose accurate local knowledge, and facility in the country languages, and, above all, whose high estimation with the rajah, from an intercourse of thirty years, must render his assistance of essential consequence on such occasions.'

"His presence, if possible, should always be requested in the committee, in which he should have an honorary seat, and he should also be desired to interpret and translate whatever may be necessary, and to subjoin his signature to all such examinations and translations.'

"Shortly after this important appointment, Mr. Huddleston proposed to the governor that Mr. Swartz should not only have a seat but a voice in the committee; stating that he had exerted the political authority of his situation, 'in conjunction only with that excellent man,' and adding, 'It is, and will be as long as I live, my greatest pride, and most pleasing recollection, that from the moment of my entering on this responsible station, I have consulted with Mr. Swartz on every occasion, and taken no step of the least importance without his previous concurrence and approbation; nor has there been a difference of sentiment between us in any one instance. Adverting only to the peculiar circumstances under which the committee begins its administration, and the prospect they present, you will, I am persuaded, sir, readily conceive of how serious a consideration it must be to me to have both the advice and effectual support of Mr. Swartz in the adoption of that conduct which our concurrent judgment may approve. Happy, indeed,' continued the resident, himself no mean judge of moral and political merit, 'happy would it be for this country, for the company, and for the rajah himself, when his eyes should be opened, if he possessed the whole authority, and were invested with power to execute all the measures that his wisdom and benevolence would suggest.'

"In reply to this communication, the governor expressed his entire acquiescence in the resident's suggestion, and added, 'such is my opinion of Mr. Swartz's abilities and integrity, that I have recommended to the board that he should be admitted a member of the committee, without any reservation whatever; and my confidence in him is such that I think many advantages may be derived therefrom.'"—pp. 113–115.

Swartz accepted his seat in this committee, only on condition that his aid should be confined to those occasions which did not involve coercive or violent proceedings, "which he considered as unbecoming the character of his mission." All his proceedings, in conjunction with the committee, were regulated by the same moderate and pacific spirit; and the government were so deeply impressed with the value of his services, that they granted him a salary of £100 per annum as interpreter to the company at Tanjore; with a monthly allowance of twenty pagodas for a palankeen,—(vol. ii. pp. 113–120.)

In these transactions it would be difficult to discern any thing at variance with the sacred and spiritual office which was the main business of Swartz's life; unless it can be maintained that a minister of the gospel is bound to abstain, however urgently called upon, from rendering incidental services to his fellow-creatures touching their se-

cular interests. Such employments were never sought by the missionary. He embraced them with hesitation and reluctance; and they were brought upon him solely by the prevalent conviction that no other man united so many transcendent qualifications for the work.

The only remaining occasion which implicated him in political concerns, had its commencement in 1787. We have no space for the details of this matter. They are scattered over Dr. Pearson's second volume. The outline is briefly this:—the rajah of Tanjore, Tuljajee, being without an heir to his throne, adopted one of his relatives, a boy of ten years old, and named him Serfogee. He then sent for Swartz, and would have made him guardian to the boy. This charge Swartz declined; suggesting that the office would more fitly be entrusted to the rajah's brother, Ameer Sing. This person was accordingly appointed guardian to Serfogee, and regent of the country, till the boy should be of a proper age for the public affairs. On the death of Tuljajee the British government, after consulting the native authorities as to the validity of the adoption, set aside the adopted son, and placed Ameer Sing upon the throne. The administration of the new rajah was intolerable. His treatment of Serfogee perfidious and cruel. Swartz, who was then fixed at Tanjore, was unable to witness these enormities without deep and painful interest. He exerted himself warmly and indefatigably with the Madras government, both for the correction of public abuses, and for the deliverance of Serfogee from the custody of his jealous and unfeeling relative. In the latter object he was completely successful; and Serfogee was at last removed to Madras, with a suitable establishment. In 1796 the proceedings by which Serfogee had been set aside underwent a final revision, which terminated in the establishment of his claims to the throne. These claims were eventually recognised and confirmed by the court of directors; but their decision did not reach India till Swartz was removed from the scene of all transitory interests.

The transactions of which the above is a mere sketch, were spread over the last ten years of Swartz's life. That they occupied, from time to time, much of his thoughts, is unquestionable; but they were attended with no sacrifice of his missionary duties. It is further irresistibly evident, from the whole history, that he was involved in these affairs, not by any propensity of his own towards political intrigue; but solely by his exalted reputation for probity and intelligence. Here was a man who had been in the country nearly forty years,—whose knowledge of the languages was consummate,—who had won the confidence and veneration of all ranks, and nearly the idolatry of the lower classes, by the pure force of character—and who, in spite of himself, was become a sort of oracle among the people. It was next to impossible that such a man should escape from some entanglement in critical matters, which demanded a profound acquaintance with local interests, a perfect familiarity with the habits of the natives, and a moral worth and unsullied integrity. Not ambitious of political influence, as is obvious from the fact, that he refused the guardianship of the adopted boy, and that office a man who, as it appeared, was utterly unworthy of confiding in, however, who would fully and understand the conduct of Swartz at this

period of his life, must consult the narrative of Dr. Pearson. For those who have not opportunity or inclination to do so, it may be sufficient to peruse the following testimony of Sir John Shore, (afterwards Lord Teignmouth,) in a minute addressed by him to the court of directors:—

"With regard to Mr. Swartz, whose name the president has never heard mentioned without respect, and who is as distinguished for the sanctity of his manners, as for his ardent zeal in the promulgation of his religion; whose years, without impairing his understanding, have added weight to his character; and whose situation has enabled him to be the protector of the oppressed, and the comforter of the afflicted; who, a preacher of the Christian faith, and a man without influence, except from character, was held in such estimation by the late rajah, a Hindoo prince, approaching to his dissolution, that he thought him the finest person he could consult concerning the management of his country during the minority of his adopted son Serfogee; and who, displaying more integrity than foresight, in the advice he gave, did certainly not prove himself the enemy of Ameer Sing, since, at his suggestion, he was named regent—to the solemn assurance of such a man, the president is compelled to declare his unqualified assent: and upon his information he can easily reconcile the difference between the personal declarations and the letters of the rajah."—pp. 320, 321.

The days of this incomparable Christian were now drawing to a close. He was full of years, full of labour, and full of honours; of such honours, as will often crowd about the name of a faithful servant of God, even in this world, with all its corruption, and with all its ingratitude. There are few things more animating or more consolatory than to contemplate such triumphs of "the irresistible might" of Christian meekness, and righteousness, and love. From the "high places" of power and authority, down to the hut of the oppressed and helpless drudges on the soil, there was but one voice respecting Swartz. Christians and Idolaters, Brahmins and Pariahs, the honest and the worthless, all were compelled to feel and acknowledge the excellence and the majesty of genuine godliness. To use the language of Colonel Blackburn, the subsequent distinguished resident at Tanjore,—“the good naturally desired his advice and assistance; the bad were anxious to obtain the sanction of his respectable name.” And then, as his biographer very justly remarks, “it must have been impossible to converse with him without being convinced of the identity of true piety and real happiness. Though, like the aged patriarch, at the close of life, amidst the pressure of disease and pain, and in the anticipation of eternity, he might be allowed to call the present a sorrowful world, few, perhaps, ever passed through the world with nobler and purer enjoyment. He was equally welcome, and equally happy, at the palace and the cottage, amidst the Councils of princes, and the instructions and conversation of the poor.” It was a favourite saying of his own, that a well directed will is a heaven upon earth. And, according to this maxim, he must have carried about with him a paradise in his own bosom: for his will seems to have been as nearly identified, as the will of any fallen man's can be, with that of our heavenly father. Many affecting particulars are collected by Dr. Pearson, relative to the closing scene of his life. Of these there is one which we cannot forbear to repeat. Gericke was watching by his death bed. He lay with his eyes closed,

less, and to all appearance, lifeless; his com-
thought that the spirit had taken wing, and
to sing one of his favourite hymns. He had
the first verse, and was beginning the second;
to his amazement, and delight, the dying
joined him, with a firm and clear voice, and
panied him to the end. Shortly afterwards,
raised on his cot, bowed his head, closed
his eyes, and without groan or struggles, placidly
gave up his spirit to his Redeemer.

Honours paid to his memory are well known.
A monument to him was erected at Madras by the
Board of Directors; and another by the Rajah
in the Mission Church at Tanjore, which
was ordered to be fixed to the pillar next to the pul-
pit in which he preached. We have conversed

with a gentleman who was present when this
monument was raised. The rajah, his ministers,
and officers, were all in the church, and listened
with profound and reverent attention to the fune-
ral sermon delivered by John Kohlhoff, the pious
and exemplary successor of Swartz. It is pleasing
to know that the prince never ceased to remember
his venerable missionary as his friend, his protec-
tor, guardian of his youth, his more than father.
When he took a last view of the lifeless remains,
he shed a flood of tears over them, and covered
them with a gold cloth. Of the rajah's faithfulness
in memory of his friend, one noble instance is
recorded here. After Swartz's death, a report
was spread that it was his highness's intention to
pull down the church erected by Swartz within
the city, and to rebuild it on the esplanade. When
the president, with all possible delicacy and re-
servation, mentioned this subject to Serfjee, with a
view to ascertain his intentions, nothing could be
more striking than the effect of the application.
"I came agitated,"—says Col. Blackburn, who
was present,—“his colour brightened; he half rose
from his seat; and his first words, in answer to the
statement, were an indignant reproach to that gen-
tleman, for paying any attention to the calumny.
He added, in a somewhat loud and passionate
tone, *far from pulling down any church built
by Swartz, I would, if his successors wanted
a place in the fort, and could not find a conve-
nient spot to build it on, give them a place in my
place for the purpose.* I retain, continues

Col. Blackburn, a very lively remembrance of
some of the rajah's expressions, and of the
force of his look and manner, when he spurned
the calumny, injurious to his honour as a prince,
and his undecaying feelings of grateful attach-
ment to his preceptor, benefactor, and friend.”

The property which Swartz left behind him
amounted to between eight and ten thousand
sterling. But then, be it always remem-
bered, that he had made this accumulation, not for
himself or for his relatives, but solely and entirely
in benefit of the mission. He had, in fact, made
over before his death, made over to trustees,
for a holy purpose, whatever he might die pos-
sessed of. It may seem surprising that he should
be enabled to gather such a sum. But this will
be the less strange, when we recollect the ex-
traordinary frugality of his personal habits, and that for
a considerable time he received a salary from the
British government. The interest of this salary,
and a great part of the salary itself, he allow-
ed into the mission capital. The fund thus
regularly provided, combined with the allowances
from the British government, from the Rajah of Tan-
jore, and from other sources, was sufficient, during

many years, to support the charities, and to defray
the ordinary expenditure, of the mission of Tan-
jore, and its branch in Tinnevely.

Our limits warn us that we must here break off;
which, however, we cannot do without offering
our grateful acknowledgments to Dr. Pearson for
his valuable labours. To his volumes we earnest-
ly invite the attention of all who are desirous of
contemplating the character of a consummate mis-
sionary. We earnestly hope that his work will be
widely circulated. To all who shall devote them-
selves to the office of proclaiming the tidings of
salvation in heathen lands, we consider it as abso-
lutely indispensable.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

JACOB FAITHFUL.*

By the Author of Newton Foster.

“Bound 'prentice to a waterman,
I learnt a bit to row;
And, bless your heart, I always was so gay.”

I was rather curious after the secret confided to
me by Mary Stapleton, to see how her father
would behave; but when we had sat and talked
some time, as he appeared to have no difficulty in
answering to any observation in a common pitch
of the voice, I observed to him that he was not so
deaf as I thought he was. “No, no,” replied he,
“in the house I hear very well, but in the open air
I can't hear at all, if a person speaks to me two
yards off. Always speak to me close to my ear in
the open air, but not loud, and then I shall hear
you very well.” I caught a bright glance from
Mary's blue eye, and made no answer. This
frost will hold, I'm afraid,” continued Stapleton,
“and we shall have nothing to do for some days
but to blow our fingers and spend our earnings;
but there's never much doing at this time of the
year. The winter cuts us watermen up terribly.
As for me, I smoke my pipe and think on human
nature; but what you are to do, Jacob, I can't tell.”

“Oh! he will teach me to read and write,” re-
plied Mary.

“I don't know that he shall,” replied Stapleton.
“What's the use of reading and writing to you?
We've too many senses already in my opinion,
and if so be we have learning to boot, why then all
the worse for us.”

“How many senses are there, father?”

“How many! I'm sure I can't tell, but more than
enough to puzzle us.”

“There are only five, I believe,” said I: “first,
there's hearing.”

“Well,” replied Stapleton, “hearing may be
useful at times, but not hearing at times is much
more convenient. I make twice as much money
since I lost the better part of my hearing.”

“Well, then, there's seeing,” continued I.

“Seeing is useful at times, I acknowledge; but I
knows this, that if a man could pull a young cou-
ple about the river, and not be able to see now
and then, it would be many a half-crown in his
pocket.”

“Well, then, now we come to *tasting*.”

“No use at all—only a vexation. If there was

*Continued from the last vol. p. 714.

no tasting. we should not care whether we ate brown bread or roast beef, drank water or XX ale; and, in these hard times, that would be no small saving."

"Well, then, let me see, there's *smelling*."

"Smelling's no use whatever. For one good smell by the river's side, there be ten nasty ones; and so there is every where, to my conviction."

"Which is the next, Jacob?" said Mary, smiling archly.

"*Feeling*."

"Feeling! that's the worst of the whole. Always feel too cold in winter, too hot in summer—feel a blow too; feeling only gives pain;—that's a very bad sense."

"Well, then, I suppose you think we should get on better without our senses."

"No, not without all of them. A little hearing and a little seeing be all very well; but there are other senses which you have forgot, Jacob. Now one I takes to be the very best of the bunch, is *smoking*."

"I never heard that was a sense," replied I laughing.

"Then you hav'n't half finished your education, Jacob."

"Are reading and writing *senses*, father?" inquired Mary.

"To be sure they be, girl; for without sense you can't read and write; and *rowing* be a sense just as well; and there be many other senses; but, in my opinion, most of the senses be nonsense, and only lead to mischief."

"Jacob," said Mary, whispering to my ear, "isn't *loving* sense?"

"No, that's nonsense," replied I.

"Well, then," replied she, "I agree with my father, that nonsense is better than sense; but still I don't see why I should not learn to read and write, father?"

"I've lived all my life without it, and never felt the want of it—why cant you?"

"Because I do feel the want of it."

"So you may, but they leads to no good. Look at these fellows at the Feathers, all were happy enough before Jim Holder, who's a scholar, came among them, and now since he reads to them, they do nothing but grumble, and growl, and talk about I don't know what—corn laws, and taxes, and liberty, and all other nonsense. Now what could you do more than you do now, if you larnt to read and write?"

"I could amuse myself when I've nothing to do, father, when you and Jacob are away. I often sit down, after I've done all my work, and think what I shall do next, and at last I look out of the window and make faces at the people, because I've nothing better to do. Now, father, you must let him learn me to read and write."

"Well, Mary, if you will, you will; but, recollect, don't blame me for it—it must be all on your own head, and not on my conscience. I've lived some forty or fifty years in this world, and all my bad luck has been owing to having too much senses, and all my good luck to getting rid of them."

"I wish you would tell me how that came to pass," said I; "I should like to hear it very much, and it will be a lesson to Mary."

"Well, I don't care if I do, Jacob, only I must light my pipe first; and, Mary, do you go for a pot o' beer."

"Let Jacob go, father. I mean him to run all my errands now."

"You mustn't order Jacob, Mary."

"No, no—I wouldn't think of ordering him, but I know he will do it—won't you, Jacob?"

"Yes, with pleasure," replied I.

"Well, with all my heart, provided it be all for love," said Stapleton.

"Of course all for love," replied Mary, looking at me, "or Latin—which, Jacob?"

"What's Latin?" said her father.

"Oh! that's a new sense Jacob has been showing me something of, which, like many others, proved to be nonsense."

I went for the beer, and when I returned, found the fire burning brightly, and a strong *sense* of smoking from old Stapleton's pipe. He puffed once or twice more, and then commenced his history as follows:—

"I can't exactly say when I were born, nor where," said old Stapleton, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "because I never axed either father or mother, and they never told me, because why, I never did ax, and that be all agreeable to human natur." Here Stapleton paused, and took three whiffs of his pipe. "I recollects when I was a little brat about two foot nothing, mother used to whack me all day long, and I used to cry in proportion. Father used to cry shame, and then mother would fly at him: he would whack she; she would up with her apron in one corner and cry, while I did the same with my pin before in another: all that was nothing but human natur." [A pause, and six or seven whiffs of the pipe.]

"I was sent to a school at a penny a week, to keep me out of the way, and out of mischief. I larnt nothing but to sit still on the form and hold my tongue, and so I used to amuse myself twiddling my thumbs, and looking at the flies as they buzzed about the room in the summer time; and in the winter, cause there was no flies of no sort. I used to watch the old missus a knitting of stockings, and think how soon the time would come when I should go home and have my supper, which, in a child, was nothing but human natur. [Puff, puff, puff.] Father and mother lived in a cellar; mother sold coals and 'tatoes, and father used to go out to work in the barges on the river. As soon as I was old enough, the school-missus sent word that I ought to larn to read and write, and that she must be paid threepence a week, so father took me away from school, because he thought I had had education enough; and mother perched me on a basket upside down, and made me watch that nobody took the goods while she was busy down below: and then I used to sit all day long watching the coals and 'tatoes, and never hardly speaking to nobody; so having nothing better to do, I used to think about this, and that, and every thing, and when dinner would be ready, and when I might get off the basket; for you see *thinking* be another of the senses, and when one has nothing to do, and nothing to say, to think be nothing more than human natur. [Puff, puff, and a pause for a drink out of the pot.] At last, I grew a big stout boy, and mother said that I ate too much, and must earn my livelihood somehow or another, and father for once agreed with her; but there was a little difficulty how that was to be done; so until that was got over, I did nothing at all but watch the coals and 'tatoes as before. One day mother wouldn't give me wictuals enough, so I helped myself; so she whacked me; so I being strong whacked she; so father coming home whacked me, so I takes to my heels and runs away

a good mile before I thought at all about how I was to live; and there I was, very sore, very unhappy, and very hungry. [Puff, puff, puff, and a spit.] I walks on, and on, and then I gets behind a coach, and then the fellow whips me, and I gets down again in a great hurry and tumbles into the road, and before I could get up again, a gemman in a gig drives right over me and breaks my leg. I screams with the pain, which if I hadn't had the sense of *feeling*, of course I shouldn't have minded. He pulls up and gets out, and tells me he's very sorry. I tells him so am I. His servant calls some people, and they takes me into a public-house, and lays me on the table all among the pots of beer, and sends for a doctor who puts me into bed, and puts my leg right again; and then I was provided for, for at least six weeks, during which the gemman calls and axes how I feel myself, and I says, 'Pretty well, I thank you.' [Puff, puff—knock the ashes out, pipe refilled, relighted, a drink of beer, and go on.] So when I was well, and on my pins again, the gentleman says, "What can I do for you?" and the landlord cuts him short, by saying, that he wanted a pot-boy, if I liked the profession. Now if I didn't like the pots I did the porter, which I had no share of at home, so I agrees. The gemman pays the score, gives me half a guinea, and tells me not to be lying in the middle of the road another time. I tells him I won't, so he jumps into his gig, and I've never cast eyes upon him since. I stayed three years with my master, taking out beer to his customers, and always taking a little out of each pot for myself, for that's nothing but human natur, when you likes a thing; but I never got into no trouble until one day I sees my missus a kissing in the back parlour with a fellow who travels for orders. I never said nothing at first; but at last I sees too much, and then I tells master, who gets into a rage, and goes in to his wife, stays with her half an hour, and then comes out and kicks me out of the door, calling me a liar, and telling me never to show my face again. I shies a pot at his head, and showed him any thing but my face, for I took to my heels, and ran for it as fast as I could. So much for *seeing*; if I hadn't seen, that wouldn't have happened. So there I was adrift, and good-bye to porter. [Puff, puff, "Mary, where's my 'baccy stopper?" poke down, puff, puff, spit, and proceed.] Well, I walks towards Lunnun, thinking on husbands and wives, porter and human natur, until I finds myself there, and then I looks at all the lighted lamps, and recollects that I havn't no lodging for the night, and then all of a sudden I thinks of my father and mother, and wonders how they be going on. So I thought I'd go and see, and away I went; comes to the cellar and goes down. There sits my mother with a quartern of gin before her, walking to and fro, and whimpering to herself; so says I, 'Mother, what's the matter now?' at which she jumps up and hugs me, and tells me I'm her only comfort left. I looks at the quartern and thinks otherwise, so down I sits by her side, and then she pours me out a glass, and pours out all her grief, telling me how my father had left her for another woman, who kept another cellar in another street, and how she was very unhappy, and how she had taken to gin—which was nothing but human natur, you see, and how she meant to make away with herself; and then she sent for more quarterns, and we finished them. What with the joy of finding me, and the grief at losing my father, and the quarterns of

gin, she went to bed crying drunk, and fell fast asleep. So did I, and thought that home was home after all. Next morning I takes up the business, and finds trade not so bad after all, so I takes the command of all, keeps all the money, and keeps mother in order, and don't allow drinking nor disorderly conduct in the house; but goes to the public-house every night for a pipe and a pot.

"Well, every thing goes on very well for a month, when who should come home but father, which I didn't approve of, because I liked being master. So I being a strong chap then, says, 'If you be come to ill treat my mother, I'll put you in the kennel, father. Be off to your new woman. Ar'n't you ashamed of yourself?' says I. So father looks me in the face, and tells me to stand out of his way, or he'll make cat's-meat of me; and then he goes to my mother, and after a quarter of an hour of sobbing on her part, and coaxing on his, they kiss and make friends; and then they both turns to me and orders me to leave the cellar, and never to show my face again. I refuses; father flies at me, and mother helps him, and between the two I was hustled out to find my bread how and where I could. I've never taken a woman's part since. [Puff, puff, puff, and a deep sigh.] I walks down to the water side, and having one or two shillings in my pocket, goes into a public-house to get a drop of drink and a bed. And when I comes in, I sees a man hand a note for change to the landlady, and she gives him change. 'That wont do,' says he, and he was half tipsy. 'I give you a ten-pound note, and this here lad be witness.' 'It was only a *one*,' says the woman. 'You are a d—d old cheat,' says he, 'and if you don't give me the change, I'll set your house on fire, and burn you alive.' With that there was a great row, and he goes out for the constable, and gives her in charge, and gives me in charge as a witness, and she gives him in charge, so we all went to the watchhouse together, and slept on the benches. The next morning we all appeared before the magistrate, and the man tells his story, and calls me as a witness; but recollecting how much I had suffered from *seeing*, I wouldn't see any thing this time. It might have been a ten-pound note, for it certainly didn't look like a one, but my evidence went rather for than against the woman, for I only proved the man to be drunk; and she was let off, and I walked home with her. 'So,' says she, 'you're a fine boy, and I'll do you a good turn for what you have done for me. My husband is a waterman, and I'll make you free of the river; for he hasn't no 'prentice, and you can come on shore and stay at the public-house, when you ar'n't wanted.' I jumped at the offer, and so, by *not seeing*, I gets into a regular livelihood. Well, Jacob, how do you like it?"

"Very much," replied I.

"And you, Mary?"

"O! I like it very much; but I want father to go on, and to know how he fell in love, and married my mother."

"Well, you shall have it by-and-by; but now I must take a spell."

Old Stapleton finished his pipe, took another swig at the porter, filled, relighted, puffed to try it, cleared his mouth, and then proceeded:—

"Now you see, Bartly, her husband, was the greatest rogue on the river; he was up to every thing, and stood at nothing. He fliced as much on the water as she did on the land, for I often

seed her give wrong change afterwards when people were tipsy, but I made a rule always to walk away. As for Bartley, his was always night work, and many's the coil of rope I have brought on shore, what, although he might have paid for, he didn't buy of the lawful owner, but I never *seed* or *heard*, that was my maxim; and I fared well till I served my time, and then they give me their old wherry, and built a new one for themselves. So I set up on my own account, and then I seed, and heard, and had all my senses, just as well as before—more's the pity, for no good came of it. [Puff, puff, puff, puff.] The Bartley's wanted me to join them, but that wouldn't do; for though I never meddled with other people's concerns, yet I didn't choose to do wrong myself. I've seed all the world cheating each other for fifty years or more, but that's no concern of mine; I can't make the whole world better, so all I think about is, to keep honest myself; and if every one was to look after his own soul, and not trouble themselves about their neighbours, why then it would be all the better for human natur. I plied at the Swan Stairs, gained my livelihood, and spent it as I got it, for I was too young then to look out a'ter a rainy day.

"One night a young woman in a cloak comes down to the stairs, with a bundle in her arms, and seems in a very great taking, and asks me for a boat. I hauls out of the row alongside of the hard, and hands her in. She trips as she steps in, and I catches to save her from falling, and in catching her I puts my hand upon the bundle in her arms, and feels the warm face of a baby. 'Where am I to go, ma'am?' says I. 'O! pull across and land me on the other side,' says she; and then I hears her sobbing to herself, as if her heart would break. When we were in the middle o' the stream, she lifts up her head, and then first she looks at the bundle and kisses it, and then she looks up at the stars which were glittering above in the sky. She kisses the child once more, jumps up, and afore I could be aware of what she were about, she tosses me her purse, throws the child into the water, gives a loud scream, and leaps in herself. I pulls sharp round immediately, and seeing her again, I made one or two good strokes, comes alongside of her, and gets hold of her clothes. A'ter much ado, I gets her into the wherry, and as soon as I seed she was come to again, I pulls her back to the stairs where she had taken me from. As soon as I lands I hears a noise and talking, and several people standing about; it seems it were her relatives, who had missed her, and were axing whether she had taken a boat; and while they were describing her, and the other watermen were telling them how I had taken a fare of that description, I brings her back. Well, they takes charge of her, and leads her home, and then for the first time I thinks of the purse at the bottom of the boat, which I picks up, and sure enough there were four golden guineas in it, besides some silver. Well, the men who plied at the stairs axed me all about it, but I keeps my counsel, and only tells them how the poor girl threw herself into the water, and how I pulled her out again; and in a week I had almost forgot all about it, when up comes an officer, and says to me, 'You be Stapleton the waterman?' and I says, 'Yes, I be.' 'Then you must come along with me,' and he takes me to the police-office, where I finds the poor young woman in custody for being accused of having murdered her infant. So they begins

to tax me upon my Bible oath, and I was forced to tell the whole story; for though you may lose all your senses when convenient, yet somehow or another, an oath on the Bible brings them all back again. 'Did you see the child?' said the magistrate. 'I seed a bundle,' said I. 'Did you hear the child cry?' says he. 'No,' says I, 'I didn't;' and then I thought I had got the young woman off; but the magistrate was an old fox, and had all the senses at his fingers' ends. So says he, 'When the young woman stepped into the boat, did she give you the bundle?' 'No,' says I again. 'Then you never touched it?' 'Yes, I did, when her foot slipped.' 'And what did it feel like?' 'It felt like a piece of human natur,' says I, 'and quite warm like.' 'How do you mean?' says he. 'Why, I took it by the feel for a baby.' 'And it was quite warm, was it?' 'Yes,' replied I, 'it was.' 'Well, then, what else took place?' 'Why, when we were in the middle of the stream, she and her child went overboard; I pulled her in again, but couldn't see the child.' Fortunately for the poor girl, they didn't ask me which went overboard first, and that saved her from hanging. She was confined six months in prison, and then let out again; but you see, if it hadn't been for my unfortunately *feeling* the child, and feeling it was warm, what proved its being alive, the poor young woman would have got off altogether, perhaps. So much for the sense of feeling, which I says is of no use to nobody, but only a vexation." [Puff, the pipe out, relighted—puff, puff.]

"But, father," said Mary, "did you ever hear the history of the poor girl?"

"Yes, I heard as how it was a hard case, how she had been seduced by some fellow who had left her and her baby, upon which she determined to drown herself, poor thing! and her baby too. Had she only tried to drown her baby, I should have said it was quite unnatural; but as she wished to drown herself at the same time, I considers that drowning the baby, to take it to heaven with her, was quite natural, and all agreeable to human natur. Love's a sense which young women should keep down as much as possible, Mary; no good comes of *that* sense."

"And yet, father, it appears to me to be human nature," replied Mary.

"So it is, but there's mischief in it, girl, so do you never have any thing to do with it."

"Was there mischief when you fell in love with my mother and married her?"

"You shall hear, Mary," replied old Stapleton, who recommenced.

"It was 'bout two months after the poor girl threw herself into the river, that I first seed your mother. She was then mayhap two years older than you may be, and much such a same sort of person in her looks. There was a young man who plied from our stairs, named Ben Jones; he and I were great friends, and used for to help each other, and when a fare called for oars, used to ply together. One night he says to me, 'Will, come up and I'll show you a devilish fine piece of stuff.' So I walks with him, and he takes me to a shop where they dealed in marine stores, and we goes and finds your mother in the back parlour. Ben sends out for pipes and beer, and we set down and made ourselves comfortable. Now, Mary, your mother was a very jilting kind of girl, who would put one fellow off to take another, just as her whim and fancy took her. [I looked at Mary, who cast down her eyes.] Now these women do

'mischief among men, and it seldom ends I'd sooner see you in your coffin, to-Mary, than think you should be one of that sort. Ben Jones was quite in for it, and she had turned young chap for him, and he used to come every night, and it was supposed that they were spliced in the course of a month; but there, she cuts him almost altogether, as to me, making such eyes at me, and beer out of my pot and refusing his'n, till he was quite mad and beside himself. I wasn't in human natur to stand those eyes. (just like yours, Mary,) darting at poor fellow; and when Jones got up in a hour, and said it was time to go away, of walking home arm in arm, we went side, like two big dogs with their tails as a crow bar, and all ready for a fight; he nor I saying a word, and we parted saying good night. Well, I dreamed of her all that night, and the next day I see her, and felt worser and worser each time she snubbed Jones, and at last told him out his business. This was 'bout a month I first seen her; and then one day Jones, a prime fighter, says to me, 'Be you a d slaps me on the ear. So I knowing I be a'ter, pulls off my duds, and we sets fights for ten minutes or so, and then I a round blow on the ear, and he falls the *hard*, and 'couldn't come to time.' er, poor fellow! for he had gone to eter- ere old Stapleton paused for half a mi- passed his hand across his eyes.] I was manslaughter; but it being proved that up and struck me first, I was acquitted, g two months in jail, for I couldn't get it it was because I had been two months at I was let off. At first, when I came ermined never to see your mother again; me to me, and wound round me, and I so much, that I couldn't shake her off. s she found that I was fairly hooked, she play with others; but I wouldn't stand every fellow that came near her was have a turn out with me, and so I be- eat fighter; and she, seeing that I was an, and that no one else would come to ne morning agreed to marry me. Well, spliced, and the very first night I thought r Ben Jones standing by my bedside, and ; or so, I was not comfortable; but, how- it wore off, and I plied at the stairs, and y money. But my pipe's out, and I'm alking. Suppose I take a spell for a few

on relighted his pipe, and for nearly half noked in silence. What Mary's thoughts annot positively assert; but I imagined myself, she was thinking about her mo- duct and her own. I certainly was mak- mparison, and we neither of us spoke a

' continued Stapleton, at last, "I marri- other, Mary, and I only hope that any may take a fancy to you, will not have ouble with his wife as I had. I thought she were settled that she would give up nsense, and behave herself—but I sup- s in her natur and she couldn't help it. s eyes and gave encouragement to the

men, until they became saucy, and I became jeal- ous, and I had to fight one and then the other, un- til I became a noted pugilist. I will say that your mother seemed always very happy when I beat my man, which latterly I always did; but still she liked to be *fit* for, and I had hardly time to earn my bread. At last, some one backed me against another man in the ring, for fifty pounds a-side, and I was to have half, if I won. I was very short of blunt at the time, and I agreed; so, a'ter a little training, the battle was fought and I won easy, and the knowing ones liked my way of hitting so much, that they made up another match with a better man, for two hundred pounds; and a lord and other great people came to me, and I was introduced to them at the public house, and all was settled. So I became a regular prize fighter, all through your mother, Mary. Nay, don't cry, child, I don't mean to say that your mother, with all her love of being stared at and talked to, would have gone wrong, but still it was almost as bad in my opinion. Well, I was put into training, and after five weeks we met at Moulsey Hurst, and a hard fight it was—but I've got the whole of it somewhere; Mary, look in the drawer there, and you'll see a news- paper."

Mary brought out the newspaper, which was rolled up and tied with a bit of a string, and Stapleton handed it over to me, telling me to read it aloud. I did so, but I shall not enter into the details.

"Yes, that's all right enough," said Stapleton, who had taken advantage of my reading to smoke furiously, as if to make up for lost time, "but no good came of it, for one of the gemmen took a fancy to your mother, Mary, and tried to win her away from me. I found him attempting to kiss her, and she refusing him—but laughing, and, as I thought, more than half willing; so I floored him, and put him out of the house, and after that I never would have any thing more to say with lords and gemmen, nor with fighting either. I built a new wherry and stuck to the river, and I shifted my lodgings, that I mightn't mix any more with those who knew me as a boxer. Your mother was then brought to bed with you, and I hoped for a good deal of happiness, as I thought she would only think of her husband and child; and so she did until you were weaned, and then she went on just as afore. There was a captain of a vessel lying in the river, who used now and then to stop and talk with her, but I thought little about that, seeing how every one talked with her, and she with every body; and besides she knew the cap- tain's wife, who was a very pretty woman, and used very often to ask Mary to go and see her, which I permitted. But one morning when I was going off to the boat—for he had come down to me to take him to his vessel—just as I was walking away with the sculls over my shoulder, I recollects my 'baccy box, which I had left, and I goes back and hears him say before I came into the door— 'Recollect, I shall be here again by two o'clock, and then you promised to come on board my ship, and see ——' I didn't hear the rest, but she laugh- ed and said yes, she would. I didn't show myself, but walked away again and went to the boat. He followed me, and I rowed him up the river and took my fare—and then I determined to watch them, for I felt mighty jealous. So I lays off on my oars in the middle of the stream, and sure enough I sees the captain and your mother get into a small skiff belonging to his ship, and pull

away; the captain had one oar and one of his men another. I pulled a'ter them as fast as I could, and at last they seed me, and not wishing me to find her out, she begged them to pull away as fast as they could, for she knew how savage I would be. Still I gained upon them, every now and then looking round and vowing vengeance in my heart, when all of a sudden I heard a scream, and perceived their boat to capsize, and all hands in the water. They had not seen a warp of a vessel getting into the row, and had run over it, and as it tautened they capsized. Your mother went down like a stone, Mary, and was not found for three days a'terwards; and when I seed her sink I fell down in a fit." Here old Stapleton stopped, laid down his pipe, and rested his face in his hands.—Mary burst into tears. After a few minutes he resumed. "When I came to, I found myself on board of the ship in the captain's cabin, with the captain and his wife watching over me—and then I came to understand that it was she who had sent for your mother, and that she was living on board, and that your mother had at first refused, because she knew I did not like her to be on the river, but wishing very much to see a ship, had consented. So it was not so bad a'ter all, only that a woman shouldn't act without her husband—but you see, Mary, all this would not have happened if it hadn't been that I overheard part of what was said; and you might now have had a mother and I a wife to comfort us, if it hadn't been for my unfortunate *hearing*—so, as I said before, there's more harm than good that comes from these senses—at least so it has proved to me. And now you've heard my story, and how your mother died, Mary, so take care you don't fall into the same fault, and be too fond of being looked at, which it does somehow or another, appear to me you have a bit of a hankling a'ter—but like mother like child, they say, and that's *human natur*."

When Stapleton had concluded his narrative, he smoked his pipe in silence. Mary sat at the table with her hands pressed to her temples, apparently in deep thought; and I felt any thing but communicative. In half an hour the pot of beer was finished, and Stapleton rose.

"Come, Mary, don't be thinking so much; let's all go to-bed. Show Jacob his room, and then come up."

"Jacob can find his own room father," replied Mary, "without my showing him; he knows the kitchen, and there is but one other below."

I took my candle, wished them good night, and went to my bed, which, although very homely, was at all events comfortable.

For many days the frost continued, until at last the river was frozen over, and all communication by it was stopped. Stapleton's money ran short, our fare became very indifferent, and Mary declared that we must all go begging with the market gardeners if it lasted much longer.

"I must go and call upon Mr. Turnbull, and ax him to help us," said Stapleton, one day, pulling his last shilling out and laying it on the table.—"I'm cleaned out; but he's a good gentleman, and will lend me a trifle." In the afternoon Stapleton returned, and I saw by his looks that he had been successful. "Jacob," said he, "Mr. Turnbull desires you will breakfast with him to-morrow morning, as he wishes to see you."

I set off accordingly at day-light the next morning, and was in good time for breakfast. Mr. Turn-

bull was as kind as ever, and began telling me long stories about the ice in the northern regions.

"By-the-by, I hear there is an ox to be roasted whole, Jacob, a little above London Bridge; suppose we go and see the fun."

I consented, and we took the Brentford coach, and were put down at the corner of Queen-street, from whence we walked to the river. The scene was very amusing and exciting. Booths were erected on the ice, in every direction, with flags flying, people walking, and some skating, although the ice was too rough for that pastime. The whole river was crowded with people, who now walked in security over where they would a month before have met with death. Here and there smoke ascended from various fires, on which sausages, and other eatables, were cooking; but the great attraction was the ox roasting whole, close to the centre pier of the bridge. Although the ice appeared to have fallen at the spot where so many hundreds were assembled, yet, as it was now four or five feet thick, there was no danger. Here and there, indeed, were what were called rotten places, where the ice was not sound, but these were intimated by placards, warning people not to approach too near; and close to them were ropes and poles for succour, if required. We amused ourselves for some time with the gayety of the scene, for the sun shone out bright, and the sky was clear. The wind was fresh from the northward, and piercing cold in the shade, the thermometer being then, it was said, twenty-eight degrees below the freezing point. We had been on the ice about three hours, amusing ourselves, when Mr. Turnbull proposed our going home, and we walked up the river towards Blackfriars Bridge, where we proposed to land and take the coach at Charing Cross.

"I wonder how the tide is now," observed Mr. Turnbull to me, "it would be rather puzzling to find out."

"Not if I can find a hole," replied I, looking for one. "Stop, here is one." I threw in a piece of ice, and found that it was strong cbb. We continued our walk over the ice, which was now very rough, when Mr. Turnbull's hat fell off, and the wind catching it, it blew away, skimming across the ice at a rapid rate. Mr. Turnbull and I gave chase, but could scarcely keep up with it, and at all events could not overtake it. Many people on the river laughed as we passed, and watched us in our chase. Mr. Turnbull was the foremost, and, heedless in the pursuit, did not observe a large surface of rotten ice before him; neither did I, until all at once I heard it break and saw Mr. Turnbull fall in and disappear. Many people were close to us, and a rope was laid across the spot to designate the danger. I did not hesitate—I loved Mr. Turnbull, and my love and my feelings of resentment were equally potent. I seized the bight of the rope, twisted it round my arm, and plunged in after him, recollecting that it was ebb tide; fortunate for Mr. Turnbull it was that he had accidentally put the question. I sank under the ice, and pushed down the stream, and in a few seconds felt myself grappled by him I sought, and, at almost the same time, the rope hauling in from above; as soon as they found there was resistance, they knew that I, at least, was attached to it, and they hauled in quicker, not, however, until I had lost my recollection. Still I clung to the rope with the force of a drowning man, and Mr. Turnbull

came to me, and we shortly made our appearance at the hole in which we had been plunging. The ladder was thrown across, and two of the men of the Humane Society, came to our assistance, hauled us out, and laid us upon it. They retreated and hauled us on the ladder to a secure situation. We were both still senseless, but having been taken to a public-house on the other side, were put to bed, and medical advice being procured, were soon restored. The morning we were able to return in a chaise to Fulford, where our absence had created the greatest alarm. Mr. Turnbull spoke but little the first time, but he often pressed my hand, and requested him to drop me down at Fulford, that I might let Stapleton and his daughter know that I was safe, he consented, saying, "God bless you, my fine boy; I will see you soon." When I went up the stairs of Stapleton's lodging, I found Mary by herself; she started up as she saw me.

"Where have you been, you naughty boy?" said she, crying, half-smiling.

"Under the ice," I replied, "and only thawed this morning."

"You in earnest, Jacob?" said she; "now I am agone and frighten me, I've been too frightened. I never slept a wink last night." She told her the circumstances which had occurred.

"I was sure something had happened," she cried. "I told my father so, but he would not believe it. You promised to be at home to give me a lesson, and I know you never break your word. But my father smoked away, and said, that boys are amused, they forget their promises, but it was nothing but human nature. O, Jacob, so glad you're back again; and after what has happened, I don't mind you kissing me for a reward. And Mary held her face towards me, and I gave her my kiss. 'There, that must last you a while, recollect,' said she laughing, 'you will not think of another until you're under the water.'"

"I trust it will be the last," replied I, smiling.

"You are not in love with me, Jacob, that's plain; for you would not have made that answer," said Mary.

I had seen a great deal of Mary, and though she was mainly a great flirt, yet she had many other and amiable qualities. For the first time her father had given us the history of his remarks upon her mother appeared to have made a decided impression upon her, and her conduct was much more staid and demure; but her remembrance wore off, so did her conduct become once more coquettish and flirting as before; still it was impossible not to be fond of her, and even when she was in her caprice, there was such a fund of real feeling and amiableness, which, when called upon, was certain to appear, that I often thought of her as a generous and captivating girl she would have grown up. I had again produced the book which I had thrown aside with disgust, to turn to read and write. Her improvement was evident, and would have been still more so, if she had not been just as busy in trying to make me love her, as she was in surmounting the difficulties of her lessons. But she was very young, and though, as her father declared, it was her duty to run after the men, there was every reason to hope that a year or two would render her useful, and add to those sterling good qualities which she really possessed.

In heart and feeling she was a modest girl, although the buoyancy of her spirits often carried her beyond the bounds prescribed by decorum, and often called forth a blush upon her own animated countenance, when her good sense or the remarks of others, reminded her of her having committed herself. It was impossible to know Mary and not like her, although at a casual meeting, a rigid person might go away with an impression by no means favourable. As for myself, I must say, that the more I was in her company, the more I was attached to her, and the more I respected her.

Old Stapleton came home in the evening. He had, as usual, been smoking, and thinking of human nature, at the Feathers public-house. I told him what had happened, and upon the strength of it he sent for an extra pot of beer for Mary and me, which he insisted upon our drinking between us—a greater proof of good will on his part could not have been given. Although Captain Turnbull appeared to have recovered from the effects of the accident, yet it appeared that such was not the case, as the morning after his arrival he was taken ill with shivering and pains in his loins, which ended in ague and fever, and he did not quit his bed for three or four weeks. I, on the contrary, felt no ill effects; but the constitution of a youth is better able to meet such violent shocks, than that of a man of sixty years old, already sapped by exposure and fatigue. As the frost still continued, I complied with Captain Turnbull's request to come up and stay with him, and for many days, until he was able to leave his bed, I was his constant nurse. The general theme of his conversation was on my future prospects, and a wish that I would embark in some pursuit or profession more likely to raise me in the world; but on this head I was positive, and also on another point, which was, that I would in future put myself under an obligation to no one. I could not erase from my memory the injuries I had received, and my vindictive spirit continually brooded over them. I was resolved to be independent and free. I felt that in the company I was in, that I was with my equals, or, if there were any superiority, it was on my part, arising from education, and I never would submit to be again in the society of those above me, in which I was admitted as a favour, and by the major part looked down upon, and at the same time liable, as I had once been, to be turned out with contumely on the first moment of caprice. Still I was very fond of Captain Turnbull. He had always been kind to me, spoke to me on terms of equality, and had behaved with consistency, and my feelings towards him since the accident, had consequently strengthened; but we always feel an increased regard towards those to whom we have been of service, and my pride was softened by the reflection that whatever might be Mr. Turnbull's good-will towards me, he never could, even if I would permit it, repay me for the life which I had preserved. Towards him I felt unbounded regard—towards those who had ill-treated me, unlimited hatred; towards the world in general a mixture of feeling which I could hardly analyze; and, as far as regarded myself, a love of liberty and independence, which nothing would ever have induced me to compromise. As I did not wish to hurt Captain Turnbull's feelings by a direct refusal to all his proffers of service, and remarks upon the advantages which might arise, I generally made an evasive answer.

but when on the day proposed for my departure, he at once came to the point, offering me every thing, and observing that he was childless, and therefore my acceptance of his offer would be injurious to nobody, when he took me by the hand, and drawing me near to him, passed his arm round me, and spoke to me in the kind accents of a father, almost entreating me to consent—the tears of gratitude coursed each other rapidly down my cheeks, but my resolution was no less firm—although it was with a faltering voice that I replied, “You have been very kind to me, sir—very kind—and I shall never forget it; and I hope I shall deserve it—but—Mr. Drummond, and Mrs. Drummond, and Sarah, were also kind to me—very kind to me—you know the rest. I will remain as I am, if you please; and if you wish to do me a kindness—if you wish me to love you, as I really do, let me be as I am—free and independent. I beg it of you as the greatest favour that you can possibly confer on me—the only favour which I can accept, or shall be truly thankful for.”

Captain Turnbull was some minutes before he could reply. He then said—“I see it is useless, and I will not tease you any more; but, Jacob, do not let the first injustice which you have received from your fellow creatures prey so much upon your mind, or induce you to form the mistaken idea that the world is bad. As you live on, you will find much good; and recollect, that those who have injured you, from the misrepresentations of others, have been willing, and have offered to repair their fault. They can do no more, and I wish you could get over this vindictive feeling. Recollect, we must forgive, as we hope to be forgiven.”

“I do forgive—at least, I do sometimes,” replied I, “for Sarah’s sake—but I can’t always.”

“But you ought to forgive, for other reasons, Jacob.”

“I know I ought—but if I cannot, I cannot.”

“Nay, my boy, I never heard you talk so—I was going to say—wickedly. Do you not perceive that you are now in error? You will not abandon a feeling which your own good sense and religion tell you to be wrong—you cling to it—and yet you will admit of no excuse for the errors of others.”

“I feel what you say—and the truth of it, sir,” replied I, “but I cannot combat the feeling. I will therefore admit every excuse you please, for the faults of others, but at the same time, I am surely not to be blamed if I refuse to put myself in a situation where I am again liable to meet with mortification. Surely I am not to be censured, if I prefer to work for my bread after my own fashion, and prefer the river to dry land?”

“No, that I acknowledge; but what I dislike in the choice is, that it is dictated by feelings of resentment.”

“*What’s done can’t be helped,*” replied I, quickly, wishing to break off the conversation.

“Very true, Jacob; but I follow that up with another of your remarks, which is, ‘Better luck next time.’ God bless you, my boy, take care of yourself, and don’t get under the ice again!”

“For you I would to-morrow,” replied I, taking the proffered hand; “but if I could only see that Hodgson near a hole——”

“You’d not push him in?”

“Indeed I would,” replied I, bitterly.

“Jacob, you would not, I tell you—you think so now, but if you saw him in distress, you would assist him, as you did me. I know you, my boy, better than you know yourself.”

Whether Captain Turnbull or I were right, remains to be proved in the sequel. We then shook hands, and I hastened away to see Mary, whom I had often thought of during my absence.

“Who do you think has been here?” said Mary, after our first greeting.

“I cannot guess,” replied I. “Not old Tom and his son?”

“No; I don’t think it was old Tom, but it was such an old quiz—with such a nose—O heavens! I thought I should have died with laughing as soon as he went down stairs. Do you know, Jacob, that I made love to him, just to see how he’d take it. You know who it is now?”

“O yes! you mean the Domine, my schoolmaster.”

“Yes, he told me so; and I talked so much about you, and about your teaching me to read and write, and how fond I was of learning, and how I should like to be married to an elderly man who was a great scholar, who would teach me Latin and Greek, that the old gentleman became quite chatty, and sat for two hours talking to me. He desired me to say that he should call here to-morrow afternoon, and I begged him to stay the evening, as you are to have two more of your friends here. Now, who do you think are those?”

“I have no others, except old Tom Beazely and his son.”

“Well, it is your old Tom after all, and a nice old fellow he is, although I would not like him for a husband; but as for his son—he’s a lad after my own heart—I’m quite in love with him.”

“Your love will do you no harm, Mary, but recollect, what may be a joke to you may not be so to other people. As for the Domine meeting old Beazely and his son, I don’t exactly know how that will suit, for I doubt if he will like to see them.”

“Why not?” inquired Mary.

Upon a promise never to hint at them, I briefly stated the circumstances attending the worthy man’s voyage on board of the lighter. Mary paused, and then said, “Jacob, did we not read the last time, that the most dangerous rocks to men were *wine* and *women*.”

“Yes, we did, if I recollect right.”

“Humph,” said she, “the old gentleman has given plenty of lessons in his time, and it appears that he has received *one*.”

“We may do so, to the last day of our existence, Mary.”

“Well, he is a very clever, learned man, I’ve no doubt, and looks down upon all us (not you, Jacob) as silly people. I’ll try if I can’t give him a lesson.”

“You, Mary! what can you teach him?”

“Never mind, we shall see;” and Mary turned the discourse to about her father. “You know, I suppose, that father is gone up to Mr. Turnbull’s?”

“No, I did not.”

“Yes, he has; he was desired to go there this morning, and hasn’t been back since. Jacob, I hope you won’t be so foolish again, for I don’t want to lose my master.”

“O never fear, I shall teach you all you want to know before I die,” replied I.

“Don’t be too sure of that,” replied Mary, fixing her large blue eyes upon me; “how do you know how much I may wish to have of your company?”

“Well, if I walk off in a hurry, I’ll make you over to young Tom Beazely. You’re half in love with him already, you know,” replied I, laughing.

"Well, he is a nice fellow," replied she; "he laughs more than you do, Jacob."

"He has suffered less," replied I, gloomily, calling to mind what had occurred; "but, Mary, he is a fine young man, and a good hearted, clever fellow to boot; and when you do know him, you will love him very much." As I said this, I heard her coming up stairs; he came in high good humour with his interview with Captain Turnbull. He led for his pipe and pot, and was excessively bent upon "*human natur*."

The afternoon of the next day I heard a well-known voice, which carolled forth, as Mary huddled up her books, and put them out of the way; at that time I was, as usual, giving her a lesson.

"And many strange sights I've seen,
And long I've been a rover,
And every where I've been,
But now the wars are over.
I've been across the line,
Where the sun will burn your nose off,
And I've been in northern climes,
Where the frost would bite your toes off.
Fal de ral, fal de ral, fal de ral de liddy."

"Heave-a-head, Tom, and let me stump up at leisure. It's like warping 'gainst wind and tide with me—and I get's up about as fast as lawyers to heaven."

I thought, when Tom came up first, that he had been at unusual trouble in setting off his person, and certainly, a better looking, frank, open, merry countenance, was seldom to be seen. In person, he was about an inch taller than I, athletic, and well formed. He made up to Mary, who, perceiving his impatience, and either to check him before she, or else from her usual feeling of coquetry, received him rather distantly, and went up to old Tom, with whom she shook hands warmly.

"Whew! what's in the wind now, Jacob? Why you parted the best friends in the world," said Tom, looking at Mary.

"Sheer off yourself, Tom," replied I laughing, "and you'll see that she'll come to again."

"Oh, oh! so the wind's in that quarter, is it," replied Tom; "with all my heart—I can show false colours as well as she can. But I say, Jacob, before I begin my manoeuvres, tell me if you wish me to hoist the neutral flag—for I won't interfere with you."

"Here's my hand upon it, Tom, that the coast is clear, as far as I'm concerned; but take care—she's a clipper, and not unlikely to slip through your fingers, even when you have her under your hand, within hail."

"Let me alone, Jacob, for that."

"And more, Tom, when you've possession of her, she will require a good man at the helm."

"Then she's just the craft after my fancy. I hate a steady, slow-sailing craft, that will steer herself, almost; give me one that requires to be managed by a man and a seaman."

"If well manned, she will do any thing, depend on it, Tom, for she's as sound below as possible; although she's down to her bearings on the face of the moment, yet she'd not careen further."

"Well, then, Jacob, all's right; and now you've told me what tack she's on, see if I don't shape a course to cut her off."

"Well, Jacob, my good boy, so you've been under the water again; I thought you had enough of

it when Fleming gave you such a twist; but, however, this time you went to serve a friend, which was all right. My service to you, Mr. Stapleton," continued old Tom, as Stapleton made his appearance. "I was talking to Jacob about his last dive."

"Nothing but human natur," replied Stapleton.

"Well, now," replied old Tom, "I consider that going plump into the river, when covered with ice, to be quite contrary to human natur."

"But not to save a friend, father?"

"No—because that be Jacob's nature, so you see, one nature conquered the other, and that's the whole long and short of it."

"Well, now, suppose we sit down and make ourselves comfortable," observed Stapleton: "but here be somebody else coming up—who can it be?"

"I say, old codger, considering you be as deaf as a post, you hears pretty well," said old Tom.

"Yes, I hear very well in the house, provided people don't speak loud."

"Well, that's a queer sort of deafness; I think we all are troubled with the same complaint," cried Tom, laughing.

During this remark the Domine made his appearance. "*Salve Dominus*," said I, upon his entering, taking my worthy pedagogue by the hand.

"*Et tu quoque filius meus, Jacobus!* but who have we here? the deaf man, the maiden, and—ehou!—the old man called old Tom, and likewise the young Tom;"—and the Domine looked very grave.

"Nay, sir," said young Tom, going up to the Domine, "I know you are angry with us, because we both drank too much when we were last in your company; but we promise—don't we, father?—not to do so again."

This judicious reply of young Tom's put the Domine more at his ease; what he most feared was raillery and exposure on their parts.

"Very true, old gentleman; Tom and I did bouse our jibs up a little too taut when last we met—but what then?—there was the grog, and there was nothing to do."

"All human natur," observed Stapleton.

"Come, sir, you have not said one word to me," said Mary, going up to the Domine. "Now you must sit down by me, and take care of me, and see that they all behave themselves, and keep sober."

The Domine cast a look at Mary, which was intended for her alone, but which was not unperceived by young Tom or me. "We shall have some fun, Jacob," said he, aside, as we all sat down to the table, which just admitted six, with close stowage. The Domine on one side of Mary, Tom on the other, Stapleton next to Tom, then I and old Tom, who closed in on the other side of the Domine, putting one of his timber toes on the old gentleman's corns, which induced him to lift up his leg in a hurry, and draw his chair still closer to Mary, to avoid a repetition of the accident; while old Tom was axing pardon, and Stapleton demonstrating that on the part of old Tom, not to feel with a wooden leg, and on the part of the Domine, to feel with a bad corn, was all nothing but "*human natur*." At last we were all seated, and Mary, who had provided for the evening, produced two or three pots of beer, a bottle of spirits, pipes, and tobacco.

"Liberty Hall—I smoke," said Stapleton, lighting his pipe, and falling back on his chair.

"I'll put a bit of clay in my mouth too," followed up old Tom; "it makes one thirsty, and one enjoys one's liquor."

"Well, I malts," said Tom, reaching a pot of porter, and taking a long pull, till he was out of breath. "What do you do, Jacob?"

"I shall wait a little, Tom."

"And what do you do, sir?" said Mary to the Domine. The Domine shook his head. "Nay, but you must—or I shall think you do not like my company. Come, let me fill a pipe for you." Mary filled a pipe and handed it to the Domine, who hesitated, looked at her, and was overcome. He lighted it, and smoked furiously.

"The ice is breaking up—we shall have a change of weather—the moon quarters to-morrow," observed old Tom, puffing between every observation, "and then honest men may earn their bread again. Bad times for you, old codger, heh!" continued he, addressing Stapleton. Stapleton nodded an assent through the smoke, which was first perceived by old Tom. "Well, he's deaf, a'ter all; I thought he was only shamming a bit. I say, Jacob, this is the weather to blow your fingers, and make your eyes bright."

"Rather to blow a cloud, and make your eyes water," replied Tom, taking up the pot; "I'm just as thirsty with swallowing smoke, as if I had a pipe myself—at all events, I pipe my eye. Jacob," continued Tom to me apart, "do look how the old gentleman is *funking* Mary, and casting sheep's eyes at her through the smoke."

"He appears as if he were inclined to board her in the smoke," replied I.

"Yes, and she to make no fight of it, but surrender immediately," said Tom.

"Don't you believe it, Tom, I know her better; she wants to laugh at him, nothing more; she winked her eye at me just now; but I would not laugh, as I do not choose that the old gentleman should be trifled with. I will tax her severely to-morrow."

During all this time old Tom and Stapleton smoked in silence: the Domine made use of his eyes in dumb parlance to Mary, who answered him with her own bright glances, and Tom and I began to find it rather dull; when at last old Tom's pipe was exhausted, and he had laid it down.

"There, I'll smoke no more—the worst of a pipe is, that one can't smoke and talk at the same time. Mary, my girl, take your eyes off the Domine's nose, and hand me that bottle of stuff. What, glass to mix it in—that's more genteel than we are on board, Tom." Tom filled a runner of grog, took half off at a huge sip, and put it down on the table. "Will you do as we do, sir?" said he, addressing the Domine.

"Nay, friend Dux, nay—pr'ythee persuade me not—avaunt!" and the Domine, with an appearance of horror, turned away from the bottle handed towards him by old Tom.

"Not drink any thing," said Mary to the Domine, looking at him with surprise; "but indeed you must, or I shall think you despise us, and do not think us fit to be in your company."

"Nay, maiden, entreat me not. Ask any thing of me but this," replied the Domine.

"Ask any thing but this—that's just the way people have of refusing," replied Mary; "were I to ask any thing else, it would be the same answer—ask any thing but this. Now if you will not drink to please me, I shall quarrel with you. You shall drink a glass, and I'll mix it for you." The Do-

mine shook his head. Mary made a glass of grog, and then put it to her lips, "Now if you refuse to drink it, after I have tasted it, I'll never speak to you again." So saying, she handed the glass to the Domine.

"Verily, maiden, I must needs refuse, for I did make a mental vow."

"What vow was that? was it sworn on the Bible?"

"Nay, not on the sacred book, but in my thoughts, most solemnly."

"O! I make those vows every day, and never keep one of them; so that won't do. Now observe, I give you one more chance. I shall drink a little more, and if you do not immediately put your lips to the same part of the tumbler, I'll never drink to you again." Mary put the tumbler again to her lips, drank a little, with her eyes fixed upon the Domine, who watched her with distended nostrils and muscular agitation of countenance. With her sweetest smile, she handed him the tumbler; the Domine half held out his hand, withdrew it, put it down again, and by degrees took the tumbler. Mary conquered, and I watched the malice of her look as the liquor trickled down the Domine's throat. Tom and I exchanged glances. The Domine put down the tumbler, and then, looking round as a guilty person, coloured up to the eyes; but Mary, who perceived that her victory was but half achieved, put her hand upon his shoulder, and asked him to let her taste the grog again. I also, to make him feel more at ease, helped myself to a glass. Tom did the same, and old Tom, with more regard to the feelings of the Domine than in his bluntness of character I would have given him credit for, said in a quiet tone, "The old gentleman is afraid of grog, because he seed me take a drop too much, but that's no reason why grog ar'n't a good thing, and wholesome, in moderation. A glass or two is very well, and better still when sweetened by the lips of a pretty girl; and even if the Domine does not like it, he's too much of a gentleman not to give up his dislikes to please a lady. More's the merit; for if he did like it, it would be no sacrifice, that's sartain. Don't you think so, my old boozier?" continued he, addressing Stapleton, who smoked in silence.

"Human natur," replied Stapleton, taking the pipe out of his mouth, and spitting under the table.

"Very true, master; and so here's to your health, Mr. Domine, and may you never want a pretty girl to talk to, or a glass of grog to drink her health with."

"O, but the Domine don't care about pretty girls, father," replied Tom; "he's too learned and clever; he thinks about nothing but the moon, and Latin, and Greek, and philosophy, and all that."

"Who can say what's under the skin, Tom? there's no knowing what is, and what isn't—Sall's shoe for that."

"Never heard of Sall's shoe, father; that's new to me."

"Didn't I ever tell you that, Tom?—well, then, you shall have it now—that is, if all the company be agreeable."

"O yes," cried Mary; "pray tell us."

"Would you like to hear it, sir?"

"I never heard of Sall Sue in my life, and would fain hear her history," replied the Domine; "proceed, friend Dux."

"Well, then, you must know when I was a-board of the Terp-sy-chore, there was a fore-

an, of the name of Bill Harness, a good sort of a chap enough, but rather soft in the upper-jaw. Now we'd been on the Jamaica station some years, and had come home, and merry enough, and happy enough we were, (those that were left of us,) and we were spending our money like the devil. Bill Harness had a wife who was fond of him, and he very fond of her, but she was a slatternly sort of a body, never tidy in her dress, all adrift at all times. She never wore any shoes of no kind, and she all fell down afore, and never hauled up the slack behind, and what's more, she never had a shoe up at heel, so she was by the name of Slatternly Sall, and the first lieutenant, who was a 'ticular sort of a chap, liked to see her on deck, for you see she put her air in paper on New Year's day, and never changed it or took it out till the year came round. However, be it as it may be, she loved him, and Bill loved her, and they were very happy together. A'ter all, it a'r'n't whether a woman's without, that makes a man's happiness; it depends upon whether she be right within; that is, whether she be good tempered, and obliging, and civil, and accommodating, and so forth. A'ter the first or two—person's nothing—eyes get palled, but what a man likes is to nestle in a woman's bosom, and not be disturbed by vagaries, or fits of temper. Well, Bill was happy—but one day he was devilish unhappy, because Sall had lost one of her shoes, which wasn't to be wondered at, considering as how she was always slipping. 'Who has seen my wife's shoe?' says he. 'Your wife's shoe,' said one, 'it warn't worth an eye upon.' Still he cried out, 'Who has seen my wife's shoe?' 'I seed it,' says another. 'Where?' says Bill. 'I seed it down at the bottom,' says the fellow. But Bill still hollowed out for his wife's shoe, which it appeared she had kicked off her foot as she was going up the fore-ladder to take the air a bit, just as it was. At last, Bill made so much fuss about it that the ship's company laughed, and all called out to him, 'Who has seen Sall's shoe?'—'You got Sall's shoe?' and they passed the fore and aft the whole evening, till they got to their hammocks. Notwithstanding, as the shoe was not forthcoming, the next morning the first lieutenant, as how he had lost Sall's shoe, said he, 'haven't I got to look after without your wife's comfortable shoes, which can't be worth twopence.' Bill argues that his wife has only one shoe, and that won't keep two feet dry, and begs the lieutenant to order a search for it; but the lieutenant turns away, and tells him to go to the devil, and all the men grin at Bill's making such a fuss about nothing. So Bill at last goes to the first lieutenant, and whispers something, and the first lieutenant booms him off with his speaking trumpet, as if he was making too free, referring to his commanding officer, and then goes for the master-at-arms. 'Collier,' says he, 'a man has lost his wife's shoe: let a search be made for it immediately—take all the ship's boys, and look every where for it; if you find it bring it here.' So away goes the master-at-arms with the boys, and collects all the boys to look for Sall's shoe, and they go peeping about the maindeck, under the guns, and under the hencoops, and in the fore-peak, and every where; now and then

getting a smart slap with the cane behind, upon the taut parts of their trousers, to make them look sharp, until they all wished Sall's shoe at Old Nick and her too, and Bill in the bargain. At last one of the boys picks it out of the manger, where it had lain all the night, poked up and down by the noses of the pigs, who didn't think it eatable, although it might have smelt human-like; the fact was, it was the boy who had picked up Sall's shoe when she dropped it, and had shied it forward. It sartainly did not seem to be worth all the trouble, but howsomever it was taken aft by the master-at-arms, and laid on the capstern head. Then Bill steps out, and takes the shoe before the first lieutenant, and cuts it open, and from between the lining pulls out four ten-pound notes, which Sall had sewn up there by way of security; and the first lieutenant tells Bill he was a great fool to trust his money in the shoe of a woman who always went slipshod, and tells him to go about his business, and stow his money away in a safer place next time. A'ter, if any thing was better than it looked to be, the ship's company used always to say it was like *Sall's shoe*. There you have it all."

"Well," says Stapleton, taking the pipe out of his mouth, "I know a fact of a muchness with that, which happened to me when I was below the river tending a ship at Sheerness—for at one time, d'ye see, I used to ply there. She was an old fifty-gun ship, called the *Adamant*, if I recollect right. One day, the first lieutenant, who, like your'n, was a mighty particular sort of chap, was going round the maindeck, and he sees an old pair of canvass trousers stowed in under the trunnion of one of the guns. So, says he, 'whose be these?' Now no man would answer, because they knowed very well that it would be as good as a fortnight in the black list. With that the first lieutenant bundles them out of the port, and away they floats astern with the tide. It was about half an hour after that, that I comes off with the milk for the wardroom mess, and a man, named Will Heaviside, says to me, 'Stapleton,' says he, 'the first lieutenant has thrown my canvass trousers overboard, and he d—d to him; now I must have them back.' 'But where be they?' says I, 'I suppose down at the bottom, by this time, and the flat fish dubbing their noses into them.' 'No, no,' says he, 'they won't never sink, but float till eternity; they be gone down with the tide, and they will come back again, only you keep a sharp look out for them, and I'll give you five shillings if you bring them.' Well, I seed little chance of ever seeing them again, or of my seeing five shillings, but as it so happened next tide, the very 'denticle trousers comes up staring me in the face. I pulls them in, and takes them to Will Heaviside, who appears to be mightily pleased, and gives me the money. 'I wouldn't have lost them for ten, no, not for twenty pounds,' says he. 'At all events you've paid me more than they are worth,' says I. 'Have I?' says he, 'stop a bit;' and he outs with his knife, and rips open the waistband, and pulls out a piece of linen, and out of the piece of linen he pulls out a *child's caul*. 'There,' says he, 'now you knows why the trousers wouldn't sink, and I'll leave you to judge whether they ar'n't worth five shillings.' That's my story."

"Well, I can't understand how it is, that a caul should keep people up," observed old Tom.

"At all events, a *call* makes people come up fast enough on board a man-of-war, father."

"That's true enough, but I'm talking of a child's caul, not of a boatswain's, Tom."

"I'll just tell you how it is," replied Stapleton, who had recommenced smoking; "it's *human nature*."

"What is your opinion, sir?" said Mary, to the Domine.

"Maiden," replied the Domine, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "I opine that it's a vulgar error. Sir Thomas Brown, I think it is, hath the same idea; many and strange were the superstitions which have been handed down by our less enlightened ancestors—all of which mists have been cleared away by the powerful rays of truth."

"Well, but, master, if a vulgar error saves a man from Davy Jones' locker, a'rn't it just as well to sew it up in the waistband of your trousers?"

"Granted, good Dux, if it would save a man; but how is it possible? it is contrary to the first elements of science."

"What matter does that make, provided it holds a man up?"

"Friend Dux, thou art obtuse."

"Well, perhaps I am, as I don't know what that is."

"But, father, don't you recollect," interrupted Tom, "what the parson said last Sunday, that faith saved men? Now, Master Domine, may it not be the faith that a man has in the *caul*, which may save him."

"Young Tom, thou art astute."

"Well, perhaps I am, as father said. for I don't know what that is. You knock us all down with your dictionary."

"Well, I do love to hear people make use of hard words," said Mary, looking at the Domine. "How very clever you must be, sir! I wonder whether I shall ever understand them?"

"Nay, if thou wilt. I will initiate—sweet maiden, wilt steal an hour or so to impregnate thy mind with the seeds of learning, which in so fair a soil must needs bring forth good fruit?"

"That's a fine word that *impregnate*; will you give us the English of it, sir, said young Tom to the Domine.

"It is English, Tom, only the old gentleman *ra-zeed* it a little. The third ship in the lee line of the Channel fleet, was an eighty, and called the *Impregnable*, but the old gentleman knows more about books than sea matters."

"A marvellous misconception," quoth the Domine.

"There's another," cried Tom, laughing; "that must be a three-decker. Come, father, here's the bottle, you must take another glass to wash that down."

"Pray what was the meaning of this last long word, sir?" said Mary, taking the Domine by the arm, "mis—something."

"The word," replied the Domine, "is a compound, from conception, borrowed from the Latin tongue, implying conceiving; and the *mis* prefixed, which negatives, or reverses the meaning; misconception, therefore, implies not to conceive. I can make you acquainted with many others of a similar tendency, as *misconception*; videlicet, *misapprehension*, *mis-understanding*, *mis-contriving*, *mis-applying*, *mis—*"

"Dear me, what a many *misses*," cried Mary, "and do you know them all?"

"Indeed do I," replied the Domine, "and many, many more are treasured in my memory, *quod nunc describere longum est*."

"Well, I'd no idea that the old gentleman was given to running after the girls in that way," said old Tom to Stapleton.

"Human nature," replied the other.

"No more did I," continued Mary, "I shall have nothing to say to him;" and she drew off her chair a few inches from that of the Domine."

"Maiden," quoth the Domine, "thou art under a *mistake*."

"Another miss, I declare, cried Tom, laughing

"What an old Turk," continued Mary, getting farther off."

"Nay, then, I will not reply," said the Domine indignantly putting down his pipe, leaning back on his chair, and pulling out his great red handkerchief, which he applied to his nose, and produced a sound that made the windows of the little parlour vibrate for some seconds."

"I say, master Tom, don't you make too free with your betters, said old Tom, when he perceived the Domine affronted.

"Nay," replied the Domine, "there is an old adage, which saith, 'as the old cock crows, so doth the young.' Wherefore didst thou set him the example?"

"Very true, old gentleman, and I axes your pardon, and here's my hand upon it."

"And so do I, sir, and here's my hand upon it," said young Tom, extending his on the Domine's other side.

"Friend Dux, and thou, young Tom, I do willingly accept thy proffered reconciliation; knowing, as I well do, that there may be much mischief in thy composition, but naught of malice." The Domine extended his hands and shook both those offered to him warmly.

"There," said old Tom, "now my mind's at ease, as old Pigtown said."

"I know not the author whom thou quotest from, good Dux."

"Author—I never said he was an author; he was only captain of a schooner, trading between the Islands, that I sailed with a few weeks in the West Indies."

"Perhaps, then, you will relate to the company present, the circumstances which took place to put old Pegtops—(I may not be correct in the name,) but whoever it may be——"

"Pigtown, master."

"Well then—that put old Pigtown's mind at ease—for I am marvellously amused with thy narrations, which do pass away the time most agreeably, good Dux."

"With all my heart, old gentleman; but first let us fill up our tumblers. I don't know how it is, but it does appear to me that grog drinks better out of glass than out of metal; and if it wasn't that Tom is so careless—and the dog has no respect for crockery any more than persons—I would have one or two on board for particular service; but I'll think about that, and hear what the old woman has to say on the subject. Now to my yarn. D'ye see, old Pigtown commanded a little schooner which plied between the isles, and he had been in her for a matter of forty years, and was as well known as Port Royal Tom."

"Who might Port Royal Tom be?" inquired the Domine; "a relation of yours?"

"I hope not, master, for I wanted none of his acquaintance; he was a shark about twenty years long, who rowed guard in the harbour to prevent the men-of-wars men from deserting, and was pensioned by government."

ensioned by government! nay, but that sound-
angely. I have heard that pensions have
lost lavishly bestowed, but not that it ex-
so far. Truly it must have been a *sine-*

on't know what that last may be," replied
om, "but I heard our boatswain, in the Mi-
who talked politics a bit, say, 'as how half
nsions were held by a pack of d——d sharks;'
this here shark's case, it wasn't in money,
; but he'd regular rations of bullock's liver
made him to remain in the harbour, and no
re swim on shore when he was cruising
and round the ships. Well, old Pigtown,
his white trousers and straw hat, red nose
; belly, was as well known as could be; and
capital old fellow for remembering and exe-
commissions, provided you gave him the
first; if not, he always took care to forget
Old Pigtown had a son, a little dark or so,
proved that his mother wasn't quite as fair
y, and this son was employed in a drogher,
a small craft which goes round to the bays
sland, and takes off the sugars to the West
raders. One fine day the drogher was dri-
t to sea and never heard of a'terwards.—
ld Pigtown was very anxious about what
come of his son, and day after day expected
ld come back again; but he never did, for
ood reasons, as you shall hear by-and-by;
ery one knowing old Pigtown, and he know-
ery body, it was at least fifty times a day
e question was put to him. 'Well, Pigtown,
ou heard any thing of your son?' And fifty
day he would reply, 'No; and *my mind's*
at ease.' Well, it was two or three months
ards, that when I was in the schooner with
we lay becalmed between the islands, with
n frizzing our wigs, and the planks so hot
ou couldn't walk without your shoes, that
ked a large shark which came bowling un-
counter. We got him on board and cut
When we opened his inside, what should
out something shining. I took it out, and
ough it was a silver watch. So I hands it
Pigtown. He looks at it very 'tentively,
he outside case, reads the maker's name,
n shuts it up again. 'This here watch,'
, 'belonged to my son Jack. I bought it of
in a South Whaler for three dollars and a
pigtail, and a very good watch it was,
I perceive it be stopped now. Now, d'yc
s all clear—the drogher must have gone
a squall—the shark must have picked up
Jack, and must have *digested* his body,
not been able to *digest* his watch. Now
what's become of him, and so—*my mind's*
"

l," observed Stapleton, "I agrees with old
n, or what his name might be, that it were
o know the worst at once, than to be kept
worry all your days. I consider it's nothing
ian natur. Why, if one has a bad tooth,
s the best plan, to have it out with one
rench at once, or to be tormented night
, the whole year round?"
u speakest wisely, friend Stapleton, and
an of resolve,—the anticipation is often,
ways, more painful than the reality. Thou
t, Jacob, how often I have allowed a boy
un unbuttoned in the centre of the room
our previous to the application of the birch
was with the consideration that the im-

pression would be greater upon his nether parts.
But of all the feelings in the human breast, that
of suspense is——"

"Worse than *hanging*," interrupted young
Tom.

"Even so, boy, (*cluck, cluck*,) an apt compari-
son, seeing that in suspense you are hanging, as
it were, in the region of doubt, without being able
to obtain a footing even upon conjecture. Nay,
we may further add another simile, although not
so well borne out, which is, that the agony of sus-
pense doth stop the breath of man for the time, as
hanging doth stop it altogether, so that it may be
truly said, that suspense is put an end to by sus-
pending." (*Cluck, cluck.*)

"And now that you've got rid of all that, mas-
ter, suppose you fill up your pipe," observed old
Tom.

"And I will fill up your tumbler, sir," said Mary;
"for you must be dry with talking such hard
words."

The Domine this time made no objection, and
again enveloped Mary and himself in a cloud of
smoke, through which his nose loomed like an In-
dian in a channel fog.

From the same.

STORY OF A STUDENT.

Creative Art,

Whether the instrument of words the use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet in their weakest part,
Heroically fashioned—to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to desert;
And O! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,
Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness,
Great is the glory—for the strife is hard!

WORDSWORTH.

I AM about to record the strugglings of a life
spent in that strife, but unrewarded by that glory.
True, my years have been few, too few for the at-
tainment of a serene and lofty fame; yet few as
they have been, their number is completed, for
another will not elapse before this wasting frame
shall have become "dust for oblivion." The tide
of life is ebbing fast through my young pulses—
earthly hope and enterprise are extinct within me,
and thought itself is changed to saddening retro-
spection; yet should I be uncandid did I say that
self-reproach makes part of my despondency—yet
should I be ungrateful did I leave earth complain-
ing of its woes, and thankless for its pleasures. But
there is one mood of mind in which I am made to
feel shame, remorse, and self-contempt—it is that
in which I am haunted by the fear that I do not in
truth possess that genius which should alone have
caused or justified the enthusiasm with which I
devoted myself to the pursuit of fame. The mar-
tyr, who, in the midst of death-flames, should be-
gin to doubt the divineness of the cause for which
he suffered, could alone estimate the misery with
which I yield to the suspicion that the shrine on
which I have sacrificed health, home, and all the

world's untasted joys, contains no heaven-descended spirit, but an idol formed by my own vanity. But this distrust of my own powers, though terrible, is only occasional, and there are moments, not a few, in which I entertain the proud conviction that, had time and strength been given me, I would have won a crown and throne among the living kings of thought and song.

I was born in an Irish provincial town, which afforded excellent opportunities for education. My parents were poor and humble shopkeepers. I was their only child, my mother's pride, my mother's sorrow. Of those early days when life is almost wholly animal, I recollect little more than my boisterous delight in boyish sports, my awe of my stern, cold father, and my fondness for my indulgent mother; but since I indeed became a living soul, since thought and self-sentience dawned, memory has been a faithful chronicler. My father sent me to school betimes, intending that I should only receive instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and that when this meagre education should be completed, I should be apprenticed to some trade or business. It was long before I was reconciled to the inroads which school hours and school books made upon my childish amusements; but so soon as I had experienced the nobler excitement of mental conflict, I became the most ardent student in the academy. My father never praised or fondled me, but his parental pride was flattered by my reputation for talent, and in order to give it wider scope, he permitted me to learn Greek and Latin, and subsequently modern languages and science. But he had not relinquished his original design of putting me into business; he only postponed the execution of it until I should have acquired the last and highest of our collegiate honours. Meantime, study had with me become a passion, and the desire of fame grew up in my heart, strong, silent, and unbending as a tree. I had felt the "spur of the old bards to mighty deeds,"—I had vowed my soul to the service and the search of truth, and my body I had devoted to be the slave and instrument of its divine guest, the soul. But my desire of fame was not a selfish and soul-thoughted passion for personal aggrandizement; it was composed of the best affections of our nature—love of parents, of country, of mankind. My heart throbbed warmly at the thought that I might be the destined discoverer of truths that should be benefactions to future ages, but dearer still was the hope of winning a fame that might be worthy to make part of my country's glory; that when she should be taunted with the fewness of her philosophers and bards, mine might be among the honoured names with which she would reply to the reproach. I could not indeed expect to witness more than the commencement of such a fame, but it is the peculiarity of this mysterious and unfathomable passion, that it places its hopes, though earth-bound, beyond the grave, and kindles brightest at thought of praises which will fall unheeded on the "dull cold ear of death." Yet no man ever found a durable renown, whose claims were not at least partially recognised during his lifetime, and I was scarcely aware how much I was animated by expectancy of this fore-
of glory, and by anticipation of the triumph-wonder with which my parents would witness my success. Youthful dreams—bright visions—how often have they been dispelled by the realities of reality and want—how often have I come back and fondly cherished them!

but now they have for ever vanished, they have heard death's coming footsteps, and are fled beyond recall.

I was now about seventeen, and had hitherto led a life as tranquil and happy as I could desire. The little apartment which I called my own, was neatly and even elegantly fitted up, and furnished with choice books, which my mother's bounty had enabled me to purchase. In this loved retreat I studied night and day, seldom leaving it, except for the purpose of enjoying my dear mother's society. Every evening when the shop was closed, my father went abroad in search of recreation, and I descended, to pass an hour or two in my mother's cheerful parlour. Here we discoursed gayly or sadly of things past, present, and to come, and often enlivened our discourse by singing together some of the beautiful airs of our country. But this sweet life of enjoyment and hope was soon to terminate. One day, as I was retiring after dinner, my father said abruptly, "I have apprenticed you to Mr. —, the woollen draper; indeed I should have done so long since; but I expect that you will immediately prepare to give up your bookish nonsense, and enter on your new situation." I stated my invincible repugnance to this mode of life, and attempted to remonstrate against being forced to enter on it; but he interrupted me with vehement anger, vowing that I should adopt the business he had chosen for me, or leave his house and provide for myself, as he would no longer support me in idleness. Silently indignant I withdrew, and shutting myself into my quiet sanctuary, began to contemplate for the first time the stern and chill realities of life. I felt that I was no longer a child to be nourished by the toil of others; the time was come when I must bear my portion of the primal curse, and eat the bread of my own labour. Yet I could not resolve to brave the living death that was proposed to me. To forego my burning desire of fame, and submit to years of dreary toil with no higher aim than that of making a little money—to be compelled to learn the textures, prices, &c. of broad-cloths, while my soul was thirsting unquenchably for knowledge—such a lot I could not for an instant bear to dwell upon. I could not blame my father, but I determined not to deceive him; and as I found myself unfitted for a business life, I resolved not to sacrifice my time and his money by entering on any apprenticeship whatever. I had just formed this resolution when my mother entered. Her eyes were red and swollen with weeping, and her voice faltered as she said, "Surely, dear John, you will not disobey your father?"

"Nothing could grieve me more than doing so, but what he commands at present, is an impossibility to me."

"O my poor child, do not say so! Your father has solemnly sworn, that if in one week you do not consent, you must leave this house—and you know how resolute he is."

"Well, in that at least I can obey him," said I proudly, though my breast heaved and my eye brimmed. I know not what hardness or strength of heart enabled me to resist my mother's entreaties, but when she found me inflexible she implored me to make choice of any of the learned professions—divinity, law, medicine—and promised to obtain my father's consent. But neither did the professions tempt me. The first was too sacred to be entered on from inferior motives, and the others would too much engross that time

My ambition had secretly dedicated to high-

My poor mother was dismayed, and a nd of displeasure was in her voice as she "What do you intend to do?" I had not d the difficulty of answering this simple ral question, and I blushed painfully as I that the disclosure of my plans would ne to the imputation of madness. I there- mpted to quiet my mother, by telling her, s indeed the truth, that I intended going a, where, by the exercise of my talents, I be able to maintain myself for a few years, ich I would be better able to choose a life fitted to my capacity. I had, in fact, ed on going to Dublin, and there com- my literary labours. I proposed to my- e of more than anchorite seclusion, and in food and clothing, and I did not doubt daily sacrificing a small portion of my uition, or some such occupation, I should o supply my few wants, and yet reserve ervices for the slow and toilsome march

I did not then know how much of time ur the world sometimes exacts in pay for sistance. My father did not speak to me time he had appointed for receiving my

He then summoned me to his presence. anded my decision. I replied respectfully, ly, that my habits and inclinations were y averse to business. He then scoffingly ne success in the honourable career I was run, and telling out twenty guineas, he hem to me, saying sternly, but I thought rowfully, "Headstrong and disobedient how long you will be able to maintain on this sum, then try how long your tal take to earn even that pittance, and you discover that a business life is the fittest who is not born to an independence. 'The ou purchase this experience, the better self, therefore leave my house to-morrow, r again enter it until you are convinced ly of your disobedience.'" Next morning

the parental roof, never again to become r under it. My little fund had been pri- gmented by my mother, and I had with xcellent wardrobe, so that I felt secured nt for at least a year, and that year I re- dedicate to my first work. On arriving n my first care was to procure a cheap t lodging. In this I succeeded, and quick- ishing myself in my new residence, I com- my long projected poem. Nothing could ually have taught me humility as did this

Thoughts and images which in the mis- my own imagination had seemed sublime, r majesty, and sank into commonplace, othed in my uncouth style; and I saw, but dismay, that it would be long before I shion for myself a grand harmonious ut- like that of the ancient sons of song.

I an acknowledged child of genius, I might ate many of my mental experiences, for, case, they would be highly interesting; l the difference which exists, and which o exist between the biography of an ob- nd that of a celebrated man, and shall e suppress the detail of my hours of com-

The scantiness of my income compelled lopt the most rigid frugality. I lived al- tirely upon bread, fruit and vegetables. n, (shall I confess it?) when the chill and meal was served, I caught myself sigh-

ing after the delicacies with which my tender mo- ther used to tempt my fastidious appetite. But far, far more did I miss that mother's tenderness, when sickness visited me, and that was frequently, for I was of a very delicate constitution. But these considerations had no power to check my enthu- siasm. When they recurred, I banished them with these few words of Chateaubriand, which I often and fervently repeated—"What are priva- tions, what is death itself, if our name but descend to posterity; and if two thousand years hence its sound should cause one generous heart to beat in the cause of liberty?"

I was in the habit of taking a long walk into the country very early every morning, and it was al- ways during these excursions that I originated those poetical conceptions, which, during the day and night, I laboured to embody. One morning, about six months after my arrival in Dublin, I went out for this purpose, taking with me some money, with the intention of purchasing a work which I ardently desired to possess. It was sel- dom, indeed, that I could permit myself such an indulgence, and I had long since discovered that even the student cannot be reconciled to poverty, when he feels that mental, as well as sensual pleasures are circumscribed by want of money. As I was walking rapidly along Sackville street, my eye was caught by a mail-coach bearing the name of my native town. An unutterable yearn- ing to look again upon my dear mother's face filled my heart—the money which I had with me would defray the expenses of the journey—the coach was about to start—I could not resist the impulse of filial love, I stepped upon the vehicle, and in a few seconds found myself rapidly travelling to- wards my birthplace. Looking back upon all the circumstances of the visit to my mother, I cannot but believe that it was some mysterious prompting that urged me to it on that particular day. It was late and dark when I arrived, but it was, I knew, the best time for seeing my mother alone, as the hour approached at which my father generally closed the shop and went abroad. Meantime I wrapped my cloak around me, and muffling the lower part of my face in its folds, I walked up and down, gazing fondly on my dear mother, who was as usual busied in the shop. As I stood in the shadow without the door, I could hear some of the customers who were neighbours, inquiring for me and attempting in their own style to comfort my mother, whose tears flowed at my name. They prophesied that I would soon see my folly and re- turn, unless, indeed, I should fall into the wicked ways of the great city, and then there was no say- ing, &c. All, however, agreed that it was cruel in my father to cast me off for a first offence; but here his entrance from the back parlour suspended the conversation, and the gossips dispersed, one of them saying as she passed me in the darkness—"Ah! I doubt he is a wild boy; no good could he be thinking of when he refused the decent trade his father offered him." I continued to hover near the house until I saw my father close the shop and go out. I then knocked gently, and making myself known, was soon clasped in my mother's arms. We sat together until my father's return, when, as I did not wish to be seen by him, my mother brought me to my former apartment, and left me, promising to see me in the morning, and to call me in time to return next day by the Dublin coach. About an hour after midnight, however, I acci- dentally awoke. A bright full moon was shining

into the apartment, and its silver brilliance fell on the face and form of my beloved mother, who was kneeling and praying by my bedside. The moonlight showed me that she wept fast and freely, although no sound of sorrow passed her lips. Stretching out my hands to her, I murmured,—“Dearest mother!” but, taking my hands in hers, and pressing them to her lips, she whispered, “Hush, my child, sleep, for you have need of rest;” then holding my hands, and bowing her head upon them, she continued in the attitude of prayer. I gazed upon her in unspeakable reverence and love, until sleep insensibly surprised me, and, owing to the fatigue I had undergone, several hours elapsed before I again awakened, and in that half-conscious state which precedes a gradual waking from profound sleep, I felt an indefinable sense of misery, a strange presentiment of impending evil. Without unclosing my eyelids, I knew that my mother had not quitted the posture in which I had last seen her. Her hands still clasped mine, her lips still pressed them; but the hands were cold—the lips had no breath. In an agony of alarm I started up. The gray twilight of dawn enabled me to distinguish her kneeling and moveless figure. I called on her in tones of love and terror—but no motion, no reply. Hoping that she slept, or had swooned, I raised her tenderly in my arms, but her tears were dried—her sorrows and her prayers were ended—she was dead! She had perished without pain, by the swift stroke of apoplexy, and I slept tranquilly while the only heart that loved me was stilled for ever.

Grief for my mother's death served to soften my father's displeasure against me; and during the very few years that he survived her, he occasionally sent me money and other presents. At his death I inherited the small sum arising from the sale of his effects; and these pecuniary aids enabled me to devote several years to study and composition. During this period I began several works, and completed some, but never attempted to bring any of them before the public. I looked upon them rather as exercises that would prepare me for the production of glorious works, than as compositions entitling me to any share of present fame. I naturally distrusted the efforts of such extreme youth, (I was scarce twenty-one,) and I would not, if I could, have risked my hope of reputation by publishing any of them. But I could no longer continue to toil for a remote object; my funds were almost exhausted, and I must earn money or starve. In this emergency I wrote a short article and sent it to a London periodical, for seldom does my luckless country possess any of these ready resources of indigent genius. After a considerable delay my suspense was terminated by the return of the article, accompanied, however, by a complimentary note from the editor, stating that its rejection was unavoidable, as it avowed political principles opposed to those supported in his periodical; but hinting that the same power and taste expended on papers purely literary, would ensure their insertion. Simpleton that I was, I had overlooked the obvious necessity of silence on obnoxious topics. I resolved, however, to profit by the lesson in future, but it came too late for my urgent wants, and I was unwillingly obliged to offer one of my poetical works for sale. I resolved to part with it for any sum, however small, that might relieve my present necessities, annexing only the condition that it should be published anonymously. The first publisher to whom I offer-

ed it, declined without reading it, saying coldly he did nothing in that line. The next perused it carefully, and pronounced it the work of a but immature genius, adding, however, that had it been far superior he could not risk the expense of publication. The poem had been written that I could judge of it dispassionately. I freely admitted the justice of the bookseller's opinion. Encouraged by his friendliness, however, I informed him of the urgent necessity that alone have induced me to think of publishing, and begged him to furnish me with some literary employment, however humble, that would give me present relief. “At present,” he replied, “I cannot think of any. At another season I will give you orders for political pamphlets, though I doubt whether your philosophic mind could to render them such as would generally please, and obtain an extensive sale.” I was about to sink him in despair, when he hesitatingly mentioned that he believed he could procure me a situation which, though it was beneath my talents, might possibly be acceptable in my present circumstances. I eagerly accepted this offer of his service, and was in a few days engaged as clerk in a newspaper office, at a salary of forty pounds per annum. This, together with occasional contributions to magazines, afforded me a comfortable living, but my time was so completely sacrificed—my genius so much dissipated and frittered away—that I was as far removed from the possibility of producing any great original work, as if I had been employed from morn till night in measuring cloths. Daily I became convinced that of all men he is most miserable who is wholly dependent on literature as a profession. He, whose subsistence must be purchased by the daily labour of his pen, can never attain that concentration of spirit so necessary to genius, nor, transcending his talents, will he ever win an immortal fame. But I must now hasten to a part of my narrative chequered by events and feelings more generally interesting.

One evening, about dusk, I was as usual in my office. It was the eve of publication, and I was busily engaged at my desk, when a small paper was laid before me. Glancing hastily at it, I saw that it was an advertisement for insertion in the next day's paper. The advertiser described her situation as governess, and professed competent to teach the various accomplishments indispensable to modern female education. Communications were to be left at the office. I looked up the bearer, who I felt assured was also the advertiser. Her appearance strongly excited my curiosity. She seemed scarcely sixteen, and had an air of utter artlessness and inexperience. Glossy golden ringlets fell in profusion round her face, and her eyes were stained with weeping, and her manner indicated terror and distress. She wore a deep coarse bonnet and a common gray dress such as are worn by females of the lower class, but an accidental motion of her arm displayed beneath, which was extravagantly rich and showy. Puzzled by these incongruities, but still more interested by her loveliness and evident embarrassment, I offered to send or bring her any communication, if she would favour me with her address; but she eagerly exclaimed, “Not for the world!” Then checking herself, she said she could not think of giving me that trouble, but would herself call in a day or two. Wh

At me, I saw her tripping along the street with the speed and lightness of a fairy; while ever and anon she glanced hurriedly around, as if fearful of being followed or discovered. The day after the advertisement appeared a letter was left by a lively servant, addressed to the advertiser. So anxious was I to see her again that I feared to leave the office for a moment, lest she should call during my absence; and every female form that approached made my heart palpitate with expectation. At length, when evening was deepening into twilight, the lovely little stranger came. Before she had time to ask a question I handed the letter to her, which she received with the fervent ejaculation of, "Thank Heaven, thank Heaven!" Opening it impatiently, she began to read, but the brilliant flush of joy soon faded from her cheeks, her lip quivered, and she burst into tears. Deeply affected, I ventured to express my sympathy, and suggested that, by repeating the advertisement she might meet with something more satisfactory than the present proposal. Restraining her tears, she answered, "Ah, yes, let it be repeated. The present situation would not do. I need not apply for it." She then inquired the cost of the advertisement; indeed, she seemed scarcely sure it would cost any thing, and availing myself of her evident inexperience, I named a price scarcely half the real one, purposing to supply the deficiency myself. I was delighted that I had done so when I saw how much she was appalled even by the small sum which I demanded. She paid it, however, in silence, and left the office. As it was now my time for returning home, I could not resist the impulse to follow her, and if possible discover her residence. Accordingly I kept as close to her as I could do without attracting her observation. In this manner we passed through several crowded streets, until we came to one comparatively private. Here the unprotected girl was accosted by two gentlemen, who peered under her bonnet, and seemed disposed to enter into conversation with her. She evidently quickened her steps in order to avoid them, but finding it impossible to distance them, she darted into a shop which was still open. I saw, however, that her persecutor continued to watch for her reappearance, and resolved to offer her my protection. For this purpose I entered the shop, where I found her trembling violently, and pale as death. With respectful earnestness, I urged her to accept my escort, which she did, though apparently not without reluctance. We walked on for some time in silence, which was at length broken by the fair unknown herself. "I know not, kind stranger, why I should so much dread letting you see the poverty of my present abode, and I am sure I may rely on your concealing your knowledge of it, and of me, when I assure you my happiness, perhaps my life, depends on my concealment." I eagerly assured her that her confidence should not be abused, and representing the danger of traversing the streets at such an hour, obtained permission to bring to her any letters that might follow her advertisement. We had now arrived at a poor cabin in one of the city's most miserable outlets. It was the lodging of my beautiful and mysterious companion. She did not invite me to enter, but begged that soon as I should have any intelligence for her I would come there and inquire for "Charlotte."

This little adventure kindled my youthful imagination, and, short and slight as had been our acquaintance, I was already enthusiastically enamoured of this fair and helpless being, who, though

almost a child, was so strangely friendless and forsaken. I felt boyishly proud of the protection I had afforded her, and, for the first time in my life, longed for wealth and station that I might share them with her. Methinks I see the self-sufficient sneer with which the "world's true worldlings" will regard my pure and honourable love for one of whom I knew so little, and that little so questionable and suspicious. But no dark doubt of her purity ever flitted across my soul, filled as it was with that ancient-world passion—love. Her sweet and cherub countenance was ever present to my eye and heart; and he who could dispute its testimony must have been fashioned of other clay than I. I had no thought, no plan for the future; I only felt that I loved with my whole mind, and heart, and soul. I only knew that if I could not win her love I must be for ever wretched. I watched, anxiously as she could have done, for an answer to her second advertisement, but none appeared, and with a heavy heart I went to communicate the unwelcome intelligence. On arriving at the house, I raised the latch, and found myself in a kitchen, in which two or three dirty little children were at play. I inquired for Charlotte, and one of them threw open the door of a side apartment which contained a mangle, baskets of clean clothes, &c. indicating that the house was tenanted by a poor washer-woman. Charlotte was standing at a table in the centre of the room, engaged in ironing some caps. The costly dress in which I had first seen her had been laid aside, and she was now attired in a plain wrapper of coarse brown stuff. She welcomed me gratefully, and invited me to sit down, but intelligence seemed to convey the bitterest disappointment. I endeavoured to prolong the conversation, as an excuse for prolonging my visit, and not knowing how to begin, I reverted to her then occupation. "It was," she said, "wholly new to her, and she feared her hostess would soon be weary of so unprofitable a servant." Although she did not confess so much, I learned to suspect, that if she failed of procuring a situation, she would soon be destitute of food and shelter. I advised a repetition of the advertisement, to which she assented. A letter was the result, and early in the forenoon I went to deliver it to her. I found the mistress of the house alone. Charlotte was absent. "She had," she said, sent her to the hedge to watch some clothes, which were drying; "but, indeed," she added, "I cannot keep her here much longer. Very few would have let her in as I did, when she came here in the darkness of the night, crying for shelter. God forgive me! I thought she was nothing good, when I saw how she was dizen-ed out like a play-actress. But, poor thing! I never saw any harm with her since she came here, and I would not turn her out if I could help it; but I can hardly get bread for my own children; and now her money is done, and though she is willing to work, she is of no use to me; for, indeed, sir, she has not the strength of a cat: would you believe it, she fainted yesterday at the wash-tub." The poor woman would have run on for hours, endeavouring to excuse to herself and to me her intended inhospitality; but I pacified her by a small present, which I promised to repeat in case she treated her guest kindly, and telling her that I had a letter, which I was sure contained good news, I persuaded her to go take Charlotte's place, and send her home to receive it. I had not waited long when Charlotte arrived, breathless and brilliantly rosy, from haste and expectation. But the perusal of

this second letter seemed even more afflictive than that of the former. Letting the paper fall from her hands, she sank upon a seat with a look of utter hopelessness, that it was terrible to witness in one so young. She did not conceal from me the cause of her disappointment and despair. Having resolved to exchange her time and talents in return for mere maintenance and protection, and determined not to reject any situation, however lowly, in which these could be afforded her, she had not anticipated the possibility of failure. Her ignorance of the world's ways had prevented her foreseeing the necessity of references and testimonials as to character; hence her dismay. On finding, from both letters, that these were absolutely required. Testimonials of any description, she could not, she said, procure, without incurring the certainty of a discovery, which she dreaded more than death; even her real name, she confessed, she dare not assume. I saw, at once, that under such circumstances she would find it impossible to procure any honourable occupation; and I shuddered at the peril of her situation. Though I could not penetrate the mystery that enveloped her circumstances, yet I felt in every nerve the magic of her looks, her tones, her tears; my love grew brighter as her fate grew dark. I longed to lift her from the thorns of life, and bear her over its dreary waste, safely sheltered in a husband's arms. Awed by the venerable presence of misery, I had not yet dared to speak of love, but the respectful fervour of my manner, and the sympathy I manifested for her misfortunes, had, I saw, impressed her in my favour, and disposed her to regard me with confidence. I could not resolve to commence my suit in a place where we would be every moment liable to interruption. I wished rather to breathe my vows "full in the smile of the blue firmament," and, telling Charlotte that I wished to converse with her on a subject important to my happiness, I with much difficulty obtained her consent to walk with me that afternoon. At the appointed hour I returned for her, and found her equipped, with her usual attention to disguise. The evening was a glorious one, and we rapidly and in silence traversed the streets that lay between us and the quiet of the country. As we passed along one of the squares, Charlotte grasped my arm convulsively, and bent down her head, as if in terror. I saw that the object on which her eye had rested, before it was so suddenly withdrawn, was a phaeton which was slowly approaching us. In it were seated a handsome, but bold and showy looking woman, who seemed to be about forty or forty-five years of age, and a man some ten or fifteen years younger. While they were slowly passing, I felt Charlotte shudder, as if in an agony of affright; she then gasped out, "Did they see me? Do they look back towards us?" Turning to observe them, I saw that they had not noticed us, and told Charlotte so. She then drew a long relieving breath, but murmured passionately, "Oh, that the grave would hide me from them—from wretchedness!"

As soon as we had left behind the stir and tumult of the city, I began to describe my love with all the eloquence of fervid passion. Charlotte heard me in silence; but not, alas! the silence of a loving and beloved maiden. Low moans stole through her pale, closed lips, and heavy sobs shook her slender frame. Distressed and bewildered by a grief which seemed alike remote from affection and from indifference, I could only articulate,

"Charlotte, Charlotte! do you not, can you not love me?"

At this question she suddenly looked up into my eyes with a rapt and devotional expression. "O what a heart would mine be if it did not love you! Yes, my guardian angel, my protector, my friend—my only friend, I do indeed love you!"

A thrill of rapture ran through my pulses at this impassioned avowal, and I exclaimed triumphantly, "Then are we one, henceforth and forever; another sun shall not set before our hands shall ratify the union of our hearts! Say, dearest, shall not this be so?"

"O no, no, no, I may not, must not, be your wife! Fate has stored no such happiness for me."

I tenderly remonstrated with her on the inconsistency of her words, and pictured glowingly the efforts that I would make to better my lot, when she should be the sharer of it. A strange, and conflicting of love and fear was visible on her countenance while I spoke; but she made no direct reply, only ejaculating, as if in prayer, "Almighty arbiter! can it be thy will that I should cast away this blessing—that I should myself dash down the cup of happiness?" From her broken exclamations I learned to fear that there was some hidden impediment to our union, and I implored her to tell me if this was the case—but tears and sobs were her only reply. At length, when we drew near the city on our return, she became suddenly calm, like one, who has formed a resolution on which the future must depend. "John," she said, "I can no longer endure this miserable strife. I fear that I have taught even your unsuspecting heart to doubt me. I have therefore resolved to confide to you the whole of my short, sad history; but to night I am unequal to the task. To-morrow I will write to you, and if when you have read my letter, you still desire our union, I shall have nothing left to wish for."

Next day I received the promised letter. It began abruptly. "My true name is Charlotte Ormond. My earliest recollections are of a school in the south of Ireland, in which, until about two months ago, I passed my life. When quite an infant, I was placed there by my mother, who continued regularly to remit my school pension, but never visited or wrote to me. My youthful imagination delighted in decorating this unknown mother with all the loveliest attributes of humanity. I loved to make my young companions describe their respective mothers, and from each I stole some grace or charm wherewith to deck my visionary parent. Night and day I prayed and pined to see my mother; in her all my hopes and affections centred, and often have I envied some little ragged urchin, when I have witnessed the maternal caresses bestowed on it. Alas, alas! I have since found my own. And what a mother! to avoid her I would flee to the ends of the earth—to the depths of the sea—to the gloom of the grave. The only information that my governess could give me concerning her was, that when she left me at school, about twelve years before, she was a beautiful woman, in the prime of life, and called herself Mrs. Ormond. Since that time the remittances had been sent regularly, often from provincial towns in various parts of the United Kingdom, but in winter they came chiefly from London. From this, and some peculiarities of dress and manner, which she had noted in their sole interview, my governess conjectured that my mother was an actress, though she had never

been able to discover any of celebrity who bore that name.

"About two months ago this long expected parent came to remove me from school. She had, she said, withdrawn from the stage, and intending to reside privately in the neighbourhood of Dublin, wished naturally for the society of her daughter. I hung enraptured on every word and glance of my beautiful mother, and though to me there seemed something strange and startling in her manner, I carefully combated this impression, and imputed it to my own ignorance of the world. Though I shed some regretful tears on leaving my young companions, yet regret was soon lost in glad anticipation. And when I found myself seated beside my mother in her elegant chariot, I was conscious only of tenderness and joy. We arrived at our new home (a neat villa within a very few miles of this city) on the third day of our journey. Here I was allotted a very sumptuously furnished apartment, and my mother's confidential waiting-woman, Catharine, was appointed to attend me and superintend my toilet. I often remonstrated against the gaudy adornments that were heaped upon me, but with a laughing tyranny which I could not resist, I was compelled to wear them. Every day my mother drove me to town in her phaeton, and every day seemed to add to the number of gentlemen who attended, and escorted us. Two or three times a week my mother gave splendid supper-parties, but at these few, very few of her own sex were present; indeed, her associates were almost all gentlemen. Of these Sir Lawrence Harwell paid me the most assiduous attention; but there was a boldness, a presumption in his manner, which made me receive his addresses with unqualified disgust and terror. Indeed the society in which I now found myself was well calculated to inspire such feelings. Levity and profaneness ruled the conversation of the guests. And the hostess—but in what words can a daughter paint a mother's moral deformity? How shall I describe my horror when veil after veil fell from my eyes, and I looked clearly on my mother's dishonour. She sedulously encouraged the addresses of Sir Lawrence, and frowned severely on me whenever I ventured to treat him with disdain in her presence. Though this grieved me, it did not lessen my respect for her, as I considered it pardonable in her to desire so wealthy an alliance for me; but I was soon cruelly undeceived. One day, when Harwell had teased me out of patience by his importunate professions, I exclaimed petulantly, 'Sir Lawrence Harwell, spare yourself and me a repetition of these scenes, for I solemnly assure you that I would not marry you if you were monarch of the world.' I do not remember the words in which the wretch replied, but their import aroused in me a passion of indignation, such as I had believed myself incapable of experiencing. I commanded him instantly to leave the house, and declared that I would prevent the possibility of his return, by informing my mother of the deep baseness of his designs. 'Your mother, my pretty baby,' scoffed the fiend, 'will feel very slightly obliged by your communication. However, I see that she has sadly neglected your education. And I shall, as you desire, relieve you of my presence; but tomorrow I shall hope to find you more tractable; a little maternal advice will improve you amazingly. But I vow we must have you on the boards. That melo-dramatic air is divine, and would make

your fortune.' Appalled and terror-stricken I fled to my own apartment, and, locking myself into it, tried to reflect upon the scene that had just occurred. But in vain. I could not follow out any train of thought; my mind was a chaos, through which one sole bright ray penetrated—a hope that the atrocious Harwell had belied my mother. When, therefore, she knocked at my door, I gladly admitted her, and throwing myself into her arms, sobbed out my agony upon her bosom. But never shall my pen or tongue repeat the conversation that ensued. It was such as left me convinced of the utter, the unimaginable depravity of her whom I must call my mother. I never loved her since—I can never love her more! The violence of her threats left me no hope of safety but in flight, and flight I found impossible. Two days elapsed, during which I was permitted to remain undisturbed in my own apartment; but on the third my mother entered. All traces of anger were banished from her fine features, and with a congratulatory and exultant air she informed me that Sir Lawrence had commissioned her to make an offer of his hand. The very thought of passing my life with such an abandoned man, filled me with a sick, unutterable loathing, and forgetting my fears of my mother's violence, I solemnly asseverated that I would rather die. The words had no sooner passed my lips, than she smote me again and again, with frantic fury, then hissing into my ears a horrible malediction, she vowed that she would herself drag me to the altar. In a misery verging on delirium, I continued to lie, stretched on the floor, as she had left me, and had the means of self-murder been within my reach, I feel—I fear, that I should have used them. Towards evening Catharine came to wait on me. She had, she said, been ordered to adorn me for the reception of Sir Lawrence's first visit to me as his intended bride. Thinking I read compassion in this woman's voice and manner, I implored her to aid me in escaping from a fate so horrible. She long resisted my passionate entreaties, but at length promised to aid my escape in case she could do so without herself incurring suspicion. But in order to procure a possibility of this, it was, she said, necessary that I should gradually assume a semblance of consent. This was my first lesson in deceit; but necessity makes apt scholars, and I soon learned to veil my abhorrence with false words and smiles. The vigilance of my persecutors, however, was not lulled, and I saw the appointed time approach without bringing any opportunity of escape. Sometimes too, I was haunted with a fear lest Catharine's seeming sympathy might be only part of a deep-laid scheme to compass my unhappiness. The fatal day appointed for my marriage came. Catharine continued to feed, but had not yet fulfilled, my hopes. She urged me to keep up the deceit, and I obeyed her, yes—obeyed her, even while my cruel mother decked me for the sacrifice. But I escaped—praised be heaven! I escaped before it was consummated. Catharine procured me the slight disguise of a coarse cloak, which I had only time to cast over my gay bridal garb, when the long-sought opportunity of escape occurred. Youth and terror lent me speed, and I had nearly reached the city when darkness set in, its friendly shroud enabling me to pass even the hatred Harwell unnoticed. I wandered long through the city's thousand obscure lanes and alleys, before I could summon courage to seek a night's shelter; at length, alarmed by the late hour

of the hour, I succeeded in obtaining my present refuge. The following day was that on which I first saw you.

"And now, generous and kind friend, if you can resolve to wed your heart to me, who may at any moment be torn from you, I shall no longer scruple to link your fate with mine. I know little of the laws of man, but I believe that they endow the parent with absolute power during the child's minority: and if during mine my mother should discover me, I should be lost to you for ever. Better than this that we should now part, that I should bear my misfortunes alone, and leave you to the peace in which I found you. If you share in this conviction, let yesterday's meeting be our last, but do not quite forget the lone castaway, whose latest breath will utter prayers for you."

The intense interest with which I perused this little narrative, was only equalled by my delight on finding that it contained nothing which should delay or prevent my union with Charlotte. I did not observe that her story furnished no adequate cause for those exclamations which had led me to fear that some duty opposed our marriage. This discrepancy between her written and spoken words eluded my notice, until recalled by succeeding events.

In a few days we were married, and I brought my young bride home to my humble lodging. I cannot here delight the romantic and imprudent by describing our wedded life as an unalloyed elysium. We were, indeed, in full possession of those rarest and purest elements of happiness,—harmonious accordance of temper and disposition, and calm reposal on the affection of each other, but we were not therefore insensible to the vexing power of minor evils. For the sake of a miserable pittance, I was obliged to leave my Charlotte for the greater part of every day utterly alone, and when I did return to her, instead of being able to enliven our evenings by gay or tender converse, I was obliged to devote myself to the literary drudgery which served to eke out our precarious subsistence. Nor was Charlotte an idle dependant on my toil. Mistress of her needle and her pencil, she devised a hundred fanciful little elegancies which amused her solitude, and by the sale of which (though miserably ill-paid) she augmented our income. These small earnings she loved to devote to the purchase of some dainty or luxury wherewith to cheer our evening repast, the hour of our re-union after our daily separation. Her winning playfulness had intense captivation for one, like me, unused to female society, and each day developed in her some new grace of manner or charm of character that added, if that were possible, to my affection. My mild, cold dream of glory had faded before the healthier excitement of labouring for the happiness of a beloved object, and when, during my hours of study, my gentle wife silently pursued her household avocations, I felt that the "light whisper of her footsteps soft," was a more spirit-stirring music than ever echoed from the trump of fame. For several weeks after our marriage Charlotte seemed quite happy. I never entered my home that I did not find her singing gayly at her work. Though I could not help suspecting that this was an affectionate artifice to quiet my regret at leaving her so much alone, it yet was evident that she was content and cheerful. All my reasonings, however, could not banish what I considered her exaggerated fears of detection. She never went

out, except in cases of absolute necessity, and then veiled and disguised herself as closely as ever. The effect of such confinement on a naturally fragile frame was soon visible. Her soft young cheek "grew sick within the rose's just domain," and the hollow cough which has killed away so many precious lives, became frightfully frequent. Then I felt the sharpest sting of poverty: I could not bear my drooping bird to the pure climes of health and renovation, but must sit calmly by and see her pine to death in her lone cage: I vainly tried to make her accept of such recreations as were within our reach. The mere idea of going to any place of public amusement made her shiver and turn pale, and on the few occasions on which she went abroad to procure materials for her industry, such were her panting haste and trepidation, that her health was injured rather than benefited. But I soon became aware that it was not disease alone that was preying on her life. Some new and solitary sorrow was seated in her eyes, and the lightest tread, the softest knock, made her suspend her breath, and strain her sight as if for the appearance of some terrific phantom. One evening, on my return from the office, I ran up stairs, as usual, to our little drawingroom, but had nearly stumbled over the prostrate figure of my wife, who lay in a deep swoon a few paces within the door. On her recovery she imputed her indisposition to mere physical weakness, but, from this time forward, I observed she always bolted the door of our apartment during my absence, and only opened it when assured of my presence by my voice. Her caution arose, she said, from the carelessness of the persons below in leaving the street door open, and thus exposing her to the intrusion of any who chose to enter. But a circumstance shortly occurred which painfully convinced me that I did not possess my wife's full confidence. One evening, about twilight, I was on my way home, at an hour somewhat earlier than usual, when I saw Charlotte at a distance of several paces from me. I could not mistake her well-known dress, her light and graceful step, though I wished to dispute even the testimony of my senses, when I saw her addressing earnestly, and with animated gesture, a gentleman who was walking with her. At the corner of a street diverging towards our lodging, her companion was about to leave her, when she laid her hand on his arm with a detaining movement, prolonged the conversation for some minutes, then darted rapidly homeward. I followed, but though she could not have preceded me two minutes, I found her quietly seated by the fire, all traces of her recent excursion banished. Resolved to watch the development of this mystery in silence, I did not mention what I had seen, but, for the first time, I felt unkindly towards her, and my manner must have betrayed the feeling, for often during the evening I caught her eyes fixed upon me with an expression of lamenting fondness that half vanquished my rising doubts of her integrity. The following evening we were sitting together silently occupied, I in writing, Charlotte in drawing, when a handsome, well-dressed man, of about thirty years of age, entered our apartment, unannounced. He addressed me with an air of fashionable effrontery,

"You are, I presume, the —?"

I assented.

"And this young lady, in what relation does she stand to you?"

"She is my wife."

"Are you very sure of that, young sir?"

"Perfectly. But by what right do you presume to investigate her affairs or mine?"

"By the indisputable right and title of a husband; for know, young gentleman, that if you believe yourself married to this girl, she has egregiously deceived you. Let her, if she can, deny that she was my wedded wife before she ever saw your face?"

I looked to Charlotte, expecting her indignant refutation of this dreadful charge, but she had none to offer! Pale, convicted, guilty, she sat, like a felon awaiting doom.

And addressing her, the intruder continued, "But, in consideration of your childish years, I shall overlook the past if you will now return to your duty. Come then, my fair fugitive, my—nay, I should say your—carriage waits to bear you hence."

But with a wild shriek of abhorrence, Charlotte fled at his approach, and sought refuge behind my chair. The strange scene proceeded, but stunned as I was by the certainty of Charlotte's guilt, I took no part in it.

"Be it so, then, fair dame! but since you will not accompany me on my continental tour, I shall defer it, in order to have the pleasure of procuring you a safe and cheap passage to New Holland. British law recognises such a crime as bigamy, my pretty runaway."

The wretched Charlotte had not yet spoken, but she now said slowly and in hoarse and feeble accents, "Monster, I no longer fear you. You have destroyed my peace—you have poisoned my happiness—you have broken my heart—you can do no more."

"I shall try, nevertheless. Therefore, most gracious wife, adieu. Trust me, we shall meet again."

For many minutes after his departure the silence of our apartment was unbroken, save by the quick, troubled breathings of the unhappy Charlotte. At length she attempted to take my hand, but I repulsed her sternly and coldly, and burying my face in my hands, yielded to all the bitterness of the belief that my hopes of love, though fairer, had been falser than my hopes of fame. The unfortunate then fell at my feet in penitential humbleness, but I could not trust my fortitude to look upon her, and she continued her pleadings, interrupted only by her sobs, and fatal, convulsive cough. "O John, beloved John, have you no forgiveness for her who has loved, and who still loves you so fervently and well? Listen to the whole truth, and do not pronounce a sentence harsher than that I look for from my heavenly Judge. The letter which I wrote to you was true in all particulars, but one. I was momentarily expecting Catharine to give me freedom, when she entered my room hurriedly, and said, that Harwell had arrived, accompanied by the clergyman who was to perform the ceremony—that he desired to see me immediately, and that flight was impossible. I resolved to cast myself on the protection of the clergyman, but Catharine assured me that this would be of no avail, as he was a person wholly devoted to Harwell's interest. But if, she said, I could submit to undergo the ceremony, and thus quiet all suspicion, escape would then be easy, as she knew that Harwell and my mother had some business to transact, which could not be completed till after the marriage. Fear and her argu-

ments prevailed. I was led to the drawing-room, where, half-insensible, I heard some words muttered over me, and repeated others, the import of which I scarcely knew. The hated ring (which I soon after flung away for ever) was then placed on my finger, and I was told that I was married. Shortly after I withdrew, my mother and Harwell remaining together. Then it was that Catharine fulfilled her promise, and I fled. And now, dear husband, (for so will I ever call you,) now you will understand the mingled joy and anguish with which I listened to the avowal of your pure and ardent love; but, believe me, I did not at first intend to deceive you. Even when I began that lying letter I meditated a full disclosure of my situation. I believed that my enforced marriage could not be binding in the sight of Heaven, and I hoped that you might also think so. But my courage failed when I contemplated the possibility of losing you for ever by this confession, and I adopted the deceit which made you mine. I know that you may justly doubt the truth of even this statement, from one already convicted of falsehood, but words uttered with death-breath may surely be relied on." They were relied on, and long before the dear penitent had concluded her recital, she was restored to my confidence and pillowed on my bosom. She continued to explain the events of the last few days.

One evening, on her return from making some little purchases, she was followed and traced home by Harwell, who forced himself into her presence, but who, to her great surprise, instead of upbraiding her for her desertion, addressed her in terms of adulation, and urged her to accompany him on a tour of pleasure which he was about to make. Having discovered that what she most dreaded was my being made acquainted with his claims, he, on her refusal to accompany him, or even to receive his visits, threatened to make all known, and legally enforce her return to him. It was on the evening of this threatening visit that I found her in the deep swoon, into which she had fallen soon after he had left her. Hence her precautions for preventing any subsequent intrusions on her solitude, and hence too her alarm at every sound that might indicate the approach of a stranger.—The evening before the present, however, meeting him accidentally, she of her own accord accosted him and earnestly besought him to bury in oblivion their ill-omened marriage, and leave her to the lowlier lot which she had chosen. His manner left her in doubt as to the effect of her entreaties, but the event showed that his revengeful feelings were excited by her unconquerable aversion, and made us feel that he would spare no effort to compass our separation and her destruction. Though I felt that the poor Charlotte was my wife, in the eye of justice and of Heaven, I yet feared that human law would not consider her as such. My marriage with her could, I knew, be easily substantiated, and if, as was likely, Harwell could also prove his, every thing was to be dreaded from his malignity. This, together with alarm at her hourly increasing illness, prevented my thinking of Charlotte's sole fault, that of deceiving me. Mental suffering had so fatally aggravated her disorder, that she was soon confined entirely to bed. Finding it impossible to leave her alone in such circumstances, I resigned my situation, and devoted myself entirely to tendence on her while she waked, and to writing when she slept. I had sufficient credit to obtain for her all

she required, and in such a case I did not scruple to incur debt; for should I lose her, I should have time enough, and too much, to defray it, and should my cares be lessened by her recovery, all after privations would seem light to us both. Fear of the threatened prosecution, however, disquieted every moment of our lives, and Charlotte's deepest slumbers were haunted by visions of trial and disgrace. But when several days elapsed without bringing any new calamity, we began to hope that Harwell would fear to invite public notice to a transaction in which he had played so disgraceful a part. On calm reflection, I saw good reason for believing that the marriage had only been a mock ceremony, intended to delude and betray the innocent Charlotte. The unprincipled character of her mother, the profligacy of Harwell, and above all, his conduct on his first visit to Charlotte, after her marriage with me, so unlike that of an injured husband, served to confirm me in this conjecture, and, eager to obtain proof of it, I resolved to seek an interview with the woman who had favoured Charlotte's escape. For this purpose I went to Mrs. Ormond's villa, the situation of which Charlotte had often described to me. But my disappointment was keen on finding that she had left Ireland. I learnt, however, that she had dismissed Catharine (who now lived in Dublin) some time before she went. Tina Catharine, I, with some difficulty, discovered, and her testimony banished all lingering dread of Harwell's threatened vengeance. He and his vile accomplices had quarrelled on pecuniary subjects soon after Charlotte's flight, and Catharine then learnt, for the first time, that the pretended clergyman had been one of Harwell's minions in disguise, and that, even had the ceremony not been otherwise informal, it would have been nullified by the fact that Harwell had already been for many years the husband of an Englishwoman of fortune. It was, therefore, evident that his threats had been employed only in order to terrify Charlotte into his power, but mighty love had shielded her from a fate so terrible, and she was now mine beyond the power of any earthly rival. But this blessed certainty came too late for happiness. The young suitor's strength waned slowly, but steadily, and when at last death, the "pale unrelenting," claimed his dedicated bride, she received his chill embrace without a murmur or a moan.

The ancient cemetery of Clontarf contains the dust that once was beauty. Since my Charlotte's golden head has rested there, no sun has risen that has not seen me kneeling by her green and quiet grave, nor could earth offer me a hope so dear as that of swiftly joining her in that "dark paradise."

I continue to write, but no longer with the aspiration for the deuse of fame. The springs of hope and health are broken, and the unelastic spirit longs wearily for its last repose. I write that I may pay my debts, and leave the world with a conscience void of offence towards men; but unable to imagine or paint fictitious woes while my heart is heaving under the pressure of its own, I have penned this record of too true a tale.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

CONFESSIONS OF A POLITICAL ADVENTURER.

Now before the following narrative can be

glanced at by human eye, or listened to by human ear, the sufferings of him who is the subject of it, will, in this world at least, be at an end. May I hope that, though in life I have little benefited my species, my example may serve as "a negative instruction to my successors for ever."

I am a younger son of a gentleman of good family, but small estate, in one of the midland counties of England. It is not my purpose to enter into further details than are necessary to illustrate the main object of my narrative. At an early age I was sent to Eton, where I soon began to distinguish myself, particularly by the elegance of my Latin verses, and the facility with which I composed them. Nor did I stop there. I learned, in process of time, to excel in Greek verse also; and, what was perhaps of more importance than either, I discovered that I had a peculiar aptitude for English versification. In short, by the time I was ready to leave Eton, and go to the University, I had acquired the reputation of being, if not a very profound, an elegant scholar, and a very clever fellow.

I repaired to the University of Oxford with my school honours budding thick upon me; and there I found a new career open to my ambition. There were the University honours, as well as the honours and emoluments of my College, to be tried for, and there was, besides, the palm of eloquence to be won at the Oxford Spouting Club. Everybody who knows anything of Oxford must have heard of its Spouting Club—the arena of eloquence in which the young Oxonian, as he declines in all the majesty of would-be manhood, and real verse-out-of-place and prose-rhyme-and, feels, or fancies, that "the eyes of Europe are upon him."

I soon became so enamoured of the "eloquium et famam" of the orators of this club, that I devoted no small degree of exertion, and no inconsiderable portion of my time, to enable myself to assume a respectable station amongst them. In due time, and after one or two failures, I succeeded in the object of my ambition, and, by so doing, laid the way to my misery and ruin in after life. But I will not refer to that at present; the sequel of my story will be dark enough, without the introduction of gloomy reflections out of place.

In process of time I became (I believe I may venture to say) the second speaker there. It was the hour of my humiliation that I write this, when the pride of that spirit which I once believed invincible has indeed, received a fall; but had I been asked then, or had, perhaps, any of my friends been asked, the answer would most probably have been that I was the first. But, be that as it may, another man and myself were certainly the two leading orators of the Oxford Debating Society, at the time of which my narrative leads me to treat: that other man was an Etonian, and was my intimate friend—indeed, by far the most intimate friend, save one, I ever had. We were united by the "*idem nolle atque nolle*,"—by a similarity of tastes in literature,—by a similarity of principles, at least of sentiment, in politics. The side we had chosen in politics was the liberal one, perhaps I might say the ultra-liberal; and we defended it with a constancy, a skill, and a resolution that obtained for us almost uninterrupted victory on the narrow field on which we then fought. Though my friend's taste in literature was nearly similar, his application was greater, and his character less mercurial than mine. But I must proceed; for I

a far other end than to give a critique on his eloquence or my own.

ne for taking my degree of Bachelor now ed, and I found, to my no small dissatis- hat my oratorical occupations had en- so far upon my time, that I was not pre- take nearly so high a place in the exami- my friends expected me to take, and as, I myself felt that I ought to have taken.

were too well-grounded; I failed in my -that is to say, I took a much lower de- I ought, or, at least, than I wished to e. And this was scene the first of my ad- of being a spouting-club orator. I re- t Oxford, and read for an Oriel Fellow- led in that, too;—once—twice. Scene the the young orator's tragedy.

went down to my father's seat, in — cannot say exactly that I met with a cold : but I saw that they were disappointed; had expected to see me return crowned ord honours, and, what was of more im- to a younger son of a not over-wealthy a possession of a fellowship. I soon found as a mere cipher in the family, and, per- at was worse; in the neighbouring fami- ere was my eldest brother, who was to estate, and my second brother, who was the family living,—both very important in their way, whose talk was of horses , guns and fishing-rods. In "such branches ng" their acquirements were considera- their contempt was proportionably great of the human arts and sciences. I who, not altogether unskilled in the exercises in ey excelled, yet from having had my at- constantly directed to pursuits of a differ- acter, was a neophyte compared to them,

for my full share of that contempt; but noyed me rather more (for, to own the e estimation in which I might be held by lges as my dearly-beloved brothers never ounded my repose) was, that I found my- the circles in which my family mingled, arly among the young ladies of those cir- person of marvellously small importance. ing jades, while they treated my brothers e consideration, appeared to regard me as ointed, a ruined man—in a word, as a fail- y had not the discrimination to find out n of an orator and a statesman in the and livingless younger brother. I per- his—and the discovery, I promise you, was an agreeable one—on the contrary, it was d wormwood to my haughty and aspiring es, the thought that I was despised, even , cut me to the very soul. "What," thought all the once fair prospects to the haughty iring—blighted for ever? Are his hopes thin him? His visions of fame, and power, ry—are those for ever fled? Is the fabric wering ambition crumbled into dust? No, ey shall find not. I have failed in my de- nd in my fellowship, where many a dull, g pedant succeeds; but, for that, surely I t failed as the architect of my fortunes.—ergies I had within me were not, and they t have been, bestowed in vain."

esolution was taken. I sought an inter- ith my father, and explained to him my f immediately commencing in real earnest- ly of the law, with a view of being called ar as soon as possible. He consented, but

XXV.—No. 145.

told me that, as the expenses of my education had already been very considerable, he must limit my allowance in London to the smallest sum that I could possibly subsist on as a gentleman; and that, as he could undertake to continue that only for a very few years, I must make up my mind, if I did not succeed at the bar within that space of time, to give up my profession of the law, and live on a curacy. I readily agreed, feeling confident, as most young men under similar circumstances do, that I should make my fortune long before the expiration of the time prescribed.

Accordingly I left —shire, determined never to return to it, or, at least, not till I was a great man. Alas! I never returned—I will never return. Let that pass. I commenced my legal studies and began to keep terms at Lincoln's-Inn. The life of a young lawyer, who means to live by his profes- sion, is often, I might say is almost necessarily a hard one. In the middle of a large and luxurious capital, he sees himself surrounded by gayeties in which he cannot mingle, and tempted by plea- sures in which he dares not to partake. And thus, in that gloom of solitude he wastes his youth, and perhaps, the best years of his early manhood, en- joying neither the cup of pleasure nor the smile of beauty, and as yet without a share of those hon- ours which, to hoary ambition, are sometimes more than a recompense for the loss of all the pleasures of youth. Vain thought! As if anything which human life or vulgar ambition could bestow was a recompense for those pleasures. But this, at least, was not my fate, however hard it might be, it was not this. Not so was I doomed to waste my golden youth,—and for the maturity of man- hood, that I shall never behold.

My friend and rival in eloquence, I think I should rather say fellow-labourer, in the Debating So- ciety at Oxford, had not disappointed the expecta- tions of his boyhood. He had written one or two clever pamphlets, and, in short, had gained so much reputation for ability both as a speaker and writer, that the Whigs thought it worth their while to bring him into Parliament. He did not disappoint their expectation of him, and soon proved himself a powerful accession to their forces.

Shortly after I had been called to the bar, and had already begun to feel the influence of that "Hope deferred which maketh the heart sick," the portion of so many a young lawyer, I was sitting one morning expecting briefs, but expecting them in vain, when a somewhat sharp double knock at my outer door aroused my attention (not very deeply fixed) from the law-book I was perusing. I have an ear for knocks though not for music—and it seemed to me that there was something pe- culiar in the knock in question—something that bespoke decision and a degree of impatience. I listened attentively, and, heard my clerk (poor de- vil! his steps, no doubt, quickened by a regard to the main chance, *videlicet*, in this case, his jack- all share of the spoil) move with alacrity to open the door.

"Is Mr. — at home?"—a gentleman certainly, by his voice.

"Yes, Sir."

"Take my card in."

"Will you walk in, Sir?"

"Take in my card, I say."

The clerk entered and presented a card—"Lord —; tell his lordship to walk in."

"Will your Lordship walk in?" said the obser-

quious clerk, throwing wide open the door of the chamber, bowing very low, and as he did so, placing himself exactly in his Lordship's way. His Lordship made his way into the room with some difficulty, without falling over my bowing clerk; and I too bowed low in return for the graceful salute of one of the most celebrated men in Europe. When his Lordship, at my request, was seated, he began:—"Mr. —, I have taken the liberty to call on you on some very particular business."—(I bowed)—"though not strictly professional, and on that account my intruding on you may require some apology."

"None in the world, my Lord."

"Well, Sir—hem—the purport of my visit, Mr. —, though, not professional, is of an important character." I assumed an attitude of the utmost attention. "In one word, Mr. —, for I hate circumlocution, the object of my visit is to submit to your consideration the following proposal. If we bring you into Parliament, will you, heart and soul, support us? I see my abruptness has somewhat startled you. But you may take time to consider the matter, and give us your answer in a day or two, say a week. Of course I speak to a man of honour?"—I bowed.

"My Lord," I then said, "I confess that the suddenness of your proposal has thrown me into some difficulty. The temptation is certainly great to a young man like myself, as you probably know, without fortune or powerful connexions. At the same time, your Lordship may probably have heard, if any thing connected with a person so obscure and unimportant as I am may have been deemed worthy of a moment of your Lordship's attention, that the principles in politics which I have hitherto professed are not those of your Lordship's party."

"Mr. —, I heard as much; but, my dear Sir, you were so young—all young men, Mr. —, of spirit and talent take that side; but they generally—as imagination grows less, and reason more powerful—they generally see reason to change their opinion. Is not that the case, Mr. —? I am confident your candour will allow that I am right. Come, Mr. —, you are no bigot to republicanism, or even to whiggism?"

I smiled.

"But, my Lord, I have no fortune to support the rank of Member of Parliament."

"Be under no uneasiness on that account, Mr. —; the nation has no right to be served for nothing."

I smiled again, but it was inwardly, and remained silent.

Lord — fixed upon me his eagle eye, as if he would read what was passing in my inmost soul. I fancied I could see him watch his time, as the falcon does his to pounce upon his prey; and even when he appeared to act with a generous disinterestedness, he adopted the best means to secure his victim. He saw there was some struggle.—There was;—and had I been imperatively called upon to return a definitive answer upon the moment, that answer, from the very suddenness of the resolution I was called upon to take, would have been in the negative.

"Well, Mr. —," he said, "it would be wrong to ask you to give a definitive answer to a question of such moment, upon the spot. This day week, will you do me the honour to call upon me? Let me see—shall we say about this hour—will that suit you?"

"Perfectly, my Lord—that is, if it is perfectly convenient to your Lordship—for my time, you know, is of no importance, compared to yours."

"Very well, Mr. —, on that day I shall expect to see you—Good morning." And so ended an interview that sealed the fortune of my future life.

The temptation was great certainly. It would be such a triumph over those who had set me down as a failure—who considered me as a broken man, to have M. P. placed after my name, and be of importance with a great political party—aye, and that party in power, too. But, then, would not some of my kind friends say, with a commiserating smile, that I had made a shipwreck of my principles—I, who used to be so violent in my liberalism? What?—Has not a man a right to change his opinion, when, for so doing, he sees—a convincing reason? Not to possess—aye, or not to exercise this right—is always to be a child. What!—always retain the same opinions upon compulsion? The very idea is absurd, and the position not tenable for a moment. My resolution was fixed; and, on the appointed day, and precisely two minutes after the appointed hour had struck on the clock of a neighbouring church, I knocked at Lord —'s door.

"Well, Mr. —," said Lord —, with a gracious smile, as I was ushered into his presence; "I hope I may be allowed to regard your punctuality as a favourable augury?"

After we were seated, he appeared to expect me to speak.

"My Lord," said I, coming to the point at once, "I have made up my mind to accept your proposal."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Mr. —; and I am also glad to see that, like myself, you are no great admirer of circumlocution."

"I certainly am not," I replied, "though there are cases in which I think it may be used, without the charge of imbecility against him who uses it."

"Rarely."

"Cromwell was not a weak man."

He nodded assent; but at the same time gave a smile which I did not exactly understand. However, thought I, it does not matter; I don't think your Lordship, or any of your friends, will overreach me. I know as well the conditions, I think, of the sale as you do those of the purchase. And if they are infringed—What? We shall see.

The necessary preliminaries were soon arranged; and in no long time I took the oaths and my seat in the Commons House of Parliament, as representative of the rotten borough of —; for though I did not possess an acre of landed property, that objection was easily eluded. And this, by the by, is one of the most glaring acts of injustice inflicted by the English aristocracy on their fellow countrymen. It is a connivance by which they have now, for about a century, effectually prevented any of the people from coming into parliament, save and except such as are brought in in the capacity of their tools.

Now commenced my career—alas! not of pleasure and of glory—but of misery and shame. The press opened the attack. There were no doubt persons connected with it who had known me as a speaker at Oxford; and sketches of my history were given, accompanied by severe and sarcastic remarks. They pretended, however, to treat me rather with contempt than severity, as an object unworthy, from my insignificance, of much consideration.

But I had severer trials than that to endure. I attempted the sort of oratory which had succeeded at Oxford;—I heaped antithesis upon antithesis, and pun upon pun; I brought out smart sayings by the dozen, and quoted humorous verses in abundance, after my most approved fashion. My puns and verses were treated with neglect—my antitheses with indifference—and my smart sayings against reforming principles produced coughing, and other signs of impatience from the opposite party; while I was not yet of sufficient importance with my own to receive the support and encouragement of their cheers. All this was very discouraging, particularly to a person of my proud and sensitive character; and I confess, as David Hume says, speaking of the ill success of some of his literary productions, I was discouraged.

This, I repeat, was discouraging; but yet even this was not all. One night I had made some pretty sharp, and what I intended to be severe remarks upon a speech of one of the opposite party. When I sat down, my old friend—of whom, by the by, I had seen very little since we had taken opposite sides in politics, and with whom my acquaintance had dwindled into a passing bow—rose up to answer me. He seemed to labour under a degree of excitement which I had never before beheld in him. He began, and he was at first scarcely audible from the violence of his emotions; but by and by he began to recover some degree of self-command, and his eloquence burst forth, like the sun from behind a cloud, with a vehemence and a brilliancy that I had never before witnessed in him. All the time, too, he regarded me with a haughty, indignant, yet melancholy glance, that bringing with it the full recollection of our early friendships, communicated to me a portion of his own agitation, which, however, by a strange effort, I prevented from becoming visible. Although to mention it may seem to comparing great things with small, the attack made by Pym upon Stratford on his trial, as described by Baillie and others, involuntarily rushed upon my memory; it appeared to have occurred to the speaker also. I heard him thunder out the words “apostate from the principles and affections of his youth.”—“betrayed and insulted friendship;” and he said that “if the valour and capacity of Stratford were unable to redeem from imperishable infamy even that great bad man’s name and memory—what must it be with meaner spirits, with less illustrious apostates?”

I need not say that my seat was not a bed of roses, while my former friend was thundering out his eloquent invectives. I sat it out, however; and one triumph, that would have gladdened the hearts of those who hated me, I deprived them of—I sat it out, I say, with an unblanching cheek, a firm and unquivering lip, and an undaunted brow; and my deadliest enemy dare not affirm that I bore the thunderer’s torture with less than a Promethean endurance.

This speech, added to the other sources of annoyance,—some of which I have alluded to,—opened up a fountain of bitterness in my heart, the waters of which were to be my drink for ever after. And yet, what may seem strange, my antipathies did not take the direction that they would have been supposed likely to take. Instead of being violently directed against my ancient friend for his terrible attack upon me, they were directed against those who had tempted me to become an apostate—against Lord —— and some of his friends. It would seem, in fact, that my nature

was too proud, self-willed, and intractable ever, perhaps, to acquire those “interest-begotten prejudices” that were to be substituted in the place of that earnest and early-imbibed love of freedom and independence that had been the guide, the pole-star of my boyhood and of my youth. The nature, too, of some of the work I was called upon to perform was marvellously little to my taste;—to defend every species of abuse by plausible pretences—to discover good reasons for bad conduct—to keep out of sight the real circumstances of the case—to misrepresent or gloss over such as could not be kept out of sight. My reward for all this, withal, was somewhat analogous to that of a doer of dirty work. I was evidently considered as a tool—as a tool that was to be ready for constant and indiscriminate use; and as such, of course, I was to have no will of my own.

Moreover, what, I will confess, galled me sorely, I was evidently considered by the aristocrats around me as a plebeian—though my Norman name was as old in England as the first Plantagenet, and my family had been barons by tenure when the ancestors of most of those high and mighty peers were serfs. Some aristocrat, whose talents I held in utter contempt, was constantly kept above me, partly to keep me ever sensible of my subordinate condition, and partly from the ever-waking jealousy entertained by the aristocracy of those whom they consider plebeians. Those very talents, for which they had purchased my services, and the power of which they could not deny, were only respected as far as they were employed in defending bigotry and despotism, folly and vice; in fostering prejudice and extinguishing the light of reason.

Such among those aristocrats was the insolence of the men; the impertinences of the women, if possible, exceeded it. There is at present in England a dynasty of women of fashion, who make it their proud boast to enact deeds of arrogance, impudence, and folly, such as eye hath not seen, nor imagination conceived. With these Aspasiases the patrician political adventurer is all in all; the plebeian is nobody. With them no professional man can be a “gentleman;” scarcely a member of the lower House of Parliament can be such, unless he must necessarily come, in time, to the upper. For example, I once heard Lady —— say, in reference to Lord ——’s removal to the upper House on the death of his father, “There, you know, he will be among gentlemen.” Their idea of “gentleman” is similar to that which Madame de Genlis, and her class, entertained of “gentilhomme,” at least before the revolution. And what qualities, think ye, does that idea comprehend? Does it suppose a man of humane and affable demeanour; of the strictest honour in all his dealings; of firm, yet gentle temper, and enlightened understanding; a man who requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement? Good God, Sir, do you rave? You are on your death bed. Are you about to die in a state of delirium? No, Sir. Hear me once more. *Their* gentleman is an ignorant, idle, dissolute, selfish, unfeeling, remorseless, insolent human brute, got by a patrician sire out of a patrician, equestrian, or semiplebeian dam; who—I beg Mr. Cobbett’s pardon, I should say which—dresses, rides, drives, votes, games, and wenchers, after the most approved fashion of the day; and who, when he has defrauded you of your money, your time, and labour, or your good name, will shoot you by way of

giving you satisfaction. *This* he calls the satisfaction of a "gentleman." Well, are you not satisfied? Yes. I have received such satisfaction, and I die "perfectly satisfied."

Well, Sir; thus was I situated. And did I like my situation? Like? No, Sir. I felt as if I had sold myself to the devil, and my reward was that vulgarly ascribed to those who thus render themselves the devil's victims. But if I am doomed, said I, to go down to hell, one at least of my betrayers I will drag there with me. A man perhaps of a more tractable spirit might have been able to forget the degradation he had suffered, to overlook the disagreeables of his situation; but with a temper and a memory like mine this was utterly impossible. They would not suffer delusion to take possession of my soul;—they would not let me fancy for a moment that my interests and theirs were identical;—they appeared not to seek to engage my affections on their side;—they deprived me of the aid even of party morality, and in that, my state of degradation, they denied me even the poor boon of oblivion.

I know not how long this state of things might have continued before it became absolutely insupportable, if an accident had not put a termination to it. The Marquis ——— was one of the most aristocratic men even of his most aristocratic set. Though, upon the whole considered among that set as a well-bred man, there was, at times, an insolent *nonchalance* in his manner, that to me was specially offensive. On one occasion it was so bad that my impetuous temper burst forth—

"What do you mean Lord ———?"

"Mean, Sir!" with a look of mingled surprise and haughty *nonchalance*.

"Ay, mean, my Lord?"

"What do you mean, Sir?"

"I mean, Lord ———, that I hold myself as much a gentleman as any man in the realm; and I will suffer no man on the face of the earth, however high his rank or office, either by deed, word, or look, to treat me otherwise."

Another stare of astonishment and arrogance.

"Sir," he said, "you would not have the second minister of the crown go out with an under secretary? Sir, you know I cannot meet you as a gentleman."

The effect produced by his words seemed to dispel even the fashionable apathy of Lord ———. It was as if all the blood of my fierce ancestor, who, in his wrath, once struck a prince of the house of Plantagenet with his gauntleted hand, were transferred to my body, and as if all that blood rushed to my brow. I made a spring towards him, like that of a tiger; and my hand was within an inch of his throat.

"Stop, Mr. ———," he exclaimed. "You shall have the satisfaction of a gentleman, since you desire it."

I stopped dead short. "You said I was not a gentleman, Lord ———," I said. "I was only going to place us on an equality. But your Lordship's politeness renders it unnecessary. I shall expect to have the honour of hearing soon from your Lordship." I left him.

The public are sick of duels; and so am I. Every lacquey-school novel has two or three. I received his shot in my side, and missed him. He lives to mock at his plebeian victim. But, though I die like the Roman gladiator, I shall yet be avenged.

I write these lines from a bed, from which I shall never rise, with a hand that will soon be cold in

death, and a mind whose already decayed vigors will soon, in this world at least, cease to I know not what may be the death-bed of a mine assuredly is no bed of roses. I look on I am, and compare it with what I might have had I followed an honest calling, or stuck to my profession, instead of becoming tool of an oligarchical faction and a political venturer.

From the same.

GERMAN DUELLING.

By the Author of "*Highways and Byways*"

THE most striking objects in the streets of University towns of Germany are the numerous groups of young men, of a half-and-half appearance, between that of mechanics and of fashion. The great majority incline towards the former; and they would at once be set down as tradesmen's apprentices, or others of that some class which is obliged to earn its bread, it not for the lazy, independent air which is present both in individuals and in the mass. They however, show evidence of "blood," both in their manner and mien, and in the distinctive style of dress, from the velvet and silk-lined shirt-jacket to the frogged and embroidered frock compared with the coarse *coatees*, the *redingotes*, and the appurtenant articles of dress, worn by the many.

Nothing can be in worse taste than the pattern of the common costume of these youths, even when the greatest efforts are made at refinement; the effect is villanous. A pair of brass spurs stick out from torn and dirty boots; coarse loose-hanging pantaloons are surmounted by gaudy and flaunting vests; and the body even when daubed with silk lace, fringe, and tassels, are but more glaring proofs of atrocious taste. The little caps, of many different colours, are graceful and mean; and the everlasting and evident pipe, full four feet long, sending out from the mouth, or dangling from the coat, reminds one of Porson's devil—

Whose coat was black, and whose breeches were white
With a hole behind for his tail to come through

and gives a notion (in many instances false) of vapoury vulgarity and smoke-dried intellect. The distinguishing traits of a German student are the greater part of those youths wear no shirt; several allow their beards to grow long, in the Charles the First fashion; and have their faces covered with hair; while the shirt collar turned down *a la Vandy* dispense with the use of cravats.

Almost every second or third man you meet has one or more scars on his face. These are the result of his own or other's recent or remote violence. Sometimes as if the cheek had been seared by a sharp iron; at others, as though a row dash of red was daubed across; and other inelegant applications of transversal stripes. Common sticking-plaster tell the unhealed wounds of the cicatrize. All those wounded have a certain fighting air. Some remind one of the gaudy patched-up physiognomy (but that is only

cut) that serves as a frontispiece to the memoirs of a celebrated German story-teller, the *Hochwielgeborner* Baron Munchausen. On one occasion, I observed a young gentleman with the point of his nose carefully wrapped up, and held by a sling which was fastened to his cap.

So much for the outward and visible signs of the German students.

Their general habits of life are unrefined and debasing. Tobacco smoke and beer form their atmosphere. Insignificant quarrels are followed by mean scratching-matches, called by courtesy *duels*, but better designated by their own peculiar phrase *paukereien*.* All this is very degrading. In those low drinking-bouts of malt liquor amidst stupefying fumes from bad tobacco, there is neither good taste nor cleanliness. Frequent squabbles on trifling causes engender an unsocial and quarrelsome spirit; and the mockery of fighting, by which they are followed, is not even terminated by a reconciliation. Resentment should be wiped away with our own or our enemy's blood. The quarrel should not be allowed to fester like the wound. But a University duel ends ungenerously, as it begins ignobly. It is the very antithesis of chivalry. Manliness blushes for, and civilization turns sick at it.

A *paukereien* is, notwithstanding, a thing to be seen—at least by the traveller who attaches importance to manners, and wishes to form a comparative table of national traits. I accordingly resolved to become a spectator of one, at least, of those affairs; and, after various efforts, I succeeded. But before I describe it, I must say, that during many months' residence in Heidelberg, I neither witnessed nor heard of a single outrage or offence against public propriety, on the part of the *Burschenschaft*, as the community of students is called. The only thing approaching to a frolic which came under my notice, (for I do not admit the discordant yells of their beer-drinking bouts, or their carriage-processions in and out of town as evidence of such,) was the pushing a bundle of grass off the head of an old woman, at which both she and the youths laughed. This was a very Germanized kind of joke. In fact, the people, young and old, are too much stupified with tobacco to be at all up to fun. I defy any one to cite a dozen, much less

"A thousand, raw tricks of these bragging Jacks."

Among the exceptions—the many exceptions, I should say, to the un fascinating description I have given, I had the pleasure of being acquainted with one, who was neither drinker nor fighter, who never suffered under the laws of the *hieb-comment*, the *stich-comment*, or the *knuppel-comment* (the cutting, the stabbing, or the cudgelling modes of duelling; nor ever experienced the *katzenjammer* (the cat's-misery) of growing sober after a debauch. This young man undertook to be my cicerone at a *paukereien*; and he was not long in giving me notice that one was to take place, at five o'clock in the afternoon of a certain day.

We accordingly set out for the scene of action,

*A cant phrase, compounded, it may be, from the English words *poke* and *awry*; for I know not a more rational or national derivation for it; though an ordinary etymologist might find one in the verb *pauken*, and the collective termination which is not, by the by, indigenous to Germany.

—a *wirtschaft*, or low drinking-house, about a quarter of a mile from the town, on the opposite side of the river. But when we reached the bridge, we learned that the police had got scent of the affair; and a signal being hoisted by a scout on the river's bank, the one in communication at the *wirtschaft* gave the alarm; and, in a few minutes, we saw the violators of university law* scrambling and scampering up the hills, flying along the road, or pushing across the stream in the small canoes which were ready for the occasion. The pursuit was not very fierce, for none of the offenders were taken, though a reward of three florins was promised for the seizure of each delinquent. But perhaps a counter-bribe had been given; so that I was, probably, the most disappointed person on the occasion.

Another time we arrived after the business was done, in consequence of a servant's mistake as to the hour. A third opportunity was lost by the doctor, who *must* attend on these occasions, being gone on *another* party of pleasure with some friends. Two or three more disappointments took place, but finally, one sultry day in August, everything favoured my wishes, and I reached the place, accompanied by my good-natured guide, at the same time with the combatants and the doctor, and we had the good luck to discover that the coast was clear, and no interruption likely to be offered to the sport.

These duels invariably take place in a large, lofty room, belonging to an isolated house of entertainment, which is situate on the side of a hill, in a by-path that stretches up from the road to Siegelhausen on the northern bank of the Neckar. As my companion and myself passed through the garden and entered a straggling court-yard behind, the first thing that caught my attention was a man holding to a grinding-stone, which was turned by a little boy, the blade of a long rapier, another laying beside him already sharpened. A young woman passed us, towards a long wing of the house which reposed on a vaulted terrace, a pewter basin in her hand filled with water, in which floated a discoloured sponge. An old woman hobbled after, with a couple of long, coarse towels dangling over her arm.

All this looked like symptoms of fight, and attributions of surgery. They were so, in fact. And it is not easy to describe the unpleasant sensations excited by these cold-blooded preparations by attendants of both sexes, all—male and female, young and old—looking as wooden and unconcerned on their arrangements for execution as the posts of a gallows or a guillotine.

Groups of *amateurs* now straggled into the garden and yard. They were all students attracted to the spot, a few from regard to the champions, more from love of the sport, yet all with an air of abstract indifference, which only wanted an English atmosphere and English tailors to have made each man a breathing exemplar of the most exquisite dandyism. How, mused I as I looked on, would these Germans be affected by a riot or a battle? Could such a people ever consummate a popular revolution? As vassals of princedom, as tools of monarchs, they have often fought well, and would do so again and again. As enthusiasts

*The law against duelling cannot be *very* strictly enforced, for no less than five hundred and forty of these *paukereien* took place during the semestre, or college course, for the year.

in religion, spurred on by fanatical zeal, they shattered their ancient empire into fragments. But could any sentiment purely personal, or which merely embraces political rights, without the *prestige* of loyalty or religion, sufficiently rouse up the energies of the Germans of to-day to such a pitch as is required for effecting their own deliverance? Serious questions should not be answered hastily, even to one's self. So I was determined to "pause for a reply."

Among the gathering spectators of the scene I was now about to witness there might have been two or three somewhat actively worked upon by the preparations for the combat. The affair itself soon commenced.

The two principal actors were as complete contrasts in personal appearance as it was possible to see pitted against one another. One was tall, handsome, and of a fine, bold bearing; the other short, plain-featured, and mean-looking. Alas for the instinctive injustice of human nature! It was impossible not to sympathise at once, to almost identify one's-self with him whose "outside man" looked so fair. No; a whole life of experience could not resist the oft-deceiving prejudice of *appearance*; and I mentally espoused the quarrel of this lofty and good-looking swashbuckler, without knowing or caring at the moment whether he was in the right or the wrong, a brave man or a bully. But the self-adjusting principle soon began its action; the moral pendulum swung straight again. My eye caught the colours of the riband round the short man's cap. They were the tricolour! He was, then, a Frenchman, a son of liberty, perhaps a boy of the barricades? His opponent's band was black and white. He, therefore, was a Prussian; an educated, a civilized, a willing slave! How much less degraded is the Russian serf, or the black bondsman of America! Now, then, my sympathies have found the true course in which to run. There is no prejudice now to combat or give way to. I am enlisted under the true banner. Firm heart, quick eye, and steady arm, my brave lad! "Go it!" what a pity his name was not "Ned!"

And to work they soon went, and in a very exciting style. I have omitted to sketch the preparative strapping on of their *plastrons*. I blush to call them by their real English of *armour*; for I was ashamed to see men make such a mockery of fighting. Nor have I said a word of their *casquettes*. Why must I tell the truth, and translate them *helmets*? And I skipped all mention of their *mufflers*—I do not quite like to write down the true word, *gauntlets*; and I rather wished to let my readers enter into all the spirit of the set-to *first*, before I told them, as truth forces me to tell, that the combatants had nothing to apprehend at the utmost from all their "notes of preparation," beyond a cut across the nose or cheek. Even such a consummation is not pleasant in expectancy to those who happen to have the forenamed feature either too long or too short; for, be it ever so long, no one, I suppose, would view its curtailment with complacency.

But admitting all the risk, still there was nothing to work very intensely on a mere observer—to make his nerves coil round his heart, or fix his teeth, or clench his hands, in the spectacle of a couple of youths slashing at each other's skull-caps and *plastrons*, the latter made of thick leather, and forming hauberks and cuirasses, so stoutly stuffed, that a pistol bullet could scarcely get

through to the carcass behind. The "desperate fidelity" of poor Kean's battle-scene in *Richard* or *Macbeth* was almost as blood-stirring. But then he had not the pale cheek and the quivering lip, the frown of real anger, the glance of genuine hate. *These* tragedians had all that; and it was the truth of the picture that invested it with an interest which, compared to the mere assumption of truth, is what historical painting is to caricature.

Of all the sounds associated with destruction, there is none so keenly painful as that produced by blade against blade, either of small-swords, or rapiers, in single combat. The booming of artillery, the bursting of shells, the rattle of musketry, the crash of sabres,—this chorus of the battle-field is wholesale music to a warlike mind. The singing twang of a cannon-bullet, or the sharp whistle of a musket-ball, is impressive rather than painful; but the thin *whisk* of steel against steel goes clean through the mind, and makes the blood of the brain run cold.

I positively forgot that my brave bully-boys could do each other no mortal harm; and I looked on and listened for full five minutes, (as they cut, and parried, and stamped, and flourished,) with as decided a wound-up-edness as any spectacle of duelling ever caused me. At the end of five minutes the seconds pronounced the first heat over, and each man leant upon his friend's shoulder, (the friend exactly "accoutred as *he* was,") and panted, and wiped away "the plentiful moisture which encumbered" his brow, as Cowper (very nearly) says or sings.

A pause of a few minutes sufficed to rest the combatants, and again they went to work, performing, with great activity and ingenuity, all the evolutions of attack and defence according to the most approved method of the *hieb-comment*; their seconds following every moment by their side, with rapiers interposed, to protect the principals from anything like foul play, and the vulnerable parts of their bodies from any chance-medley touch of the villanous "cold iron."

Heat after heat went on to the number of five, until at last I was satisfied that the rivals were by far too clever. I was tired as much, at least, as they were. All excitement was worn out; and, in a most sanguinary yearning for the conclusion, I mentally exclaimed—

"Fee-faw-fum!

Oh, for the blood of a German man!"

I should not have cared much had it been that of a Frenchman—ay, or an Irishman even. Suspense, like the celebrated sauce in the "*Almanach des Gourmands*," would make one *manger son pere*.

And at last the long-wished-for demonstration of a wound was made, by a very pretty stream trickling, like a narrow skein of crimson silk, from the tip of my tricolour hero's chin, right down upon his *plastron*. Down fell the rapiers in a trice; off flew the *casquettes*; up sprang the little doctor, with a sky-blue coat and nankeen pantaloons, from the bench on which he had been dozing for full twenty minutes; forward hobbled the old woman with the basin and sponge; backward ran the boy who attended to pick up the weapons; out straggled the spectators; off stalked the victor, as proud as Polyphemus; and away slunk the vanquished, leaning on his friend's arm in a manner

king, as to lower full cent.-per-cent. my exhausted sympathy in his favour. The best relief to my fatigued and disappointed as to learn that my Frenchman was, after a Frenchman, and that his tri-coloured I was only the badge of the particular section of the University league to which he belonged. No token of courtesy followed this catastrophe—no shake of the hand—no look of regret—no mutual scowl of sullen indifference. They are probably bitter enemies for ever.

So ended the *paukerie*,—a poor affair—an act of base-born and ill-bred valour, begotten of *braucery*, and brought forth in a *wein-lust*, unsponsored by any high or noble sentiment, undignified by any trait of generosity or chivalry. The tilting-bout of chivalry were bravely fought; but these scratching-matches of civil life are thoroughly base.

In writing this sketch of one of the leading traits of German life, and in stating, but by no means exaggerating, the impression it produced on me, I mean to imply that the youth of Germany are deficient in that animal courage which too often goes to the young men of other nations into the conflicts, and makes them affairs of life and death. They are, on the contrary, as ready to fight *à l'outrance* when there is cause for it. And perhaps the very habits of ignoble encounters as I have described, is due to the frequent recurrence of deadly quarrels among them. That *such* quarrels do take place I can myself vouch, for I once witnessed a proof of the fact, in the circumstance which I now record.

One dark January night occupied at my desk, weaving a woof of historical events, with a warp of fiction—or sketching some profile of national portraiture—or endeavouring to rouse a spark of English feeling for the old-country in which I could not live, being interested for it—but whether it be a volume, or monthly, or a daily “article” at work is of small matter to the event by which my labours were interrupted.

A moaning melody was borne on the gusts that swept down the valley of the Neckar, at the mouth of which the town of Heidelberg is situated.

Its one main street, running for a mile between the river and the mountains, formed a thoroughfare for the free passage of the dirge—for such I ascertained it to be. Looking from my window,

I observed a lurid glow rising above the roofs and throwing its red reflection upon the clouds which covered them. A waving cloud of smoke marked the line of the procession, the front of which soon appeared coming round a sharp curve in the long, narrow street.

I immediately knew it to be a student's funeral. It was roused with lugubrious harmony the dulness of the place, and sent out a procession of youths to parade the town, many of whom wore costumes incongruous with the season, quite consistent with the scene; but the solemnity showing an arrangement of military discipline which made it more than commonly severe.

The leaders were wrapped in dark cloaks, and led on some paces before the band, composed of horns, bugles, and bass instruments. The swelling tones swelled out as the procession moved, in a strain of commingled depth and power. Next appeared a young man of almost

gigantic height, dressed in a suit of black, with large military boots and spurs, a huge cocked hat, trimmed with white feathers, a coloured scarf across his shoulders, long white cavalry gauntlets reached nearly to his elbows, and a drawn rapier in his hand. He was the director of the various manoeuvres, and his motions of command were obeyed along the whole moving columns, whose double files, of some hundreds in number, stretched down the entire length of the main street.

All the men thus forming the living hedge at both sides carried torches, which were flourished in irregular movements, some dashing the blazing ends at times against the frozen snow on which they walked, producing by the mixture of flame and smoke a strangely solemn effect of brilliancy and gloom. There were a couple of dozen of the youths dressed in the same grotesque mixture of civil and military costume as the chief captain, and who followed his commands in regulating the march. But not a word was spoken aloud, no sound was heard throughout the peopled streets save the oppressive harmony of the dead march, in strains indescribably plaintive and original, the slow tramp of hundreds of feet, and the heavy tolling of the church bell, as the procession approached the burial ground, which was a short distance from, but not in sight, of the house I occupied.

The coffin-bearers wore suitable cloaks, sombre and fitted to protect the wearer from the frosty air and the drifting flakes of snow which were hurried on by the east wind. But at each side of the bier walked six or eight chief mourners, all bareheaded, dressed in full suits of black, with silk stockings, thin shoes, and *chapeaux bras* under the arm! How civilization and refinement lose themselves in burlesque, thought I; and what a chance there is of those foolish followers of an absurd fashion falling victims in their turn, but to a death less glorious even than that which has sent this one to his last account!

A concentrated blaze of light, rising far above the tall and leafless trees, soon marked the spot where the mortal remains of the young duellist were lowered into the earth, while his hundreds of former companions stood round in serried circles, doing honour to his obsequies. I could not withdraw from the contemplation of the scene, although it was only through the mind's eye it was evident. The whole procession had passed out of sight, with the straggling citizens of both sexes, young and old, by whom it was accompanied in solemn silence. The long street was quite abandoned, and the rays from the few lamps which swung at wide intervals across, fell heavily upon the snow and the dark buildings at either side. Suddenly a loud burst of song rose upon the air. The deep harmony of hundreds of male voices was joined in the requiem, and quite overpowered the instrumental accompaniment. It was sad and solemn beyond all description. No female notes lightened the full-throated harmony. Never did sorrow find a more fitting tone than in the chorus of that deep lament.

I could no longer resist the desire to mingle with the throng. An impulse of sadness hurried me resistlessly along, as the swell of the sea heaves a vessel on its silent course. I was soon at the door of the grave-yard. But all was once more still. The death-dirge had ceased, and the earth-heap was loosely piled over the body which had taken its dark berth below. The crowd

quickly began to hurry forth. In a moment or two more the band appeared outside, and it struck up a new, a less solemn, but a not less impressive strain than before. It was one of those fine martial airs to which men move to battle, which thrill through the nerves, and call the dull or stagnant feelings to arms. Every one present seemed to feel the inspiration. The procession which was now formed had all the appearance of a military train. There was no coffin, no bier, and apparently no mourners. A tone of excited, of desperate ardour pervaded those whose measured steps so lately kept time with the melancholy music of the dirge. The horns echoed along the wood-covered hill, at the foot of which the procession now moved back towards the buildings of the university, and the majestic ruins of the castle above returned the bugle's tones in wild and half unearthly mimicry. The grotesque diversity of costumes worn by the students, their countenances varying from beardless animation to hair-covered ferocity, the gestures with which each man tossed his flaring torch above his head, the glittering of the sword-blades here and there, the wintry harshness of the scene, the wind-gusts heard at intervals in the skeleton branches of the trees, all formed a whole of combinations, each one in fierce keeping with the rest.

We,—for I had joined the crowd and felt myself identified with the ceremony—arrived at the large square of the university. Here the leaders halted; the torch-bearers in double ranks, at each of the four sides; and at a signal given, every one advanced towards the centre, and flung his flambeau on the earth. In a few minutes the accumulation of fiery brands formed a considerable pile; and, while a thick volume of flame rose up, and was carried rapidly down the wind, the whole assembly once more shouted a chorus of almost stunning harmony. Every one knows how the German youths are trained to vocal music; and the effect of several hundred, on such an occasion as this, singing in parts and without a note of discord, one of their grandest national hymns, baffles imagination, and defies the pen.

It required but little stretch of fancy to believe that the spirit of patriotism rose on this union of incense and melody. It seemed emblematic of that holy desire for freedom which swells and glows in the German heart. A people imbued with a strong passion so developed cannot, I thought, be doomed to perpetual thralldom. There is a longing after liberty that must some time find a vent and secure a triumph. Then let not the youths of these fine European tracts be hastily judged, on isolated instances of bad taste or unworthy habits. Their eccentricities may arise from a vague longing for distinction; their wayward doings be but ambition seeking the right road. A keen sense of political debasement may make them both restless and dull. But when the trumpet shall sound the hour of their regeneration, the despots may quiver in their core! Such a scene as this speaks home to the heart. The men who look and feel as these men do, must finally work out their political salvation. These universities, with all their besetting sins, are fine nurseries for noble thought. Here the prince and the peasant sit side by side, read the same lessons of wisdom, and breathe the same atmosphere of truth. Here are no badges of privilege; no circles of exclusion; no inordinate masses of wealth and pride, represented by the scions of an arrogant aristocracy. Here are

princes—I have seen and known such—only distinguished by superior modesty; and the sons of husbandmen working their way up to the loftiest seats of literature and science. Here individuals of all classes respect each other's station, because they value their own. Here, as in the country at large, there is no straining at distinction, beyond the easy reach of every one—no ruinous profusions, for appearance sake—no servile estimate of consequence—no idolatry of rank. Here, thank Heaven! there are no tuft-hunters, for there are no tufts. Every man walks the streets and paces the halls in a general equality; and the memory of *Alma Mater* in after life is not stained with thoughts of insolent pretension on the one hand, and envious enmity on the other. The preventive system is really the wise one, where the common weaknesses of human nature are at risk.

With this plan of political education in full force, the country must and will be saved, in spite of the vehement oratory of cowards who dread the torrent of improvement. There is still an instinct of feudalism, as well as a love for the fatherland, lurking in the German mind. But they are widely distinct. Patriotism is the source of noble things. Veneration for power is a prostration of the mind. In proportion as the chief of the state acts as seems the chosen of the people he should be honoured, and praised, and loved.

"But loyalty fast held to fools doth make
Our faith mere folly."

—
From the same.

THE MACHINERY OF CRIME IN ENGLAND.

INTELLIGENT foreigners, who have visited our country with a view to study the minutiae of our institutions, and to witness their practical application, with their effects upon the morals and conditions of the people, have concurred in expressing their astonishment at the want of system, unison, and co-operation among our public functionaries, in all that relates to the prevention of crime, and to the moralization of the poor. If we put any machinery in work to check crime, and improve the morals of the lower orders, we are sure to let some part of the mechanism be out of order; or we allow some contiguous power to lie idle, though its exertions may be material to the main design; or we do much worse, in permitting some antagonist power to operate actively in neutralizing our efforts and destroying the effects of all our labours. We have no *prefets* or *sou-prefets* to our counties, no public prosecutors, nor public responsible functionaries of any sort; and our local domestic administration goes far to establish the truth of the saying, that "what is every body's business is nobody's business." We have lords lieutenants of counties, whose functions, excepting militia and honorary patronage, are nominal; sheriffs, who are most awful and important officers, according to the black letter theory of our constitution, and who are mere vestiges of functions, pageants, or walking gentlemen in the social hospitality of county administration; and we have deputy sheriffs, whom the law declares shall not be attorneys or lawyers, and who shall not be in their office above one year, (23 Hen. VI. c. 8,) and yet they are almost invariably in office for

utter of routine, and not only are they at it would be impossible for their functions to be exercised were they not lawyers. To add, that we have an unpaid, honourable, responsible magistracy, whose duties are, in every way, technically legal, and who are, on the average, not brought up to the law, and who do nothing of the law, though our laws are of a character which require talents devoted to the life of arduous study to their bare com-

petence. They may evince their zeal and discretion in punishing the poor and in ameliorating their condition; they may "stoop to truth and moralize"—they may waive doctrines, and make great sanction and incentive of morals; the magistracy may descant on all the sources of crime and demoralization, they may digest general education, anathematize beer-drinking, and the reduction of the duties on ardent spirits; they may show a discreet and laudable zeal in licensing public-houses, and they may, up, or at least modify the game laws, and so on, of moralizing the poor and checking crime; yet, with all this self-devotion, zeal, and active exertion, they leave unscathed, and even connive at or positively encourage, the gaming, and almost only remaining source of all petty offences. Distress and waywardness produce crimes and offences; but the schoolmaster, the school, almost the only reformatory school in which wayward natures are encouraged, stimulated, and supplied with means of crime, and with all the motives of minor offences, is either totally connived at, or, we are ashamed to say, is encouraged, innocently and blindly, but still encouraged, by the magis-

tracy. In a temporary publication, the "United Service Journal," in two articles of considerable power, was proposed the flagitious character of what is called the "Prize Ring" or "Fancy" fight. That publication has laid bare the crimes of pugilists, with their legal connection with the gallows or the jail; and it has asserted, that what the gullible public imagine to be, are merely mock exhibitions, got up by a low mob, black legs, and keepers of flash-houses, with three views,—to swindle one class of persons by false betting,—to rob another class of pockets,—and to give a harvest out of the result to those ex-pugilists who keep the houses, as foci where all the schemes are planned and matured, and where the plunder is hoarded and distributed. With this part of the business the magistracy have nothing to do. With fighters, as such, we have no concern. The "United Service Journal" has exposed the excessive frauds of the prize ring, and the unmixed villany or *dupery* which is directly connected with it under the name of the FANCY. Our sole object is to detect the great and principal remaining source of crime, the great mocker, circumventor, and supporter of the police and magistracy. The fighters, the prize fighters, for there have been no real prize fights for very many years, have found their occupation is gone—but the crafty keepers, the nursery, and solely as a nursery of crime and offence, from the pickpocket, or the robbing of a hen-roost, to

the burglary, the highway violence and the murder.

The United Service Journal has scrutinized and laid bare the concoction and machinery of a fight. Our subject has no relation to fighting, pugilism, the ring, or fancy—our sole object is police and moralization, and further than the ring or fancy is connected with domestic crime and offence—with the inefficacy of our magisterial system,—our article has no relation to the subject.

A fight, or what is called a fight,—for there has not been for very many years, and never can be again, a *bona fide* fight,—is got up by three classes of persons:—the low black legs, the swell mob, and those ex-pugilists, and others, who keep gambling-houses, brothels, and flash-houses. The game of the respective parties is manifest. The object of the black legs is to take in the *flats*, which they do superbly; to take in each other as far as they *can*, and this *can* involves immense ramifications of which the public is not aware. The object of the swell mob is, of course, merely the picking of pockets, with its collateralisms of highway robbery, violence, and swindling in all its grades and degrees. Of course the flash public-house keeper, almost always an ex-pugilist, makes the common harvest of all. All the schemes, from beginning to end, are concocted on his premises; whichever side may win or lose, he is sure to be the gainer, merely by keeping the den of accommodation, by supplying liquor, not to the fancy, for they, of course, are wary, but to the dupes of the fancy, who are plied plenteously. The one side must have cool heads and full stomachs, the other inflamed brains and eventually empty pockets. To these dens of infamy all persons of propense nature to crime resort, in order to find companions, friends, instructors, trainers, and capitalists or master thieves to direct their labours, to afford them the field of exertion, to employ their services in subordinate grades, or to advance them the capital or means of their trade. On this point the conduct of the magistracy is extraordinary. Everything connected with the ring is so exclusively the germ, seminary, college and hospital of crime, that even the sparring matches in the Fives Courts and Tennis Courts of London the magistrates were obliged to suppress. These muffled mockeries were turned to good account by the Knights of the Post. The tradesmen and respectable householders in the neighbourhood of these exhibitions were so injured by them, and exposed to depredations, that the police were implored to suppress them, by persons who wrote anonymously, and who candidly confessed that they dared not appear either individually or collectively, so dangerous was it to be obnoxious to these wretches. At one of the last of these exhibitions near the Haymarket, the new police lined the approaches to the place of offence. They thus protected passengers, defended the neighbouring shops, and they even entered the court, and took into custody several of the pickpockets who were at their vocations. The magistrates forthwith suppressed the cloaca of crimes. After this vigour and vigour, is it possible to be believed, that the ex-pugilists and other keepers of such public-houses advertised that these sparring-matches would take place at their respective rooms?—and in those rooms are they carried on to this day by advertisement, and without any interference of the magistrates, though the magistrates are the licensers of such houses. The evil has been in-

Numbers for January and February last.

creased a thousand fold: whilst these exhibitions took place, at certain intervals, and *en masse*, at certain places, the foci could be under the surveillance of the police; but now that they are carried on in private rooms, in innumerable public-houses, and at night, they are beyond the cognizance of the police; and even the dread of a certain degree of publicity, the greatest of all checks to crime and of protection to the public, is now removed.

After all means of defrauding the public at the flash-houses are exhausted, after the sporting papers have exhausted puffs and paragraphs, the locality of a fight is fixed. The first travellers (before the Anatomy Bill was passed) used to be the resurrection men, in their light carts. They pitched on the graves they intended to rob after the fight. At the fight they made money by letting out their carts for spectators of the fight to stand in, and on their way home they plundered all poultry-yards, and all honest old dames who were so innocent as to hang out linen in the line that the fancy had to travel. The immense number of thieves of every description that repair to fights with these light carts is often wonderful. They always come home full of stolen property.

The person employed to make the ring, or erect the stage, is the Commissary-general. When waste ground or common cannot be found, a field is hired of a farmer, who is never or very seldom paid, and if he insists on his money he gets unmercifully beaten.* The claim is resisted on the plea that the ground was let out for an illegal object. At the second fight between Ned O'Neal and Jem Burn, near Ascot, the farmer shut the gate, and would not let the boxer out of the field till he received the money agreed upon. He was immediately knocked down, cruelly beaten, and left insensible on the earth.

The next operation, after hiring the ground, is to hire wagons. Fights that are attractive are attended by many, who, for personal safety from thieves, and from a dislike to mix with the butchers, scavengers and filthy wretches that compose the majority of the mob, will pay from 2s. 6d., to 10s. for a standing place in a cart to see the fight, a line of vehicles always forming the out ring.—The farmers and neighbouring hucksters that let out their carts on such occasions seldom get paid, and often experience brutal violence if they demand their money. At a fight at Virginia Water, a pugilist, in cant language a leading member of the Wagon Train, applied to a farmer for the hire of his wagon for the ensuing day. The farmer insisted on his having the hire first—a sovereign;—the specious varlet readily consented, provided the farmer signed a receipt. The pugilist drew up the receipt as follows: "I, A. B., do hereby

*A celebrated boxer, Bill Gibbons, long held this office. When Hufley White, who was hanged for horse-stealing, and Macoul, who died in Edinburgh jail, under sentence of death, had robbed the Glasgow bank to such an immense amount, Macoul placed part of the notes in his friend Bill Gibbons' custody: Gibbons gave evidence against him on his trial. At the very next fight, directly he appeared as commissary-general, the swell-mob surrounded him, beat him in a dreadful manner, and carried him in a state of insensibility, and amidst horrible execrations, to throw him in the river:—(the fight was at Moulsey Hurst.) The fellow was rescued by a gang of boxers, who defeated the thieves, but Bill Gibbons was horribly beaten. He was succeeded by Tom Oliver, the most notorious of the cross-fighters—*par nobile fratrum*.

agree to let you, B. C., have my wagon for one sovereign hereby received." Immediately after the fight, the astonished farmer saw his boxing-thief friend going off to London with his wagon. In great alarm, he demanded his vehicle—"Your wagon, you —!" replied the scoundrel, with a very horrible epithet—"it is *my* wagon, you sold it to me, and I have the written agreement." After a great deal of dispute, the rogue consented to let the farmer have his wagon on his paying two sovereigns. This robbery was well known to the sporting press, but was never exposed or mentioned. It is boasted of to this day as one of the cleverest tricks of the Wagon Train.*

At all fights, robberies are perpetrated by organized gangs of thieves, who walk round the ring and pick pockets, or knock people down, without the slightest attempt at concealment. Whenever any resistance is offered, the person who would defend his property is knocked down by fist or bludgeon, or the dreadful clasp knife called a *cniv* is exposed and used if necessary. Every thief carries this implement of terrorism, mutilation, or murder. It is a large clasp knife, with a catch spring at the back which prevents the blade closing, and thus forms a complete dagger. We have seen at a fight more than twelve persons knocked down at once, and with the thieves upon them rifling their fobs and pockets, and then proceeding to serve others in the same way; and this in the presence of county magistrates and Bow-street officers, who have been present as amateur spectators of the fight. The reporters of the press have been robbed in a similar manner. The thieves know that the magistrates give them thorough impunity, for when a robbed and a beaten person applies to the bench for a warrant, the magistrate's answer is, "You had no business there—you were engaged in a breach of the peace, so you must take the consequences." Notwithstanding this, this very magistrate has suffered the fight to be got up in his own district, has had full cognizance of all the parties and of all the preparations, and may have even been present at the combat.

At the fight, or rather intended fight, at Royston between Josh. Hudson and Phil. Sampson, there was an immense concourse of all classes, and the young gentlemen from the university were very numerous and very conspicuous on the occasion. The field had been hired of a farmer, and it had but one gate or entrance. At this gate were placed several of the fighters, with large money-boxes, with slits at the top, and they demanded 1s. from every person on foot, and 2s. 6d. from every mounted person that entered the field. Persons, in the hurry and excitement of the occasion, pulled out handfuls of gold and silver mixed, or took out long and well-filled purses, and many of the Cantabs in particular gave double, quadruple the admission required. The fee being paid, they had to pass through a group of several dozen of the pugilists, who, of course, did not molest them.

*At the fight on Litchfield Race Course between Jem Burn and an Irishman, one of the leading pugilists hired the grand stand for a large sum of money, and made his harvest by exacting five or ten shillings from each person who entered to view the fight from it.—He decamped, and when the owner pursued him for the money, all he got was a torrent of the most revolting abuse, with threats of violence, which soon made him relinquish his claims.

half a dozen yards farther on, they had to pass through two large gangs of the swell mob, the East-end mob, and the West-end mob, the captains of which were pugilists. The East-end were far the most desperate. The gentry, farmers, and others were now surrounded, hustled, and felled, i. e., robbed, of watch; purse, and everything they had about them. Those who made a serious resistance were felled to the earth by desperate blows of heavy bludgeons, and often beaten cruelly. Others, whose resistance was not of a serious character, were kicked ludicrously, but severely kicked, for their pains. More plunder was collected on this occasion than on almost any other known.* The Cantabs were not only beaten, kicked, and plundered, but they were deprived of the classic, refined enjoyment of seeing two naked Britons bruize and mangle each other for hire.—The fight was a cross, connected with a horse-stealing robbery; and as the thief was discovered, the fight did not take place.†

At the fight at Virginia Water, between O'Neal and Ned Baldwin, robbery was carried on by wholesale. Every man who attempted to protect a watch or fob had a bludgeon laid over his head, and some of the gashes and bruises were dreadful. At last a large body of countrymen who witnessed the scene, armed themselves with stakes, staves, whips, and whatever weapons they could find, and they attacked the thieves with fury. But the swell mob were more numerous, they were more used to fighting, and were of more desperate natures. They were better tacticians, and fought in unison. The countrymen were woefully beaten, and the robbery was resumed with increased vigour. Though the harvest had been so immense, the thieves were not satisfied with the booty they got on the ground, but they actually dispersed themselves in small corps through the high lane that led from the field of combat to the high road, and they stopped every gig, carriage, cart, vehicle of every description, as well as all the passengers, and actually committed highway robberies by the hundred, and this in open day; and not a single instance occurred of one of the thieves being brought to justice; nor did a single pugilist offer to protect any person that was assaulted.

In order to give the reader some faint idea of the enormous plunder collected by these gangs, we must relate that, at the celebrated fight which took place in Shropshire, between Brown of Edgenorth, and Phil. Sampson, about eighty

large sums were collected in these money-boxes. One of the pugilists watched his opportunity and bolted with his box, by catching a stage-coach and leaving the fight to its fate. When his companions arrived in London and demanded an account of its contents, he said that it felt so light, that he had broken it open out of curiosity, and finding only 1s. 6d. in it, he was ashamed to account for it, and had spent the money in

On this occasion, a keeper of a public-house was sitting with a pugilist in conversation, when the leader of one of the gangs of thieves came up to him, and with a friendly politeness said, "Mr. —, give me a pinch of snuff, will you?" Mr. — put his hand in his breast pocket for his silver box, and exclaimed with a sigh,—"D—n me, if they have not lifted (robbed) my box." "Here, sir, is your box," said the captain of thieves, politely touching his hat; "one of my gang pals did not know you, and lifted your box, but shall not happen again."

thousand persons were collected on the ground. There were more than twenty thousand people beyond the outside line of wagons, not one of whom by any possibility could get the slightest view of the fight. About five hundred of the Birmingham thieves were on the ground, armed with bludgeons, and even the London thieves were astonished at their ruffianism. At the fifth round of the fight, the ring was purposely broken, in order to create confusion for the thieves, and the scene became terrible, almost beyond imagination. The whole of this immense and ruffianly assemblage was mixed indiscriminately, and in a state of violence and fury. Some were rushing forwards in hopes to get a sight of the combat; others were flying in terror to avoid the fierce struggles of the multitude; and amidst all the horrors of the confusion, for more than an hour and a half the Birmingham thieves were rapidly knocking people down with their bludgeons, and plundering them. The London thieves were equally active, but they were by far less cruel in their infliction of injuries. So profusely had money flown about in the ring, that one celebrated pugilist, himself the captain of a swell mob, actually received upwards of 60l.* chiefly in silver, for standing money in his wagons.

No reporter dared take any notice of the violent robberies perpetrated at fights. We have known a reporter obliged to fly for his life, merely for warning a friend that the thieves were surrounding him. On one occasion, a reporter, having referred slightly to the conduct of the thieves, at a fight, was compelled under threats of assassination, to go to a notorious flash-house, at the Mile End-road, to make his humble apology, to pledge himself never to allude to thieves or their practices any more; and he finally gave them a treat of wine, and passed a night of orgies with them, after which they were all good friends, and have continued so ever since.

But the robberies at fights and on the ground are by far the least serious of the evils. Not only on the eve of fights, and on the succeeding night, is all the line of road, and all the neighbourhood, exposed to plunder, but the thieves have opportunities of forming local connexions, and of ascertaining assailable points, and they establish a wholesale system of depredations. For instance, Moulsey Hurst was the celebrated scene of these brutal exhibitions; and so many robberies and burglaries were committed in the neighbourhood, —so many graves were desecrated, and hen-roosts emptied, that the magistrates were obliged to prohibit fights on that spot, owing to the complaints of farmers, tradesmen, gentlemen, travellers, and every description of person.

During the frequent and horrible executions for forgery, (laws never to be revived,) prize-fights used to be the principal means which the thieves had of circulating forged paper, and keeping up the forgery trade. After the fight between Curtis and Aaron, in Hants, a forged note of a very

*The Birmingham thieves paid little respect to the London thieves; and though this hero was one of the most celebrated of the pugilists, and above all, one of the best known, and, we believe, most admired of master pickpockets or leaders of a gang, he did not feel himself safe, and his mode of securing this 60l. was rather curious. He stowed it away, *secundum artem*, in the pockets of his trousers, and then put on a second pair of trousers, which rendered robbery impossible, except by violence.

large amount was imposed upon one of the county banks. Three days after a celebrated fight in the north of England, the bank of the neighbouring town was broken open, and plundered to a large amount.

At the fights themselves, the thieves do not merely take purses and watches; we have seen them tear brooches from the necks, rings from the fingers, and cut the clothes of people off their backs.

After a fight the compromises of felonies are innumerable. A great many of the persons robbed are apprentices, managing clerks, stewards, agents, and others, whose characters would be ruined by the loss of watches, &c., it were to be supposed that they had been at one of those infamous scenes. We recollect that, after a fight at Norman's Land, Herts, a gallant captain entered a public-house which was full of the thieves and fighting men. He exclaimed, "I have been robbed of thirty pounds and my gold watch; I don't care a — for the money, but I must have the watch." The watch at that moment, with many others, was in the possession of one of the most celebrated pugilists and thieves, who restored it to its owner for a certain sum.

When the thieves and pugilists fall out, for rogues do not often, or at least always, agree, the pugilists invariably have the worst of it. The herculean Cribb once threatened them, and he was soon obliged to fly from their brandished knives. The powerful pugilist Carter, himself a transported felon, wished only to prevent the thieves breaking the ring, at the cross fight between Curtis and Perkins, and he was unmercifully punished by reiterated blows of the thieves' bludgeons. We have even seen the powerful Ned Baldwin, who, among pugilists, was "the bravest of the brave," fly from the thieves in terror, and screaming like a child.

Having thus given a few, and a very few, of the elements of prize-fighting, we come to a truly astounding part of our subject. How is it possible that the magistrates can tolerate this dreadful hotbed of all existing crimes?

The magistrates cannot plead ignorance of these fights, nor of the scenes that take place at them. We have seen both magistrates and Bow-street officers at fights, and eye-witnesses of the robberies we have described. We have known magistrates, who have been robbed at fights, to have their watches and purses politely restored to them, in gratitude for their permitting such exhibitions. At the fatal fight at which the pugilist Mackay was so foully murdered, (at Newport Pagnell,) one of our most celebrated Bow-street officers was present at the exhibition. The Lord Lieutenant of the county, the Duke of —, was determined that such a villanous scene as a prize-fight should not take place, as formerly, on his estate, or within his district. He accordingly applied to Sir Richard Birnie, who sent an officer down to stop the fight.† This officer, of course, told the

† Soon after Adams, a convict, was released from the hulks, he was advertised to fight one Smith. His principal backer was hustled by the thieves, and to save his watch and property, he gave them to a powerful pugilist, who for his offence in taking the property was threatened with murder, and obliged to fly the ground.

It has been said that the orders were, not to stop the fight, but to merely prevent its taking place on the Duke's property. It is utterly impossible that any ma-

thieves and pugilists that they must not let their game on the spot intended, but he let them where they might carry it on; and the fight, at which Mackay was murdered, ^{was a} ~~was~~ a looker on. One would imagine, that a human life had been thus sacrificed, the rates of that locality at least would have pressed such scenes of murder, outrage, and der, and yet a recent fight has been got up in a neighbourhood, at which one of the most notorious Dutch pugilists, then actually his recognizances to keep the peace. Williams, a brothel-keeper, was bound over to keep the peace, the magistrates (of Shropshire) apologized to him for being obliged to do their duty. With matchless effrontery the sporting or fighting press not only publishes an apology, but forthwith advertises a fight between this Jew and another prize-fighter; and week it advertises the night and hour at which the betting, and all other preliminaries of a fight to be settled, at certain specified public-houses kept by ex-pugilists.

For months before a fight takes place, advertised every Sunday in the newspapers, pugilists. Even the public-houses at which men are sent to train are ostentatiously licensed, and yet the licensing and other magistrates permit these convocations of desperate ruffians. On one occasion, in Middlesex, a respectable tradesman wrote to the magistrates, complaining the outrages to property, and the demoralization among servants and labourers, which fights had inflicted upon him and his neighbours, and he implored the magistrate to prevent such a pernicious combat. He added that his letter was anonymous, for he dared not sign his name for fear of these ruffians. The magistrate immediately took this letter to one of the men in the ring, asked him if he knew the hand, and let him write with the rascal, that he might show the ring or fancy, in order to trace the author. This worthy magistrate little knew that, the writer been discovered, his property, and probably, his life, would have been the result. On another occasion, in a county contiguous to London, the clergy, who were not in the possession of the peace, at —, wrote to a lay magistrate, requiring him to prohibit a fight which had been advertised to take place at —. The magistrate, an amateur-pugilist, immediately wrote to an ex-pugilist, the keeper of a flash-house, with the following effect:—"The — Clergy want a fight here, on account of the robberies, &c. committed at the last fight. You come down here often—don't come here for some little time when you do come, do, for God's sake, bring a good fight, for the last was —." Another magistrate, in another county, was called on by inhabitants to do his duty and prohibit an illegal fight. He accordingly wrote to one of the ruffians, who was then in training, and who is the most notorious burglar in England. It concluded his letter thus:—"You cannot fight my jurisdiction, but go to —, and you'll be right." Once, as a magistrate entered the town to prohibit a fight that was commencing, he was hustled by the thieves, and released of his watch and purse. But as thieves and fighters keep in with magistrates, and as soon as a magistrate could have committed himself to the effect of giving such an order.

to and what he was, they apologized, and to him his property; and this was acted of in the sporting or fighting paper. hetstone, thieves' fights, fights for 5l. or up exclusively by thieves, without any m with the pugilists' ring, or fancy, but credit, used to take place in rapid succession the horrible murder of Thompson, by an bat a fight, took place at this spot. On sion the inhabitants shut up their houses, and a body of hungry thieves surrounded s house, broke it open, and plundered him particle of bread on the premises. Not- ding this incessant succession of riot, and murder, it was long before the ma- attempted to suppress the exhibition. t was to have taken place at Wolver- , between a pugilist and Byrne, who lackay, and who was killed at last by Owing to the interference of the clergy, ers and thieves were *baulked*, and they for Shropshire, where a spot was se- or the stage. The stage was five feet ; whilst it was erecting, the clergymen of sh, accompanied by a magistrate, entered ind, to prohibit the brutal fight. They etrated the dense mass of Staffordshire amidst the hootings and blasphemous exe- of these desperate men, and at last came owd of thieves that surrounded the stage. ey were hustled, robbed, and then per- in derision, to approach the stage; but tely they had arrived at it, some powerful s seized the old man, and violently pressed at against the edge of the stage or floor- a view to strangle him. His face became is eyes were starting out of the head, and len tongue was forced out of his mouth. the wretches were thus effecting their purpose, the thieves were thrusting their nder the arms, or over the shoulders of ho held him, and were tearing out his andsful. The two gentlemen, by the hu- sistance of some amateurs, were rescued; r escaped with their clothes torn off their

ilist has but three goals to his ambition dity:—to keep a brothel; to keep a petty ow gambling-house; or lastly, to keep a use, the resort of his ring connexions, place for concocting fights, &c., with all lateral villainies. That the magistrates icense such men in such houses is truly ul,† but it is almost incredible that they icense them notwithstanding the com- of the neighbourhood against them, and standing their impudent violation of the advertising every Sunday the hours for

orcester, in the fight between Spring and , a large wooden building was erected for the a. It suddenly broke down, when J. Treby, at Garden Theatre, was killed, and an immense of persons were more or less injured.

f the signs of the times may be observed in the maxims of the *old* and *new* police. It was, he maxim of the old police to license flash- and to let the police-officer have an *under-*—a fraternity—with thieves of all sorts. The of the new police is a suppression of flash- and an uncompromising war against thieves of rt. Police sinecures and licenses will soon be ed, and their harvest destroyed: this harvest immense.

meetings, to be held solely to set the laws and magistrates at defiance.* After these advertise- ments have been repeated very many times, the fight takes place, on the very site of previous mur- ders and robberies,—in the vicinage where the magistrates themselves have been maltreated and robbed. The fights are described with disgusting ribaldry in the low, profligate, sporting press; the thieves, felons, and pugilists who attended the fights are set forth in pompous array, and new fights are advertised immediately that the plun- der of the previous exhibition has been distributed at these public-houses. Are we a Christian, a civilized people? What a revolting picture is this of our domestic government and public functiona- ries! Will foreigners believe it possible that the first nation in Europe can be so thoroughly bar- barous in their notions of police, jurisprudence, and moralization? Of what use are our numerous Christian and benevolent institutions to the reli- gion, morals, and well-being of the poor, if—no, not if our magistrates do not suppress such a sys- tem, but if they actually encourage it by tacit con- nivance, or, as we have shown, by open patron- age? Can there be a subject which more seriously demands the attention of the Home Department—the care of our bishops in their visitations to their dioceses, and the active exertions of all religious, humane, and honest men—"whose ways are not of blood, and who despoil not the unwary?"

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Faereyinga Saga, eller Faeroboernes, i den Islandske Grundtext med Faeroisk og Dansk Oversaettelse, Udgiven af Carl Christian Rafn.* (Faereyinga Saga, or History of the Inhabit- ants of the Faroe Islands, in the original Ice- landic, with Faroeish and Danish Translations, Edited by C. C. Rafn.) Kjobenhavn. 1832.
2. *Faereyinga Saga, oder Geschichte der Bewoh- ner der Faroer, im Islandischen Grundtext, mit Faroischer, Danischer und Deutscher uber- sezung. Herausgegeben von C. C. Rafn und G. C. F. Mohnike.* (The same, with the addi- tion of a German Translation and Editor.) Ko- penhagen. 1833.

THESE remote, little known, and still, we doubt, semi-barbarous islands, situated between the Shetland Islands and Iceland, but geographically more nearly connected with the former, have for the last few centuries attracted little attention from the learned, save in the construction of maps. In earlier times, however, they formed an import- ant part of the Norwegian dominions, and the po- lished scholars of the cultivated and then flourish- ing Iceland celebrated them and their heroic inha- bitants in prose and rhyme, or rather verse; for the Scandinavian poets made alliteration serve the purpose of rhyme. The Faroe Islands were transferred with their mother country, Norway, to the Danish sceptre, and by the world at large were forgotten until lately, that they have again been brought into notice by the passion for ancient Scandinavian and Icelandic literature, now pre-

†The actual fights of the landlords of these houses with other stage-fighters, and the fights these landlords get up, between stage-fighters, in their public-houses, will soon be exposed.

valent at Copenhagen. The zealous and learned Rafn last year published the work now before us, an old Icelandic history or chronicle of the first colonization, and subsequent conversion to Christianity, of the Faroe Islands, with translations into the Faroe dialect and into Danish,—the former having been executed, at the recommendation of the celebrated Rask, by two learned native Faroers;—and the whole has last year been republished, with the addition of a German translation by Mohnike.

Although the historical value of this old *Saga* may not be great, the quaint simplicity of its chronicle like style, and the curious pictures of manners it affords, tempt us to make a few extracts, which, although we propose not to abstract one *Saga*, it may be as well to preface with a word or two of history. In the ninth century these islands were colonized by Grim Kamban, one of the many who fled from Norway, when Harald *Haarfager*, or the Fairhaired, reduced all the petty kings of that country to the rank of vassal *Jarls*. In the tenth century, Hakon Jarl usurped the throne, though not the title, of the descendants of Harald *Haarfager*, but by the unbridled indulgence of his appetites, whether for beauty or for blood, disgusted and exasperated his subjects to a degree that greatly facilitated the success of the legitimate heir, Olof, or (as he is commonly called in the Latinized form,) Olaus Tryggvason, when he appeared in arms to recover the heritage of his fathers. Olof had become a Christian during his exile, and quickly converted all his subjects to his own faith. Having thus possessed our readers of the general state of affairs, we will select a few detached transactions. Among these, we think the mode in which Thrand, a more able and powerful than amiable Faroer, acquired his immense wealth, curious and characteristic.

"Thrand went with some merchants to Denmark, and in the summer came to Halrore (now Helsingoer.) A great multitude of men were there collected, and it is said that to this place come, at fair time, the greatest number of people that can any where be met with in the North-land. King Harald Gormson, surnamed Blue-tooth, then reigned over Denmark. King Harald was at Halore for the summer, with a great following. Of the king's household were two brothers, named Sigurd and Harek. These brothers went about and about the fair, in order to buy the finest and largest gold ring they could find. At length they came to a very well-ordered booth, where was a man who met them civilly, and asked what they wished to buy: they answered a large and good gold ring; whereupon he said he had many to choose from. They asked his name, and he called himself Holmgeir the Rich. He now brought out his jewels, and showed them a thick gold ring that was very costly; but the price he set upon it was so high, that they saw no means of immediately getting together so much silver, and asked him to give them till the next day, which he promised. In the morning Sigurd went from the tent, but Harek remained in it. Presently, Sigurd stood without the tent, and said thus—'Brother Harek, reach me quickly the purse with the silver that we resolved to give for the ring, because the bargain is made; but abide thou here, and mind our booth.' Harek gave him the silver through the tent covering. Soon afterwards came Sigurd into the tent, and said, 'Come now with the silver, for the bargain is struck.' Harek answered, 'I gave it thee a minute ago.' Sigurd said, 'No, I have not had it.' Now wrangled they about this, and afterwards told it to the king. He saw that the money

had been stolen from them. The king any ship to sail away until this business cleared up. Many found this a great hindrance after the fair was over. The king had a meeting to consult amongst themselves. There was there present, and said, 'Mighty people are here!' They asked him, 'Knowest thou counsel?' 'Of a surety do I,' answered he. 'I will do it,' rejoined they. He answered, 'I will do for nothing.' They asked what he desired, and he answered, 'Each of you shall give me a silver penny.' They said that was much, but at length each should straightway give him in his hand one of a silver penny, and promised him the same. His scheme should have the wished effect.

"The next day the king held a *Ting* meeting, and made known his resolution. They should go thence so long as this robbery lasted. Then stepped forward a young man of red hair, freckled, and of very sour aspect of word, and spoke so: 'Mighty perplexed am I there here.' The king's councillors asked him for counsel he had found out. 'This is my counsel,' answered he, 'that each man who has come to the fair lay down as much silver as the king shall demand, and when all this money is put together, then shall amends be made to him who has lost; but the king shall keep the rest as a gift. This I know, that the king will do well, and the people need no longer lie helpless as they were walled in, to their great loss. A multitude of people as are here come together. My proposal presently won general approbation. The shipmasters said that they would much rather give money, and an honorary gift to the king, than kept there to their great loss. They too, then, the money was collected, and came to a considerable sum. Immediately after this, a great number of the ships sailed away. Then the king held a *Ting*, and the great quantity of money was brought to sight. First the loss of the brother was made good therefrom; next the king discoursed to the men as to what they should do with such money. Then a man lifted up his voice and said, 'I think you, who gave this gold ring, deserve it.' Then they saw that it was the same young man who now stood before the king, who had given the counsel. Then said king Harald, 'All this wealth shall be divided into two equal parts; the one half my men have, and the other half-part shall be divided into two parts, and the one part of this shall the young man have, but the other part I will give to Thrand. Thrand thanked the king for this with few words; and so extraordinary were the riches to Thrand's share, that it could hardly be carried out in the market place.'

We may probably take it as another consequence, of the magnificence of Thrand's wealth, that he got the better alike of enemies and kinsmen, and made himself really master of the Faroe Islands, though nominally acknowledging Hakon Jarl's sovereignty, whilst his kinsman, Sigmund, the lawful heir of half the islands, lived in exile. Sigmund, however, found means to escape Hakon Jarl, and was employed by him in expeditions. One of these shall furnish another extract.

"When spring came, Hakon Jarl asked Sigmund where he thought to war in summer. Sigmund said that it should rest with the Jarl's pleasure. Hakon said, 'I will not then urge thee to pass over to the Swedes; but I now wish that thou

bear westwards over the sea, round about the Orkney Islands. There I look that thou shalt meet with a man who is called Harald Iron-house or Iron-brow; he is banished by me, and is my greatest enemy, and has occasioned much dissention here in Norway. He is a brave man, and him I wish thee to kill, if thou canst manage it.' Sigmund said that he would fight him if he could find him out.

"Now Sigmund sailed away from Norway, with eight ships, and Thorer (his cousin) steered the Dragon ship taken from Vandil, but Sigmund himself that taken from Randver. They sailed westwards over the sea, and made but little booty that summer; and towards the close of summer came under Anglesey, which lies in England's sea. There they saw ten ships lying, and amongst them a great Dragon ship: Sigmund quickly knew that Harald Iron-house was the leader of these ships; and they agreed to fight next morning. The night passed, and at morning's dawn they seized their weapons, and fought all day, till night came again. Darkness separated them, and they agreed to continue the battle next morning; in the morning Harald called over to Sigmund's ship, and asked if he wished to continue the strife. He answered that he had no other thought. Then said Harald, 'I will now say that which I never said before, that I wish that we should be brothers in arms, and not fight longer.' This the men of both leaders counselled, and said it was highly to be wished that they should be reconciled, and that all should unite, because then few would be able to stand against them. Sigmund said there was one thing in the way of their reconciliation. 'What is that?' asked Harald. Sigmund answered, 'Hakon Jarl sent me for thy head.' 'I might well expect evil from him,' said Harald, 'and you two are unlike each other, because thou art a very brave man, and he is one of the worst men I know.' Sigmund answered, 'On that point we are not of one mind.' The people of both sought nevertheless to meditate a reconciliation betwixt them, and they were so far reconciled that they put all their booty together, and ravaged far and wide, and few were now able to stand against them. But when autumn came, Sigmund said that he must steer for Norway. 'Then must we separate?' asked Harald. Sigmund said, 'No, that shall not be; I will now have it, that we both go together to Norway; so shall I, in some sort, fulfil the promise I gave Hakon Jarl, if I take you to him.' 'How should I go to my worst enemy?' asked Harald. Sigmund said, 'Let me care for that.' 'So it is,' answered Harald, 'both that I can well trust thee, and that thou art likewise bound to find a remedy for my difficult position, and therefore shalt thou rule in this.'"

On reaching Norway, Sigmund goes first alone to Hakon Jarl, finds him at table and talks of every thing but Harald. The Jarl waxes impatient, and at last asks whether he had not met Ironhouse.

"'Yes, of a surety,' said Sigmund; and now he told how it had happened that they were reconciled. Then was the Jarl silent, and became blood-red in the face, and after an hour's time he said, 'Often hast thou done mine errands better than this time, Sigmund.' 'Lord,' answered Sigmund, 'the man is now come here into your power, and I await that you should, for my sake forgive Harald, so that he may have peace of life and limb, and freedom to dwell here in the land.' 'So can it not be,' said the Jarl, 'I will have him slain so soon as I get hold of him.' 'Lord,' urged Sigmund, 'I will be bail for him, and will moreover give as much treasure as you shall require. 'Thy offers avail not,' said the Jarl, 'for he has no reconciliation of me.' 'To little gain have I served thee,' answered Sigmund, 'if for one single man I cannot obtain peace and recon-

cilement. Therefore will I leave this land, and serve thee no longer; and I would it might cost thee something ere he be slain.' Then Sigmund rose up, and went out of the room; but the Jarl remained sitting, and spoke not, and none durst pray for Sigmund.—Then the Jarl spoke; 'Sigmund was wroth,' said he, 'and loss it were for my realm should he leave me; but that cannot be his earnest.' 'Surely he is in earnest,' said his men. 'Follow him,' said the Jarl, 'and we will be reconciled on the terms he proffered.' Then went the Jarl's men to Sigmund, and told him this, and Sigmund went back to the Jarl. The Jarl was now the first to greet him, and said they would be reconciled on the conditions he had offered; and he added, 'I will not have thee leave me.'"

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ. AND RICHARD LALOR SHEIL, ESQ.

[It is hardly necessary for the editor of the Museum to say, that he is not to be considered responsible for the sarcasms of the Tory writer of the following notice.]

CLAUDE FROLLO, the Archdeacon of Josas, is made, in M. Victor Hugo's novel of *Notre Dame*, to philosophize in eloquent and energetic terms on the irresistible tendency of spiders to eat flies, and of flies to be eaten by spiders. He argues it to be a breach of the laws of nature to prevent this unavoidable result; and we agree with the learned dignitary of the Cathedral of Paris, that it is improper to attempt any thing so preposterous. Therefore let the spider eat the fly, and the fly be eaten by the spider, to the end of the chapter.

We were reminded of this judgment of Claude Frolo's the other night, as strolling into the House of Commons, or, if truth is to be spoken, squeezing into it, we attended the debate on "Who is the traitor?" Deep and important was the question—wise and ingenious the debate; and we could not avoid being struck with O'Connell's patronising of Sheil. Cunningly had the Big Demagogue fixed the odium of the treason on the Little Demagogue—cunningly had he limited the inquiry as to the evidence to be adduced to Sheil, and Sheil alone—cunningly had he aroused the ire of the government against his honourable and learned friend—cunningly had he made him the object of the compassion of Sir Henry Hardinge, Sir Robert Peel, Sir Robert Inglis, and the other Tories—cunningly had he kindled the resentment of the Hills, and Broughams, and the utilitarians, and the scribblers, and the *Times* men, and the *Penny Magazine* men, against Sheil—cunningly had he put him into the position of solemnly and upon his honour and conscience denying that which all the rest of the House of Commons believed, until he denied it, when, of course, they unanimously retracted all their former impressions—cunningly did he hold him up to the Irish savages as a renegade, to the Irish tail as a traitor, to the House of Commons as a culprit, to the ministers as an object of attack, to the Radicals as an object of hatred, to the newspapers as a butt, to the clubs as a matter of sneer, to the gentlemen of London as a man whose sayings may as well be taken with some allowance; and then having done that, he defended him with a warmth, a zeal, an

earnestness, an ability, a devotion, which would have done honour to Damon and Pythias, either or both. We thought, too, of Sheil's own conduct to the author of the tragedy called *Damon and Pythias* (poor Banim,) and we could not help feeling that the intense humiliation under which in spite of professional and national habits, he was evidently labouring, was in no small degree merited.

O'Connell pawed him with patronising hand, as Sheil satte clawing his hair and claspng his knee. The likeness of both the honourable and learned men will be recognised to be accurate. There is the bulky and swaggering figure of O'Connell, and the slim, cowering, ill-cut, and haunchless shape of Sheil. The face of the member of Tipperary (for this parliament only, for he will "never go there no more,") is too much agonized by the sense of his unhappy predicament to allow us to say that it presents its usual air of smirking insignificance; it is now sublimed into something higher, by a sense that it is not merely mean, but on the verge of being meanness discovered. The countenance of O'Connell is that of ten thousand of his countrymen,—good-humoured in surface, but indicative of deep, deep treachery within. It says, as plainly as features can say, "I have you now, my good fellow—there, then—I put you on the back, and if you are to be hanged to-morrow, I shall feel great pleasure in sending you to the gallows."

However, as Sheil is acquitted, he is an honourable man—as Mr. O'Connell fought for his friend, he is an honourable man—as Lord Althorp said that he did not believe what he himself had asserted, he is an honourable man—as Thomas Babington Macaulay refused to repeat what he said to Hill of Hull, he is an honourable man—as John Wood, once of Preston, who now gets two thousand a-year from government, played do do to Bab. Mac., he is an honourable man—as Hill of Hull retracted his words, he is an honourable man.

So are they all—all honourable men! But where is Pease the Quaker? Is Broadbent to be dumb—Aminadab tameless? We think the brotherhood ought to take the matter up.

MISCELLANY.

The King of Denmark appears to be anxious, not only in a general way for the education of his subjects, but also for the improvement of the course of the education to be provided for them, and of the mode of imparting it. With a view to this last object, he, about a year and a half ago, sent Mr. Charles Mariboe, to whose charge the English department at the Royal Military College is committed, to England, that he might make himself acquainted with the best and newest forms of tuition in use here. The Hamiltonian method Mr. Mariboe already knew, and had introduced into Denmark, it was therefore any subsequent improvements upon this and the Jacotot method that he sought to investigate, and from all these he has formed a system of his own, of which, both because it appears to be very successful, and because we are pleased with the novelty of seeing, proverbially also Denmark take the lead in intellectual matters, we subjoin an outline. According to Mr. Mariboe's plan, a foreign language, say French, is taught by French sentences, pronounced by the master, and repeated by the pupils, at first with using a book, then translated, not word by word, but sentence by sentence, as literally as is compatible with preserving the

idiom of both languages. The process is then reversed, the master giving the Danish sentence, the pupil the French. The teacher next puts new Danish sentences, to be translated by the pupils from the stock of French words they have acquired, and the rules of grammar they are to deduce for themselves as they go along. We are assured that a very few such lessons enable the pupil to express himself with facility and correctness in language he is learning, and to read any on book.—*For. Quart. Rev.*

An interesting publication in the class of Memoirs is now appearing at Paris,—the *Souvenirs of the Duke of Crequy*, a distinguished *Grande D'etat* of the *ancien régime*, embracing the extraordinary of ninety years (from 1710 to 1800) in a life well prolonged above a century. The book is most full of new and curious anecdotes, and striking traits of the authoress's contemporaries; and is attached herself in a particular manner to refute correct the statements of the Duke of St. Simon's memoirs. Two volumes have appeared, and two will complete the work.—*ib.*

The termination of that vast undertaking, the *Encyclopédie Méthodique*, by the publication of the livraison, which marked the close of 1833, is an event in the annals of French literature which deserves commemoration. It was originally commenced by the bookseller Panckoucke in the year 1782 (the plan was then limited to 42 vols. 4to. and 7 vols. 8vo. which were to include all those of the *Encyclopédie D'Alembert* and *Diderot* in folio,) and at first with prodigious success, having obtained no less than 6000 subscribers, including the most distinguished persons all over Europe, in consequence of which plan was gradually enlarged. But the explosion of the Revolution in 1789 destroyed the brilliant prospects of the undertaker, and in less than ten years afterwards ruined his health and fortune, and carried him to the grave before his plan was more than half completed. M. Agasse, his son-in-law, made sacrifices and struggles to continue it, without much progress, and finally, at his death, the period of the Restoration, the arduous task of completing and finishing it was reserved to his widow, *dame Agasse*, the daughter of the original proposer, whose zeal and constancy appear to have been supported by the honourable idea of completing her father's *magnam opus*. The *Encyclopédie Méthodique* consists of forty distinct Dictionaries, (each of which is sold separately,) extending to upwards of 5000 pages, and illustrated by upwards of 6000 plates.

Schlegel, one of the most celebrated and scholars of Germany, died at Berlin on the 10th of February last. His sermons and translations of Plato have established his reputation as one of the most profound scholars and clearest thinkers of modern times. His labours as preacher and writer incessant. As fellow and secretary of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, he communicated many and particularly on philosophical history, to the members of that body. He left several works prepared for the press.—*ib.*

A *History of Bookselling* is announced by M. of Darinstdt, who has been employed on the subject for the last ten years. It is not merely addressed to booksellers, but to the literary world, in general, particularly to librarians and men of letters by profession.—*ib.*

A Journal has commenced at Leipzig, and directed on of a committee of booksellers of that city, to be devoted to all matters connected with the interests of the book-trade of Germany.—*ib.*





17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30.

and all the mountaineers of the Hæmus, Pindus, the Scardus, the Olym-
and their thousand ridges, would never sub-
any European or other conqueror. They
never submit to any of our regular but-
ing systems of administration or financial
m: a frightful, interminable anarchy would
consequence.

"Turkish empire," says a late English travel-
whose work reference has already been made
Journal, "was too extended and too diversified
language, religion, and interests, to have been
gether by the ablest European administration;
een held together by a weak and profligate ad-
ation, which however allowed to opinion, to
r, to commerce, to prejudice, and habit, a free-
d equality which have been very imperfectly
Europe The affections and at-

nt of the tributary states wait on the Porte
er that government is reduced to the helplessness
being just. The awe imbibed by the rayas
eir first milk, the magic of the name, the habit
maud and submission, give the Turkish gov-
nt advantages which, if properly used, are im-
Would a Servian submit to a Greek? Would
admit the supremacy of a son of the Scythian
Would either submit themselves to an Almani-

Bosniac, or either of these recognise any au-
in one of their former rayas? But all cheer-
port the Porte, if it gives a field of exercise
who bear arms, and ensures tranquillity and
ference to those who cultivate the soil or who
in the busy arena of industry and commerce.
nvinced that the people feel this practically,
they cannot find words or mouths to express
at, if the Porte were subverted, bloodshed and
and invasion would cause to ring even in our
ears."*

There is much truth in the view here exhibited
resources of European Turkey, founded on
like and heterogeneous population, and the
real independence to which they have for-
en accustomed under the Porte.

There is centralization of power in Turkey, but
administration. The population administers it-
h community apportions its own burdens, col-
own taxes, and pays them to the functionaries
Porte."

Saloniki was formerly called Therma, on ac-
of its mineral springs, which name was
by Cassander, son of Antipater, into that
salonike, the name of his wife, who was
daughter of Philip. Although this city dates
ge of the Macedonian kings, there are no
of monuments older than the time of the
s. It is traversed from west to east by

Egnatia, which went from Appollonia on
tatic to Amphipolis on the Aegean Sea.
umphant arches, remains of a circus of the
ome, and a pantheon now used as a
are among the Roman monuments. The

of Santa Sophia, now also a mosque, is a
nument of the Byzantine epoch. The castle
even Towers commands the town, which
against the base of mount Corthiat or Dy-
acing the sea. Saloniki is the most com-
town of European Turkey next to Con-
ple, and contains a population of between
d seventy thousand inhabitants. Manu-
of carpets, of silk gauzes, and of leather,
in a state of great activity. The *esnap*,

nt, *Turkey and its Resources*, London, 1833.

or company of tanners, enjoys several privileges.
A Pacha of two tails commands the *liras* or pro-
vince of Saloniki, which extends from Caraveria
or Berea on the west, to Cavala, near Philippi,
on the east. There are also a mollah or judge,
and a musti or head of the church. The Greek
metropolitan has under him seven bishops of Ma-
cedonia. The country about Saloniki is hilly, and
planted with gardens and vineyards.

The second city of Macedonia is Serres, situat-
ed in a fine plain, watered by the river Strymon,
about fifty miles N. E. of Saloniki. The road to it
leads through the mountains of Bisaltia, through
a little town called Soho. Serres is the centre of
a considerable commerce, especially in cotton, the
produce of the country, which is purchased either
by Greek and Turkish merchants, and exported
into Germany, or by the Europeans of Saloniki;
the former import, in exchange, chiefly German
and Belgian woollen cloths. The population of
Serres is reckoned at between twenty and thirty
thousand. Serres is not within the jurisdiction
of any Pacha, but is under a sort of feudal govern-
ment, of which Ismail Bey, and after him his son
Jussuf, have long been at the head. The latter
being made a Pacha against his will by the pre-
sent Sultan, was obliged to leave his hereditary
government, and was sent first to Patras, which
he defended against the Greeks, and afterwards
to Varna, where he capitulated to the Russians.
M. Cousinery was personally acquainted with
both father and son, and dwells at some length on
the magnificence of their palace and establish-
ment, which was in the real feudal style, and on
the benefits which Ismail conferred upon this dis-
trict, after he had usurped the supreme authority
over the other Beys. The family of Ismail is still
possessed of great wealth and property. The fiscal
or domanial lands in the province of Serres, as
well as those of other districts, are divided be-
tween four bodies, 1st, the Mosques or Ulemas;
2d, the Timars or cavalry corps; 3d, the Zaimis
or military feudatories of the first order; and 4th,
several corporations. As in Europe in the mid-
dle ages, the great feudatories have usurped the
property, and made it hereditary in their families.
One hardly knows which is worse, the Pacha, who
purchases of the Porte the right of squeezing a
province for a certain number of years, or the he-
reditary Bey, who enjoys that privilege by inheri-
tance, and for life. It is true that some of these
feudal chieftains, like Ismail Bey, of Serres, and
Kara Osman Oglou, of Asia Minor, proved the
benefactors of their respective districts, and that
the transfer of their authority to a mercenary
Pacha is an evil; but the benefit of the administra-
tion of the former depended so entirely on the in-
dividual character of the chief, that we doubt
whether Sultan Mahmoud deserves to be blamed
for attempting to abolish this feudal power in his
dominions.

The Beys of Albania and the famous Ali Pacha
afford glaring instances of its gross abuse. Were
Mahmoud to make the governors of provinces
and the other servants of the state responsible of-
ficers, regularly paid, and having no discretionary
powers, and to leave the local municipalities un-
disturbed, he might consolidate the authority of
the Porte for ages to come.

M. Cousinery's book is full of classical and anti-
quarian lore, but it does not neglect contemporary
history. It makes us familiar with several distin-
guished Turkish characters of our age, some of

whom are found to improve upon acquaintance. In one of his earlier excursions to Cavalla, a seaport near Philippi, where the French then had a factory, M. Cousinery became acquainted with Toosoon Aga, the mussellim or governor of the place, a man much esteemed for his honourable and kind disposition, but who was afterwards treacherously put to death through the envy and covetousness of a neighbouring Bey, who wished to possess himself of his wealth. Toosoon Aga had a nephew, a promising young man, who used to accompany him in his visits to the French factory, and who, on the death of his uncle and the confiscation of his property, left Cavalla, his native place, to seek his fortune in the army. This nephew is no other than Mehemet Ali, the present Viceroy of Egypt. M. Lion, the French commercial agent at Cavalla, lost, by the death of Toosoon Aga, a considerable sum of money. Many years had passed over when M. Lion, who was then living at Marseilles, was surprised by an invitation from Mehemet, (who had not forgotten his old acquaintance through all the vicissitudes of his proud career,) to come and settle in Egypt, with a promise of his protection. M. Lion accepted the offer, and had made his preparations for departure, when death arrested him. When the Pacha was informed of the event, he expressed his regret, and sent M. Lion's family a present of 10,000 francs.

M. Cousinery has added to his work several catalogues of curious coins found on mount Pangæus, and in the island of Thasos; and a series of medals of Alexander the Great, of various epochs. M. Cousinery's skill and deep research as a medallist are well known. A map of that part of Macedonia which he has personally visited, and several views of particular monuments and scenery, accompany the work.

From the same.

Memoires sur la Revolution d'Italie en 1831. Par Henri Misley. 8vo. Paris.

ACCIDENTAL circumstances have thrown into our hands the first nine sheets of a work under the above title, which was preparing for publication at Paris, but whose farther progress the French government took effectual measures to stop, by the expulsion of the author from the country. From the minute details which these sheets contain, there is no doubt that it would have excited a good deal of interest in the political world. Mr. Misley was, for several years, at the head of a conspiracy, tending to unite the whole of Italy under one sceptre, that of the Duke of Modena, whom he considered as the most advantageously connected, the richest and ablest prince in the peninsula, and whom, it appears, he induced to give a certain countenance to his plans. His views happened to fall in with those of some of the agents, whom Russia at that time, had, amongst her preparations of war against Turkey, sent to agitate Italy, Hungary and Galicia, for the purpose of diverting the attention of Austria from the East. Yielding to the solicitations of one of these agents, he went to Geneva to confer with Capo d'Istria on the assistance which Russia should furnish; and in the sequel he made no less than seven journeys to different parts of Europe,

to mature his plans. On his return, he set to work to get the co-operation of the Italian patriots; and as those of the interior refused to come forward from fear of falling into a snare, he exerted himself so much with some of the refugees in England and France, that he at last induced them to try a negotiation. Committees were then formed in London and Paris; the conditions on which they should recommend the duke to their countrymen were agreed upon; and a Modenese exile was deputed, with the duke's consent, to carry them to Modena. Whilst the plot was thus fast advancing to its maturity, the treaty of peace, which the Russian successes compelled the Turks to sign at Adrianople, suddenly disconcerted it all. The Duke of Modena hastened to Vienna to set himself right with Metternich; and Mr. Misley returned to Paris in search of other combinations. The French patriots were then preparing to resist the encroachments which they expected the Polignac ministry would soon attempt upon their liberties. Some were endeavouring to bring about a republic; others, to preserve the monarchical government, raising the Duke of Orleans to the throne. As the object of the latter was so analogous with his own, Mr. Misley formed an alliance with their party. In compliance with his wishes, MM. Felix Lepelletier and De Schonen were about to proceed to Italy in order to have some interviews with the Duke of Modena; but the sudden publication of the ordinances, and the consequent elevation of Louis Philippe, caused them to give up the journey. After some attempts to induce the citizen-king and his ministers to make common cause with Italy, he went back to Modena himself. He found the duke extremely incensed against Louis Philippe and the French cabinet, saying they had basely betrayed the secret to Metternich, and declaring that he would have nothing more to do with the conspiracy. Misley's endeavours to calm the duke and to bring him back to their former engagements were completely unsuccessful. He then resolved to dissemble and to proceed without him; and leaving Cyrus Menotti to watch his movements, as well as to make the last arrangements for the insurrection, he returned to France to inform his friends of the change, and to request their assistance in the blow which he meditated immediately to strike. Having taken every possible precaution, including private and public assurances from Louis Philippe, his ministers, and the leading members of the Chamber of Deputies, the Italian patriots effected the revolution of central Italy. Every one knows how the Austrians advanced to put it down, and how the statesmen of France shrunk from the consequences of the principle of non-intervention, which they had so boastfully proclaimed.

Mr. Misley was now condemned to death and to the confiscation of his property, by the same prince whom he had so assiduously laboured to make king of all Italy; but he was fortunate enough not to fall into his hands. In his exile, he resumed with the pen his warfare against the oppressors of his country; and aiming the first blow at the most terrible of them all, he published his work on *the Austrian dominion in Italy*, which will be found noticed at page 352 ante. He next attempted to bring out the present *Memoirs*, in which Louis Philippe, and several of his ministers, do not appear in the most favourable light; but the French police, as we said above, defeated his plan, by sending him out of the country.

The following account of the unsuccessful attempt at insurrection made by Menotti and his accomplices at Modena, drawn up by one of the parties, who was fortunate enough to make his escape afterwards, strikes us as one of the most interesting passages of the narrative.

"The police seemed to have been for some time acquainted with the proceedings of the liberals, with the plans they were forming, and with the fact that public opinion declared an insurrection to be at hand. The correspondence and interviews of suspected persons were watched with the greatest care. It was already reported that a very long list of arrests had passed in succession from the hands of the duke to those of Prince Canosa, and from the latter to the governor. It was added that these arrests would have the effect of paralysing all the schemes of the revolutionists. The duke had just sent the Marquis Taccoli secretly and in great haste to Rome and Naples, only allowing him six days to perform his duty and return. He had also sent Doctor Cimbardi, with Grillo, his own valet de chambre, to Milan. Most of the citizens who were engaged in preparing our future destinies no longer slept at home, not considering themselves sufficiently secure. Cyrus Menotti, who knew that a revolution in Italy was on the point of breaking out, was also aware that, if a number of arrests were allowed to take place at Modena, it would deprive that city of any chance of performing its own part, for it was the most influential persons, and those in whom the greatest public confidence was placed, who would have been selected. In consequence of this, he had made up his mind, and had informed his adherents, that if the government did not allow the time to arrive in which Modena was to act in concert with the other cities, the first arrest made or attempted, of any citizen noted for his liberalism, should be the signal of the projected insurrection.

"On the morning of the 3d of February, Nicholas Fabrizi, a young man, who was known to be in Menotti's confidence, and warmly attached to liberal opinions, was arrested by the duke's orders. Every one saw in his imprisonment the commencement of the repressive measures with which the patriots had been threatened; Menotti immediately made arrangements in order that the rising should take place the same day at midnight. He despatched couriers to Finale, Carpi, Mirandola, Sassuolo, and other places, inviting the liberals to disarm the duke's troops, take possession of the towns, and proclaim their independence. He sent to the neighbouring villages and territory, ordering such citizens as were appointed for that purpose, to assemble all their disposable force, and march upon Modena so as to arrive there at midnight. He requested all the young men, who were to act at Modena, to meet at his house in the course of the evening; and it was settled that at midnight one party should attack the guard in the square, another the ducal palace, and a third the gates of the city, in order to open them to their friends on the outside.

The Duke of Modena, on his part, was not idle. He concentrated in the city the different brigades of his dragoons, which were quartered in the surrounding country; he barricaded the gates of his palace, and took every necessary precaution to repel an attack. But all this was done with the greatest secrecy; and of all these acts, which were known after his departure, the only one that came to the ears of the public, was the order he gave to Generals Fontanelli and Zucchi to quit his territory before nightfall.

"It was eight o'clock in the evening, and some of us were already assembled at Menotti's, where we expected the rest of our comrades. We employed our-

selves in preparing tricoloured flags, and in loading the firearms which we had secretly carried there during the day. There were thirty-five of us; fifteen young men of good family, and the rest workmen and peasants. One of Menotti's servants came and told him that a squadron of dragoons was drawn up before his door, and seemed disposed to enter the court-yard, and that, as the door was open, there was nothing to prevent their entrance. Menotti ordered that they should be allowed to enter, and that the hall door should be opened to them, intending then to shut them in and make them prisoners, as he did not think they were numerous enough to defend themselves. At this moment another servant came to inform him that the corps of pioneers was forming in order of battle in front of the house, and immediately afterwards word was brought that other troops were marching to the same point. Menotti then changed his plans. He gave orders to open the door to no one, distributed arms among us, and encouraged us to resist, if we were attacked, till midnight, anticipating that at that hour our friends on the outside would, by a diversion, divide the forces of the duke, and enable us to make a sortie.

"The detachment of dragoons, which had entered, now ascended the staircase, and knocked violently at the door of the lodging. Menotti demanded who was there, and what they wanted. The commanding officer summoned him in the duke's name to open the door, saying that he had orders to search the house. Menotti replied that he would not open it. The officer then said he would force the door, and the dragoons immediately broke it open with the butt-ends of their muskets. Menotti then drew the first trigger, and we followed his example by a general discharge of firearms. A reinforcement of dragoons and pioneers now arrived. There was a battle in the house between a portion of its defenders and the soldiers who invaded it, while the rest of the young men fired from the windows on the duke's troops, who were now placed all around the house, as well as posted at the opposite windows, from which they returned our fire. After two hours fighting, the death of several of the soldiers who tried to enter the lodging, put their comrades to flight. They retreated in such confusion, that they did not even carry off their wounded. This check, together with the ravages made by our well-directed fire in the ranks which crowded the street, made the officers determine to leave off firing, in order that we should do the same. Not one of us had been wounded.

"The rattling peal of musketry was followed by a deep silence, which was only broken by the groans of some wounded soldiers. The young men in the house congratulated themselves on what they had done, but were not the less convinced that they should hardly be able to stand a second attack, unless they were assisted by their friends from without. In the mean time, after placing sentinels at all the outlets of the house, one part of them were busied in getting fresh arms ready, some took a little refreshment, and the most careless went to sleep. They waited for midnight with the most intense anxiety; it struck twelve, but the wished-for tocsin was not yet heard. No voice broke a silence which began to grow fearful, and at half past twelve no commotion had taken place. More than a thousand soldiers were drawn up round the house, and a sortie was impossible, because our muskets had no bayonets. In the mean time Menotti had disappeared, for reasons which I shall state presently.

"At one o'clock, A. M., a cannon-ball made the house shake, and beat down part of the wall. This shot was followed by a second, and then by a dis-

charge of grape-shot. A part of the front of the house had given way to the cannon, and the young men, being unable to resist this kind of attack, resolved to bury themselves under the ruins of the house. It is impossible for me to describe the state of those persons who inhabited the different floors and who were strangers to Menotti's family. They were in the greatest consternation; the women and children uttered cries of despair, implored the pity of the besiegers, who in they entreated not to expose them to certain death by a defence which was now useless. At this moment, Colonel Sianzani entered the court; and cried out 'Surrender, or I will batter down the house.' The cries and supplications were then redoubled, and compassion induced us to yield.

"We were ordered to descend, for the soldiers were afraid to enter the house. We obeyed, and they made us assemble in a sort of corridor at the foot of the stairs. The smallness of our number excited the surprise and rage of the soldiers to such a pitch that they wanted to butcher us. The colonel resolutely opposed this, but participating in the general error, asked why the others did not descend, and summoned them to do so with horrible threats. It was not until they were well assured that the house contained no other defenders than those before their eyes, that they had the courage to search it.

"During the time we were kept in this place, waiting for superior orders, great was the curiosity to see us, and the disposition to insult us. The colonel had much difficulty in preventing the soldiers, and especially the officers, who were even more furious, from wreaking their vengeance on prisoners and unarmed men.

"General Goiccardi came to see us, and ordered that we should be taken to the ducal palace. The first person who presented himself to his view was Silvestro Castiglioni, a young man whom he knew, and with whose family he had been long intimate. He loaded him with abuse, tried to pluck out his mustachios, and finished by spitting in his face. Silvestro's countenance only expressed dignity and contempt. The general then addressed some insulting observations to the rest of us, and went away. This was his first campaign and first achievement.

"This conduct was a fresh excitement to the soldiery, and the colonel cried in vain, 'Respect them, they are prisoners.' We were knocked about, insulted and wounded. The colonel resolved to send us to our place of destination, assigning to each of us a corporal and six soldiers. On our way the soldiers rushed upon us, struck us with the butt ends of their muskets, tore our clothes, rifled our pockets, robbed us, and in a word, spared us no kind of outrage. The officers, however, surpassed them: they amused themselves by pricking us with their swords, or causing us to be goaded with bayonets. We all received injuries, many were seriously wounded, and one was left dead on the spot. We preserved these recollections with our seats.

"When we reached the palace, we were put into a narrow place where we could barely stand upright, and where the heat was suffocating. Here we found a great number of citizens who had been arrested, and it was then we learnt how our friends had been prevented from coming to our assistance. More than four hundred suspected persons were in prison. An immense number of patrols paraded the city, and would not allow any persons to meet and speak to each other. Every one was obliged to go home, under pain of being arrested. No one had been able to run to the gates, which were guarded by numerous sentinels, and the keys consigned to the hands of the duke. De-

tachments of cavalry scoured the suburbs of the city to disperse the assembling people. The clappers had been removed from the bells in all the churches.

"The night was spent in registering the names of the persons arrested, and sending them to prison. There we found Menotti, who had been imprisoned before us, and learnt from him the result of his attempt after his disappearance, and the particulars of his capture. Seeing the absolute necessity of a diversion, he resolved to produce or secure one, either by putting himself at the head of any of his partisans he might meet with, and attacking the disoriented troops, or if that did not succeed, by setting fire to some part of the city, in order to divide the attention of the authorities. He had endeavoured to leave his house, and reach a back street by getting over the roofs of the adjoining houses. He had already got on the top of a tall chapel of no great height, when he was espied by the dragons who were there on duty. They challenged him to surrender; and, on his refusal to do so, fired at him. Being struck by a ball on the shoulder, he fell from the roof to the ground, and, although half senseless, was pinioned, taken to the palace, and from thence to prison.

"We were all tried and condemned to death. The priest had already entered the prison, and the executioner had arrived in the city. The sentence was on the point of being carried into execution, when the news of the revolution at Bologna, and the insurrection of the neighbouring country, made the duke afraid of being blockaded and taken prisoner. This apprehension made him resolve to retire with his troops, and he took refuge in Mantua, carrying Menotti along with him, and confining him in an Austrian prison. As for us, the people set us at liberty, and a new government was established."

We have given the details of this notable plan of revolution nearly as they are stated by Mr Mielez himself. We have already, in the fifth article of the present number, expressed our opinion of the folly and utter hopelessness of all such attempts, and shall only here add, that if any thing were required to add tenfold strength to our convictions, Mr. Mielez's Memoirs would furnish it.

From the same.

Souvenirs d'un Sézagenaire. Par A. V. Arnault, de l'Académie Française. 4 vols. Paris. 1833.

HERE, at last, we have something genuine; and after the long series of *fabricated memoirs* with which the Parisian press has so impudently and dishonestly wearied and cheated the public, we meet with some degree of satisfaction a work of this class, which is really what it professes to be. The praise of *not* being a fraud is but small; and yet we can say little more in recommendation of these volumes. The substantive matter is trivial, the facts are few and inaccurately stated, the opinions are strongly marked with prejudice and partiality, the style is laboured and affected; and on the whole we are obliged to pronounce these to be, of genuine memoirs, the very worst we have met. M. Arnault himself is a very uninteresting personage: at two or three periods of his life he contrived to obtain a temporary celebrity, but, except some retired actor of the *old Théâtre Français*, or some surviving twaddler of the *Café Procope*, we doubt whether any one can have the least curiosity about M. Arnault. He, indeed,

seems to have had some suspicion of this sort, for he takes merit to himself for affixing to his work the humble character of *Souvenirs* rather than the more important and *responsible* title of *Memoirs*. The distinction is correct enough, and his practice follows his theory. *Memoirs* imply an account of the *dicta et gesta* of the writer himself; while the wider scope of *Souvenirs*—Reminiscences—enables the author to swell out his volumes into a history, private, political, and literary, of all that has passed in the world since his own birth—with descriptions of all the places he may have ever visited—and biographical characters of every man he has ever chanced to see, coloured or discoloured according to his own passions or partialities. M. Arnault's *Memoirs* could hardly have occupied a single volume, while the *Souvenirs* of the earlier half of his life have already filled four octavos, and the sequel bids fair, at his rate of going, to fill six or eight more.

M. Arnault is justly indignant against modern memoir-writers, who, as he says, 'make a traffic of *self*, and sell themselves and their names to book-makers;' and he tells us, with some indignation, that

'One of the most *accredited* editors of those *romances*, which are now published daily under the title of *memoirs*,—after buying the manuscript of an author who, having brought a history *self* into the market, expressed a desire to revise his own work—replied, "That's *my* affair—leave it to me—I'll arrange all that—I'll do for you what I do for the others; for between ourselves, my friend, as to memoirs, I *publish* none that I don't *make*." '—p. vi.

Our reviews of the *soi-disant* Memoirs of Louis XVIII. and Le Vasseur* have already let our readers into this secret, and have, we have reason to hope, checked, not only in England, but even in France, this disreputable manufacture, or at least (which is eventually the same thing) diminished its profits; and we are not sorry to have, from M. Arnault, additional evidence of the audacity of this system of fabrication. We are tempted on this subject to relate an anecdote:—Soon after our review of the Memoirs of Louis XVIII. reached Paris, a literary friend wrote to say that he wondered we should have taken so much pains to expose an imposture which *tout le monde* (at Paris) *avait déjà apprecié*. This induced us to look a little closer to the fact, and we found that if *tout le monde* had indeed discovered the work to be a forgery, *tout le monde* had obligingly held his tongue till four *livraisons* (of two volumes each) had plundered the pockets of *tout le monde*. Nay, we know that M. de Talleyrand—who is, we suppose, no insignificant component part of *tout le monde*—was, up to the publication of our review, quoted as an authority for the authenticity of the Royal Memoirs; and the work was proceeding, full swing, without having produced from the Parisian literary world anything like doubt or contradiction. And even now, although the circulation has been absolutely stopped in England, and checked in all well-informed circles on the continent, we believe that the authors and editors, though they have not ventured to say a word in their defence, *ne se tiennent pas pour attus*, and are still busy with similar manufactures. We shall not be inattentive to their proceedings, and shall again endeavour, whenever

the occasion shall present itself, to save our readers, and the Parisian *tout le monde*, from paying tribute to the audacious cupidity of those '*accredited* editors who publish *no memoirs but what they themselves manufacture*.'*

But while we cordially agree with M. Arnault in censuring this disgraceful traffic, we cannot think that his own course is altogether blameless; for, as we have hinted, three at least of his volumes are mere catchpennies; and—under the title of his *Souvenirs*—he had inveigled us into the purchase of a mass of old newspaper criticisms on departed plays, stale anecdotes from all the *Biographies Modernes*, and tedious accounts of his travels, extracted from road-books and local *Guides*. We have also to complain, that he has, in another particular, imitated the objects of his censure—by publishing not a complete work, but merely *livraisons* of a work, of which the extent and expense are indefinite. This is another trick of the Parisian trade, against which we warn our readers. One is content to give a dozen francs for a couple of volumes of *Le Vasseur*, or of the *Dutchess of Abrantes*, or of *Louis XVIII.*, or even of M. Arnault, but when you have bought them you find these two to be only the preludes to *two more*: well, you are unwilling to have an incomplete book, however worthless—you buy the second *livraison*; then comes another and another, and you are still tempted to 'throw good money after bad,' as the saying is, till at last you find yourself involved to the extent of eight, ten, or twelve volumes, really not worth binding. We therefore earnestly press upon our readers the prudence of suspending the purchases of such works *till they shall be completed*—a course which, if generally adopted, would have two excellent effects: it would oblige the Parisian publishers to let us have the whole work at once; and it would force the authors or editors to compress their information into reasonable compass. Eight or ten, or a dozen volumes, and an expense of two or three pounds, would be abridged to two volumes and a cost of ten shillings, not only without any sacrifice, but even with improvement, of the merit of the works.

Now for M. Arnault personally. We remember hearing Madame de Staël say, in her epigrammatic way, '*L'Etranger est la posterité contemporaine*;' this *mot* we believe she borrowed from Desmoulins—for, rich as she was in *bon-mots*, she frequently condescended to borrow—particularly *chez l'étranger*; but whether the phrase be hers or his—Corinne's or Camille's—it gives M. Arnault but a short prospect of posthumous fame; for we verily believe that, beyond the exterior Boulevard of Paris, he is scarcely remembered as an author, and that none of his works ever passed

*See Quarterly Review, Nos. XCVI. Art. VII.; and C VII. Art. II.

*We hardly think it worth while to bestow even a note upon a specimen of this sort of manufacture which has been placed on our table as we write: it is entitled '*Soirees d'Abbotsford, Chroniques et Nouvelles, recueillies dans les salons de Walter Scott. Paris. Librairie de Dumont. 1834. 8vo. pp. 344.*' The preface contains a minute description of Sir W. Scott and his house, which shows that the writer never conversed with the one nor entered the other; and as to the '*Chroniques*,' &c. they are—what English reader would have believed such impudence to be possible?—they are, without exception, pabtry scraps of fiction, translated from the London Annuals of the last three or four years—'*The Gem*'—'*The Bijou*'—'*The Forget-Me-Not*,' &c. &c. In short, the whole affair is a stupid lie.

the Rhine, the Alps, the Pyrenees, or the Channel. Accordingly, his personal and literary story will be soon told. He was born in 1769; his father, and subsequently he himself, had purchased offices in the household of the French princes—Arnault's being in that of Monsieur, afterwards Louis XVIII. Arnault's liberal spirit confesses this with evident reluctance, and describes his office by studied periphrases. 'His duty was, he says, to supply, for six weeks in the year, the place of the Comte d'Avrigny, who was about Monsieur what the Duke of Liancourt was about the king'—p. 164. This lucid explanation, *ignotum per ignotius*, is all that M. Arnault affords us: though he is minute enough upon other points he leaves his reader quite in the dark as to what his official duties and title were. We are sorry, however, to be obliged to confess our mortifying suspicion that he was neither more nor less than a kind of *valet*; and still more sorry to say, that the art with which he disfigures this fact gives no favourable impression of his candour. Who would not believe, from his expressions, that he and M. d'Avrigny performed, in each other's absence, the same duties to Monsieur, that the Duke de Liancourt performed for the king—and that he and M. d'Avrigny were equals, or at worst that he was M. d'Avrigny's deputy? Now, if we are not misinformed, it was no such thing: the Duke de Liancourt was *Grande Maître de la garde-robe du Roi*, (grand master of the wardrobe,) and Messrs. Le Comte de Crenay and Le Marquis d'Avrigny were *maîtres de la garde-robe de Monsieur*, and relieved each other in the tour of duty—while poor little Arnault was, as we have heard and believe, in the very subordinate station of *valet de la garde-robe*; and if he ever replaced M. d'Avrigny in his absence, it must have been as a corporal replacing a captain in the command of a company, when all the other officers happen to be out of the way. O fie, M. Arnault!—a liberal should not be ashamed of his proper calling; an honest autobiographer ought not to involve his first step in life in studied obscurity; and above all, he should not, for the sake of a little paltry vanity, make an elaborate falsification of a fact.

In the winter of 1790, while he was still in the service of Monsieur, he produced his first and best known work, the tragedy of '*Marius à Minturnes*.' The Revolution I had already gotten possession of the stage, and the Roman names and republican sentiments which naturally entered into the subject, contributed, no doubt, to the short popularity of this piece. But this literary success was soon counterbalanced, and his prospects were sadly clouded by Monsieur's emigration which left Arnault without office or salary, and as he had spent most of his patrimony in the purchase of this little place, the loss was very severe to him; indeed, he seems, as we shall see, never to have forgiven the innocent cause of his disaster, and throughout his whole book aims many poor sarcasms and reviles many atrocious slanders against his old master. Arnault admits that he was at first awkward in the performance of his service, but that Monsieur—

'to do him justice, never showed the least impatience of his *maladresse*—but neither, (complains the mortified ex-valet,) did he show any satisfaction when by practice I had learned to do better. Indeed, he was a real idol, that never showed either dissatisfaction or pleasure at being better or worse served by its ministers. Once, and once only, he departed from the sys-

tem of moderation he had prescribed to himself. One of his *valets de chambre* named Duruflé, a literary man of some distinction and who had even obtained a prize from the Academy, having hurt the prince while drawing on his stocking he exclaimed, 'What a fool!' 'I did not think,' replied the other, 'that one was a fool for not knowing how to put on Monsieur's stocking.' 'One is a fool,' rejoined the prince, 'who has not sense enough to do properly what he undertakes to do.'—vol. i. p. 166.

Pas en bête, is an honest Figaro says—Monsieur at least was no fool. Indeed, M. Arnault admits that he was a '*garçon d'esprit*;' and though he evidently has a spite against him, and endeavours by a hundred little sneers and some very calumnious insinuations to lower his character, the foregoing anecdote is the most serious offence which he specifically alleges. We guess, however, that this offence may have been more serious in Arnault's eyes than it appears at first sight, as there is reason to suspect that it was Arnault himself, not Duruflé, who received the reprimand.

M. Arnault's politics were not as yet, he tells us, very decided; though it is evident that he was on the liberal side, but the massacres of September gave a pretty strong hint, that Paris was no longer an eligible residence for any person—however liberal his sentiments might be—who had been in the service of the royal family;* accordingly, on the 5th September, 1792 M. Arnault left Paris, and after many difficulties escaped from Boulogne to England. He spent about six weeks in London; and as the most he can say of his acquaintance with our language is, that he knew *quelque mots d'Anglais*, we are not surprised to find that he has little to say about us, and that, in saying that little he has made some ridiculous mistakes,—such as designating *Ancient Pistol* in Henry V. as *Le Vieux Pistol*,—but we cannot so easily forgive him one or two deliberate misrepresentations—when he tells us that he saw, in the same play, the French scene, between Catharine and her attendant, acted at Drury Lane in all the grossness of the original language. Now, Drury Lane theatre was pulled down in 1791, and not re-opened till 1794, as, however, he might have seen the Drury Lane company at the Opera House, we forgive that inaccuracy; but he adds, that he was very much surprised at hearing in an English play house an entire scene which he perfectly understood? This is a fact about which there could be no mistake; he might have forgotten the name of a play, or of the theatre, or of the actors, but there could be no mistake when he recollects the extraordinary occurrence of a whole French scene, and a scene so very remarkable. Now, we think we may assert that this cannot be true: 'Henry V.' was indeed played at the Haymarket in the autumn of 1792; but as to the French scene, M. Arnault most certainly did not see it. There is, as everybody knows, such a scene in the printed play, but everybody equally well knows that it never was acted in modern times. These are small matters,

* A small but curious proof of the virulent fanaticism with which every thing that had any connexion, however slight, with royalty, was persecuted in those days, has fallen under our notice as we are writing this article. Having had occasion to consult the *Almanach Royal* for 1790, we happened to procure a copy handsomely bound—but the red morocco and gilding had not prevented the prudence of some former owner from cutting out from the title on the back of the volume, the word '*Royal*!'

but as tests of veracity they are just as good as more serious affairs; and we confess that we are compelled by a variety of such circumstances to repeat our doubts of M. Arnault's general accuracy.

M. Arnault's emigration may have been mainly decided by the influence of fear, or, as he expresses it, 'by his horror of blood;' but we see cause to suppose that there was a little of another kind of prudence in it. The advance of the allies into France made it probable, in September, 1793, that the royal cause was about to triumph,—and in that case a little tour to London would have been an irresistible claim to restoration, if not to promotion in the royal household: we are led to this suspicion by M. Arnault's avowal, that 'after the retreat of the Prussians, the successes of the French and *après le train que prenaient les choses* the prolongation of his visit to England had no longer any reasonable motive, but might even be seriously injurious.'—vol. i. p. 393.

and so he returned to France; where, unfortunately, the reign of blood was not only not passed but had taken a course wider, deeper, better organized, and more demoniacal, than even the most massacres of September.

Two or three anecdotes relative to those days of terror we think worth preserving: the first is truly characteristic of a French *sarant*—

'I have made,' said La Grange, 'a statement of the mortality in Paris during the years 1793 and 1794, and on comparing them with the preceding years, I do not find that the establishment of the Revolutionary Tribunal made any great difference. Deduct from the number of the victims those who would have died from old age, sickness, or accident, and you will find that the influence of this tribunal on the mortality of the capital is reduced to almost nothing.'—vol. iv. p. 316.

Now, this calculation of the *bonhomme* La Grange (as Arnault strangely calls him) is not more atrocious in morals than erroneous in statistics—as discreditable to the mathematician as to the man. In the first place, the population of Paris had been so enormously diminished—every one who could possibly quit that hell upon earth having done so—that if the mortality in the diminished numbers had only equalled the natural mortality of former years, it would have proved a vast increase on the proportionable number of deaths. Again, begging the philosopher's pardon, we think that, even if the number of deaths had been the same, some little difference might be suggested between dying in one's bed, and being mangled on a scaffold. And again, did not this learned gentleman see that his calculation supposes that the guillotine was peculiarly active with those who were the least possible of being guilty of any offence—the old and the ailing? But above all, since his calculation was founded on the returns of the mortality, what was the use of the calculation at all? If the returns were accurate, they must have specified how many were executed. Why then does he not tell us that number? Why proceed with circuitous trouble to produce a vague result, instead of the certainty which he must have possessed, and which he chooses to conceal? This was the same savant who, when Napoleon, who liked that folk should believe in a God, (vol. iv. p. 317,) asked him 'what he thought of God,' replied, 'A pretty theory—it explains a great many things.' *Zola Hypothèse*! (the philosopher lied) *'elle explique bien de choses.'* La Grange's science seems to us quite on a par with the feeling of one

Arnaud, who, a few days after the execution of Camille Desmoulins, said, with a sentimental sigh, 'One cannot mow the harvest without cutting down some flowers.'—(ib.)

M. Arnault, by his intimacy with the infamous Chénier and some other notorious Jacobins, fell under the imputation of having belonged to that party; and an attempted defence of Chénier in these volumes seems to give additional countenance to that opinion: but, to do him justice, we must express our belief that such suspicions were groundless; at least we may confidently say that of the three greatest infamies of that period—the murders of the innocent and patriot-king, of the innocent and heroic queen, of the innocent and angelic Elizabeth—he now speaks with proper feeling; and with regard to that one of these illustrious victims against whom the most violent *acharnement* of the Jacobins had been directed—the Queen—he speaks, not merely with pity, but with respect and admiration, creditable both to his feelings and his understanding. He attributes the death of the king to the *audacity* of the *Mountain* and the *lâcheté* of the Girondins; and he states, very truly, that the people were so little in favour of the execution, that Louis would probably have been rescued, but for the adroit manœuvre of the faction of blood, which—by calling out the National Guard on that day, and keeping them in military order and activity—prevented the union of those who, if liberty, would have, no doubt, made some effort to save their innocent and still beloved sovereign. 'He carried,' says M. Arnault, 'the quality of passive courage even to sublimity, and died like a martyr.'—(vol. ii. p. 6.) We know not how, with such sentiments, M. Arnault could have been suspected of having contributed to the king's death; but he states that he was so, and he attributes the exile to which he was doomed, after the Hundred Days, to that unfounded imputation.

'The death of the king might have had a political object,' but he adds, in an obvious imitation of Mr. Burke, 'what excuse can be made for that of the queen—for dragging to the scaffold all that mankind ought to reverence and honour—beauty, grace, dignity, goodness?'

That woman whom I had seen at Versailles resplendent with majesty and happiness—throwing into the shade by her personal qualities that most brilliant court and the youngest and most beautiful of those who adorned it—that woman whom nature had made a queen, fortune a queen, enthusiasm a divinity, and revolutionary madness a heroine—I saw her again on the 16th Oct. 1793, dragged in a common cart, dressed in mean clothes borrowed for the occasion, and under which her arms were pinioned—I saw her dragged—widow of the king and of the kingdom—to the scaffold, stained with the blood of her husband. It was while I was accidentally crossing a street that leads from the *Halles* to the Rue de la Ferronnerie that I saw—involuntarily and at a distance—this frightful procession. In half an hour she was no more, and the blood of Maria Theresa was mingled with that of Henry IV. and St. Louis.—vol. ii. p. 66.

The guillotine never rested from its labour—even Sunday shone no sabbath-day to it:—one holiday it however had—the day of Robespierre's celebrated 'Feast of the Supreme Being.' Yet even that day revived, by a strange incident, the recollections of its bloody predecessors. In a car drawn by twelve bullocks, appeared some deified prostitute, whom Robespierre followed, as the head of a procession of the National Convention.

When they came to the site of the guillotine—although the place had been carefully washed, and covered with a thick coat of gravel—the poor beasts stopped suddenly and exhibited such marks of horror, that it was not without great difficulty and severe goading that they were at last driven forward. (vol. ii. p. 50.)

Much as he detested these scenes of blood, Arnault's curiosity induced him to witness the execution of both Danton and Robespierre. He met he says by accident, the fatal car which carried the former and his associates to that very scaffold to which they had sent so many others. It is well known, but never can be too often repeated, that the Revoutary Tribunal which condemned him, Danton himself had instituted!—the atrocious violence which stifled his defence, Danton himself had enacted! During the fatal procession, Danton was calm, seated between Camille Desmoulins who was rattling, and Fabre d'Églantine, who appeared stupefied. Camille fancied himself a martyr to his new-born humanity—for he grew humane when he found he was himself in danger; but Fabre more just, was overwhelmed with remorse and shame. Another person attracted notice in this batch of monsters—it was Herault de Sechelles. The mild tranquillity that reigned on the hard-featured and interesting countenance of this man, who had been in high legal office under the crown before the revolution, and was an eminent law reformer in his day, was of another kind from the stern calm of Danton. Danton showed no signs of terror, but Herault exhibited as tranquil an air and as lively a colour as if he were going out to a dinner. Every spectator was interested by his appearance, and inquired with emotion the name of that amiable person; but when it was told—when the inquirer heard it was *Herault de Sechelles*—the interest vanished, and no one bestowed a second thought on the selfish apostate.

It was but a few weeks before his own exhibition on the same stage, that Herault had happened to meet the cart conveying Herbert, Cloots, and others of his former associates to execution. 'It was by chance,' he afterwards said, 'that I met them: I was not looking for them, but I am not sorry to have seen them—it was refreshing.' This Arnault relates with just indignation; yet when he—a tragedian, be it remembered, by trade—met this batch of victims, he exclaimed, 'Here is a tragedy well begun, let us see the last act!'—and he followed it to the Place de la Revolution. We think that his exclamation is well worthy a place beside Herault's.

Of this batch—as it was commonly called—Danton died last: it was growing dark—at the foot of the horrible statue (a colossal effigy of Liberty in plaster of Paris, erected on the pedestal of the cidevant statue of Louis XV.) which looked black against the sky, the dark figure of Danton rose, defined rather than illuminated by the dying sun. His air was audacious, his attitude formidable and that head about to fall had still, says M. Arnault, an air of authority and veneration. His last words addressed to the executioner, were—'Don't forget to show my head to the people; 'tis worth looking at.' Danton is a kind of hero with the Liberals now-a-days, just because Robespierre survived him, as Brissot and Vergnaud are still greater favourites and have their statues on bridges and in palaces, merely because Danton and Robespierre put them to death. In this there is a kind of injustice—they were all alike villains; and

and if they had all perished on the 31st of May, Marat, and Herbert, and Danton, and Robespierre, would have been universally lamented as more innocent at that period than the Brissotins! It was only by living a little longer than the Mountain (it may be said) its 'bad pre-eminence'—he that lived longest had most scope for his natural ferocity; and Robespierre is become the scape-goat by which the reputations of all the rest are to be purified, because he happened to have better luck or more talents than the rest, and to have maintained his power a little longer. If one could make distinction in different cases, we should, after a most attentive, and we might almost say personal, observation of the whole course of the Revolution, venture to pronounce that Robespierre monster as he was, was not originally and substantially worse than Brissot, Louvet, Desmoulins, Danton and his others, whom it is now the fashion to consider as comparatively innocent victims of the atrocities of which they were the prime inventors and hottest instigators. Robespierre fell, not because he carried those atrocities further than his predecessors, but because he was suspected of a vague intention of putting a stop to them.

Amidst all these bloodstained anecdotes Arnault mingles, with the most Parisian indifference, the trash of his own little pursuits and the gossip of the theatres. When he followed Danton to the scaffold, he was within a moment of being too late, because he just looked in on Mehul, the musical composer, to say three words about one of his operas; and Mehul would have accompanied him to the 'last act of the tragedy,' but that he happened to be in his night-gown and slippers. In such a state of society and feeling we are not surprised that one of the favourite exclamations of the Parisian public—who must always have a 'vive' something or other—was 'Vive la mort.'

Trembling, scribbling—shuddering, singing—vibrating between the *coutaise* and the scaffold, the café and the guillotine, Arnault contrived to carry his head on his own shoulders, through the reign of terror; and when Bonaparte began to take the lead, he, by the help of Regnaud (nicknamed de St. Jean d'Angely,) his brother-in-law, made some advances in the good graces of the Corsican conqueror, by whom he was entrusted with a mission to the Ionian islands, which he abandoned (we do not quite understand why) to make a tour in Italy; and this tour, in the dullest style of a guide, occupies about a volume of M. Arnault's Memoirs. The only thing remarkable in this portion of the work is the proof it affords of the bold and pertinacious mendacity with which Bonaparte afterwards belied his own proper name. When Arnault visits Vesuvius, he inscribed some lines in an album which is kept there:—

'Soldat' (which he was not) 'du fier Bonaparte,
Avec l'auter panache ou resplendu sa gloire,
Au sommet du Vesuve, aujourd'hui j'ai porté
Les trois courants de la Victoire'—vol. iii. p. 127.

The rhyme here puts the Italian pronunciation beyond all doubt; yet read the series of petty falsehoods which Bonaparte thought it worth while to dictate at St. Helena, in contradiction of this notorious fact. See also our former contradictions* of

*Quart. Rev., Vol. XII. p. 239; and Vol. XXVIII. p.

this falsehood—one which we cannot think trivial when we see what strenuous efforts Bonaparte made to give it vogue.

Arnault was one of the *sarans* selected to accompany Bonaparte to Egypt, and he embarked with him in *L'Orient*. He however went no farther than Malta, where he, in a rather unceremonious manner, *deserted*, as Bonaparte afterwards reproached him. We shall select a few anecdotes of the passage from Toulon to Malta.

Poor Arnault, being only a *pekin*—civilian—underwent great contempt, and consequently suffered many hardships. The military men shoved him to the far end of the dinner table, seized his cabin, unslung his cot, and left him to sleep upon the bare deck. This ill-treatment, however, and an extra glass of punch, saved, in fact, *L'Orient*, the fleet, the expedition, and the embryo-emperor. Troubled with *insomnie* and indigestion, Arnault arose one night from his hard pallet, and went to the upper deck, where his experienced eyes beheld what the naval officers of the watch had not seen—that the ship was nearly ashore. He gave the alarm—like the goose of the Capitol—and the world was saved. But the French are not so grateful as the Romans; the latter almost deified their saviour geese—Bonaparte told his goose to hold his tongue; the matter was hushed up, and is now only told when there is no one to contradict it, or, may we add, to believe it. The secret was so well kept, says our goose, that, ten years after, Ganthaume (the admiral, in whose ear Arnault says he cackled his alarm) forgot and denied it.

To alleviate the tedium of the voyage, Bonaparte used to hold, in the evenings, what he called an *Institute* in the great cabin, at which the *sarans* and followers, and naval and military officers were expected, that is, ordered, to attend. There Bonaparte, seated on a kind of throne, would give a theme for discussion. It is evident that he was already—indeed he had been from an early stage of his Italian successes—playing the autocrat.

'Deja Napoleon percait sous Bonaparte.'

These formal discussions were clearly intended to relieve the haughty general from the indignity of taking a share in the social amusements—from that *equality* which stood at the head of all his public acts, but never entered into his presence; but they were dreadfully dull to all but the great man and the *sarans*. The members of the *Institute* sat round a table covered with a green cloth, at the head of which sat Bonaparte, as president; the military myrmidons were placed on back seats round the cabin. Junot, very ill-bred, very unlettered, but giddy and candid, could not abide these sermons, and often disturbed them. One evening he insisted that *Lannes*—just as illiterate as himself, but a graver personage, who had the fear of the general ever before his eyes—was entitled to a seat at the green table—'his very name' (*P'Ane*), says Junot, proclaims him to be of the *Institute*. This passed off, and the debate continued. By-and-by it was interrupted by a loud snoring, which drowned the voice of the speaker. 'Who is that,' exclaimed the General, indignantly, 'who snores here?'—'Tis Junot,' replied Lannes, taking his revenge for the late joke. 'Wake him,' ordered the commander-in-chief: but a moment after the snoring began louder than ever. 'Wake him,

I say;' and then, with a tone of impatience, 'why do you snore here at such a rate?'—'General,' answered the harebrained Junot (who was always half-mad, and died wholly so,) 'tis your *sacre fichu* Institute, which sets every body asleep but yourself.'—'Go, then, and sleep in your bed.' 'That's all I want,' rejoined Junot; who immediately departed and was no more pressed to assist at the sittings of the *Institute*.

Arnault next gives us a specimen of Bonaparte's taste and temper, which from so devoted a worshipper, is of some little value towards estimating the real talents and character of that emperor of mountebanks. One day during the voyage, he summoned Arnault to read to him:

'*Arn*. What will you have me read—philosophy—politics—poetry? *Bon*. Poetry.—*Arn*. Choose. *Bon*. What you will. *Arn*. Shall it be Homer, the father of all poets? *Bon*. Homer let it be. *Arn*. The Iliad, the Odyssey, or the Batrachomyomachia? *Bon*. (*cris-idently puzzled*) What's that you say? *Arn*. The Battle of the Frogs and Mice, the War of Troy, or the Travels of Ulysses? *Bon*. No battles just now; *we are on a voyage*, let us have *the voyage*—besides, I know little of the Odyssey, let us read the Odyssey.'—vol. iv. p. 38.

Now it is quite clear, from Arnault's being obliged to explain the subject of the Iliad as well as the Odyssey, that the hero knew as much about the one as about the other—that is to say, just nothing at all; which, as we shall see presently, did not prevent his giving a very decided critical opinion 'on the father of poetry.' Arnault was despatched to fetch—a French translation, no doubt, of—the Odyssey, and when he returned, Bonaparte rang the bell for Duroc, and gave him orders not to let any one come in, and not to come himself till called. Then began the reading: but after Arnault had read a few lines, describing the feasting of the Suitors, Bonaparte burst out into ridicule of those ancient manners:—'That's what you call fine!' he cried; 'these *heroes* are nothing but marauders, scullions, and kitchen-pilferers: if our army cooks were to be guilty of such conduct, I should order them to be shot.' In vain did Arnault endeavour in measured phrases to correct this style of criticism—he seems ashamed of it; and indeed we think, for mingled absurdity, ignorance, and stupidity, it exceeds any thing we have ever read—the mistake of the *Suitors* for the *heroes* of the piece—the confounding the merits of a description with the nature of the thing described—the overlooking the higher qualities of the poem for the inferior accidents—neglecting the countenance of the Apollo to examine his sandal—and measuring the manners of the mythological ages, by the standard of the sutlers and provost-m Marshals of the army of Italy—with fifty other corollaries which could be deduced from this short text, are, we think, wholly unparalleled, and only faintly shadowed, in the description of that other great military critic—*Ensign Northerton* in *Tom Jones*, who '*damned Homo*,' upon about the same degree of acquaintance, and with as much good sense, as Napoleon the Great. 'That's what you call sublime;' added he—'but how different is Ossian from your Homer!' and taking up a volume of Ossian which lay on his table, says Arnault 'like Homer, by the bedside of Alexander'—he began 'to read or rather to recite' his favourite poem of *Temora*.

The education of this imperial Zoilus had been,

and his colleagues have steadily persevered in the execution of an enterprise, which cannot ultimately fail to promote the interests of sound knowledge, and to reflect honour upon the national character.

The stores of Eastern literature, which are deposited in public and private libraries in England and France, and in the hands of Arabian, Hindoo, and Persian families, may be said, without exaggeration, to be inexhaustible. They are of course of various degrees of merit: but, excluding works on astronomy, mathematics, and medicine, which the greater progress of Europe in those sciences has rendered obsolete, it is known that there are amongst those manuscript collections many compositions of considerable interest and importance. Accomplished scholars and travellers, who have had access to those treasures, report that they comprehend volumes on ecclesiastical history and divinity, written by the fathers of the Syrian and Arabian churches, which illustrate the progress of Christianity during the earlier centuries of its existence; that they also include some valuable disquisitions on grammar and rhetoric—and numerous works of fiction, not excelled by those of a similar class which have been already rendered familiar to us in every polished language of Europe. Histories of the Crusades, exhibiting minute details of wars, which, however mistaken in their origin, will never cease to captivate the attention of mankind, are also said to abound in the East, and to be well entitled to a wider sphere of celebrity. The treatise of Apollonius Pergæus, on conic sections, which was brought to Europe by Golius, and translated by Halley, was preserved from the ruins of Greek literature by a learned Arabian, who was employed for the purpose by the court of Bagdad. It is not, perhaps, visionary to suppose that some others of the long-lost works of ancient Greece may yet be found among the versions which are known to have been executed under the protection of the same authority during the enlightened and memorable period of the Caliphate.

To explore these sources of literature and science, and to render them available to the civilized world, is the very laudable ambition of the committee appointed to manage the subscriptions which are contributed to the Oriental Fund. This country ought to feel particularly interested in the results of their labours from the intimate and most momentous connexion which it has with more than a hundred millions of the Asiatic people. We have, by the prowess of our arms and the moral transcendancy of our reputation for enterprise and good faith, extended our sway from an insignificant factory over the fairest portion of India. The vast communities living within our dominions have been committed to our care by Providence; we are responsible for their education, their gradual enlightenment in the duties of religion, their political safety, and the amelioration of their personal condition. But the benefits which we can confer upon them must necessarily be very limited, until we become more generally acquainted with their various dialects, and the productions of their own authors, whom they hold in universal esteem. We possess facilities, it is needless to say, for the acquisition of the Asiatic languages, as well as of the works which they contain, that belong to no other nation. Of these facilities it is our duty, and it ought to be our pride, to make a generous use; it is a stain upon

the literary character of our country, that, in a public point of view, we have so long treated them with neglect—a stain, however, which the Oriental Fund committee will, we trust, eventually remove. They hold out suitable rewards to translators, and we are particularly pleased to observe that, in some instances, they propose to give the original text, with a view to furnish students, at a moderate price, with copies of the best Asiatic productions, to which they might not otherwise have access. Nor do the committee limit their researches to the languages which we have above mentioned; their operations extend also to the Sanscrit, the Chinese, Pali, Burmese, to the tongues of Thibet, Tartary, and Turkey, the Malayan and other dialects of the Eastern archipelago, as well as to those of Hindostan, and the southern peninsula of India.

We are not surprised at the comparative indifference with which the publications of the committee have been hitherto received by all our reading classes of society, as we cannot but be aware that, notwithstanding all the efforts which have been made since the time of Sir William Jones, both at home and abroad, for the purpose of exciting attention to the beauties of Oriental composition, there is not, even now, any very general relish in this country for that species of literature. It should, however, be observed that with the exception of papers communicated to the Asiatic and other societies, and printed among their Transactions—of which the public in general have no knowledge whatever—the labours of authors who have translated from the Oriental languages, and published at their own risk, were confined principally to poetical pieces which they deemed most likely to prove popular. But these calculations turned out to be erroneous, chiefly because those productions teemed with allusions to systems of religion, in which, from their multiplicity and obscurity, English readers found no sort of interest. They have not yet learned the names of half the gods and goddesses who figure in Hindoo poetry. They feel no desire to gain an accurate acquaintance, even were it possible, with the fabled nations, the alleged respective attributes of their personages, and the infinite variety of rites and ceremonies which are blended with their worship.

The 'Arabian Nights' made their way amongst us at once, because, in addition to stories of enchantment which interest the young, they exhibit a true picture of life and manners which come home to the bosoms of men in whatever climate they breathe. There is very little of the sectarian peculiarities of religion in those immortal tales. The presiding care of a beneficent Providence they uniformly acknowledge; they treat of an opposing and formidable power the spirit of evil, and they assign to both subordinate agents, who, under the forms of propitious or malignant genii, manage all the affairs of the world. This is a system easily comprehended, and the exciting character of the incidents constituting a majority of these stories easily reconciles us to the marvellous machinery by which they are conducted. But the poetry of Persia and India, so far at least as it has been made known to this country by private translators, is full of a race of deities for whom we have neither love nor fear. The style in which the original compositions are framed is so florid, that even the best versions of them are mere paraphrases, our language not supplying

materials for such exaggerated and perpetual fiction. Their addresses to our fancy seldom reach the imagination; their appeals to our passions more rarely touch the heart. We have on former occasions, however, entered so largely on this subject, that we need not resume it.

The Oriental Committee have had the good fortune to avoid as much as it was possible productions laden with exotics, which are not likely to be improved in our climate. There are at least a few of these publications to which we should wish to draw the attention of our readers, under the hope that they may assist the committee in dispelling the prejudices which at present prevail in the public mind against Eastern literature. Of these works, the first is briefly analyzed in a late number of our publication—but that now before us, entitled ‘Memoirs of the Emperor Jahangueir,’ or Jehangire, as it is called by Dow, is perhaps the most curious of the collection. It is unfortunately but a fragment, relating only to thirteen out of the twenty-two years during which that prince held the throne of India; but as far as it goes, it is highly characteristic of the writer. It is no modern discovery.

Its existence was known to Dow, who, in his very early and often elegant translation of the History of Hindostan. In alluding to this composition, he says very truly, though somewhat quaintly, ‘The emperor ‘was a man of science and literature, and that the memoirs of his life, which he published himself, do him more honour as a good scholar than the matter as a great monarch.’ The emperor never ascended a throne under more auspicious circumstances than Jehangire. He was the great grandson of Baber the founder of the dynasty of Timur, and the son of Humayun, who had owned Akbar, by whose chivalrous valour he had gained the twenty-two provinces,* then comprehended the empire of India, were firmly subdued and tranquillized. Like the ‘Swedish Charles,’ he gained important victories by surprising the enemy by the boldness of movement, attended frequently by little more than an ordinary guard of horse and foot. But by his extraordinary wisdom and statesmanship during his lengthened reign of thirty years, he secured and consolidated the conquests which he had achieved as a soldier. As early as his celebrated minister, Abul Fazl, he ordered the well-known survey of his empire, which he called ‘Aycen Akberry,’ a very valuable work, which comprises a full account of everything connected with his government and the productions of the different provinces. At the period of his death, which occurred in the latter part of the year 1605, the ordinary annual revenue of the empire, including the average amount of presents to the sovereign, and of the estates of his nobles, which reverted to him at their death, is estimated by Dow at the sum of fifty-two millions of rupees. His standing army consisted of three hundred thousand horse, and as many foot; and his navy, as well as the military departments of his administration, were based upon a system of wonderful regularity.

‘The arts of civilized life,’ says Dow, ‘began to increase among a people naturally industrious and ingenious. The splendour of the court, the wealth of individuals, created a general taste for pomp and magnificence; and the crowded levees of the great, where all endeavoured to excel in the arts of pleasing, rendered the Indians equal in politeness to the nations of Europe. Learning was not unknown, if we exclude the abstruse sciences. The Arabian and Bramin systems of philosophy were studied; and the powers of the mind were generally cultivated and improved.’

It was quite in keeping with every part of the new monarch’s character, that, upon succeeding to the empire, he should have changed his original name of Selim to that of Jehangire-shah, which signifies ‘the world-subduing king;’ and that he directed a legend to be stamped upon the current coin, proclaiming himself the ‘sovereign splendour of the faith,’ and the ‘safeguard of the world.’ He inherited the literary talents of Baber, mingled with the fantastic tastes of Humayun; but in his love of extravagant ostentation in dress and household ornament, he surpassed both his Mogul and Patan predecessors. He constantly boasts, throughout his memoirs, of his boundless wealth and of his munificence to his favourite servants. He reveals, though not always without reserve, his daily occupations, especially when connected with the proceedings of his government, his sumptuous amusements, and the homage paid to him by the princes under his sway. The business of war always appears burdensome to his mind; but he describes a splendid dress decorated with precious stones, with all the man-milliner minuteness of a Pepys. His effeminacy upon this point, his extreme fondness for the tricks practised by jugglers, his habit of escaping from the palace at night, and mixing with the lowest of his subjects at the punch-houses, and his violent attachments easily changed into sudden indifference and even into hostility, betray an infirmity of character bordering on insanity. It is said, indeed, that his mother introduced a tincture of madness into his blood, and he confesses himself that he was much addicted to the use of wine, (and he might have added, of opium,) which sometimes inflamed to frenzy the natural fever of his mind.

Nevertheless, it is impossible to read these Memoirs, without concluding that the errors of Jehangire, enormous as they were in some instances, had their main source in the circumstances of his position, rather than in a bad heart. He was warmly attached to his children, faithful to his bosom friends—and generally mild towards his enemies, and inexorable in enforcing the execution of impartial justice. When his own passions were interested, however, he seemed to recognise no restraint in divine or human law. He was upon these occasions the Eastern despot to the full extent of that pregnant phrase. He concerted his measures for the assassination of any person who stood in the way of his designs, with as much coolness as if he were only transcribing a couplet. If thwarted in his nefarious operations, he persevered with all the treachery of the tiger, but without a particle of his fierceness. This insensibility to crime he no doubt partly derived from his Tartar origin, but it seemed also to be aggravated by that indifference with respect to religion, which he inherited from his father. Strange to say, with all this callousness of conscience he combined a tenderness of heart that often, when his affections were awakened, melted into tears. A woman in

were Kandahar, Ghizni, Cabul, Cashmire, Moultan, Outeh, Sind, Ajmere, Sirhind, Delhi, Agra, Allahabad, Oude, Behar, Bengal, Orissa, Berar, Chandesh, and Guzerat, to which was added a small portion of the Deccan.

his passion for jewellery, he was all energy in the suppression of turbulence; a man of pleasure by habit, he was in his cups a philosopher; and though in principle, as well as in practice, a cold deist, a little opium transformed him into a trembling devotee.

An ill-managed intrigue for changing the succession, which was detected and defeated a short time before his father's death, sowed the seeds of jealousy between Jehangire and his eldest son Chusero, who occupies a prominent place in these Memoirs. Yet he commences his journal without any reference to this circumstance, being much more intent on describing the gorgeous decorations of the throne of which he had just taken possession, and of the diadem which, in the presence of his assembled amiers, he placed upon his head. If we are to credit the account which he gives, we must believe that the former was worth one million eight hundred thousand pounds of our money, and that the value of the latter exceeded two millions! For forty days and nights the great imperial drum struck up, without ceasing, the sounds of joy and triumph. The ground, to a considerable extent around his throne, was spread with the most costly brocades and gold-embroidered carpets:—

'Censers of gold and silver,' adds the imperial author, 'were disposed in different directions for the purpose of burning odoriferous drugs; and nearly three thousand camphorated wax lights, three cubits in length, in branches of gold and silver, perfumed with ambergris, illuminated the scene from night till morning. Numbers of blooming youths, beautiful as young Joseph in the pavilions of Egypt, clad in dresses of the most costly materials, woven in silk and gold, with zones and amulets, sparkling with the lustre of the diamond, the emerald, the sapphire, and the ruby, awaited my commands, rank after rank, and in attitude most respectful. And finally, the amiers of the empire, from the captain of five hundred, to the commander of five thousand horse, and to the number of nine individuals, covered from head to foot in gold and jewels, and shoulder to shoulder, stood round in brilliant array, also waiting for the commands of their sovereign. For forty days and forty nights, did I keep open to the world these scenes of festivity and splendour, furnishing altogether an example of imperial magnificence seldom paralleled in this stage of earthly existence.'—p. 3.

Amongst the numerous regulations, many of them highly meritorious, which Jehangire promulgated on his accession to the throne, was one strictly forbidding the manufacture or sale of wine, or of any other intoxicating liquor within his dominions. But as he was conscious that he exhibited in his own proper person an example rather inconsistent with the doctrine which he enforced by law, he deemed it necessary to enter into the following curious explanation of his motives.

'I undertook to institute this regulation, although it is sufficiently notorious, that I have myself the strongest inclination for wine, in which, from the age of sixteen, I liberally indulged. And in very truth, encompassed as I was with youthful associates of congenial minds, breathing the air of a delicious climate—ranging through lofty and splendid saloons, every part of which was decorated with all the graces of painting and sculpture, and the floors bespread with the richest carpets of silk and gold, would it not have been a species of folly to have rejected the aid of an exhilarating cordial—and what cordial can surpass the juice of the grape?

'For myself, I cannot but acknowledge that was the excess to which I had carried my indulgence, that my usual daily allowance extended to twenty, sometimes to more than twenty cups, each containing half a seir, (about six ounces,) and eight being equal to a maun of Irak (about three po). So far, indeed, was this baneful propensity carried, that if I were but an hour without my beverage, my hands began to shake, and I was unable to sit. Convinced by these symptoms, that if the habit continued upon me in this proportion, my situation must become one of the utmost peril, I felt it full time to devise some expedient to abate the evil; and in a few months I accordingly succeeded in reducing the quantity gradually from twenty to five cups—my entertainments I continued, however, to indulge in (one or two more)—and on most occasions I made it never to commence my indulgence until about two hours before the close of the day. But now the affairs of the empire demand my utmost vigilance, my potations do not commence until after the hour of evening prayer, my quantity never exceeding five cups on any occasion; neither more than that quantity suit the state of my stomach. Once a day I take my regular meal, and once seems quite sufficient to assuage my appetite for food, but as drink seems no less necessary than meat for the sustenance of man, it appears very difficult, if not impossible, for me to discontinue altogether the use of wine. Nevertheless, I bear in mind, and I thank heaven, that, like my grandfather Humaioo, who succeeded in divesting himself of the habit before he attained to the age of forty-five, I also may be supported in my resolution, *some time or other*, to abolish the pernicious practice altogether. "In a point of time which God has pronounced his sure displeasure, no creature exert himself ever so little towards amendment, and it may prove in no small degree the means of eternal salvation."—pp. 6, 7.

Jehangire informs us very minutely of the characters and merits of different persons who were promoted to dignity and wealth. Amongst these he mentions, in terms of peculiar affection, the name of a portrait-painter, to whom he had been attached from infancy. But eminent above all other persons whom he enumerates, as having been distinguished by his favours, stand the names of the minister, Chaja Aias, and his bewitching daughter, the celebrated Noor-Mahil. The fortunes of this family are still remembered in the East, as presenting an extraordinary instance of elevation from extreme poverty to unbounded power.

It was about twenty years before the death of Akbar that Chaja Aias quitted his native home in western Tartary, with a view to improve the wretched condition in the then flourishing empire of India. The settlement of the Mogul dynasty on the throne naturally attracted around it many of the Tartar chieftains, and their kinsmen and dependents, to the lowest degree, as naturally sought, from time to time, to profit by the passage of their leaders. Aias had received a superior education—it was all his poor but noble parents could bestow upon him. He was of a rigid and enthusiastic mind, well skilled in arithmetic, an elegant writer in prose and verse, and critically acquainted with the literary productions of former ages, which he quoted with facility, and recited in a graceful and engaging manner. His heart was captivated by the charms of a village girl, whom he married. The prospect of an approaching increase in his family compelled him to take a determined resolution in order to provide for them.

converted into money the few effects that in his household, he purchased a half-starved dog, and placed his wife upon it, and, walking by her side in this gypsy style for the distant capital.

A small store of money which the adventurer had raised soon disappeared. They had no charity; but the assistance which they had hoped for failed them upon reaching the vast wilderness which separates Tartary from Hindostan. Day passed, and no traveller came in whom they could apply for succour. At length both sank upon the earth from exhaustion in this miserable state the wife gave birth to a child, for whom she had neither clothing nor maintenance. Their desperate condition awakened all the energies as they could have possessed in such a situation; they had taken no food for three days; and Aias, the mother, upon the horse, endeavoured to hold the babe in his arms, but failed from want of strength. The mother was still less able, in her debilitated state, to bear the weight of the infant, and was obliged to abandon it in the desert. But they quitted the child, they contrived to descend a tree, and to cover it with leaves. They renewed their journey, bathed in bitter

water, as she departed, kept her eyes fixed on the tree, beneath which she had thus been obliged to leave the precious fruit of her womb. He bore her grief in silence until that moment when he began to fade on her sight, and then she no longer suppress the voice of nature.—'My child!' she exclaimed, in agony, and fell herself from the palfrey, and attempting to reach her infant; but she could not move. She fell to the heart, tottered back for the first time, what was his horror on approaching the spot? He found an immense black snake coiled round the child, and preparing to devour it? The shouts of the hunters frightened the reptile, which fled into the heart of the tree, and he succeeded in recovering his innocent safe to her mother's arms. A few days afterwards travellers appeared within sight, from whom they received a supply of provisions. Eventually they made their way to Lahore, where Akbar then held his court.

A short time became secretary to Asaph Khan, a man of his, who was then one of Akbar's favourites. Having by his abilities in his office attracted the notice of the emperor, he was promoted to the appointment of high chamberlain, and thus became, from a poor adventurer, one of the first subjects in the empire. His extraordinary beauty, which from her extraordinary beauty she called Mher-ul-Nissa, 'The Sun of Beauty,' received the best education that could be given for her. In music, dancing, and poetry, she was eminently accomplished—in painting, she was equal among her own sex. She was in the bloom of her beauty when Jehangire was in the heyday of his youth. One day, on his way to her father's, he remained at a public banquet was over, and all but the guests had withdrawn, when, according to custom, wine was brought, and the ladies of the court, with their appearance veiled. Mher-ul-Nissa's beautiful figure at once attracted the attention of the young prince. She sang—her voice was sweet as the very soul: she danced—he followed all her movements with expressions of rapture that were restrained within becoming bounds.

IV.—No. 146.

In the midst of this excitement the fair enchantress, turning towards Selim, *accidentally* dropped her veil. He was completely taken in the toils which her ambition had designedly spread for him, although she was already betrothed to Shere Afkun, a Turcomanian nobleman of distinguished character. Selim demanded from his father a dissolution of this contract, but Akbar honourably refused to perpetrate so gross an injustice, and she was married to Shere Afkun at the appointed time.

When Selim succeeded to the throne, one of his first objects was to obtain possession of the woman to whom he had been so violently attached. But he durst not venture to use open force, as Shere Afkun was one of the most popular chieftains in the empire. Having attempted various modes for destroying him, which are related in the East with the exaggerations usually invented in favour of an injured hero, Jehangire at length succeeded in his atrocious purpose. Shere Afkun was assassinated by a band of armed men employed for the purpose, by Kuttub, then Suba of Bengal, one of the emperor's most devoted adherents. But before the victim died, he slew the ruffian who had lent himself to the passions of the despot.

Whether Jehangire was really shocked and disturbed by these incidents, or only wished to allow some time to pass away before he took possession of the blood-bought prize, in order to induce the people to suppose that he had no hand in the murder of her husband, we have no means of ascertaining. It appears, however, that for four years the matchless beauty remained shut up in the worst apartment which his harem afforded, without once seeing the emperor. She endured her fate not only with resignation, but cheerfulness, still sustained by the hope that accident would one day enable her to overrule the resolutions of Jehangire, from whatever source they sprung. She was allowed a miserable stipend, of about two shillings of our money per day, for the support of herself and her female slaves. But her spirit rose with her difficulties. She employed herself and her attendants in working pieces of tapestry and embroidery, in painting silks, and inventing and executing female ornaments of every description. Her various manufactures were finished with so much delicacy and skill, that they were bought up with the greatest avidity, and became the models of fashion at Delhi and Agra. She was in this way enabled to repair and decorate her residence, and to clothe her slaves in the richest garments, but she spent no part of her newly acquired wealth upon herself; she continued to dress in the plainest style, as most suitable to her then personal condition.

The emperor heard of her fame in every quarter, and at length he was tempted by curiosity, if not by passion, to visit her. He entered her apartment suddenly, and was surprised to find her half reclining on an embroidered sofa, dressed in a plain muslin robe, her slaves, attired in splendid brocades, sitting around her, and all industriously employed. The magnificence of the chamber astonished him, as well as the exquisite taste with which it was fitted up. Without losing her presence of mind for a moment, the fair forlorn rose slowly from the couch, and, without uttering a word, made the usual obeisance, touching first the ground, and then her forehead, with her right hand. The emperor also remained silent; the tide of former passion rushing upon him while he once

H

more gazed upon her beauty, and above all, admired that indescribable men by which her charms were rendered irresistible. The result was as she had foreseen. Jehangire sold her in his arms; and the next day orders were given for the celebration of their nuptials. Her name was changed by an imperial edict to Noor-Mahul—'Light of the Seraglio'—and she thenceforth held undivided sway over her husband, yielding to her father the real government of the empire. Many members of her family were raised to posts of eminence, to which they proved themselves entitled by their integrity and talents; and their names, especially that of Chaja Aias, are still remembered with honour by the natives of India.

In mentioning this family, Jehangire is lavish of his praises. At the period when he wrote his memoirs, he had changed the name of Noor-Mahul to that of Noorjahan—'Light of the Empire,' a title indicative of the unbounded influence which she had obtained over him. Upon Chaja Aias he had conferred the dignity of Ettemand ud-Doulah; and it is worth noticing, in passing, with what consummate plausibility and coolness he touches upon the transactions that led to his marriage with the object of his lawless passion:—

'Ettemand ud-Doulah, it is almost superfluous to observe, is the father of my consort, Noorjahan Begum and of A. J. Khan, whom I have appointed my lieutenant-general with the rank of a commander of five thousand. On Noorjahan, however, who is the superior of the four hundred inmates of my harem, I have conferred the rank of thirty thousand. In the whole empire there is scarcely a city in which this princess has not left some lofty structure, some spacious garden, as a splendid monument of her taste and munificence. As I had then no intention of marriage, she did not originally come into my family, but was betrothed in the time of my father to Sher Afkun, but when that chief was killed (*) I sent for the Kanzy, and contracted a regular marriage with her, assigning for her dowry the sum of eighty laks of ashrefies of five methkals,* which sum she requested, as indispensable for the purchase of jewels, and I granted it without a murmur. I presented her, moreover, with a necklace of pearl, containing forty beads, each of which had cost me separately the sum of forty thousand rupees (160,000). At the period in which this is written, I may say that the whole concern of my household, whether gold or jewels, is under her sole and entire management. Of my unreserved confidence, indeed, this princess is in entire possession; and I may allege, without a fallacy, that the whole fortune of my empire has been consigned to the disposal of this highly endowed family; the father being my diwan, the son my lieutenant-general, with unlimited powers, and the daughter the inseparable companion of all my cares.'—p. 27.

It is creditable to Jehangire that he took an early opportunity on his accession to power, to mitigate, as far as he could, the barbarous and absurd custom which unfortunately still lingers amongst the Hindoos, of sacrificing the widows upon the death of their husbands. He directed that no mother should be thus permitted to die; and that in no case should compulsion be used for the purpose of prevailing on widows who were not parents to ascend the fatal pile. But although he interfered with the religious rites of the Hindoos in this respect, he professes the utmost liberality towards

their faith in every other, remarking, that as they composed five-ninths of the whole population under his rule, and the whole of the concerns of trade and manufacture were under their management, he could not convert them to the true faith without destroying millions of men.

'Attached as they thus are to their religion, such as it is, they will,' he admittly observes, 'be snared in the web of their own inventions, they cannot escape the retribution prepared for them, but the massacre of a whole people can never be any business of mine.'

To the assassination of individuals, however, Jehangire had no objection, as we have already seen. We now come to the avowal of another murder, made in terms the most explicit, without the appearance of even the slightest symptom of remorse on the part of the criminal. Abul Fazel, the great historian of India, and one of the most able and enlightened ministers who have ever wielded the destinies of that country, was recalled from the Deccan by Akbar in the year 1602. Dow relates, that on his journey he was attacked near Narwar by a body of banditti under the command of Orcha Rajput, a notorious robber, who cut him off, together with a part of his retinue. This object is said to have been exclusively plunder and care is taken to deny, as a gross calumny of some writers, the assertion, that the prince Danial had any hand in this execrable deed. Danial was a son of Akbar, and a great profligate, who died of a debauch in the city of Burhampoor, in the Deccan, in the year 1605. Mark how calmly Jehangire points out the real murderer, and with what inequality he invents reasons (not unacceptable to Mahometans) for this cold blooded proceeding!

I shall here record the elevation by me, to the dignity of a commander of 2000 horse of Sheikh Abdurrahman, the son of Abul Fazel, although the father was well known to me as a man of profligate principles. For towards the close of my father's reign, availing himself of the influence which, by some means or other, he had acquired, he so wrought upon the mind of his master, as to instil into him the belief that the seal and asylum of prophecy, to whom the devotion of a thousand lives such as mine would be a sacrifice too inadequate to speak of, was no more to be thought of than as an Arab of singular eloquence; and that the sacred inspirations in the Koran were nothing else but fabrications invented by the evil-blessed Mahommed. Actuated by these reasons, it was that I employed the man who killed Abul Fazel and brought his head to me, and for this it was that I incurred my father's deep displeasure.—pp. 32, 33.

The fact was, that Jehangire believed Abul Fazel to have been at the bottom of the intrigue already mentioned for placing Chusero upon the throne to his own exclusion. All this talk about the imputed irreligion of that accomplished minister is mere rhetorical invention, intended to cover under the specious cloak of patriotism and piety one of the most infamous deeds that stain the memory of the author.

Jehangire devotes several pages of his journal to the exploits of his father, which he relates with a natural filial pride, and an energy of style that sometimes rises into eloquence. He details also in a clear and forcible style the transactions connected with the rebellion of his son Chusero, one of whose followers were impaled alive in the best of the Rauy at Lahore. Severities of this description were a part of his system of government, and he thus attempts to justify it upon the ground of necessity:—

*That is to say, 7,200,000.—'One of those enormous sums,' observes the translator, 'which startle belief!'

'The shedding of so much human blood must ever be extremely painful; but until some other resource is discovered, it is unavoidable. Unhappily, the functions of government cannot be carried on without severity, and occasional extinction of human life; for without something of the kind, some species of coercion and chastisement, the world would soon exhibit the horrid spectacle of mankind, like wild beasts, worrying each other to death with no other motive than rapacity and revenge. God is witness that there is no repose for crowned heads!—There is no pain or anxiety equal to that which attends the possession of sovereign power, for to the possessor there is not in this world a moment's rest. Care and anxiety must ever be the lot of kings, for of an instant's inattention to the duties of their trust a thousand evils may be the result. Even sleep itself furnishes no repose for monarchs, the adversary being ever at work for the accomplishment of his designs.'—p. 95.

The imperial autobiographer then proceeds to give a moral portrait of himself, drawn, it must be supposed, when he was in a melancholy mood—

'While I am upon this subject, I cannot but consider that he to whom God hath assigned the pomp and splendour of imperial power, with a sacred and awful character in the eyes of his creatures, must, as he hopes for stability to his throne and length of days, in no way suffer oppression to approach the people intrusted to his care. For my own part, I can with truth assert, that I have never so far lent myself to the indulgence of the world's pleasures as to forget that, however sweet to the appetite, they are more bitter in the issue than the most deadly poisons. Alas! for the jewels of this world which have been poured in such profusion upon my head; they bear no longer any value in my sight, neither do I feel any longer the slightest inclination to possess them. Have I ever contemplated with delight the graces of youth and beauty? The gratification is extinguished, it no longer exists in my nature. The enjoyments of hunting and of social mirth have too frequently been the source of pain and regret. The finger of old age has been held out to indicate that retirement must be my greatest solace, my surest resource, and from thence must be derived my highest advantages. In short, there neither is nor can be in this world any permanent state of repose or happiness; all is fleeting, vain, and perishable. In the twinkling of an eye shall we see the enchantress, which enslaves the world and its votaries, seize the throat of another and another victim; and so exposed is man to be trodden down by the calamities of life, that one might almost be persuaded to affirm that he never had existence. That world, the end of which is destined to be thus miserable, can scarcely be worth the risk of so much useless violence.

'If indeed, in contemplation of future contingencies, I have been sometimes led to deal with thieves and robbers with indiscriminate severity, whether during my minority or since my accession to the throne, never have I been actuated by motives of private interest or general ambition. The treachery and inconstancy of the world are to me as clear as the light of day. Of all that could be thought necessary to the enjoyment of life, I have been singularly fortunate in the possession. In gold, and jewels, and sumptuous wardrobes, and in the choicest beauties the sun ever shone upon, what man has ever surpassed me? And had I then conducted myself without the strictest regard to the honor and happiness of God's creatures consigned to my care, I should have been the basest of oppressors.'—pp. 95, 96.

If Jahangire did not on all occasions do what

was right, we may see from this remarkable passage that he did not err at least from an ignorance of his duties. No monarch has ever declaimed more plausibly upon religious and moral topics than he, and yet we have seen that he could put to death without hesitation any man who stood in the way of his ambition, or indeed any other passion. His character presents the strangest compound we have ever met of a really enlightened mind, mixed with vices and frailties that place him before us sometimes as a most cool and atrocious criminal, sometimes as little better than an idiot.

The author makes a characteristic transition from the grave subject on which he had been just engaged, to an account of the feats of some Bengal jugglers, which cannot, he thinks, but be considered among the most surprising circumstances of the age. The description of the operations of these men is, however, in itself by no means unworthy of attention, inasmuch as it shows the degree of perfection to which they carried their various contrivances for deceiving the imperial court. Jahangire was so struck with astonishment at the wonders which they wrought, that he ascribes them without hesitation to supernatural power. The jugglers were first desired to produce upon the spot, from the seed, ten mulberry trees. They immediately sowed in separate places, seed in the ground, and in a few minutes after, a mulberry plant was seen springing from each of the seeds, each plant, as it rose in the air, shooting forth leaves and branches, and yielding excellent fruit! In the same manner, and by a similar magical process, apple trees, mangoes, fig trees, almond and walnut trees were created, all producing fruit, which Jahangire assures us, was exquisite to the taste. This, however, he observes, was not all:—

'Before the trees were removed there appeared among the foliage birds of such surprising beauty, in colour and shape, and melody of song, as the world never saw before. At the close of the operation, the foliage, as in autumn, was seen to put on its variegated tints, and the trees gradually disappeared into the earth from which they had been made to spring.'

Major Price states, that he has himself witnessed similar operations on the western side of India, but that a sheet was employed to cover the process. 'I have, however,' he adds, 'no conception of the means by which they were accomplished, unless the jugglers had the trees about them, in every stage, from the seedling to the fruit.'

The reader will be amused with the emperor's narrative of some more of these 'specious miracles':—

'One night, and in the very middle of the night, when half this globe was wrapped in darkness, one of these seven men stripped himself almost naked, and having spun himself swiftly round several times, he took a sheet with which he covered himself, and from beneath the sheet drew out a resplendent mirror, by the radiance of which a light so powerful was produced, as to have illuminated the hemisphere to an incredible distance round; to such a distance, indeed, that we have the attestation of travellers to the fact, who declared, that on a particular night, the same night on which the exhibition took place, and at the distance of ten days' journey, they saw the atmosphere so powerfully illuminated, as to exceed the brightness of the brightest day they had ever seen.

'They placed in my presence a large seething-pot or cauldron, and filling it partly with water, they

threw into it eight of the smaller mauns of Irak of rice; when without the application of the smallest spark of fire, the cauldron forthwith began to boil, in a little time they took off the lid, and drew from it nearly a hundred platters full, each with a stewed fowl at top"—pp. 97, 98.

But these feats of skill fall into insignificance when compared with the following extraordinary process:—

"They produced a man whom they divided limb from limb, actually severing his head from the body. They scattered these mutilated members along the ground, and in this state they lay for some time. They then extended a sheet or curtain over the spot, and one of the men putting himself under the sheet, in a few minutes came from below, followed by the individual supposed to have been cut into joints, in perfect health and condition, and one might have safely sworn that he had never received wound or injury whatever!"—p. 99.

"This trick we can easily understand to have been performed by means not unlike those which are resorted to upon our stage, whenever it becomes necessary to hang, draw, and quarter pantaloons in the pantomime. If it be true, as Jahangir relates, that his jugglers also in a moment covered a pond with a mantle of ice, sufficiently strong to bear an elephant—the machinery sent from England to India, some time ago, for freezing water, must have been no novelty in that country. We should much like to know Sir David Brewster's conjectures with respect to the following—which must have been optical deception—and in which we trace a certain similarity to some of the stories so amusingly cleared up in the 'Letters on Natural Magic.'

"They caused two tents to be set up, the one at the distance of a bow-shot from the other, the doors or entrances being placed exactly opposite; they raised the tent walls all around, and desired that it might be particularly observed, that they were entirely empty. Then fixing the tent walls to the ground, two of the seven men entered, one into each tent, none of the other men entering either of the tents. Thus prepared, they said they would undertake to bring out of the tents any animal we chose to mention, whether bird or beast, and set them in conflict with each other. Khaun-e Jahaun, with a smile of incredulity, required them to show us a battle between two ostriches. In a few minutes two ostriches of the largest size issued, one from either tent, and attacked each other with such fury, that the blood was seen streaming from their heads; they were at the same time so equally matched that neither could get the better of the other, and they were therefore separated by the men, and conveyed within the tents. In short, they continued to produce from either tent whatever animal we chose to name, and before our eyes set them to fight in the manner I have attempted to describe; and although I have exerted my utmost invention to discover the secret of the contrivance, it has been entirely without success.

"They were furnished with a bow and about fifty steel-pointed arrows. One of the seven men took the bow in hand, and shooting an arrow into the air, the shaft stood fixed at a considerable height; he shot a second arrow, which flew straight to the first, to which it became attached, and so with every one of the remaining arrows to the last of all, which striking the shaft suspended in the air, the whole immediately broke asunder, and came at once to the earth.

"They produced a chain of fifty cubits in length, and in my presence threw one end of it towards the sky,

where it remained as if fastened to something in the air. A dog was then brought forward, and being placed at the lower end of the chain, immediately ran up, and reaching the other end immediately disappeared in the air. In the same manner, a boy, a panther, a lion and a tiger were alternately sent up the chain, and all equally disappeared at the upper end of the chain. At last they took down the chain and put it into a bag, no one even discovering in what way the different animals were made to vanish into the air, in the mysterious manner above described. Thus I may venture to affirm was beyond measure strange and surprising"—pp. 100—103.

As we are dealing with the marvellous, we may as well notice a strange story, somewhat in the style of 'Sindbad the Sailor,' which was related to Jahangir by a native of Arabia. The emperor observing that a stranger who had been presented at his court had only one arm, the other having been lost close to the shoulder, asked him whether he had been born without the limb, or had been deprived of it in battle. The Arabian appeared embarrassed by the question, and answered that the circumstances attending the calamity which had befallen him, were of so extraordinary a nature, that he feared to mention them, lest he should be thereby exposed to ridicule. Upon being further importuned by the emperor, however, he stated, that when he was about the age of fifteen, he happened to accompany his father on a voyage to India. At the expiration of sixty days after having wandered over the ocean in different directions, they encountered a terrific storm which continued three days, and left their vessel almost a ruin on the waters. Just as it was near foundering, they came in sight of a lofty mountain, which they eventually discovered to be an island in the possession of the Portuguese. Upon nearing the shore they were boarded by two Portuguese officers, who directed the ship's company, passengers and all, to be forthwith landed, stating that their object was to discover among them a person suited to a particular but unexplained purpose, whom they must detain—the others should be dismissed in safety. The passengers and crew having been successively stripped naked and minutely examined by physicians, were all sent about their business with the exception of the Arabian and his brother, both of whom were placed in close confinement, and detained after the departure of the ship, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of their father. The Arabian then proceeds:—

"The same medical person, on whose report we were detained, now came with ten other Franks to the chamber where my brother was confined, and again stripping him naked, they laid him on his back on a table, where he was exposed to the same manual examination as before. They then left him and came to me; and, stretching me out on a board in the same manner, again examined my body in every part as before. Again they returned to my brother, for from the situation of our prisons, the doors being exactly opposite, I could distinctly observe all that passed. They sent for a large bowl and a knife, and, placing my brother with his head over the bowl, and his cries and supplications all in vain, they struck him over the mouth, and with the knife actually severed his head from the body, both the head and his blood being received in the bowl. When the bleeding had ceased, they took away the bowl of blood, which they immediately poured into the pot of boiling oil brought for the purpose, stirring the whole together with a ladle, until both blood and oil became completely

amalgamated. Will it be believed, that after this they took the head, and again fixing it exactly to the body, they continued to rub the adjoining parts with the mixture of blood and oil until the whole had been applied! They left my brother in this state, closed the door, and went their way.

'At the expiration of three days from this, they sent for me from my place of confinement, and telling me that they had obtained, at my brother's expense, all that was necessary to their purpose, they pointed out to me the entrance to a place under ground, which they said was the repository of gold and jewels to an incalculable amount. Thither they informed me I was to descend, and that I might bring away for myself as much of the contents as I had strength to carry. At first I refused all belief to their assertions, conceiving that doubtless they were about to send me where I was to be exposed to some tremendous trial; but as their importunities were too well enforced, I had no alternative but submission.

'I entered the opening which led to the passage, and having descended a flight of stairs, about fifty steps, I discovered four separate chambers. In the first chamber, to my utter surprise, I beheld my brother, apparently restored to perfect health. He wore the dress and habiliments of the Ferengues (Portuguese)—had on his head a cap of the same people, profusely ornamented with pearl and precious stones, a sword set with diamonds by his side, and a staff similarly enriched under his arm. My surprise was not diminished when, the moment he observed me, I saw him turn away from me as if under feelings of the utmost disgust and disdain. I became so alarmed at a reception so strange and unaccountable, that although I saw that it was my own brother, the very marrow in my bones seemed to have been turned into cold water. I ventured, however, to look into the second chamber, and there I beheld heaps upon heaps of diamonds and rubies, and pearls and emeralds, and every other description of precious stones, thrown one on the other in astonishing profusion. The third chamber into which I looked contained, in similar heaps, an immense profusion of gold, and the fourth chamber was strewn middle deep with silver.

'I had some difficulty in determining to which of these glittering deposits I should give the preference. At last I recollected that a single diamond was of greater value than all the gold I could gather into my robe, and I accordingly decided on tucking up my skirts and filling them with jewels. I put out my hand in order to take up some of these glittering articles, when from some invisible agent—perhaps it was the effect of some overpowering effluvia—I received a blow so stunning, that I found it impossible to stand in the place any longer. In my retreat it was necessary to pass the chamber in which I had seen my brother. The instant he perceived me about to pass, he drew his sword, and made a furious cut at me. I endeavoured to avoid the stroke by suddenly starting aside, but in vain; the blow took effect, and my right arm dropped from the shoulder-joint. Thus wounded and bleeding, I rushed from this deposit of treasure and horror, and, at the entrance above, found the physician and his associates, who had so mysteriously determined the destiny of my unhappy brother. Some of them went below and brought away my mutilated arm; and having closed up the entrance with stone and mortar, conducted me, together with my arm, all bleeding as I was, to the presence of the Portuguese governor; men and women and children flocking to the doors to behold the extraordinary spectacle.

'The wound in my shoulder continued to bleed; but having received from the governor a compensation of

three thousand tomauns, a horse with jewelled caparisons, a number of beautiful female slaves, and many males, with the promise of future favours in reserve, the Portuguese physician was ordered to send for me; and applying some styptic preparation to the wound, it quickly healed, and so perfectly, that it might be said I was thus armless from my birth. I was then dismissed, and having shortly afterwards obtained a passage in another ship, in about a month from my departure reached the port for which I was destined.' —p. 106-108.

In several passages of these Memoirs the imperial author boasts, in terms that to Europeans must appear ludicrously extravagant, of the riches which he possessed in gold and precious stones of every description. When the province of Berar, in the Deccan, was surrendered to his authority, he assures us that, as a symbol of submission, there were sent to him a train of elephants, four hundred in number, each elephant furnished with caparisons, chains, collars and bells, all of gold, and each laden besides with gold to the value of nearly 9000*l.* of our money! No doubt, however, can be entertained that the wealth of Jehangire was prodigious. He gives a glowing description of a magnificent mausoleum, which was erected by his orders at Secundera, in honour of his imperial father, Akbar. From the account given by the late lamented Heber of this gorgeous pile, it would appear that the sum asserted by the author to have been expended upon it (about 1,800,000*l.*) is not exaggerated. The principal building consists of a tower of polished marble, erected on four lofty arches, terminating in a circular dome, and inlaid with gold and lapis lazuli, from roof to basement. The whole is surrounded by a splendid colonnade, and by gardens planted with cypresses and other trees, and decorated by numerous fountains. The mausoleum has been taken under British protection; and is certainly one of the most beautiful pieces of architecture in India. In point of splendour, however, it can hardly be compared to the palace which Jehangire caused to be constructed for himself at Agra. He describes the principal saloon of this edifice as

'supported by twenty-five pillars, all covered with plates of gold, and all over inlaid with rubies, turquoises, and pearl; the roof on the outside is formed into the shape of a dome, and is also covered with squares of solid gold; the ceiling of the dome within being decorated with the most elaborate figures, of the richest materials and most exquisite workmanship!'

When to these ornaments we add a moveable platform of gold, upon which from one thousand to five thousand of the chief officers of the court and nobility took their places on occasions of ceremony, and also a moveable partition of lattice-work, all of gold, both of which articles formed a part of the emperor's equipage wherever he went, we fear that we shall startle the reader's credulity—especially as the author calculates the weight of the precious metal, composing these two pieces of state furniture, at no less than forty-two tons.

These Memoirs terminate abruptly. The last eight years of the emperor's existence were full of vicissitudes, the history of which may be read in Dow. He was governed entirely by Noor-Mahil, who treated him like a child, and estranged from him his best friends. Shah Jehan, the ablest and most enterprising of his sons, waged open war against the authority of the empress, as she was styled; and would probably have succeeded in deposing the emperor, now grown quite imbecile.

from the throne, had not that step been rendered unnecessary by his death, which took place in November, 1627. Noor-Mahal was allowed a splendid residence at Lahore, and a pension of about 25,000 rupees per annum, which she enjoyed without interruption during the remainder of her life. She died in the year 1645.

From the same.

Note on the article in the May Museum, on the Journal of a West India Proprietor.

We are extremely sorry for having inserted in this Article, without due inquiry, an extract from a manuscript diary conveying an unpleasant, and, as must now be evident, a wholly unjust reflection on the character of Mr. Lewis (father to the author of 'The Monk'). We have since received a letter from that gentleman's son-in-law, Sir Henry Lushington, in which he says—'I do not believe there ever existed a more honourable or generous man than the one who has been accused of reducing his son's income one moiety, because that son had not forgotten his duty to his mother. I am fully convinced that Mr. Lewis did not reduce his son's income from any such motive; nor is it likely, that the man of whom Mr. G. Lewis speaks (in a passage quoted by the "Quarterly Review" itself,) "as one of the most generous persons that ever existed," could have been influenced by such sentiments. The fact is, Mr. Lewis reduced his son's allowance because his own means were so diminished as to compel him to alter every part of his establishment, even to letting his house, and laying down his carriage; and I can, moreover, state from my personal knowledge, that the allowance Mr. Lewis continued to his son, was actually more than one half of his own English income.' We feel sincerely obliged to Sir H. Lushington for giving us the means of thus correcting the effect of our rash citation.

From the Court Magazine.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH'S POSTHUMOUS WORK.

It is a singular coincidence that the two men, best qualified in our time to write a history of the Revolution of 1688, should both have undertaken it, and both have been cut off prematurely before they had brought it to a conclusion. Of these two eminent men, Mr. Fox has been the most fortunate in his editor. No rash attempt was made to complete what he had left imperfect, nothing was prefixed to the historical fragment he had written, but a short account of the researches in which it had engaged him. Sir James Mackintosh has met with a different treatment from the publishers of his posthumous work. To the excellent though unfinished specimen he had left of his intended history of England, they have appended a continuation of nearly equal length, written, not without ability, but in a totally different spirit, and with a manifest disposition to undervalue that great event, and to depreciate the persons who brought it about. In this appendage to the original work the changes effected in 1688 are judged, not by their intrinsic merit, or by the state from which

they delivered us, or even by the consequences to which they led—but by comparison with the demands of public opinion in 1830. Every charge or insinuation against the authors of the revolution is brought forward, and no allowance made for the difficulties with which they were encompassed, or for the prejudices to which they were opposed. William III., instead of appearing as 'the deliverer of Holland and the preserver of Europe,' is painted as a selfish ambitious hypocrite, who had long projected and at length accomplished, under false pretences, the overthrow of his father-in-law. The hard-hearted unfeeling James is made to call on us for our sympathy and commiseration; and, notwithstanding the persecutions for religion he had sanctioned or approved of, he is represented as a friend of toleration, and converted into a *quasi* martyr for religious liberty. Never was there a book where the concluding part was at such variance with the commencement. It is probably the first time that the continuator of a posthumous work took advantage of his situation to write an answer to the book he was employed to publish, and to incorporate both in the same volume. It reminds us of some Indian or Egyptian idols, where the head is human, and the extremity from some animal hostile to man.

Not content with this offence against propriety, the publishers have prefixed to their book a common-place life of Sir James Mackintosh, of small dimensions, full of errors and omissions, made up of extracts from his published works and from the reports of his speeches in parliament, interpersed with criticisms on his talents and political character, calculated to lower him in public estimation below the station he deserves to occupy.

For the continuation of his history, had it been written in the same spirit with the original work, there might have been some excuse. The portion left by Sir James Mackintosh was small and incomplete, and some allowance must be made for booksellers disappointed in their expectation of a larger book. But for the Life there can be no apology. The publishers were aware that a biographical account of Sir James Mackintosh, drawn from his own papers, letters, and journals, was in preparation by his family. To anticipate such a publication was not creditable; and with no original materials in their hands, they could have had no motive for undertaking the Life they have put forth, but to increase the size and enhance the price of their book.

The perusal of Sir James Mackintosh's part of this ponderous volume makes us regret, as much as his booksellers can have done, that there is not more of it. If, in some respects, it has disappointed, it has, in general, exceeded, our expectations. We had no doubt of his patience and minuteness of research—of his calm and dispassionate investigation of truth—of his candour in estimating characters, and doing justice to those most opposed to him in opinion. We are fully aware of his ardent but enlightened attachment to civil and religious liberty, without distinction of sect or party. We expected in him, as we have found, a generous sympathy for the unfortunate, and a warmth of indignation against cruelty and oppression. But knowing his turn for dissertation and habits of critical disquisition, we were not prepared for the clearness and spirit of his narrative, or for the entertainment, as well as instruction, he affords us by his biographical notices of the individuals who

appear in succession on the scene, few of whom are dismissed without some account of who they were and what became of them, interspersed with anecdotes characteristic of them and of the age in which they lived. His portraits of individuals are drawn with care and discrimination, and with that mixture of light and shade, of strength and weakness, which is always found in real life, though often wanting in the delineations of the closet. Let us take, for example, his character of Lord Sunderland, long the prime minister of James II., and by many regarded as the principal, if not the intentional, instrument of his fall.

"Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, who soon acquired the chief ascendancy in this administration, entered on public life with all the external advantages of birth and fortune. His father fell in the royal army at the battle of Newbury, with those melancholy forebodings of danger from the victory of his own party which filled the breasts of the more generous royalists, and which, on the same occasion, saddened the dying moments of Lord Falkland. His mother was Lady Dorothy Sidney, celebrated by Waller under the name of Saccharissa. He was early employed in diplomatic missions, where he acquired the political knowledge, insinuating address, and polished manners, which are learnt in that school, together with the subtlety, dissimulation, flexibility of principle, indifference on questions of constitutional policy, and impatience of the restraints of popular government, which have been sometimes contracted by English ambassadors in the course of a long intercourse with the ministers of absolute princes. A faint and superficial preference of the general principles of civil liberty was blended in a manner not altogether unusual with his diplomatic vices. He seems to have gained the support of the Dutchess of Portsmouth to the administration formed by the advice of Sir William Temple, and to have then gained the confidence of that incomparable person, who possessed all the honest arts of a negotiator. He gave an early earnest of the inconstancy of an over-refined character by fluctuating between the exclusion of the Duke of York and the limitation of the royal prerogative. He was removed from the administration for his vote on the Bill of Exclusion. The love of office soon prevailed over his feeble spirit of independence, and he made his peace with the court by the medium of the Duke of York, who had long been well disposed to him, and of the Dutchess of Portsmouth, who found no difficulty in reconciling the king to a polished as well as pliant courtier, an accomplished negotiator, and a minister more versed in foreign affairs than any of his colleagues. Negligence and profusion bound him to office by stronger though coarser ties than those of ambition: he lived in an age when a delicate purity in pecuniary matters had not begun to have a general influence on statesmen, and when a sense of personal honour, growing out of long habits of co-operation and friendship, had not yet contributed to secure them against political inconstancy. He was one of the most distinguished of a species of men who perform a part more important than noble in great events; who, by powerful talents, captivating manners, and accommodating opinions; by a quick discernment of critical moments in the rise and fall of parties; by not deserting a cause till the instant before it is universally discovered to be desperate, and by a command of expedients and connexions which render them valuable to every

new possessor of power, find means to cling to office or to recover it, and who, though they are the natural offspring of quiet and refinement, often creep through stormy revolutions without being crushed. Like the best and most prudent of his class, he appears not to have betrayed the secrets of the friends whom he abandoned, and never to have complied with more evil than was necessary to keep his power. His temper was without rancour; he must be acquitted of prompting, or even preferring, the cruel acts which were perpetrated under his administration: deep designs and premeditated treachery were irreconcilable both with his indolence and his impetuosity; and there is some reason to believe, that, in the midst of total indifference about religious opinions, he retained to the end some degree of that preference for civil liberty which he might have derived from the examples of his ancestors, and the sentiments of some of his early connexions."

In the character given by Sir James Mackintosh of Lord Halifax, a man of greater genius than Lord Sunderland, though less qualified to make his way as a politician, we meet with similar traits of the tact and discrimination of his portraits. Lord Halifax had, it seems, in the generous fervour of youth, embraced the opinions of a republican; but finding soon that "his political speculations were incapable of being reduced to practice, he suffered them to melt away in the sunshine of royal favour. The disappointment of visionary hopes led him to despair of great improvements, to despise the moderate service which an individual may render to the community, and to turn with disgust from public principles to the indulgence of his own vanity and ambition. He had a stronger passion for praise than for power, and loved the display of talent more than the possession of authority. The unbridled exercise of his wit exposed him to lasting animosities, and threw a shade of levity over his character. He was too acute in discovering difficulties, too ingenious in devising objections. He had too keen a perception of human weakness and folly not to find many pretexts and temptations for changing his measures and deserting his connexions. The subtlety of his genius tempted him to projects too refined to be understood or supported by numerous bodies of men. His appetite for praise, when sated by the admiration of his friends, was too apt to seek a new and more stimulating gratification in the applauses of his opponents. His weakness and even his talents continued to betray him into inconstancy; which, if not the worst quality of a statesman, is the most fatal to his permanent importance."

Of the brutal Jeffreys he speaks with more unqualified reprobation than of any other person mentioned in his history. Some sentences deserve to be extracted. "The union of a powerful understanding, with boisterous violence, and the basest subserviency, singularly fitted him to be the tool of a tyrant. He wanted, indeed, the aid of hypocrisy, but he was free from its restraints. He had that reputation for boldness which many men preserve as long as they are personally safe, by violence in their counsels and in their language. If he at last feared danger, he never feared shame, which much more frequently restrains the powerful."

But we must have done with quotations. Those we have selected are favourable specimens of Sir James Mackintosh's style and manner of composition. In the latter part of the fragment, there are

many sentences that want the correcting hand of the author. Some are obscure, others ungrammatical, and many might be divided or shortened with advantage. We do not blame the editor for leaving untouched these defects; but, in justice to the author, the publishers ought to have remembered, that he had marked with his own hand on the latter part of his MS., that it required to be revised and corrected before it went to press.

There are several disquisitions of a general nature dispersed through the work. The most important and elaborate is a dissertation on the right of resistance, on the circumstances in which it is justifiable, and on the limitations to which it is subject. At the close of this discussion he examines the question whether a people aggrieved by their own government may call in the aid of foreigners to their assistance. He decides in the affirmative; but considers the policy in most cases doubtful. The case of Holland against Philip of Spain, of England against James II., and of America against George III., are examples of the experiment being made with safety and advantage; but it is too hazardous to be tried unless under very peculiar circumstances.

There is a digression of first-rate excellence on the good and evil produced by the Jesuits, in which the objections to a society of that description, on whatever pretext it may be formed, are stated in the most forcible and convincing manner.

The remarkable calm that preceded the revolution excites the curiosity of Sir James Mackintosh. Some of the reasons he assigns for it may appear fanciful, and others are not in strict accordance with historical truth. But one of the explanations he suggests, if not true, is at least plausible. Popular commotions are commonly preceded by public meetings, or secret assemblies, where the passions of the multitude are excited to violence and turbulence by harangues and exhortations from persons of their own condition. But on this occasion the whole body of the clergy, and all the protestant gentry, were for the first and only time embarked in the popular cause. There was no occasion for demagogues to rouse the multitude; the nation trusted their natural leaders. The people were calm, because those above them were equally alive to their common danger, and equally determined to resist it. "Hence arose the facility of caution and secrecy at one time, of energy and speed at another, of concert and co-operation throughout which are indispensable in enterprises so perilous."

We are tempted to make one quotation more, on account of its connexion with a prevailing political heresy of our own times. It is not unusual for the declaimers in favour of popular rights to under-rate the struggles with the crown in the middle ages, as contests in which the body of the people had no sort of interest. In reference to such opinions Sir James Mackintosh has the following remark: "In a contest between one tyrant and many where a nation in a state of personal slavery is equally disregarded by both, reason and humanity might be neutral, if reflection did not remind us, that even the contests and factions of a turbulent aristocracy call forth an energy and magnanimity and ability which are extinguished under the quieter and more fatally lasting domination of a single master." So just is this observation, and strongly confirmed by history, that it may truly be said of the convention at Runnymede, that it was the im-

pulse which has guided and directed us ever since. If the barons, who extorted Magna Charta, were to make their appearance before the Reformed House of Commons of 1834, they might say with truth, "If it had not been for us, you would be here." The greatest mistake in judging of past times is to estimate the conduct of our ancestors by the standard of our own opinion. The most grievous error in modern legislation is to argue, that an institution must be good at present because it was useful a hundred years ago. We might as well insist on talking the language of Chaucer as maintain that whatever is ancient ought on that account to be preserved. Ever thing human is subject to change. Good lights have superseded white oil, as the new boroughs have taken place of the old. Let us neither despise our ancestors for having paved their streets, nor refuse to macadamise our own.

From Tait's Magazine.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH'S HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

As soon as Sir James Mackintosh had abjured his early principles, he chose to be considered Whig of the Revolution; which, now that the breed of Tories is extinct, the Passive obedience and Divine right men, differs as nothing from modern Tory, save the letters that compose it word. Sir Robert Peel, and even the member of Oxford University, are exactly Whigs of the Revolution, that first Reform Bill, which established a great Constitutional principle, but bore few fruit in the reform of institutions; and of which the most remarkable consequence as concerned the people, was, that the Whigs opened the Tories. The Glorious Revolution of 1688 has been dim of its beams in these latter days. The Septennial Act alone neutralized its best advantages, as its principle "of enshrining Kings" for misconduct recognised by the Revolution, is only to be acted upon in extreme cases, and at long intervals while the power of the people over their representatives, secured by short Parliaments, is constantly circulating life's blood of liberty. We have recently seen how much more powerful a charm the prospect of a speedy day of account with constituents proves, than any other countervailing force whatever. The history of this Revolution forms the ostensible and prominent part of the large quarto volume. It is a fragment of that history of England, for so many years promised by Sir James Mackintosh; and on the faith of which our ill-natured people now say he long drew wind-blown fame. The fragment, which occupies only about 350 pages of lordly print, or less than a half of the volume, unluckily for "the immortal memory" closes at a very ticklish juncture; as the editor or biographer of Sir James Mackintosh does not sympathize in his unqualified and inordinate admiration of the Prince of Orange.

To the volume is prefixed a life of Sir James Mackintosh, and a notice of his writings and speeches which will probably be the portion of this expensive work, most generally read. It is well written, in a candid and liberal spirit, and contains a fair and impartial estimate of the man in public and in private life. The notices of a few

and are, however, so very meagre, that we declined to increase the amount, though we travel somewhat out of the record.

The very first sentence assigns the memory of James the exact place it will occupy with posterity.

"Sir James Mackintosh will be remembered as a man of letters, and a member of the House of Commons." He held that prominent station in

life, in which a man is sure to be either estimated or unduly depreciated, and both, by, at different periods of his course; and in this quarto is a favourable augury, we do not imagine that his reputation, which, to extent, was that of society, of juxta-position, of talk, is likely ever to be much higher than

present. The fervent admirers of Sir James, rising generation numbers many, may consider the estimate of his biographer frigid, if not erroneous, though it will be more difficult to put inaccuracy either in the facts or reasons, and the sceptics to the overweening merits ascribed to a Whig oracle of long standing, may give the praise tending to excess; leaving the rest of the memoir in that *juste milieu*, which is generally as true a position, in a moral sense, as univocal in a political one. The former class may say that his summing up and judgments are candid and impartial; but the latter may say that he throws in too many words for the effect.

The most remarkable feature in the public character of Sir James Mackintosh, was, that, though he was loosely on party, no one ever dreamed of regarding him an independent member of Parliament. A moderate Whig, as we have seen, ever after his unthriving opinions of his youth, he seemed to stand upon neutral ground; but he stood fettered by contingencies, expectations, and the difficulties of his personal affairs. No man in England set up pretensions to disinterested patriotism, like Mackintosh, a political adventurer for fortune, unless he make up his mind, with William Marvel, to live in a garret, and dine on a bone of mutton. There is no disrespect in styling Sir James Mackintosh a political adventurer, while the same term is applied to the distinguished of his contemporaries; the true question being how he and they conducted themselves in the field of adventure open to every man, without the equipments which graced their entrance.

Sir James Mackintosh was the son of Captain Mackintosh of Killachie, an officer in the army, and representative of one of the families of the Mackintosh. No Highland gentleman needs a goodly-spread family-tree. Sir James was of a long pedigree and a narrow patrimony. His mother was named Macgillivray; she was a daughter of Carolina, and died at Gibraltar, whither she accompanied her husband from Scotland, leaving her eldest son, James, was still a child. He was born upon the 24th October, 1765, at his grandfather's residence, the farm of Aldourie, a spot of charming beauty at that end of Loch Ness which is next the town of Inverness. Sir James inherited that early passion for reading which is a uniform symptom of talent, wherever there is an opportunity for its development. He was educated at the Grammar School of Fortrose, then the most reputable seminary in that country, and with such proficiency, that his friends resolved to send him for one of the learned professions, instead of the army, the ordinary destination of the

great heads of small Highland Houses. He accordingly went to Aberdeen, where he was supported by a legacy left him by an uncle; his father, with the free and careless habits of his profession, being unable to do any thing for his children. At King's College, Mackintosh became the intimate friend of his fellow-student, the late illustrious Robert Hall of Leicester, the Baptist Minister.—Though they rarely met in after life, they occasionally corresponded, and their friendship remained unimpaired. One of its worst consequences was, that Sir James, on his political defection, for a time, drew young Hall after him. The matter was offensive to the friends of freedom, in the celebrated sermon of Modern Infidelity, was but an eloquent and powerful amplification of the new ideas imbibed by the author of the *Vendicte Gallicæ*, suddenly and inexplicably converted not alone into the enthusiastic admirer of the genius of Burke, but also into an admirer of his opinions.

Having finished his classical education at Aberdeen, Mackintosh came to Edinburgh to study medicine; and, in the Speculative Society, first essayed the art of oratory. "The study of medicine is said to have occupied the lesser, whilst literature, philosophy, and dissipation occupied the greater portion of his time;" and so much was he distinguished among the students, that it became a fashion to copy the negligence of his dress. In 1787, he took his degree as Doctor of Medicine; and having spent the whole of his uncle's legacy, "the world was all before him." After thinking of Bath as a place to commence practice, he came to London, and began practice by writing a pamphlet on the Whig side of the Regency question, which then divided the nation.

Dr. Mackintosh was now left to his own resources, and, at the age of twenty-four, an unfriended adventurer for fame and fortune,—but, in the first place for bread. Having nothing better to do, he fell in love, and married,—not as the prudent would call wisely, but, as it turned out, most happily and fortunately, for his rash marriage proved his salvation. The brothers of the lady, Miss Stuart, were displeased with their sister clandestinely allying herself to a young man who had neither fortune nor industry, and of whose capacity they had yet no idea. "Young, careless, and dissipated," he had squandered all his own means; and his family showed their resentment at his marriage in the manner ungenerous relatives too often do,—by withholding all assistance at the moment it became most necessary. His wife had some little fund, and the young couple went to the Netherlands, and spent the greater part of 1789 in Brussels. They returned to London early in the subsequent year, "without money or means of living."

The French Revolution was now in progress, and Dr. Mackintosh had not been an uninterested spectator of its workings and tendencies, nor blind to its consequences to Europe.

One of his brothers-in-law, Mr. Charles Stuart, wrote for the theatres and the public press; and by him Dr. Mackintosh was introduced to John Bell, and became editor of *The Oracle*. His first labours were task-work: he was paid by measure, and produced quantities which frightened Mr. Bell. One week he extended to a £10 length, which must have included many feet of columns; and this occasioned his reduction to a fixed salary. *The Oracle* attracted notice. The Editor became known to the notorious Felix Macarthy, "an Irish

compound of rake, gladiator, writer, and politician—the companion of Sheridan in his orgies and election scenes and the humble follower of Lord Moira. This character introduced him to the unforgotten Joseph Gerald, and by Gerald, who had been a favourite pupil with Dr Parr, he was made known to that family. His brothers-in-law now became proud of their relative. They wished him to attempt something higher than *The Oracle*, and Mr. Bell's measured employment, and necessary that must have a beginning having had some previous experience as a speaker in Edinburgh, he attended a public meeting of the county of Middlesex and made a speech which "was received with great applause," especially by Felix MacCarthy and his own personal friends.

The death of his father placed Dr. Mackintosh in possession of a little money about this time, and he took a house at Ealing and sought and found deserved celebrity, by writing his answer to Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution,"—his *Vindictive Gallies*, the foundation of his future literary fame and prosperity. Instead of a pamphlet, as he had originally intended, it appeared in April 1791 as a volume of nearly 400 pages. He sold the copyright for £30; but three editions being called for in the same year. "The publisher," says the biographer, "had the liberality [honesty] to give the author more than triple the sum." The enlightened spirit in which the life of Mackintosh is composed may be inferred from the following passage relating to this work:—

"The period of composing it was probably the happiest of his life. The more generous principles and brighter views of human nature, society and government, of his own ambition and hopes, which then engaged his faculties, and exalted his imagination, were assuredly not compensated to him by the commendations which he afterwards obtained for practical wisdom, matured experience, and those other hackneyed phrases, which are doubtless often justly bestowed, but which are still oftener but masks for selfish calculation, and grovelling ambition. His domestic life was, at the same time, the happiest that can be conceived. He had indulged, by his own avowal, in the vices of dissipation, up to the period of his marriage; but now his life was spent in the solitude of his house at Ealing, without seeking or desiring any other enjoyment, than the composition of his works and the society of his wife, to whom, by way of recreation in the evening, he read what he had written during the day."

Dr. Mackintosh had already been introduced, by his brother-in-law, to Sheridan, who is here called "Manager of the Press to the Whig party." The opponent of Burke also became known to Fox, Grey, Lauderdale, Erskine, Whitbread, and all the leading Whigs; and was, on the other side, as an Inverness shire gentleman of literary talent, invited to the Dutchess of Gordon's routes. He also shared the abuse of the Tories; and this completed his triumph, as the defender of the French Revolution, and the champion of its admirers in England.

In the following year, the "Corresponding Society of the Friends of the People," was organized under the auspices of Lord Grey. Dr. Mackintosh, a member from the first, became its secretary, managed its correspondence with great ability, and carefully composed its leading manifesto,—"The Declaration of the Friends of the People." *The Society voted him thanks for a pamphlet on*

the apostasy of Pitt from the cause of reform; and the Attorney-General, Sir John Scott, the present Lord Eldon, did him the honour to become as alarmed at his writings and revolutionary principles, as he was at those of Paine, Mary Wollstonecraft, and "the Friends of the People," and denounced them in common in Parliament. Now an active politician, Mackintosh entirely gave up his original profession, and, entering at Lincoln's Inn he was in 1795 called to the bar.

As a barrister, he does not appear to have had any professional success whatever. He continued to write for the newspapers and periodical works; and though his paternal inheritance still afforded some resource, with his want of prudence and economy, and the expenses of a family, he was often embarrassed. This too frequent episode in the life of all politicians struggling into public notice, was attended by the almost unending consequences the desertion of those principles which, as things are ordered in this country, are soon seen to impede success in life. The biographer of Mackintosh states the case with candour and fairness. "His political principles now underwent a change which was variously judged. It has been assigned to a visit of some days to Burke. There are two versions of his acquaintance with his great adversary. According to one account, he was induced to write Burke, without having had any personal intercourse with him, a letter of recommendation of some third person; according to the other, Burke charged Dr. Lawrence with a long letter to him containing an invitation to Berconsheld." However this might be, the barrister threw off the faith of the doctor. The horrors of the French Revolution became, at this time, a scape-goat for the renegades. "He might," says his biographer, "have recollected that, if the Revolution produced men of blood, religion had generated persecutors, and monarchy tyrants, to become a bloody scourge of the human race. The supposition, that his political opinions were made thus suddenly to veer about, would shake to claim to that depth, firmness and force of principle, which are the growth of the first order of minds. Other disgusts than those of Jacobinism and the Revolution may be easily conceived to have been felt by him. With talents and ambition, he had his fortune to make. Notwithstanding his intimacy with the leading Whigs, and their estimation of him, he was still but the pioneer of a party; and he must have found the cause of liberty and the people a barren service. The man who would attach himself to the Whigs, or serve the people, must not be dependent for his fortune upon either, if he would aspire to political station or escape disgusts. What was Burke but the subalterne—the very slave of a party—the pensioner of Lord Rockingham—degraded rather than distinguished by the paltry title of a Privy Counsellor? If Huskisson became a leading Cabinet Minister, and Canning the Chief of an administration, it was because they renounced Whiggism at the threshold of public life. Thus humanity, ambition, and necessity might have predisposed Sir James Mackintosh to become a convert, and the knowledge of this predisposition would account for the spontaneous advances of Burke." It is not, however, evident that Burke's advances were spontaneous or that he made advances at all; though it would have been something to the nobler apostate, to see another fox, of some mark, cut off his tail. Nor is it unlikely that Mackintosh first won his

Burke by very courtly reviews, in the *Review*, of the LETTER to a NOBLE LORD, THOUGHTS ON A REGICIDE PEACE.

As still so much connected with the Whig to be obliged to defend that odious, time-rapacious personage, the founder of the Russell, whom Burke had eloquently attacked and whom the Whig literati should really to judgment. Sir James, in these reviews,

between the Foxites and the Alarmists, an ambidextrous policy which rarely succeeds. If the Pitt party did not now gain him on other terms, it was because they were not anxious about the bargain. He had receded, without making any efficient way with either the members of the Tory Government or seen among his friends, when, in 1797, with a prospectus of a course of Lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations, to be delivered at Lincoln's Inn. For this he had the double of gaining money for the maintenance of his family and extending his reputation. His unorthodox change of creed, if not of faith, in the circumstance of the Benchers' refusal to permit the use of their Hall as a Lecture Hall until the present Lord Eldon, and the Lord, Lord Rosslyn, signified their pleasure. His care must have been taken to make

"From twenty-five to thirty Peers, double number of Commoners, and a crowd of the learned and accomplished persons in the metropolis were attracted to Lincoln's Inn Hall," as we have seen the Opera House on the first night of danger, whose fame has long preceded her. As the Government were among the audience of the introductory lecture, which was the first published. It drew forth letters of commendation from Lords Melville and Rosslyn, Mr. Fox, Mr. Canning and Mr. Pitt himself. The lectures, though they continued to be attended, ceased to be followed by the distinguished names who patronized the lecturer.

There were other persons present to whom the lecturer has not alluded, and one judge has left an opinion on the spirit, scope, and effect of these lectures, which is entitled to great weight. Hazlitt, in noticing a celebrated speech of Mr. Fox's on the transfer of Genoa, delivered on this, thus reverts to the more celebrated lecture:—"There was a greater degree of force of dashing and splendid effect (we wish to add, an equally humane and liberal spirit) in the lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations, formerly delivered by Sir James, than Mr. Mackintosh, in Lincoln's Inn Hall. He showed confidence; was more at home there. The lecture was more electrical and instantaneous; and he made a prouder display of intellectual riches, in a more animated and imposing mode of delivery, dazzling others by the brilliancy of his argument,—dazzled himself by the admiration they gave him. He lost fear as well as prudence, dared everything, carried every thing before him. The

PHILOSOPHY, counterscarp, outworks, and all, fell without a blow, 'by the whiff' and 'blast' of his doctrine,' as if it had been a pack of straw. The volcano of the French Revolution, expiring in its own flames, like a bonfire of straw; the principles of Reform were scattered in all directions, like chaff before the thern blast." It was not surprising that many commoners trooped to Lincoln's Inn Hall that Tory ministers sent complimentary

letters. "The havoc was amazing, the desolation was complete. As to our visionary sceptics and Utopian Philosophers, they stood no chance with our lecturer;—he did not carve them as a dish fit for the gods, but hewed them as a carcass fit for hounds. Poor Godwin, who had come in with the *bonhomie* and candour of his nature, to hear what new light had broken in upon his old friend, was obliged to quit the field; and slunk away after an exulting taunt thrown out at 'such fanciful chimeras,' as a golden mountain, or a 'perfect man.' Mr. Mackintosh had something of the air, much of the dexterity and self-possession of a political and philosophical juggler; and an eager and admiring audience gaped and greedily swallowed the gilded bait of sophistry, prepared for their credulity and wonder. Those of us who attempted day after day, and were accustomed to have all our previous notions confounded and struck out of our heads by some metaphysical legerdemain, were at last at some loss to know whether *two and two made four*, till we heard the lecturer's opinion on this head." As the introductory lecture alone has been printed, there is now probably no account of the scope of the whole course to be obtained equal to this of Hazlitt, who, it appears, attended daily.—"It seemed," he continues, "to be equally his object, or the tendency of his discourses, to unsettle every principle of reason or of common sense, and to leave his audience, at the merey of the *dictum* of a lawyer, the nod of a minister, or the shout of a mob. To effect this purpose he drew largely on the learning of antiquity, on modern literature, on history, poetry, and the belles lettres, on the schoolmen, and on writers of novels, French, English, and Italian. Mr. Mackintosh's lectures, after all, were but a kind of philosophical centos. They were profound, brilliant even to his hearers; but the profundity, the brilliancy, the novelty, were not his own. He was like Dr. Pangloss, (not Voltaire's but Coleman's,) who speaks only in quotations; and the pith and marrow of Sir James's reasoning, at this time, might be put within inverted commas. It, however, served the purpose, and the loud echo died away. We are only sorry for one thing in these lectures,—the tone and spirit in which they seemed to have been composed, and to be delivered. If all that body of opinions and principles, of which the orator read his recantation, was confounded, and there was an end to all those views and hopes that pointed to future improvement, it was not a matter of triumph or exultation to the lecturer, or any body else, to the young or the old, the wise or the foolish; on the contrary, it was a subject of regret,—of slow, reluctant, painful admission."

The biographer of Sir James says, that these lectures, which propitiated the friends of social order, so called, procured the lecturer the offer of an Under Secretaryship from Mr. Pitt; and that it is certain Canning, his personal friend, called upon him with an offer of official place and patronage from the Minister. Though he did not yet obtain place, "his name was placed on the Minister's list, among those who were to be provided for." In the meanwhile, Robert Hall, the Baptist preacher, a man of a far more original and powerful mind than Mackintosh, made his lapse; and in defending his friend, in the *British Critic*, from Benjamin Flower, the Editor of the *Cambridge Chronicle*, who had made some just strictures upon Hall's political sermon, we would defy any Tory party writer of the period to have exceeded in vio-

lence, unfairness, and gross cant, the late Secretary of "The London Corresponding Society." He denounces Diderot and D'Alembert, and refers, as authorities, to the Abbe Baruel and Professor Robison! Take one specimen—'Has he (Mr. Flower) never heard that the nuns of Cornwall were instigated to sell their clothes to purchase the impious ravings of Tom Paine? or that they were gratuitously distributed among the people of Scotland, with such fatal effects that a large body of that once religious people made a bonfire of their Bibles, in honour of the new apostle?'—'Does he perceive the mischievous and infernal art with which Deism is preached to the devoted peasantry of Scotland, while Atheism is reserved for the more illuminated ruffians of London?' Let us stretch our charity "to the crack of doom," it is not possible to believe that Mr. Mackintosh was a believer in the bugbears invented to discredit the cause of Reform, which he lent his pen to dress up in fresh horrors. His biographer gives him up. "It might have occurred to him that though the union of ferocity with irreligion may have been, to use his own words, 'agreeable to the reasoning' of an alarmist of that period, the union of ferocity with fanaticism was much more congenial, frequent and cruel, that the French philosophy of the eighteenth century, thus stigmatized by him, with the imputation of an immoral, antisocial, barbarizing spirit, and savage appetite for blood, expunged the torture from the criminal procedure—persecution from the criminal jurisprudence of France,—and brought the French Protestant within the pale of Christian society. He should have remembered that the obloquy of irreligion was cast upon himself, before he became reconciled to the self-called champions of the altar and the throne, and that mere railing, even where the reproach of infidelity may be well-founded, is the resource of dispute usually employed by persons of mean capacity and base nature." This is well said. Sir James Mackintosh was not of base nature, but, at this time, he betrayed himself and he felt with the acrimony of a sensitive mind, that could not have been wholly unconscious of wilful error, and that was liable to the imputation of sordid motives.

We turn to Mr. Mackintosh in his best aspect,—in domestic life. In 1797, he lost his wife, after a union of eight years. He wrote Dr. Parr with much better taste and feeling than dictated those remarks on Joseph Flower, "which more resemble the rant by which priests inflame the languid bigotry of their fanatical adherents, than the calm, ingenuous and manly criticisms of a philosopher and a scholar.*" It would seem that Dr. Parr had written him a letter of condolence, and he thus addresses the Doctor:—

"I use the first moment of composure to return my thanks to you for having thought of me in my affliction. It was impossible for you to know the bitterness of that affliction; for I myself scarcely knew the greatness of my calamity till it had fallen upon me; nor did I know the acuteness of my own feelings till they had been subjected to this trial. Alas! it is only now I feel the value of what I have lost. Allow me, in justice to her memory, to tell you what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of

my youth, and might have formed a connexion which a short-lived passion would have been followed by repentance and disgust, but I found an intelligent companion, a tender friend, a prudent mistress; the most faithful of wives, and as dear a mother as ever children had the misfortune to lose. Had I married a woman who was only a giddy enough to have been infected by my imprudence, or who had rudely and harshly attempted to correct it, I should in either case, have been irretrievably ruined. A fortune in either case would with my habits, have been only a shorter cut to destruction. But I met a woman who, by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them, and rescued me from the dominion of a degrading and ruinous vice. She became prudent from affection, and though of the most generous nature, she taught economy and frugality by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me; she gently reclaimed me from dissipation, she propped my weak and irresolute nature, she urged my indulgence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe that I am not a ruined outcast; to her, whatever I am to her, whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my tempers and my character. Even in her occasional resentment,—for which I but too often gave just cause (would to God that I could recall those moments she had no cullenness or acrimony). Her tempers were warm and impetuous,—but she was paralytically tender, and constant. She united the most attractive prudence with the most generous and gentle nature, with a spirit that disdained the shadow of meanness, and with the kindest and most honest heart. Such was she whom I have lost. And I have lost her when her excellent natural endowments rapidly improving, after eight years of struggle and distress had bound us fast together, so moulded our tempers to each other; when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful passions into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its original ardour. I lost her, alas! the dearest of my youth and the partner of my misfortunes, at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days. This, my dear Sir, is a calamity which the prosperity of the world can never repair. To expect that any thing, on this side the grave, can make it up, would be a vain and delusive expectation. If I had lost the giddy and thoughtless companion of prosperity, the world could easily repair the loss; but I have lost the tender and faithful partner of my misfortunes, and my only consolation is that Being under whose severe but paternal chastisement I am cut down to the ground." The bereaved widower, after reverting to the usual topics of consolation, in a tone of Christian hope and resignation, and mild philosophy, proceeds to consult the learned Doctor about a suitable inscription for his wife's monument. English he thought the best adapted to the purpose, but he requested a Latin epitaph from his friend. Dr. Parr was charmed with the letter to the office. "I never," he says, "received from mortal man a letter which, in point of composition, can be compared with that you wrote me the other day; and were you to read it yourself, at some very remote period, you would be charmed with it, as I have been, and you would say of it, as O

*Said by Mackintosh himself, in animadverting on Burke's "rant" about the English Free-thinkers.

cero did of his work, *De Senectute*. '*Ipse, mea legens, sic afficior interdum, ut Catonem, non me, loqui existemem.*'" What follows is amusingly characteristic.—"I have myself sometimes experienced a similar effect from the less objectionable parts of my own writing, long after their publication. My opinion is, that an inscription—such a one, I mean, as would be most worthy of your character, most adapted to your feelings, and most satisfactory to your ultimate judgment,—calls for the Latin language. You know my sentiments, and from mine, probably, have you borrowed your own, on the best forms of epitaphs." Finally, the inscription on this admirable wife stands in St. Clement's Church, in the Doctor's most choice Latin. The amusing mixture of pedantry and *bonhomie*, ever conspicuous in this learned personage, has tempted us aside. Mr. Mackintosh married, after an interval of about two years, Miss Allan, the daughter of a Pembrokeshire gentleman. He, about this time, to increase his precarious income, became a shareholder and writer for the *Morning Post*, at a fixed salary. This print had been commenced by his brother-in-law, Mr. Stuart.

The professional life of Sir James afforded so few memorable events, that a good deal of noise, and—not to speak it profanely—*getting up*, attended those that did occur. Like those young barristers, who are more celebrated in public life, than trusted by keen-sighted, cautious attorneys, Mr. Mackintosh's cases were chiefly Committee ones, arising from contested elections. A great case is often of far more consequence to a young barrister than he is to it. It is not difficult to place the finger on the precise case which, by giving scope to the powers of the struggling advocate, and drawing attention to their display, has created, or paved the way for his future prosperity and eminence. The case in which Mr. Mackintosh found a temporary forensic distinction, which, however, speedily melted into his general literary and lecturing reputation, was that of Peltier, an emigrant agent of the Bourbons, who, in London, published a newspaper in French, entitled *The Ambigu*, for the purpose of dissemination in France. After the Peace of Amiens, "The Regicide Peace," this *ambiguous* print contained a poem, pretending to be written by Chenier, which instigated the French people to the assassination of our then ally, the First Consul. Bonaparte applied for redress to the English Government; and the Attorney-General filed a criminal information against the editor of *The Ambigu*, who, we are told, "selected Mackintosh for his leading counsel, in order to afford a splendid opportunity to a friend." The trial took place before Lord Ellenborough, in February, 1803. In one word, we shall say, that Sir James, with great pains of preparation, spoke on this celebrated trial, a complete "Anti-Vindiciæ Gallicæ, a pamphlet, almost a volume, which shows a considerable degree of literary talent and general reading, without much individual or profound thinking; and a very fair—an almost undue allowance of fustian—of claptrap oratorical passages, and of palpable aims at the one-shilling gallery of the public. One passage we shall cite, as the biographer says it "is not only elegant, but has a direct and dexterous bearing on the case, and is, therefore, one of the best in the speech.

"One asylum of free discussion is still inviolate. There is still one spot in Europe where man can freely exercise his reason on the most important concerns of society; where he can boldly publish his judgment on

the acts of the proudest and most powerful tyrants; the press of England is still free.* It is guarded by the free constitution of our forefathers. It is guarded by the hearts and arms of Englishmen; and I trust I may venture to say, that if it is to fall, it will fall only under the ruins of the British empire."

"It is an awful consideration, gentlemen. Every monument of European liberty has perished. That ancient fabric, which has been gradually reared by the wisdom and virtue of our fathers, still stands. It stands, thanks be to God! solid, and entire,—but it stands alone, and it stands amidst ruins."

Of the Revolution, the converted author of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ* says,—

"Gentlemen, the French Revolution!—I must pause after I have uttered the words which present such an overwhelming idea. But I have not now to engage in an enterprise so far beyond my force, as that of examining and judging that tremendous Revolution. I have only to consider the character of the factions which it left behind it:—The French Revolution began with great and fatal errors. These errors produced atrocious crimes. A *mild* and *feeble* monarchy was succeeded by bloody anarchy, which very shortly gave birth to military despotism. France, in a few years, described the whole circle of human society. All this was in the order of nature: when every principle of authority and civil discipline,—when every principle which enables some men to command, and disposes others to obey, was extirpated by atrocious theories, and still more atrocious examples,—when every old institution was trampled down with impunity, and every new institution covered in its cradle with blood,—when the principle of property itself, the sheet-anchor of society, was annihilated,—when, in the persons of the new possessors, whom the poverty of language obliges us to call proprietors, it was contaminated in its source by robbery and murder; and it became separated from that society, and those manners, from that general presumption of superior knowledge, and more scrupulous probity, which form its only liberal titles to respect." "Under such circumstances, Bonaparte usurped the supreme power in France. I say *usurped*, because an illegal assumption of power is an usurpation. But usurpation, in its strongest moral sense, is scarcely applicable to a period of lawless and savage anarchy. The guilt of military usurpation, in truth, belongs to the authors of those confusions, which sooner or later give birth to such an usurpation."

This, and much more in the same speech, might not unaptly furnish tropes and figures to those few superannuated alarmists and anti-Jacobins, who, in the Tory periodicals, are still endeavouring to show, that the French Revolution was the exact prototype of the Reform Bill.

When Pitt, who could not stoop to make peace with regicide France, went in 1801 out of office, in connivance, as is believed, with his successor, Mr. Addington, Canning obtained a promise from the new Minister, that his friend, Mackintosh, should be provided for. In the meanwhile, he defended the measures of the Government in the columns of the *Morning Post*, and at length reaped the tardy reward of his merits and services, in the appointment of Recorder of Bombay. At one time he might have looked upon this appointment as an impediment in his progress, or a kind of honourable banishment; "but his want of fortune, his em-

*Messrs. Bell, Grant, Barrett, and Cohen, are at this moment ready to attest this! The Marshalsea of London, and Dublin, and Chelmsford jail, may witness to it—with some fifty of the London newsmen.

harrassments, the necessity and present duty of future maintenance for his young family, the equivocal position in which he stood between the two great political parties, which then divided opinion in England and Europe, the neutral character of a judicial office; all those considerations prevailed with him." He received, what his biographer says "is called the honour of Knighthood," and sailed for India in 1804. During his residence in the East, Sir James laid aside politics in a great measure. His favourite studies were morals and the philosophy of jurisprudence; his main object, the promotion of civilization and science. Already he appears to have adopted those mild and merciful ideas of the objects of criminal jurisdiction and of punishment, which he afterwards developed in the British senate. His charges to the grand jury of Bombay have been preserved; and they redound greatly to his honour. In the year of his arrival, we notice a passage in his charge very apposite to the present state of feeling in Britain. Several of the Indian provinces had, in that year, been visited by famine. The causes of the frequent famines in India he avoided, as unapt and difficult of investigation to a stranger; but he alluded to the same unfortunate state of things in Europe in former times, when the causes that now occasion at worst scarcity, produced famine. Free commerce he assigned as the main antidote in modern times. "For only one of two expedients against dearth can be imagined: either we must consume less food or must procure more; and, in general, both must be combined; we must have recourse both to retrenchment and to importation. So powerful and so beneficial are the energies of the great civilising principle of commerce, which counteracted as it everywhere is, by the stupid prejudices of the people, and by the absurd and mischievous interference of governments, has yet accomplished so great a revolution in the condition of so large a part of mankind, as totally to exempt them from the greatest calamity which afflicted their ancestors."

A singular event which occurred while Sir James was Recorder of Bombay, is stripped of much of its romance, and restored to its proper dimensions, in this Life. Two lieutenants in the British service, named M'Guire and Cauty, were tried before the tribunal of the Recorder, for way-laying, with intent to murder, two Dutchmen, who had excited their anger. They were found guilty; and, when brought up for judgment, Sir James, having addressed them at considerable length, on the nature of their offence, and with great earnestness and solemnity, proceeded thus:—"I consider every pang of the criminal, not necessary to the ends of amendment and example as a crime in the judge; and in conformity with those principles, I was employed in considering the mildest judgment which public duty would allow me to pronounce on you, when I learned, from undoubted authority, that your thoughts of me were not of the same nature. I was credibly, or rather certainly informed, that you had admitted into your minds the desperate project of destroying your own lives at the bar where you stand, and of signaling your suicide by the destruction of at least one of your judges. If that murderous project had been executed, I should have been the first British magistrate who ever stained with his blood the seat on which he sat to administer justice. But I never can die better than in the discharge of my duty. When I ac-

cepted the office of a minister of justice, I knew that I must be unpopular among the enemies of justice. I knew that I ought to despise unpopularity, and slander, and even death itself. Thank God, I do despise them." Sentence was passed of a year's imprisonment. Very absurd versions of the drama in which Sir James acted what his inconsiderate eulogists call this "god-like part," have been made public. The young criminals are sometimes represented as natives who concealed knives about their persons to assassinate their judge. The present biographer regards the whole as a piece of mystification played off on the judge. The *Bombay Courier* told the awful story of four pistols, loaded with slugs, placed in a case made to resemble a writing-desk. "There is reason," says the author, "to believe, from other sources of information, that the communication made to Sir James was a misapprehension; that M'Guire protested against the remotest idea of such a purpose; and that he submitted to inspection his writing-desk, which, from mere singularity, he had caused to be so constructed as to serve the double purpose of a writing-desk and pistol-case, and that his pistols, when examined, were not charged." There are some improbable circumstances in the version above cited. If the communication was made to Sir James before he began to pronounce judgment, it appears to have been an inconceivable imprudence to remain gratuitously exposed, even for a second, to assassination; if it was made to him in the course of his address, and he believed that the purpose of a crime so heinous was really entertained, the impunity of the criminals, and the lenity of the sentence, was not magnanimity, but weakness. The probability is, that M'Guire may have swaggered, and threatened, and that the whole story arose from the recklessness of his language. That Sir James sat in god-like serenity, delivering a long address, expecting every moment when the pistols were to go off, outrages common sense, and exceeds all probability.

In India, Sir James commenced a sketch of his own life, of which no more has been heard, and his History of England. He instituted a literary society at Bombay; and occasional papers of his appeared in the journals. One, a sketch of Charles James Fox, which appeared in the Bombay newspapers, after the death of the great orator, though intended as a mark of homage and respect, rather offended than conciliated the Whigs. "This sketch would have been more worthy of its subject," the biographer remarks, "had it been more single-minded." Dr. Parr was offended by allusions to the opinions of Burke, which he imagined depreciated Fox. "If he," says Parr, "meant to exalt Mr. Burke, as I suspect he did, his attempt was not wise. His present partiality in favour of Mr. Burke's politics, is greater than my own—his habitual admiration of Mr. Burke's talents is not." Sir James, in short, in trying to please everybody, failed in that impossible attempt.

In 1812 he returned to England, after a period of bad health, originating in the climate. Lady Mackintosh had preceded him some years, and influence and his reputation procured him the representation of the small county of Nairn, which was then the likeliest thing possible to a close borough. Mr. Charles Grant, the East India Director, had, for several Parliaments, represented the neighbouring county of Inverness, and exercised considerable influence in the adjoining counties of

Nairn and Moray. In him, his friend and countryman, Sir James found a useful political friend; for the opinions he was understood to have taken out and brought back from the East, could not have operated to his prejudice with any moderate Tory whatever. Lord Moira had even offered him a seat, through the influence of the Court. A pension of £1200 a-year from the East India Company, and the appointment of the law professorship in Hertford College, furnished the means of life. In Parliament he was understood to occupy neutral ground; but a circumstance attending his first appearance inflicted a mortification, which, by stirring his spleen, kept him aloof from the Ministry of the day. It was on the occasion—so interesting to every new member who enjoys a previous celebrity “out of the House”—of delivering his first speech. We have this account of it:—“His first speech, without any failure of talent yet failed wholly of effect. It was delivered by him on the 14th December, 1813. The French empire now trembled to its centre. The Rhine was passed, and France invaded by the Allies on the one side; the Duke of Wellington was approaching the barrier of the Pyrenees on the other; and the English Guards were already arrived in Holland. Pending events so momentous, Lord Castlereagh gave notice of a long adjournment of Parliament, and Sir James Mackintosh announced that he would resist the motion. On the 13th December the Minister moved the adjournment of the House to the 1st of March following, without adding a single reason or observation in support of his motion, ‘the propriety of which was, he said, too obvious to require proof.’ Sir James came prepared to tear and trample the flimsy web of oratory which made up that Minister’s Parliamentary speeches,—his mind and memory charged with an oration, in which he should pass the state of Europe in review. He was taken by surprise; the manœuvre of the Minister left him no ground to stand upon; he had to discharge his speech in the air; and thus a speech, redundant with eloquence and information, delivered without spirit, under a sense of disappointment and surprise, dropped cold and lifeless, as a prelection, upon a thin and dull auditory.”

This situation was the more distressing, as the Whigs did not feel it incumbent on them to come to the rescue. Sir Samuel Romilly and Mr. Abercromby alone countenanced the discomfited new member, who long felt this failure, and from it was, probably, the more disposed to cultivate popularity in society. The following passage appears to us exceedingly just, and of wider application than to its immediate subject:—“The failure was confined within the walls of Parliament. His continuation of Hume’s History of England was announced. The talents of the author, and the merits of the work were estimated by the magnificent price he was to receive; and the public, upon his word, placed him, by anticipation, as the classic historian of his age and country, by the side of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. He possessed the talent of conversation; and his reputation in society raised still higher the expectations of the world. Society is said to be less cultivated in London than in other great capitals. It attained at this period its greatest *eclat* since the age of Anne; the genius and popularity of English living poets; the high estimation of the art, the marvellous events and extraordinary excitement of the time, the influx of distinguished

foreigners from the different countries of Europe, rendered certain circles in London brilliant beyond example. Lord Byron was now at the height of his eccentric career; and Madame de Stael, after having paraded herself and her grievances, during ten years, from city to city, on the Continent, came to London, for the purpose of gathering homage through every gradation, from Grub street to Holland House. Sir James Mackintosh squandered his mornings, his evenings, his faculties, on those dazzling circles. He did the honours of the genius of Madame de Stael; he escorted, introduced, and exhibited her; he was himself among those whose acquaintance is sought by strangers; as one of the leading intellects of his nation; his presence was thought necessary wherever distinguished talents and the ‘best company’ were combined for social enjoyment, or for ostentation. But what were those frivolous successes of society—those perishable vanities of an hour—compared with the sacrifice of so large a portion of the small compass of human life, which might have been devoted, in the solitude of his cabinet, to the production of lasting monuments to his reputation?”

Still it was necessary to do something besides projecting and promising a great deal; and Sir James wrote those occasional articles for the *Edinburgh Review*, which his biographer gives us an opportunity of ascertaining with more certainty than has yet been done, though the best of them are, in general, well known. The first was on Dugald Stewart’s account of the boy born blind and deaf, James Mitchell. It appeared in 1812, and was followed in the next year by a review of Rogers, which afforded the writer opportunity for some discriminating remarks on the living poets, and especially for a few fine “oleaginous touches” to those he was daily meeting in society. The moral defects of Lord Byron’s poetry, his “strains of sublime satire,” are traced to impatience of the imperfections of living men, to that “worship of perfection which is the soul of all true poetry.” Moore is handled with even more delicacy. “The national genius of Ireland at length found a poetical representative, whose exquisite ear and flexible fancy, wantoned in all the varieties of poetical luxury—from the levities to the fondness of love, from polished pleasantry to ardent passion, and from the social joys of private life, to a tender and mournful patriotism, taught by the melancholy fortunes of an illustrious country; with a range adapted to every nerve in the composition of a people susceptible of all feelings which have the colour of generosity, and more exempt, probably, than any other, from degrading and unpoetical vices.”

Sir James sought golden opinions from all sorts of writers who made a figure in society, by this kind of good-natured flattery; but the unmitigated ardour of his praise was reserved for Madame de Stael. To her he owed a considerable portion of his European celebrity. She had translated his defence of Peltier, and this kindness was now returned with triple compound interest. His review of Madame de Stael’s “Germany” was published as a pamphlet; such was its immediate vogue. The most memorable of the contributions of Sir James Mackintosh to the *Review*, between 1812 and 1824, when he ceased to write for it, are the above, his article on Dugald Stewart’s “View of the Progress of Metaphysical Science,” in the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

and Sismondi's History of the French. His other writings are well known. The most important are the *General View of Ethical Philosophy*, written for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*,—the *History of England, from the Roman conquest of Britain to the nineteenth year of the Reign of Elizabeth*,—and a delightful Life of Sir Thomas More, the only fault of which is, that it wants the easy undress freedom of biography, and, indeed, maintains throughout the stately pace of history. The latter works were published in the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*. The *General View of Ethical Philosophy* is the work most characteristic of the mind of the author. It is a useful contribution to literature, and is of the best description of Encyclopædia writing in Britain; where, with rare exceptions, authors, instead of broaching original theories, and promulgating novel opinions, have subdued themselves into historians of other men's productions, and guarded commentators on their doctrines. On no topic, save those quite abstracted from the immediate business and interests of society, has any man of powerful intellect and original views been permitted to write in the British Encyclopædias. The French Encyclopædias were the project of philosophers desirous to unite their forces for the promotion of certain objects—those of Britain, speculations of traffic, intended to be sale and saleable, with as great a degree of excellence as might be combined with those preliminary conditions. The first intellects of the age were thus excluded from their pages. The morals and jurisprudence of Bentham, and the philosophy of Godwin, would have been inadmissible, expounded by themselves; the science of Priestley would probably have been considered as tainted by what Sir James Mackintosh calls the "unhappy impression which Priestley has made." These large works are, in fact, respectable compilations, but they have never been the vehicles of original opinion or bold speculation in any region of morals, politics, or philosophy. Nor is Sir James Mackintosh any exception to the fixed and necessary principle on which they must be conducted.

The greatest distinction in Parliament which Sir James Mackintosh attained, in his first years of public service, was being the fellow-labourer of Sir Samuel Romilly, in the mitigation of the sanguinary horrors of the penal law, and particularly the unchristian and inhuman barbarities which attended executions for treason. His early studies gave him the desire and power of speaking on all questions relating to international law; which were of frequent occurrence about the conclusion of the war, and during the first movements of the Holy Alliance. His views of foreign policy were gradually becoming more liberal; and after he came into Parliament for the Duke of Devonshire's borough of Knaresborough, if not a violent he was a decided Whig, and often appeared on the liberal side of popular questions. He opposed the Foreign Enlistment Bill, which is now about expiring; and against the Alien Act he made a yearly protest. Against large standing armies Sir James spoke in the best spirit of the ancient Whigs; he was the enemy of the slave-trade, and the advocate of Catholic emancipation. The transfer of Genoa, the blockade of the ports of Norway, and the state of Poland, furnished occasions for eloquent and popular declamation; and his strenuous efforts to ameliorate the criminal law relating to Bank forgeries, after the death of Sir Samuel Romilly, to whom he and Mr.

Brougham succeeded as reformers of this branch of our faulty institutions, may be set down as positive and tangible benefits conferred on humanity. None of his speeches in Parliament gained more universal approbation than that which he delivered on the conduct of the British army at Washington, which he denounced with just reprobation:—"It was," he said, "an attack not against the strength or the resources of a state, but against the national honour and public affections of a people. After twenty-five years of the fiercest warfare, in which every great capital of the European Continent had been spared, he had almost said respected, by enemies, it was reserved for England to violate all that decent courtesy towards seats of national dignity, which, in the midst of enmity, manifests the respect of nations for each other, by an expedition principally directed against palaces of government, halls of legislation, tribunals of justice, repositories of the muniments of property, and of the records of history; objects, among civilized nations, exempted from the ravages of war, and severed as far as possible even from its accidental operation,—because they contribute nothing to the means of hostility, but are consecrated to purposes of peace, and minister to the common and perpetual interest of all human society." But we leave this speech to the study of Major Pringle and his advocates. It made Sir James exceedingly popular with the Americans; for men of all shades of opinion in the United States sympathized, in warm indignation, at the wanton outrage and premeditated insult to the national feelings and honour which he eloquently stigmatized.

If Dr. Parr was the wholesale epitaph-monger, Sir James Mackintosh was not less the obituary-orator of the last generation. Some of his funeral orations were delivered in Parliament, as that on Grattan—others through the press. To him the memories of Fox, Canning, and his early friend, Hall, are indebted for eulogies. A species of composition and oratory, unavoidably pervaded by pedantry and exaggeration, if not tainted with falsehood, flattery, and execrable taste, could not be rendered tolerable even by the talents of Mackintosh. His most elaborate effort, the character of Canning, published in the "Keepsake" is his happiest attempt in a difficult branch of literature, already languishing and soon to be proscribed. History and Time remain to pronounce their impartial fiat on character. Until that is done, public men, in modern days, must be content to let their deeds speak for them.

During the Canning administration, the Goderich abortion, and the vigorous Catholic-Emancipation period of Wellington and Peel, Sir James Mackintosh lent ministers the general support given by all the moderate Whigs. Though his opinions on the popular, but often inconclusive topics we have specified, were liberal, the early Secretary of "The London Corresponding Society of the Friends of the People" had as completely forgotten the necessities of a sweeping reform in the House of Commons, as others of his associates of that period. To effect a thorough and effectual reform in the representation of the people was to begin at the beginning:—to aim at the root of the Upas-tree of corruption was demanded;—they thought it safer to nibble at a few of the rotten branches, or the excrescences on its trunk. But Earl Grey came into office; and Sir James, now for a dozen years, a Whig nominee in Parliament,

appointed Commissioner for the Affairs of Ireland when the time came, supported the Repeal Bill. "Sir James Mackintosh," says his biographer, "now returned, or was borne back to the shores of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ* of his youth, forty years' renunciation of them. It was stood that he relapsed into his early creed, from experience, conviction, the force of popular opinion, or the spirit of the time, but from being und in the wake of the administration. This is improbable. It is not in the decline of life men enlarge their views of popular privilege, catch the fearless spirit of democracy; and opinions once entertained and renounced, are regarded with something like disgust."—*is humiliating.* Sir James Mackintosh, after years, affected to acquiesce in the opinions he had renounced and stigmatized, because the appointment of Commissioner for the Affairs of Ireland "bound him in the wake of an administration," which could not exist for a day without citing those dangerous opinions and untried theories, which, for a selfish cause, now found in Ireland others strenuous advocates! But whatever were the actuating motives, the doctrines he advanced were sound, and the pleading forcible. The boroughmongers, whom Sir James, averse to the courtly phrase, uniformly termed "the great pretors," he addressed this memorable address:—"Above all other considerations, I should like to advise these great proprietors to cast aside those reasonings which would involve the country in the approaching downfall of political liberty."

If they assent to the doctrine, that political privilege is property, they must be prepared to the inevitable consequence, that it is no more profitable to violate property than to resume a violated trust. The suppression of the dependent boroughs is at hand. It will be the truest interest of the great proprietors, the natural guardian of the principle of property, to maintain, to enforce, the essential distinction between civil and political trust, if they be desirous not to become the spoilers whom they dread with argument which they can never consistently answer."

In the winter of 1831-2, Sir James Mackintosh took almost no part in the business before Parliament.

His time was divided between his official duties and the composition of his great work, and his health was delicate. "The proximate cause of his last illness was accidental. About the middle of March, 1832, he experienced at dinner a sudden difficulty of deglutition and respiration." A morsel of chicken which he was eating was supposed to remain in his throat. The proper remedy was tardily applied, and the obstruction relieved, but his health suffered, as the surgeon called in seems to have mistaken the case, as stated, he said no such obstruction existed but afterwards removed by proper treatment. He died after this: but never recovered farther than the dangerous stage, when the feeling of regaining health and strength prompts to undue exertion. "Presuming too much upon returning to his usual life, he, in one instance, remained out too long on a carriage airing,) and his state became more dangerous. His debility increased, with pains in the head and limbs. Those pains gave way to brain fever and delirium. His condition became hopeless. He fell into a state of insensibility, which continued to his death, on the 30th of May." Sir James Mackintosh was, at his death, in his sixty-seventh year. He was buried at Hampstead.

. XXV.—No. 145.

On being elected member for Nairnshire, Sir James Mackintosh, in full-blown reputation, visited Scotland. He again returned in 1822, when he was chosen Lord Rector of Glasgow University. This honorary office he filled in the succeeding year.

The notices that have appeared of the life of Sir James have hitherto been almost unqualified panegyric, such as he often dealt out unsparingly himself, to the living and the successful. The present memoir, which avoids the besetting sin of works of this nature, may, on some points, be deemed harsh or acrimonious. It seems to us as if a few crude softening effects had been thrown in, under this impression, for they do not harmonize well with the tone of the production. The writer appears to have begun his task with the idea, that his subject was over-estimated as a lawyer, an orator, and a man of general learning and accomplishment; and to have written under the conviction, that *truth* is the great end of all biography. He has analyzed the different works of Sir James, examined his conduct at the great epochs of his life, and come to the conclusion that, though "he assuredly deserved his high reputation, the world or the public has rarely been so liberal;" that "he was estimated by what he promised, rather than by what he achieved. Constitutionally indolent, and condemned to pass, under a distant encircling sun, seven years of that precious stage of life and intellect, which combines vigorous manhood with mature experience, he has left only sketches and fragments to sustain the reputation of a first-rate publicist, philosopher, critic, and historian." As a public character, in a trying period for public virtue, we may at least affirm, that his opinions never, at any one time, stood in the way of his advancement. Nor is it necessary that a philosopher or a literary character should not be permitted to retain his political neutrality inviolate; but the man who, at one period a violent reformer, could so suddenly be converted into an alarmist, and again, much later, return to the early faith he had openly deserted, and bitterly inveighed against, every change being to the thriving side, does not evince a very stoical or cynical temper, nor an impracticable virtue. Many a public man has fallen into similar errors. The world teems with renegade Whigs; as, if Whig rule be protracted for seven years, or for less time, it will inevitably do with turn-coat Tories; but considerable literary talent, some power as an orator, a mild and urbane temper, and great social good nature, does not always, as in the case of Sir James Mackintosh, raise them, whether a Scarlett or a Lyndhurst, into "first-born of earth," "demigods of Fame." In this consisted his peculiar felicity; the two pronounced against the man, of whom all men speak well, did not reach him living. His unweighed political reputation lasted out his day. No one will deny that he was an able and an amiable man; not so venal as men in general are found—nor sordid as the world goes; but yet of easy nature, of very easy public virtue; and without any one of those lofty and stern qualities which should form the character of him who is to be held up as a model and pattern to young men entering on public life: not one, the contemplation of whose entire course warrants the injunction, "Go ye and do so likewise."

Our author concludes with an estimate of Sir James Mackintosh as an historian, an orator, and

a talker. The notice, it is obvious, has been drawn out to the length it occupies, more by the consideration of the high place assigned to its subject, as a leading intelligence and ornament of his age and nation, than from the writer's personal conviction of the validity of those claims. As a politician, we have already cited his opinion of the leading points in the career of Sir James. "As an historian," it is said, "he thought too much of discoursing and too little of narrating. Instead of relating events and circumstances, he takes them up as subjects of disquisition. He is luminous and copious, but diffuse, and only not irrelevant. He was not formed by nature, or by discipline, in person or in faculty, for an accomplished orator. His person and gestures were robust and graceless, but without awkwardness or embarrassment. His countenance was strongly marked, without flexibility or force of expression. His voice was monotonous and untunable at all times; and when he became energetic, or rather unguarded, a provincial enunciation impaired the correctness and vulgarized the dignity of his vocabulary and style. . . . He wanted the oratorical temperament. He was vehement without passion, humane without pathos; he took comprehensive and noble views, without imagination or fancy. For a vigorous dialectician, he was too diffuse. He did not employ either the artifices of rhetoric, or the forms of logic; the syllogism of Canning, or the dilemma like Brougham. Conversation was a talent in the last century. It has become an art. . . . Few arts are more difficult, and Sir James Mackintosh had the reputation of a master in it. He was rich and various, without being ambitious or prolix. He had known many eminent or remarkable persons in public life, literary and political, of whom he related anecdotes and traits of character, with facility and precision."

We are compelled to close abruptly, and before approaching the history. The mystery connected with it is, Why a writer so frequently opposed in opinion to Sir James Mackintosh, and so opposite in feeling and predilection, should have been chosen to conclude his great labour? and why, above all, one should have assumed the task who so little sympathises in his admiration of the Hero of the Revolution, and its chiefs, as to betray partiality as strong on the one hand as Sir James does on the other.

From Johnstone's Magazine

A SCOTCH FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

His lip was white, his cheek was thin,
And death was in his e'e;
O' earthly ill, none but the last,
The auld man had to dee.
"Now Jamie," quo' the gray-haired man, as he clasp'd
the tear-wet hand
O' him, whom death had left alane o' that blythe stal-
wart band
That ance, like apple-trees around the auld man's
table grew,
But, ane by ane, had a' been streckit beneath the kirk
yard yew:—
"Now Jamie, lad, I feel that I maun hero nae langer
bide,
We'll ha'e to part afore it's long, I feel life's ebbin'
tide.

To a' below, I soon maun gi'e a last and farewell
token;
Soon maun the silver cord be loosed and the golden
bowl be broken.
Sin' first I kent this weary war! it's threescore year
an' ten,
An' many a sough has gowled abroed life's dark rough
sea sin' then;
But here's a Book my bonny lad, my father's gift to
me,
Which proved the rainbow i' the lift that calm'd the
stormy sea;—
His holy Book, 'twill guide ye through a war! o' sin'
an' skaith,
An' i' the last and mirky hour, 'twill light the vale o'
death.
Though ye be now baith bauld and hald, life's thread is
unco sma',
Another winter's winds ont ower your ain grave-stane
may blow.
An' mind ye, Jamie, ye're but young, an' mickle may
betide ye;
Cauld poorth's hungry bitin' blasts an' leck o' fife's
may bide ye;
But though your back be at the wa',—though Fortune's
frown ye dree,
Let honest independence win your very last hawbee.
'Gin ye but ha'e a shillin' hained ne'er grudge the poor
man's plack;
The tear o' gratitude may flow though rage be on the
back.
Aye keep a warm an' kindly heart though frien's shoon
stand abee,
But ne'er to yours or ithers fauts let conscience blink
an e'e.
Aye lo'e the land that ga'e ye birth, and take an honest
pride
In Scotland's weal, the land where a' our forbears
lived an' died;
And should ye ga'e to far aff lands, when I am cadd
and dead,
Ye'll mind the spot where your ain hand laid your auld
father's head. a. v.

From the same.

JACOBITE MEMOIRS OF THE REBELLION OF 1745.

Edited by Robert Chambers.

THE worthy race of old women, whether in petticoats or otherwise clad, who would have enjoyed this book to their heart's core, is, we fear, nearly departed. Scarce a wreck remains, either in the Highlands, or in Banff and Aberdeenshires. The Lowland parts, that were originally deeply smitten, held fast the faith of Jacobitism long after the slippery Celts had cloven to newer idols. George IV. was himself among the last of the Jacobites. How, then, are these gleanings and gatherings of one of the most harmless and fanatical of their number to be received, fifty years after the death of the patient collector, and ninety from the period of his loyal and affectionate labours? Were they worth the printing? Who should doubt it. Are they worth reading now that they appear in print? In part they are; and the editor has pruned freely, and, we have no doubt, judiciously.

To understand the value of these Memoirs we must know something of the author, especially as mistake may arise from advertising his tract as THE FORBES PAPERS. The name of the author certainly was Forbes. He was the pastor of a small Episcopalian flock in Leith, and, in common

th his reverend brethren, was so strongly suspected of Jacobitism, that, luckily for his personal safety, he was arrested and kept in Stirling and Edinburgh Castles, till the complete ruin of the pretender's cause made the Government feel at ease with his adherents. The honest man was released, and afterwards lived in the house of La-Bruce of Kinross, within the walls of the Citadel of Leith, collecting and penning these Memoirs. He was, it appears, later in life, chosen Bishop of Caithness and Orkney. Our readers need not be told how truly apostolic in point of emolument our Scottish sees.

The Bishop probably died in poverty, as we find his widow, in her old age, "obliged to sell, for what it would bring, a work which had occupied the attention of her husband for the better part of his life, and was appreciated by him above all other possessions." The work, the editor adds, fell into the hands of Sir Henry Stuart of Allandale, who offered what he conceived to be a fitting price. What that price is we are not told; but Sir Henry became proprietor of what Mr. Chambers calls "this mine of historical wealth," probably on very easy terms. The collection formed ten manuscript volumes, bound in black, with the covers black-edged: it was entitled the *LYON IN ILLUMINATION*. The illumination of the Bishop's misanthropic must be one of its most characteristic features. The doting fanatic loyalty of these old Jacobite worthies compels one to smile, in spite of a feeling of pity and kindness, at their many harmless hallucinations. The editor remarks,—“Perhaps the most curious and characteristic part of this work is a series of *relics*, which are found attached to the inside of the boards of certain volumes. In one is a small slip of thick blue cloth, of a texture like sarsenet, beneath which is written, ‘The above is a piece of the Prince’s garter.’ Below this is a small square piece of printed linen, (the letters being in lilac on a white ground,) with the following inscription:—‘The above is a piece of that identical gown which the Prince wore when he was obliged to disguise himself in a female dress, under the name of Betty Burke. A swatch of the said gown was sent from Mrs. Macdonald of Kingsburgh.’ Then follows a slip of tape, with the following note of genuine *naiivete*:—‘The above is a piece of that identical apron-string which the King wore about him when in the female dress. The above bit I received out of Miss Mrs. Macdonald’s own hands, upon Thursday, November 5, 1747, when I saw the apron, and had about me. ROBERT FORBES, A. M.’”

Happy Master of Arts! These embellishments, and others of a like character, as “*two bits of one of the lugs of Bettie Burke’s identical brogues*,” scientifically explain the character of much of the volumes they enriched. Mr. Chambers, we have no doubt, has selected the rarest of the good shop’s gleanings; our extracts may therefore be regarded as the quintessence of his bigoted loyal and amusing devotion to the House of Stuart. It is, however, but fair to state that the Jacobite edifications of the collector, though they may betray an occasional touch of credulity when anything particularly atrocious was to be told of the hero of the Hanoverian race, have never warped him from truth, as appears to have been the case in the first part of the volume is occupied with his personal memoirs of the voyage and landing of the pretender, and the subsequent marches of the

Highland army on to Derby. In this we meet with nothing so curious as a note by the Bishop, relating a conversation between himself and young Glengary, which explains the mixed motives which actuated “the brave Lochiel,” and those “gallant and devoted gentlemen” of whom the world has heard so much more than enough.

“Leith, Thursday, April 9, 1752.—Alexander MacDonell, younger of Glengary, did me the honour to dine with me. * * *

In the course of conversation I told young Glengary, that I had oftener than once heard the Viscountess Dowager of Strathallan tell, that Lochiel, junior, had refused to raise a man, or make any appearance, till the Prince should give him security for the full value of his estate, in the event of the attempt proving abortive. To this young Glengary answered, that it was fact, and that the Prince himself (after returning to France) had frankly told him as much, assigning this as the weighty reason, why he, the Prince, had shown so much zeal in providing young Lochiel (preferably to all others) in a regiment. ‘For,’ said the Prince, ‘I must do the best I can, in my present circumstances, to keep my word to Lochiel.’ Young Glengary told me, moreover, that Lochiel, junior, (the above bargain with the Prince, notwithstanding,) insisted upon another condition before he would join in the attempt,—which was, that Glengary, senior, should give it under his hand, to raise his clan, and join the Prince. Accordingly, Glengary, senior, when applied to upon this subject, did actually give it under his hand, that his clan should rise under his own second son, as Colonel, and MacDonell of Lochgary, as Lieutenant-Colonel. Then, indeed, young Lochiel was gratified in all his demands, and did instantly raise his clan.

“Glengary, junior, likewise assured me, that Cluny MacPherson, junior, made the same agreement with the Prince, before he would join the attempt with his following, as young Lochiel had done, viz: to have security from the Prince for the full value of his estate, lest the expedition should prove unsuccessful, which the Prince accordingly consented unto, and gave security to said Cluny MacPherson, junior, for the full value of his estate. Young Glengary declared, that he had this from young Cluny MacPherson’s own mouth, as a weighty reason why he, Cluny, would not part with the money which the Prince had committed to his care and keeping.”

The history of the marches, by Lord George Murray, shows the composition of that rope of sand which, by fatality, dragged on so long and far. With a little vain-glory, pardonable in an old and unlucky campaigner narrating his past exploits, it appears throughout correct in point of fact. Preparatory to supping full on the horrors which followed the fight of Culloden, we are pleased to find Lord George confess that the rambling Highland host was not so perfectly blameless as the historian’s own party have represented them:—

To the utmost of my power I protected the country wherever I went: and upon any complaints, I almost always got them redressed. The taking of horses for carrying their baggage, or for sick men, was what the Highlanders committed the greatest excess in. Many hundreds I got restored; and if the people whom they belonged to could but fix where they were, or who had them, I never failed to get them restored, though we were obliged to allow them to be carried a day or two’s march, perhaps, longer than they should. As to plundering, our men were not entirely free of it; but there was much less of this than could have been expected, and few regular armies but are as guilty. To be sure, there were some noted thieves amongst the Highland-

ers, (those called our Huzzars were not better;) what army is without them? But all possible care was taken to restrain them. How often have I gone into houses on our marches to drive the men out of them, and drubbed them heartily! I was even reprov'd for correcting them. It was told me that all the Highlanders were gentlemen, and never to be beat; but I was well acquainted with their tempers. Fear was as necessary as love, to restrain the bad, and keep them in order. It was what all their chiefs did, and were not sparing of blows to them that deserved it, which they took without grumbling when they had committed an offence. It is true they would only receive correction from their own officers; for upon no account could the chief of one clan correct the faults of the meanest of another—they would not bear it. But I had as much authority over them all, as each had amongst his own men; and I will venture to say, that never an officer was more beloved on the whole, without exception, than I was. They had, indeed, from the highest to the lowest, a greater confidence and trust in me than I could deserve; and any little disputes that happened betwixt those of different names, I constantly made up to their mutual satisfaction; and sometimes, when some young men, who were officers, did not do their duty with that care and exactness that was necessary, or were any ways remiss or faulty, I reprov'd them in such a manner as they not only took it well, but afterwards acknowledged that they were much obliged to me. At any time when there was a post of more danger than another, I had more difficulty in restraining those who were too forward, than in finding those who were willing.

In the whole march to Derby and back again, nor, indeed, in the whole time we were together, did I ever go into a house, or stop at a door, to take so much as a glass of water, till I came to my quarters; but I often went into houses to turn out others. I thought I could not reasonably find fault with others in that, if I did not show them a good example. I never took the least thing without paying the full value. My horses were either all my own breed, or bought before the standard was set up. Fodder and corn I got often out of the magazines, as others did. I had a servant, who dress'd my meat; and though, when I had a supper at command (which was oftenest the case,) I had always some of the officers that dined with me, yet I seldom had anything but broth, a piece of boiled meat, and a roast; and one bottle of rum or brandy, in punch, served us for liquor when we had not good ale. Our expense was very inconsiderable; and I never heard of an army, generally speaking, so temperate. In many parts of England I was quartered in private houses, and they had their dinner prepared, (knowing who was billeted upon them,) when I came in towards the evening. Many would not take payment; but I always left, at least, a guinea in the house, which was more than would have paid the expense. The only place that I ever heard a complaint, was on our march north, ten miles from Perth, at an inn, where we were badly entertained. I paid the woman all her bill, which was extravagant; but refused to pay for twelve horses, she having stated more than what I had. But in nothing was I more careful than about prisoners, even the common soldiers, when they were under my charge. I caused to take all the care possible of the sick and wounded. I had many letters full of acknowledgments, from the officers.

The account Lord George Murray gives of himself contrasts strongly with the conduct of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland and General Hawley. The Duke has often been named the Butcher, but never before the shameless violator

of hospitality, and the common thief, rather than the military plunderer. Mr. Chambers anticipates cavilling on these assertions. General Hawley and the Commander-in-Chief acted, it appears *art and part* in a theft, and afterwards shared the booty. The serious charge made against the Duke of Cumberland and General Hawley was preferred by the immediate sufferer, Mrs. Gordon of Hallhead, a lady residing in Aberdeen, in a letter, written at the time, to her relations in England, and afterwards in the following formal statement, taken down by her brother, Thomas Bowler, Esq., from her own mouth:—

In the month of February, 1745-6, George Middleton of Seton, Esq., came to me, at my house in Aberdeen, and asked me what spare rooms I had in the house; for the English army was come, and some of them must be quartered in it. I told him I had but one room to spare, and that I would lie in that myself, and give up my own chamber, if he pleased. He then said he would bring Colonel George Watson to be in my house; that the Colonel was an old friend of his father's and his, and would protect me from any insult. A night Mr. Duff came to me, and brought Colonel Watson with him, who supped with me, and lay in the house that night. Next morning the Colonel went out early, and returned in the forenoon, with Provost Robinson, and my next door neighbour, Mr. Thomas. They then told me the Colonel had been to see the apartment that was designed for the Duke of Cumberland, in the College, but did not think it would do and had, therefore, fixed on my house for him. Upon my telling him it would be very inconvenient to me to go out of the house, because, as the army would fill the town, I could not tell where to get a lodging, I said, that, if I could any way find a lodging, he would take care that nobody should be quartered in the house I went to. I told him that I was not able to find linen and other necessaries for so many people as were come with the Duke of Cumberland. He said that they would bring every thing with them; that I should lock up every thing I had; that my kitchen furniture must be put by, for they would bring their own; that might put it into some of the cellars, not any of which need to be left open, except one for them to put food into; that I might lock up my linen, &c. in a chest, and that I must leave two maids to do the work of the house. He added, that they would not come till the next night; that they would not stay above two days or three at the most; and that I might make my life very easy, for every thing would be more safe than if I was to stay in the house myself, and if any damage was done to any thing, it should be made good to me. After this, Provost Robinson and many other of my friends did, during the day, congratulate me on the affair, as they thought the Duke of Cumberland's being in my house would be a protection to me. The next morning, which was Thursday, the Duke of Cumberland came to my house, attended by General Hawley and several others. The General lay in my bed, and, very early on Friday morning, sent a messenger to the house where I was, demanding all my keys. My answer was, that my maid was gone to market, and that, as soon as she returned, she should carry them to him; but, before she did return, I received a second message, that he would have them that minute, or I would break open all the locks. I then sent him the keys, by his messenger. That evening, one Major Wolfe* came to me; and, after asking me if I

*General Wolfe, who fell at Quebec, was at this time an aid-de-camp in the royal army. But though the coincidence is singular, the editor says that this is

and desiring a gentleman who was with of the room, he said that he was come to by the Duke of Cumberland and General Iler, I was deprived of every thing I had, lothes upon my back. After delivering he said, that General Hawley having my character of several persons, who very well of me, and had told him I had in the Rebellion, and that I was a stranger without any relations in that country, he, therefore, would make interest with the Duke of Cumberland, that I might have any particular I had a mind to, and could say was my

desired to have my tea; but the Major is very good, and that tea was scarce in he did not believe I could have it. The

was made me when I asked for my cho- tioned several other things, particular-

That, he told me, was, a great deal of, and that they were very fond of china out, as they had no ladies travelled with, perhaps, have some of it. I then desired pictures. He said he supposed I would not them all. I replied, that I did not pretend except my son's. He asked me, if I had he was? I said I had sent him into the naked room for them. To what place? answered to Sir Arthur Forbes's. He told my son was? I said about fourteen. He is not a child, and you will be made him; and thus we parted. This Major d-de-camp to General Hawley.

lay a petition was drawn up, and was Duke of Cumberland, at his Levee, by es, who was also aid-de-camp to General and I was told the Duke said, he would I should not be robbed. That day Madame to me again, and told me that the Duke of Cumberland had sent him to let me know ion had been read to him, and that he are that every thing should be restored thstanding this, when I sent to the house thing, as, in particular, I did for a pair r my son, for a little tea for myself, for a for some flour to make bread, because he to be bought in the town, all was re-

, hearing that many of my things were wrote a letter to General Hawley, and one to Sir Everard Faulkner, to which ent me this answer,—That he could not ter to General Hawley; but that he had Duke, who said, he would take care I very thing again.

of Cumberland, General Hawley, &c. use about six weeks; and the day before ley went away, a person came to me, he was the General's own serjeant, and his order, to say to me that, as my case l, he would take care that every thing to me should be put into the hands of e Judge Advocate, and that I should find I had left it. But, notwithstanding all messages, the best of my things were d actually shipped off, a fortnight before

Lebec, as he is assured by Dr. Southey. nires further elucidation. The lady had ewa with Wolfe, and unless her testimo- ed, or two Wolfes proved to have been rth, holding the same rank, the stigma or Mrs. Gordon's veracity be doubted on

they left my house; and the very morning that General Hawley went away, he had the very blankets on which he lay, and several other things, packed up, and took them with him. That day I received a letter in the following words, viz.—“Madam, I shall begin my letter by returning you thanks for the convenience your house has been to me of, and in particular for the use of your young gentleman's room; but I must make you an apology, at the same time for what necessity obliges me to do. It has not been in my power to find such accommodations for a field bed as my present circumstances require. I am thereby forced to occasion you, perhaps, some little inconvenience, by taking with me part of the bedding of your son, viz. the quilt, two blankets, and the pillow, all which I have had valued by Ramsay, who has fixed the price at 1*l*. 1*4s*. Wherefore, I here enclose two Portugal eighteen-shillings pieces, choosing rather to exceed than fall short of what may be your due. I wish some opportunity may offer, wherein I may be of use to you, as I am, with truth, madam, your most humble and most obedient servant, EDWARD MASON.” Who this Mr. Mason is, or what post he had, I don't know.

I should have mentioned above, that Major Wolfe did one day bring me my son's picture, but without the frame; and he then told me, that General Hawley did, with his own hands, take it out of the frame, which was a gilt one, and very handsome. The frame the General left behind him, and I afterwards found it in the house.

I have hereto annexed a list of many of the things that were taken from me.*

Alexander Scott, the carpenter, who packed up my things for General Hawley, told me, that he desired the General not to spoil the mahogany bureau by making use of it to pack china in, and offered to make him a box for that purpose; but the General refused it.

The beds and tables, &c. that were left behind them, I found very much broke and damaged; and, upon the whole, six hundred pounds would not repair the loss.

The abovementioned Alexander Scott, the carpenter, told me, that the best tea equipage was packed up in part of the mahogany bureau, and was directed to the Duke of Cumberland at St. James's, and that the set of coloured table china was directed in the same manner. The rest of the things were directed to General Hawley, by whose directions the other two boxes were directed to the Duke of Cumberland.

I should have added above, that when they refused to give me some flour, to make some bread, my maid insisted on my having it, or some bread, and said she would stay in the room till the Duke of Cumberland sat down to dinner, and would then speak to him for some bread for me, as there was none to be bought.—They at last threw her a piece of the bottom loaf, and when she asked if that was all they would give me, they answered it was as much as I could eat, for they believed I had not then a very good stomach.

The following anecdote, related by Mrs. Gordon's brother, is intended to confirm the thestuous conduct of the Commander-in-Chief and his principal General:—“Mrs. Jackson, a lady who had been long acquainted with Mrs. Gordon, and who knew the china, having seen it at Mr. Gordon's house in London, in going one day along the streets, saw some of this china in the window of a china shop, and had the curiosity to go into the shop to ask the man of whom he bought it, and he said he had it from a woman of the town, who told it was given her by the Duke of Cumberland.” This information came from our excellent Bishop

*This we have omitted.—*Ed. Museum.*

"from the Rev. Robert Lyon, in Lady Cotton's family." With Mr. Bowdler he long afterwards maintained a friendly correspondence.

The royal army acted quite in the military spirit, throughout all their progress. Whigs were no more respected than Jacobites. At Aberdeen the Duke of Cumberland occupied the house of Mr. Thomson, who was a Whig; and Bishop Gerard wrote our chronicler "that the Duke and his retinue, or servants, made use of every kind of provisions they found in the house, coals, candles, ale, or other liquors in the cellars, and the milk of his cow; bed and table linen, which were (you may be sure) very much spoiled and abused; that they broke up a press in which Mrs. Thomson had lodged a considerable quantity of sugars, and whereof they took every grain weight; that when about to march from Aberdeen, he left six guineas to the three servants of the house, a boy and two women, one whereof had washed and dressed the Duke's linen while he stayed; but did not make the least compliment or requital to Mr. Thomson for the so long and free use of his house, furniture, and provisions, nor so much as call for his landlord or landlady to give them thanks. This you may depend on as the true matter of fact, known to every body in Aberdeen."

It is to be feared that the gentlemen whose principle once was to

"Pay all their debts with the roll of the drum,"

have not always been more superstitiously scrupulous in their notions of property than in those of party. At Inverness the worthy Provost, Fraser by name, and Bailie Hossack, the Old Provost, albeit both of the Hanoverian faith, at least after the battle of Culloden, were treated with no more ceremony than the Jacobite chieftains.

When John Fraser, Esq., the then Lord Mayor (in Scotch, Provost) of Inverness, and the Aldermen, (attended by Mr. Hossack, the then late Lord Mayor,) went to pay their levee to the Duke of Cumberland, the Generals Hawley and Husk happened to be deliberating and making out orders, about slaying the wounded upon the field of battle, &c. Mr. Hossack (a man of humanity, and the Sir Robert Walpole of Inverness, under the direction of President Forbes) could not witness such a prodigy of intended wickedness without saying something, and therefore, making a low bow to the General, he spoke thus:—"As his Majesty's troops have been happily successful against the rebels, I hope your Excellencies will be so good as to mingle mercy with judgment." Upon this General Hawley bawled out, "D—n the puppy! does he pretend to dictate here? Carry him away!" Another cried, "Kick him out! kick him out!" The orders were instantly and literally obeyed; for good Mr. Hossack received *kicks* upon *kicks*, and Sir Robert Adair had the *honour* to give him the last *kick* upon the top of the stair, to such purpose, that Mr. Hossack never touched a single step till he was at the bottom of the first flat, from which he tumbled headlong down to the foot of all the stair, and then was he *discreetly* taken up, and carried to the provo's guard. A notable reward for zeal! in which Mr. Hossack was warm enough, but with discretion and good nature, as I was informed.

But this is not all: Mr. Mayor himself (John Fraser) behaved to have a specimen of their *good sense* and *genteel manners*; for he was taken from dinner at his own table by an officer and some musketeers with a volley of oaths and imprecations, to a stable, and

was ordered to clean it instantly upon his peril! The Mayor said he never cleaned his own stable, and should he clean that of any other person? After debate upon the dirty subject, Mr. Fraser was indulged the privilege to get some fellows to clean the stable. However, he was obliged to stand a considerable time almost to the ankles in dirt, and see the service performed! Oh! notable treatment of a lieutenant!

The wanton youngsters in and about Inverness distinguish these two gentlemen by the names of the *provost*, and of the *muck* or *dirt provost*.

In the Bishop's papers this appears in a letter from a gentleman in London to a friend at Edinburgh. On the same authority, we learn that the insolence of the Duke of Cumberland to President Forbes was only the fitting preliminary to the ingratitude of the Government to that patriotic individual.

"Above all," a Whig friend said to the writer, "what do you think of the return the Lord President of the Court of Session, *the sagacious Duncan*, with for all his remarkable services? Remarkable indeed they were, and yet the utmost scorn and contempt he had in return for them! When his Lordship was paying his levee to the Duke of Cumberland at Inverness, he thought fit (as it well became his character and station) to make mention of the laws of the country, &c. To which the Duke of Cumberland pleased to say, 'The laws of the country! my lord, make a brigade give laws, by God!'" A plain declaration this of a hearty desire to introduce a military government. "It was well," continued the old gentleman, "that President Forbes escaped a *kicking* as the Duke of Cumberland uses his friends with domestic violence. For my own part," added he, "I would not to be the person that had received the sage advice of *the sagacious Duncan* with derision, because it would have been a lasting imputation upon my judgment and discretion; for certain it is, that his Lordship was a gentleman of very extraordinary and uncommon talents, and had an extensive knowledge of men and things. It was not beneath the dignity of a crowned head to listen to his words. He was one of a very high character, and the usage he met with for all his services, joined with the miseries of his country, bore so hard upon him, that it is indeed a prevailing opinion among the Whigs in Scotland, that he died of heart-break." Thus spoke the old honest Scotch Whig; and I must own, I felt myself unable to make him any return.

A considerable portion of the volume is occupied with different rambling accounts of the horrors and cruelties which followed the battle of Culloden. That there is both discrepancy and an evident tendency to exaggeration, is shown by the writer of the Bishop himself, in his after attempts to verify the facts transmitted to him as reported in conversation; yet enough remains to make the character of the Duke of Cumberland and his office black as any admirer of the Stuarts could desire, nor need the Editor have any serious ground for his apprehension of reviving party animosities. That Whig must be a prodigious Quixote who would now put lance in rest to defend the honour of the Duke of Cumberland. If Mr. Somers be able to rescue the fame of Wolfe from the imputation of insolence and rapacity, it is all that now to be won on that field.

The account of the various cold-blooded barbarities which followed the overthrow of the Stuart cause, are shocking enough,—but what are these in the annals of recent European war? Let us rather who are fond of dwelling upon the sanguinary atrocities of civil strife, military ferocity, and

ression, turn to the history of the last Irish rebellion, when the age was presumed to be so more enlightened and humanized than in the last century's bloody day."

It is undeniable that some of the wounded were shot in cold-blood on the days succeeding the battle, that there were several instances of the same butchery of unoffending persons, not only the arms, who were so unfortunate as to encounter the infuriated soldiery; and that the prisoners and sick were treated with shameless severity and inhuman neglect. A letter written in 1746 by some unknown person in Inverness, seems to be well-affected, and even in the name of the Government, asserts that seven hundred officers were ranged along the park at Culloden House, and shot two days after the battle. This, however, is no new charge. The anonymous person alleges—

"To obtain that a resolution was taken, that it was necessary to load or crowd this little town with a great number of wounded and incurable men of our enemy, therefore, a party was ordered to the field who gathered all the wounded men from the corners of the field, to one or two parts; and a little rising hillock or ground properly chosen, they were finished with great despatch: and every body else must own, was, as to the forming the greatest act of humanity, as it cost the lives of many miserable lives, remaining in the nature, without any hopes of relief. The mention was no other than a little cotter's hut, where goats or sheep used to shelter in cold weather, and to this hut, which is about a quarter of a mile from the field of battle, many of the men crawled in the night time; and being surrounded by the soldiers, the door of the hut was a fire put to the different corners of the hut, and a person there, to the number of thirty-two, some beggars, who flocked to the field of plunder, perished in the flames. I find you have no account of the usage our two Provosts

are several editions of the story of the battle (sometimes seventy) murdered officers; but it is substantially the same in every account.

Mr. Forbes's most diligent correspondent, the Rev. Mr. James Hay, of Inverness, relates the following miracles:—

"It is very wonderful that these men, sadly wounded and lay in the open air without any nourishment for a long time, it is no less wonderful that the bodies were covered some days after the battle, for none durst do it in a proper time, or carry them away,—I say it is wonderful that one was found twenty days after, and another twenty-eight days after, without any corruption or smell in the bodies, though they had died only that day they were found. But one exceeds all very much. A countryman, at the distance of two miles from the field, was concerned with the Prince, was shot standing in the open door, where they were obliged to dig for him, and lay him, for none durst carry him to his place. Many months thereafter, his wife was found in her sleep, with a voice crying, 'Take care and bury it!' This she told to her friends the first time, for which they mocked and derided her, but the third time she told them she would if she should carry the corpse on her back, and at Christmas he was taken up fresh and carried to his grave. This being very strange, thought

it proper to acquaint you. She was never disturbed since. * * *

No doubt you have heard of a woman, in the Highlands, when in labour of child, with nine or ten women. A party acquainted their commander of it, who ordered that the house should be burned, with all who were in it. A Colonel who was there, but had not the command, on telling this, cried, and shed tears, that such a barbarous action should be committed by any who were called Christians.

At five miles distance, an honest poor woman, on the day of battle, who was brought to bed Sunday before, flying with her infant, was attacked by four dragoons, who gave her seven wounds in the head, through one plaid, which was eight fold, and one in the arm. Then one of them took the infant by the thigh, threw it about his hand, and at last to the ground. Her husband, at the same time was chased into a moss so far, that one of the horses could not come out, where his rider shot him. The young infant who was so roughly maltreated is a fine boy. The mother recovered, and is living.

Three days after the battle, at four miles distance, the soldiers most barbarously cut a woman in many places of her body, partly in her face. I am promised some more facts in a few days; but I did not incline to lose the opportunity of this bearer.

Though the running naked be commonly reported, I have not got an account of the certainty. I beg you may let me know when this comes to your hands.

Even the all-believing Jacobite in Leith, could hardly swallow some of these stories. He transmitted a string of interrogatories to the Rev. James Hay; and it is wonderful how, on this cross-examination, the wonders diminished in magnitude, while some disappeared altogether. Enough, however, remains to stamp with infamy the actors in those sanguinary and lawless scenes. The Rev. James Hay could not discover the exact place where the woman in labour, with nine or ten women about her, (a goodly number of gossips even for the Highlands,) were all burnt together; nor yet could he authenticate his stories of bread buried and poisoned. The fresh-smelling, or fragrant corpses, and the ghost crying "wife come bury me," remain in the odour of Jacobite sanctity. In short, the questions propounded by the Rev. Mr. Forbes to the Rev. James Hay, show that the former must have been, so far as his light went, a most trust-worthy, credulous Jacobite Bishop, and the latter, a correspondent of desirable reciprocity. Here is an instance, in the true *Three-Crow* style.

"'Tis impossible for me to find out the place where the woman in labour of child-birth, with nine others, were burnt alive, it being in the Highlands. Colonel Desaing told it in Banff, and thanked God that he was not the person who commanded there; and Mr. John Stuart, the Presbyterian teacher in Lochaber, told that it was true, and consisted with his knowledge.

"The woman brought to bed, Sunday before the battle, was Elspeth M'Phail, in Gask; her husband is Donald M'Intosh, and the child born on Sunday, is Alexander, whom one of the dragoons took by the leg or thigh, and threw it about his hand, not head."

It is Mr. Hay who is the authority for other tales of horror which are conveyed to us by that galaxy of blinking stars, which modern editorship is often compelled to adopt; and Mr. Chambers also, we presume, in obedience to its laws. "Nice

people," says Swift, "are people of very filthy ideas."—"How virtuous," says Miss Edgeworth, "shall we all be when we have no names left for vice?" The asterisks placed in the Rev. Mr. Hay's narrative, are however commendable, as they certainly cover not a few fabulous incidents. But we must make large allowance for the Rev. Mr. Hay. His chapel had been pulled down, that the wood might heat the military ovens, and his sect were all, by interest and prejudice, rank Jacobites. The respectful name he gives, as of custom to the regular clergymen of the country, is "Whig teachers." Mr. Hay relates some anecdotes of a more credible and creditable character than the above.

As to Anne MacKay, she's a poor sile of Stry woman, who happened to be at Inverness, the time of the battle of Culloden, and to live above the cold cellar into which one Robert Nairn and MacDonald of Bell finlay (two wounded gentlemen) were put after the battle. She being a wise, sagacious creature, some of the charitable people in town thought proper to employ her, as the person who should convey to the distressed gentlemen the supplies they intended for them. She continued faithfully in this practice from the 18th of April, 1746, till the month of March, (if I don't mistake,) 1747, when a plot was laid by some charitable ladies, for helping Nairn to make his escape, (MacDonald not being able to escape, being lame.) On this plot the poor Highland woman was made principal manager; and, indeed, she managed wonderfully, for, after equipping Nairn in the warmest manner he could then be clothed in, she decoyed the sentry off the door of the cellar, into a back close just off it, by which means Nairn slipped out and made his escape. The guard was not alarmed with this accident till next morning, when all were in an uproar; but particularly one Colonel Leighton, then Lieutenant-Colonel of General Blackney's regiment, who ordered immediately this woman to be seized, and her house ruffled. He caused her first to be brought to his own room, and called for one Basile Fraser, to examine her in the Irish tongue. He first caused to be asked, Who they were used to supply him with food? to which she answered, "I no ken dat, for he no pe shen-tleman. He no pe a MacLeod, or MacDonald, or any Mac at all, for he pe Nairn, a fisher, and deil a man's or woman's of dat name a' dis town." He then put five guineas into her hand, and desired her to tell who helped Nairn away, but she said, "I no tak monev, I have a pill of my own." And with so saying she pulled out an old ball she had in her pocket. He then desired she might tell, or he would confine her in the bridge hole to which she answered, "Lord bless your honour! no put me in the prig hole." All methods proving ineffectual, he ordered her to be carried to the guard; and, as a punishment for not confessing, he ordered her to be kept on her feet, without allowing her to sit or lie. By this punishment she contracted a swelling in her legs, of which she is not yet recovered. While she was in the guard, in this situation, there was an Irishwoman, a soldier's wife, sent to the guard, with some strong liquors, in order to intoxicate her, that then she might confess. The wife came to her accordingly, and offered her a hot pot, or some posset, and said she would drink Prince Charles's

health, but she answered, "I no pe trink Sharry health like de Duke, for I pe a MacLeod, and MacLeod no pe like Sharry; but I so trink hot pot, or posset for I no ken dat. I pe trink milk and whey." Ever method proving ineffectual to extract a confession, she was put into the town's tolbooth, where she was kept for some weeks; and she was to be drubbed through the town, had not interest been made to get it prevented.

The poor sentry that was upon Nairn at the hour when he escaped, being discovered, (a strict examination having been made into the matter,) was whipped and received five hundred lashes.

Our zealous Bishop himself saw this heroine (who parried as admirably as Cuddie Headrigh himself) in 1753. He stated that she told him she was offered ten instead of five guineas, to betray those who aided the escape of Nairn.

The Prince's Household Book, kept during his marches by his purveyor of the household, Mr. James Gib forms a curious section of the volume. Mr. Forbes accidentally heard of this person, (who had suffered a long imprisonment, and had a narrow escape) about three years after the Rebellion, and often afterwards compared notes with him. The account book, the authenticity of which is beyond dispute, appeared of immense value to the simple chronicler, as he imagined it disproved the false reports that the Prince and his arm were subsisted by pillage.

Aggravating the former mentioned false report," says the Bishop, "the common cry was, 'Charles, bring the robbers! Charles, bring the robbers!' which as I have had frequently bawled after me when walking through Leith. And, indeed, it is not to be wondered at, that the populace should take up such a cry, as should be led to believe a lie, when, with great solemnity, they were frequently taught their lesson from the pulpit; for the cant of the Presbyterian teachers in their sermons, both before and after the battle of Culloden, when they happened at any time to mention the Prince and his army, was in the following, in the like terms, viz.—'injustice and oppression—rapine and plunder—bloodshed and murder—direful ruin and destruction—shocking barbarities—innocents robbed—slaves massacred—fire and sword—lawless darlings—banditti—bloody House of Stuart—merciless rascals—robbers—thieves and murderers—wild ravages and devastations,' &c. &c. &c. See plenty of such epistle in the substance of two sermons preached by Mr. Alexr. Webster, Edr and printed 1746. This remarkable and extraordinary performance is just so lying before me, when writing these remarks.

"The clergy of the Church of England, as established by law, and the dissenting preachers in that kingdom did not come short of our Scots Presbyterian teachers for their printed sermons smell rank of falsehood and cruelty," &c.

To efface the impressions made by these Whig teachers the Bishop took the trouble to transcribe every entry made by Mr. James Gib. We also borrow a selection of the items, which both show the moderate scale in which the Prince's fund

*Charitable, indeed, with a witness! when the many cruelties and barbarities committed in their hearing and eyesight, could not deter them from risking their own lives. May God bless and reward these compassionate and courageous ladies, and the brave poor Anne MacKay! Amen.—R. F.—Note by the Bishop.

*Leith September 12, 1755—Anne MacKay was with me when I read to her the five preceding pages; as she declared all concerning herself was very exactly narrated, only it should be ten, in place of five guineas offered by Leighton. She told me that, after getting out of prison, the soldiers so beat and brutalized her son, of seventeen years of age, that he died ten days after. R. F.—Note by the Bishop.

†Omitted. Ed. Museum.

ut seventy persons, were maintained, and, s of more value, the prices of commodities inds at the period,—almost a century since, it of time, and in point of improvement, dou- triple the amount of years, by the ordinary ing of the world's progress in the useful It is worthy of remark, that the Scotch sta- meal, was as dear in 1746, as in the present 1834; beef, mutton, poultry, were nominally cheaper, but not so much so as appears at ght. When the inferiority of quality is fairly uted, the difference of price, in most articles, h less than it seems.

ifferent communings held at "the new stage office," the Bishop was able to extract con- ble information from Mr. Gib; as this:—"Mr. ason the field of battle, (Drumossie Moor,) he Prince's person, in time of the action, and hat the enemy's cannon played smartly upon ot of ground where the Prince took his sta- and that he himself saw one of the Prince's rooms (Thomas Ca) killed, by the Prince's with a cannon bullet.

ter the defeat, Mr. Gib rode along with mes's horse, keeping sight of the Prince, to ater of Nairn, which they crossed, about miles from the field of battle; and then the were desired to go to Ruthven, of Bade- the Prince stepping aside to the right, and g there till he saw them all go off. Then rince went up the water, about a mile, at- l by Lord Elcho, Sir Thomas Sheridan, Hay, of Restalrig, and Alexander MacLeod, f the aids-de-camp,) and their several ser- among whom Mr. Gib remembered particu- o have seen Ned Burke, of whom he speaks ent things, as a most faithful and useful ser-

When they had travelled about a mile, Mr. Hay, stepping back a little, came to Mr. Gib, esired him to go off, and to shift for himself, best manner he could."

purveyor got on so far as the Whig county, when he was made prisoner in the town of a, by a gauger and two tide-waiters, all of e zealous Hanoverian. He had fortunately ed his treasure of household books to a l of the cause in Aberdeenshire.

hop Forbes was so fortunate as to collect al accounts of the Prince's wanderings and es. Some of them are already well known, hers, and those the best, have been taken

by the Bishop, from the lips of the persons accompanied the Pretender on his perilous tures. One relation is made by Ned Burke, vards a chairman in Edinburgh, who was ithful guide of the Prince from the Moor of den to the west coast; and another was given onald MacLeod, on his return from London ye, in 1747, after suffering a long imprison-

Donald's narrative is highly dramatic and ted, and certainly faithful to the letter; and, own, as compared with accounts more high- oured, Ned Burke truly said, "what diel a man make mair wonders than we had. e we had anew o' them." Donald MacLeod altergill, in Skye, happened to be about In- as when the army lay there; and from thence e the guide and pilot of one of the rebel lead- Five days after the disaster at Culloden, he ed to meet the fugitive Prince alone in a near Boradale.

e Prince, making towards Donald, asked, "Are onald MacLeod of Gualtergill in Sky?"—"Yes,"

said Donald, "I am the same man, may it please your Majesty, at your service. What is your pleasure wi' me?" "Then," said the Prince, "you see, Donald, I am in distress; I therefore throw myself into your bo- som, and let you do with me what you like. I hear you are an honest man, and fit to be trusted."

When Donald was giving me this part of the nar- rative, he grat sore; the tears came running down his cheeks; and he said, "Wha deil could help greeting, when speaking on sic a sad subject?"—Donald made this return to the Prince, "Alas! may it please your Excellency, what can I do for you? for I am but a poor old man, and can do very little for mysell."—"Why," said the Prince, "the service I am to put you upon, I know you can perform very well. It is, that you may go with letters from me to Sir Alexander MacDonald, and the Laird of MacLeod. I desire, therefore, to know, if you will undertake this piece of service; for I am really convinced, that these gentle- men, for all that they have done, will do all in their power to protect me."—Upon hearing this, Donald was struck with surprise, and plainly told the Prince, he would do anything but that. It was a task he would not undertake, if he should hang him for refusing. "What!" said Donald, "does not your Excellency know, that these men have played the rogue to you altogether! and will you trust them for a' that? Na, you maunna do't."

When Donald MacLeod had absolutely refused to go any message whatsoever to Sir Alexander Mac- Donald and the Laird of MacLeod, the Prince said to him, "I hear, Donald, you are a good pilot, that you know all this coast well, and, therefore, I hope, you can carry me safely through the islands, where I may look for more safety than I can do here." Donald answered, he would do anything in the world for him, he would run any risk, except only that which he had formerly mentioned; and that he most willingly un- dertook to do his best in the service he now proposed. For this purpose Donald procured a stout eight-oared boat, the property of John MacDonald, son of Æneas or Angus MacDonald of Boradale. Both Donald MacLeod and Malcolm MacLeod said, that this John MacDonald was either killed at the battle of Cullo- den, or butchered next day in cold blood, (which was the fate of many;) for that he had never been heard of since that time. Donald took care to buy a pot for boiling pottage, or the like, when they should happen to come to land; and a poor firloft of meal was all the provision he could make out to take along with them.

The Prince's adventures are so well known that Donald could add but little new to them. In one place he tells, that the Prince, for all the fatigue he underwent, never slept above three or four hours at most, at a time; and that when he awak- ed in the morning, he was always sure to call for a chopin of water, which he never failed to drink off at a draught; and that he had a little bottle in his pocket, out of which he used to take so many drops every morning and throughout the day, say- ing, if anything should ail him, he hoped he should cure himself, for that he was something of a doc- tor. "And faith," said Donald, "he was indeed a bit of a doctor; for Ned Burke happened ance to be unca ill of a colic, the Prince said, Let him alane, I hope to cure him of that; and accordingly he did so; for he gae him sae mony draps out o' the little bottle, and Ned soon was as well as ever he had been."

When they were in Lady Killdun's house, they had killed a cow, for which the Prince desired payment to be made, but the landlady refused to accept of it.

However, Donald said before they left the house, he obliged her to take the price of the cow. "For," said Donald, "so long as there was any money among us, I was positive that the deil a man or woman should have it to say, that the Prince ate their meat for nought." They took the head and some pieces of the cow along with them in the boat, as also two pecks of meal, and plenty of brandy and sugar. They had all along a wooden plate for making their dough for bread, and they made use of stones for birsling their bannocks before the fire. When they were parting with Lady Kildun, she called Ned Burke aside, and (as Donald said) gave him a junt of butter betwixt two fardles of bread, which Ned put into a wallet they had for carrying some little baggage.

Upon the desert island they found plenty of good dry fish, of which they were resolved to make the best fare they could without any butter, not knowing of the junt that Ned had in his wallet. As they had plenty of brandy and sugar along with them, and found very good springs upon the island, they wanted much to have a little warm punch to cheer their hearts in this cold remote place. They luckily found an earthen pitcher, which the fishers had left upon the island, and this served their purpose very well for heating the punch; but the second night the pitcher, by some accident or another, was broke to pieces, so that they could have no warm punch.

When Donald was asked, if ever the Prince used to give any particular toast, when they were taking a cup of cold water, whiskey, or the like; he said, that the Prince very often drank to the Black Eye, "by which," said Donald, "he meant the second daughter of France, and I never heard him name any particular health but that alone. When he spoke of that lady, which he did frequently, he appeared to be more than ordinary well pleased."

Ned Burke stood cook and baxter, but Donald said the Prince was the best cook of them all. One day, upon the desert island, the Prince and Ned were employed in making out a dish of fish, while all the rest were asleep. Ned, not minding that he had the junt of butter, began to complain that the fish would make but a very sa'arless morsel without butter. The Prince said the fish would do very well in their present condition, and that they behoved to take the fish till the butter should come. Ned, at last reflecting, told the Prince that he had got a junt of butter from Lady Kildun, which he laid up betwixt two fardles of bread in the wallet, which was then lying in the boat. The Prince said that would do exceedingly well; for it would serve to complete their cookery, and desired Ned to go fetch it immediately. When Ned came to take out the butter, the bread was all crumbled into pieces, and mixed in with it, so that it made a very ugly appearance. Ned returned, and told the Prince the butter would not serve the purpose at all; for that it was far from being clean, the bread being crumbled into pieces and wrought in amongst it, and therefore he thought shame to present it. "What!" said the Prince, "was not the butter clean when it was put there?"—"Yes," answered Ned, "it was clean enough." "Then," replied the Prince, "you are a child, Ned. The butter will do exceedingly well. The bread can never file it. Go fetch it immediately." When the fish was sufficiently boiled, they awakened the rest of the company to share in the entertainment. Donald M'Leod, looking at the butter, said, "The deil a drop of that butter he would take; for it was neither good nor clean." But the Prince told him he was very nice indeed; for that the butter would serve the turn very well at present, and he caused it to be served up. They made a very hearty

meal of the fish and the crumbs of bread swimming among the butter.

At another time, when Ned was preparing to bake some bannocks, the Prince said, he would have a cake of his own contriving, which was, to take the brains of the cow, and mingle them well in amongst the meal, when making the dough; and this, he said, they would find to be very wholesome meat. His directions were obeyed; and, said Donald, he "gave orders to birstle the bannock well, or else it would not do at all. When the cake was fully fired, the Prince divided it into so many pieces, giving every gentleman a bit of it; and Donald said, "it made very good bread indeed."

[Here I asked if the boatmen did eat in common with the Prince and the gentlemen? "Na, good faith, they!" said Donald; "set them up wi' that indeed, the fallows, to eat wi' the Prince and the shentlemen! we even kept up the port of the Prince upon the desert island itself, and kept twa tables, one for the Prince and the shentlemen, and the other for the boatmen. We sat upon the bare ground, having a big stone in the middle of us for a table; and sometimes we ate off our knee, or the bare ground, as it happened."

Donald M'Leod said the Prince used to smoke a great deal of tobacco; and, as in his wanderings from place to place, the pipes behoved to break, and turn into short cutties, he used to take quills, and putting one into another, "and all," said Donald, "into the end of the cuttie, this served to make it long enough, and the tobacco to smoke cool." Donald added, that he never knew, in all his life, any one better at finding out a shift than the Prince was, when he happened to be at a pinch; and that the Prince would sometimes sing them a song to keep up their hearts.

Donald was afterwards made a prisoner at Portree, in Skye. In London, after his release, a Jacobite friend presented him with a handsome silver snuff-box, on which his adventures among the islands, were engraven. On the bottom were cut the words, "Donald MacLeod of Galtergill, in the Isle of Skye, the faithful Paladus."

"When Donald," says the Bishop, "came first to see me along with Deacon Clerk, I asked him, why he had not snuff in the pretty box? "Sneeshin in that box!" said Donald; "na, the deil a pickle sneeshin shall ever go into it, till the King be restored; and then (I trust in God) I'll go to London, and then will I put sneeshin in the box, and go to the Prince, and say, Sir, will you tak a sneeshin out o' my box?"

The Bishop was so fortunate as to collect £10 for Donald, before he set out for Skye, to rejoin his wife and family. Donald's loyalty was the remarkable, as his chief took the other side, and would not even speak to his clansman when he met him in London and at Edinburgh. The other narratives of the perilous adventures of Prince Charles, till he got safely away, do not add much to our previous stock of information. The zeal and fidelity in his adverse fortunes, of all the persons of inferior rank, is often favourably contrasted with the alarm and timidity of the chiefs, who had at first been the most forward in his service. On coming to Morar's house, with the old MacKinnon, of Strath, the owner told him he could do nothing for him, and knew of no one who could.

"This is very hard," said the Prince. "You were very kind yesternight, Morar, and said you could find out a hiding-place, proof against all the search of the enemy's forces, and now you say you can do nothing

or me. You can travel to no place, but what I have to; no eatables or drinkables can you take, but I can take a share along with you, and be content with them, and even pay handsomely for them.

When fortune smiled upon me, and I had pay, I then found some people ready enough to give me; but now that fortune frowns on me, and I have to pay to give, they forsake me in my necessities.

This dilemma vexed the Prince greatly; insomuch that he cried out, "O, God Almighty! look down upon my circumstances, and pity me; for I am in a most wretched situation. Some of those who joined me and appeared to be fast friends, now turn their backs upon me in my greatest need; and some of those who refused to join me, and stood at a distance, are now among my best friends; for it is remarkable, that some of Sir Alexander MacDonald's following have been most faithful to me in my distress, and contributed greatly to my preservation."

From the same.

PETER KLAUS.

For a month we were speaking of the rude manner from which talent works out its fairest and most valuable products, showing, in a few instances, the germ, the embryo, the first rough sketch from whence genius calls forth its creations.

Every body knows the story of Rip Van Winkle. Its author is one of the most tasteful of writers of ancient legends to modern times. He does not invent and vivify, he embellishes and enriches with rare skill. Here is the original of the first piece.

Peter Klaus, a goat-herd of Sittendorf, who tended his herds on the Kyffhauser mountain, used to spend the rest of an evening in a spot surrounded by an old wall, where he always counted them to see if they were all right. For some days he noticed that one of his finest goats, as they came to the wall, vanished, and never returned to the fold. He watched him more closely, and at last saw him slip through a rent in the wall. He followed him, and caught him in a cave, feeding contentedly upon the grains of oats which fell down one from the roof. He looked up, shook his head at the shower of oats, but, with all his eyes, could discover nothing farther. At length he looked over head, the neighing and stamping of restless horses, and concluded that the goats must have fallen from their mangers.

While the goat-herd stood there, wondering at these horses in a totally uninhabited mountain-lad came and made signs to him to follow him silently. Peter ascended some steps, and, entering a walled court, came to a glade surrounded by rocky cliffs, into which a sort of twilight made its way through the thick-leaved bushes. Here he found twelve grave old knights sitting at skittles, at a well-levelled and fresh platform. Peter was silently appointed to set up the pins for them.

At first, his knees knocked together as he did while he marked with half-stolen glances, the cards and goodly paunches of the noble knights. By degrees, however, he grew more confident, and looked at everything about him with a steady gaze; nay, at last he ventured so far as to take a draught from a pitcher which stood near

him, the fragrance of which appeared to him delightful. He felt quite revived by a draught; and as often as he felt at all tired, received new strength from application to the inexhaustible pitcher. But at length sleep overcame him.

When he awoke, he found himself once more in the enclosed green space where he was accustomed to leave his goats. He rubbed his eyes, but could discover neither dog nor goats, and stared with surprise at the height to which the grass had grown, and at the bushes and trees, which he never remembered to have noticed. Shaking his head, he proceeded along the roads and paths which he was accustomed to traverse daily with his herd, but could nowhere see any traces of his goats. Below him, he saw Sittendorf, and at last he descended with quickened step, there to make inquiries after his herd.

The people whom he met at the entrance of the town were unknown to him—were dressed, and spoke differently from those whom he had known there; moreover, they all stared at him when he inquired about his goats, and began stroking their chins. At last, almost involuntarily, he did the same, and found, to his great astonishment, that his beard was grown to be a foot long. He began now to think himself and the world all bewitched together, and yet he felt sure that the mountain from which he had descended was the Kyffhauser, and the houses here with their gardens and forecourts, were all familiar to him. Moreover several lads whom he heard telling the name of the place to a traveller, called it Sittendorf.

Shaking his head, he proceeded into the town straight to his own house. He found it sadly fallen to decay; before it lay a strange herd-boy in tattered garments, and near him an old worn-out dog, which growled and showed his teeth at Peter when he called him. He entered by the opening, which had formerly been closed by a door, but found within all so desolate and empty, that he staggered out again like a drunkard, and called his wife and children. But no one heard—no voice answered him.

Women and children now began to surround the strange old man with the long hoary beard, and to contend with one another in inquiring of him what he wanted. He thought it so ridiculous to make inquiries of strangers before his own house, after his wife and children, and still more so after himself, that he mentioned the first neighbour that occurred to him—"Kirt Stiffen?" All were silent, and looked at one another, till an old woman said, "he has left here these twelve years: he lives at Sachsenberg, you'll hardly get there to-day." "Veltan Maier." "God help him!" said an old crone leaning on a crutch, "he has been confined for these fifteen years in the house which he'll never leave again."

He recognised, as he thought, his suddenly aged neighbour, but he had lost all desire of asking any more questions. At last a brisk young woman, with a boy of a twelvemonth old in her arms, and with a little girl holding her hand, made her way through the gaping crowd, and they looked for all the world like his wife and children. "What is your name?" said Peter, astonished. "Maria." "And your father?" "God have mercy on him—Peter Klaus. It is twenty years since we sought him day and night on the Kyffhauser; when his goats came home without him. I was only seven years old when it happened."

The goat-herd could no longer contain himself.

"I am Peter Klaus," cried he, "and no other;" and he took the babe from his daughter's arms. All stood like statues for a minute, till one and another began to cry, "Here's Peter Klaus come back again. Welcome, neighbour—welcome, after twenty years—welcome, Peter Klaus."

From the Asiatic Journal.

SKETCHES OF INDIAN SOCIETY.

THE BABA LOGUE.

It is possible to penetrate into the drawing-room of a mansion in England without being made aware that the house contains a troop of children, who, though not strictly confined to the nursery, seldom quit it except when in their best dresses and best behaviours, and who, when seen in any other part of the house, may be considered in the light of guests. It is otherwise in India. Traces of the *baba logue*, the Hindoostanee designation of a tribe of children, are to be discovered the instant a visiter enters the outer verandah: a rocking-horse, a small cart, a wheeled chair, in which the baby may take equestrian or carriage-exercise within doors, generally occupy conspicuous places, and probably—for Indian domestics are not very scrupulous respecting the proprieties in appearances—a line may be stretched across, adorned with a dozen or so of little frocks, washed out hastily to supply the demand in some extraordinarily sultry day. From the threshold to the deepest recesses of the interior, every foot of ground is strewn with toys of all sorts and dimensions, and from all parts of the world—English, Dutch, Chinese, and Hindoostanee. In a family blessed with numerous olive branches, the whole house is converted into one large nursery; drawing-rooms, ante-rooms, bed-rooms, and dressing-rooms are all peopled by the young fry of the establishment. In the first, a child may be seen sleeping on the floor, under a musquito-net, stretched over an oval bamboo frame, and looking like a patent wire dish-cover; in the second an infant of more tender years reposes on the arms of a bearer, who holds the baby in a manner peculiar to India, lying at length on a very thin mattress, formed of several folds of thick cotton cloth, and croaking a most lugubrious lullaby, as he paces up and down; in a third, two or more of the juveniles are assembled, one with its only garment converted into leading-strings, another sitting under a punkah, and a third running after a large ball, with a domestic trotting behind, and following the movements of the child in an exceedingly ludicrous manner. Two attendants, at the least, are attached to each of the children; one of these must always be upon duty, and the services of the other are only dispensed with while at meals; an *ayah* and a *bearer* are generally employed, the latter being esteemed the best and most attentive nurse of the two. These people never lose sight of their respective charges for a single instant, and seldom permit them to wander beyond arms' length; consequently, in addition to the company of the children, that of their domestics must be endured, who seem to think themselves privileged persons; and should the little master or miss under their care penetrate into the bed-chamber of a visiter—no difficult achievement, where all the

doors are open—they will follow close, and make good their entrance also. It is their duty to see that the child does not get into any mischief, and as they are certain of being severely reprehended if the little urchin should happen to tumble down and hurt itself, for their own sakes, they are careful to prevent such a catastrophe at any personal inconvenience whatever to their master's guests. When the children are not asleep, they must be amused, an office which devolves upon the servants, who fortunately take great delight in all that pleases the infant mind, and never weary of their employment. They are a little too apt to resort to a very favourite method of beguiling time, that of playing on the *tom-tom*, an instrument which is introduced into every mansion tenanted by the *baba logue* for the ostensible purpose of charming the young folks, but in reality to gratify their own peculiar taste. An almost constant drumming is kept up from morning until night, a horrid discord, which, on a very hot day, aggravates every other torment. The rumbling and squeaking of a low cart, in which a child is dragged for hours up and down a neighbouring verandah, the monotonous ditty of the old bearer, of which one can distinguish nothing but *baba*, added to the incessant clamour of the *tom-tom*, to say nothing of occasional squalls, altogether furnish forth a concert of the most hideous description.

Nevertheless, the gambols of children, the ringing glee of their infant voices, and the infinite variety of amusement which they afford, do much towards dispelling the ennui and tedium of an Indian day. The climate depresses their spirits to a certain point; they are diverting without being troublesome, for there is always an attendant at hand to whom they may be consigned should they become unruly; and certainly, considering how much they are petted and spoiled, it is only doing Anglo-Indian children justice to say, that they are, generally speaking, a most orderly race. There can scarcely be a prettier sight than that of a groupe of fair children, gathered round or seated in the centre of their dark-browed attendants, listening with eager countenances to one of those marvellous legends, of which Indian storytellers possess so numerous a catalogue, or convulsed with laughter as they gaze upon the antics of some merry fellow, who forgets the gravity and dignity considered so becoming to a native, whether Moslem or Hindoo, in his desire to afford entertainment to the *baba logue*. In one particularly well-regulated family, in which the writer happened to be a temporary inmate, a little boy anxiously expressed a wish that we should go very early to a ball which was to take place in the evening, because, he said, he and his brothers were to have a *dhole*, and the bearers had promised to dance for them. A *dhole* is an instrument of forty-drum-power; fortunately, both children and servants had the grace to reserve it for their own private recreation, and doubtless, for that night at least, the jackalls were scared from the door.

The dinner for the children is usually served up at the same time with the tiffin placed before the seniors of the family. The young folks sit apart, accommodated with low tables, and arm-chairs of corresponding size; and as they are usually favourites with all the servants, it is no uncommon thing to see the whole *posse* of *khidmutghars* desert their master's chairs to crowd round those of

he *babas*. One of the principal dishes at the juvenile board is denominated *pish pash*, weak broth thickened with rice, and a fowl pulled to pieces; another, called *dhal baat*, consists of rice and yellow peas stewed together; *croquettes*, a very delicate preparation of chicken, beaten in a mortar, mixed up with fine batter, and fried in egg-shaped balls, is also very common; and there is always a *kaaree*. Europeans entertain only one notion respecting a curry, as they term the favourite Indian dish, and which they suppose to be invariably composed of the same ingredients, a rich stew, highly seasoned, and served with rice. There are, however, infinite varieties of the *kaaree* tribe; that which is eaten by the natives differing essentially from that produced at European tables, while there is a distinct preparation for children, and another for dogs: rice and tumeric are the constant accompaniments of all, but with respect to the other articles employed, there is a very wide latitude, of which the native cooks avail themselves, by concocting a kind peculiar to their own manufacture, which is not to be found at any place save that of the person whom they serve.

Capt. Basil Hall assures us that the *kaaree* is not of Asiatic origin, and that the natives of India owe its introduction to the Portuguese; a startling assertion to those who are acquainted with the vehement objection to any innovation in dress or food entertained by Hindoos of all castes, and by the Moosulmans of this part of the world also, who are even less liberal than those of other countries. Nevertheless, it is an indisputable fact that, notwithstanding the prejudice which exists all over India against the adoption of foreign novelties, an exception has been made in favour of a few importations, which are now in universal request, and which even the best-informed natives can scarcely be made to believe were not indigenous to the soil, and entered as deeply into the household economy of their most remote ancestors as in their own at the present day. Tobacco, for instance, has found its way to every part of the peninsula, and must have extended rapidly to the most remote places, immediately upon its introduction from Turkey or Persia, or by the early Portuguese colonists. The chili, another American plant, is in almost equal esteem, and is to be purchased in all the native *bazars*; while every class,—whether the staple food, as amongst the wealthy Moosulmans, be flesh, or cakes of flour, which compose the meal of the poorer orders dwelling in the upper provinces, or the boiled rice of the low grounds,—is invariably accompanied by *kaaree*, composed of vegetables mixed up with a variety of spices, and enriched, according to the means of the party, with *chee*. Chetney, in all probability, was formerly used as the sauce to flavour rice or flour cakes, which, without some adjunct of the kind, must be extremely insipid; but the substitute offers a very superior relish, and as in its least elaborate state it is within the reach of the very poorest native, its invention and dissemination are actual benefits conferred upon the country. The *kaaree* for children is, of course, extremely simple, nor indeed are highly-seasoned dishes very frequently seen at European tables in the Bengal presidency. They have nothing like the pepper-pot of the West-Indies, and it is rarely that the gastronome, delighting in the quintessence of spice, can be gratified by the productions of Indian cookery.

The *khana*, dinner of the *baba logue*, is washed down with pure water, and in about an hour or

two after its conclusion, preparations for the evening exercise commence. The children are to be bathed for the second, and re-attired perhaps for the tenth time in the day. In the hot weather, it is not until this hour that the slightest pains are considered necessary about the personal appearance of the young folks, who, until they are four or five years old, are permitted to go about the house during the earlier part of the day sometimes more than half-naked. In the evening, however, the toilette is a more serious affair; babies are decked out in their laced caps, and a pair of *pajammās* (trousers) are added to the frock of their elder brothers and sisters, while those still more advanced in years are enrobed in their best suits, and flourish in riband-sashes and embroidered hems; but, excepting in the cold weather, there are no hats, bonnets, tippets, or gloves, to be seen.

It is not often that parents accompany their children in the evening drive or walk; the latter are taken out by their attendants at least an hour before grown-up people choose to exhibit themselves in the open air. The equipages of the *baba logue* are usually kept expressly for their accommodation, and of a build and make so peculiar as to render them no very enviable conveyances for their seniors: palanquin-carriages of all sorts and descriptions, drawn by one horse or a pair of bullocks, in which the children and the servants squat together on the floor; common palanquins, containing an infant of two or three years old, with its bearer; *taun jauns*, in which a female nurse is seated with a baby on her lap; together with miniature sociables, chaises, and shandrydans,—in short, every sort of vehicle adapted to the Lilliputian order, are put into requisition. Many of the little folk are mounted upon ponies; some of these equestrians are so young as to be unable to sit upon their steeds without the assistance of a chuprassy on each side, and a groom to lead the animal; others, older and more expert, scamper along, keeping their attendants, who are on foot, at full speed, as they tear across the roads, with heads uncovered and hair flying in the wind. One of the prettiest spectacles afforded by the evening drive, in Calcutta, is the exhibition of its juvenile inhabitants, congregated on a particular part of the plain between Government-house and the fort, by the side of the river. This is the chosen spot; all the equipages, a strange grotesque medley, are drawn up at the corner, and the young people are seen in crowds, walking with their servants, laughing, chattering, and full of glee, during the brief interval of enfranchisement. For the most part, they are pale, delicate little creatures; cherry-cheeks are wholly unknown, and it is only a few who can boast the slightest tinge of the rose. Nevertheless, there is no dearth of beauty; independent of feature, the exceeding fairness of their skins, contrasted with the Asiatic swarthiness around them, and the fairy lightness of their forms, are alone sufficient to render them exceedingly attractive. Not many number more than eight years, and perhaps in no other place can there be seen so large an assembly of children, of the same age and rank, disporting in a promenade. Before night closes in upon the gay crowd, still driving on the neighbouring roads, the juvenile population take their departure, and being disposed in their respective carriages, return home. At day-break, they make their appearance again, in equal numbers; but their gambols are per-force

confined to the broad and beaten path; they dare not, as in Europe, disperse themselves over the green sward, nor enjoy the gratification of rolling and tumbling on the grass, filling their laps with wild flowers, and pelting each other with showers of daisies. Their attendants keep a sharp lookout for snakes, and though these reptiles are sometimes seen gliding about in the neighbourhood, there is no record of accident to the *baba logue* from their poisonous fangs. Itinerant vendors of toys take their station in the favourite haunt of their most liberal patrons, exhibiting a great variety of tempting articles, all bright and gaudy with gold and silver. These glittering wares are formed out of very simple materials, but a good deal of ingenuity is displayed in the construction: elephants more than a foot high, richly caparisoned, hollowed, and made of paper, coloured to the life, with trunks which move about to the admiration of all the beholders, may be purchased for a few pice; nearly equally good imitations of budgerows and palanquins, also of paper, bear a still smaller price; there are, besides, cages containing brilliant birds of painted clay, suspended from the top bars by an almost invisible hair, and so constantly in motion as to be speedily demolished by cats, should they happen to hang within reach of their claws; magnificent cockatoos made of the pith of a plant which is turned to many purposes in India, and which in China is manufactured into paper; to these whirligigs and reptiles of wax, set in motion by the slightest touch, are added. The Calcutta toy-men, though not equally celebrated, far surpass those of Benares, in the accuracy of their representations of animate and inanimate objects; they work with more fragile materials, and their chief dependance being upon customers fond of novelties, they are constantly bringing new articles into the market. In the upper provinces, where the demand is less, European children are obliged to be content with the common toys of the bazaars; nondescripts carved in wood, fac-similes of those which pleased former generations, but which are discarded the instant that better commodities are offered for sale.

The popular evening entertainment for children in Calcutta, juvenile balls not yet being established, is an exhibition of *fantoccini*, which goes by the name of a *kat pootlee nautch*. The showmen are of various grades, and exhibit their puppets at different prices, from a rupee upwards, according to the richness of their scenery and decorations. A large room in the interior is selected for the place of representation; a sheet stretched across between two pillars, and reaching within three feet of the ground, conceals the living performers from view; there is a back scene behind this proscenium, generally representing the exterior of a palace of silver, and the entertainment commences with the preparations for a grand durbar, or levee, in which European ladies and gentlemen are introduced. The puppets are of a very grotesque and barbarous description, inferior to the generality of Indian handy-works, but they are exceedingly well-managed, and perform all their evolutions with great precision. Sofas and chairs are brought in for the company, who are seen coming to court, some on horseback, some on elephants, and some in carriages; their descent from these conveyances is very dexterously achieved; and the whole harlequinade of fighting, dancing, tiger-hunting, and alligator-slaying, goes off with great *eclat*. The

audience, however, forms the most attractive part of the spectacle. The youngest babies occupy the front rows, seated on the ground or in the laps of their nurses, who look very picturesque in the Eastern attitude, half-shadowed by their long flowing veils; beyond these scattered groupes, small arm-chairs are placed, filled with little gentry capable of taking care of themselves; and behind them, upon sofas, the mamas and a few female friends are seated, the rest of the room being crowded with servants, male and female, equally delighted with the *baba logue* at the exploits of the wooden performers. Generally, several of the native children belonging to the establishment are present, clad in white muslin chemises, with silver bangles around their wrists and ancles, their fine dark eyes sparkling with pleasure as they clap their little hands and echo the *wah! wah!* of their superiors. Many of these children are perfectly beautiful, and their admission into the circle adds considerably to the effect of the whole scene. The performances are accompanied by one or two instruments, and between the acts, one of the showmen exhibits a few of the common feats of sleight of hand accomplished with so much ease by the inferior orders of Indian jugglers.

There is another species of dramatic representation, in which the *haba logue* take especial delight. A man, a goat, and a monkey, comprise the *dramatis personæ*; the latter, dressed as a sepoy, goes through a variety of evolutions, aided by his horned and bearded coadjutor. The children—though from the constant repetition of this favourite entertainment they have the whole affair by heart, and could at any time enact the part of either of the performers,—are never weary of listening to the monologue of the showman, and of gazing on the antics of his dumb associates. This itinerant company may be seen wandering about the streets of Calcutta all the morning; a small *douceur* to the *durwan* at the gate admits them into the compound, and the little folks in the verandah no sooner catch a glimpse of the mounted monkey, than they are wild for the rehearsal of the piece.

Time in India is not much occupied by the studies of the rising generation; an infant prodigy is a *rara avis* amongst the European community; for, sooth to say, the education of children is shockingly neglected; few can speak a word of English, and though they may be highly accomplished in Hindoostanee, their attainments in that language are not of the most useful nature, nor, being entirely acquired from the instructions of the servants, particularly correct or elegant. Some of the *babas* learn to sing little Hindoostanee airs very prettily, and will even *improvise* after the fashion of the native poets; but this is only done when they are unconscious of attracting observation, for the love of display, so injudiciously inculcated in England, has not yet destroyed the simplicity of Anglo-Indian children. The art in which, unhappily, quick and clever urchins attain the highest degree of proficiency, is that of scolding. The Hindoostanee vocabulary is peculiarly rich in terms of abuse; native Indian women, it is said, excel the females of every other country in volubility of utterance, and in the strength and number of the opprobrious epithets which they shower down upon those who raise their ire. They can declaim for five minutes at a time without once drawing breath; and the shrillness of their voices adds considerably to the effect of their eloquence.

This description of talent is frequently turned to account in a manner peculiar to India. Where a person conceives himself to be aggrieved by his superior in a way which the law cannot reach, he not unfrequently revenges himself upon his adversary, by hiring two old women out of the bazaar, adepts in scurrility, to sit on either side of his door. These hags possess a perfect treasury of foul words, which they lavish upon the luckless master of the house with the heartiest good-will, and without stint or limitation. Nor are their invectives confined to him alone; to render them the more poignant, all his family, and particularly his mother, are included; nothing of shame or infamy is spared in the accusations heaped upon her head; a stainless character avails her not, since she is assailed merely to give a double sting to the malicious attacks upon her son. So long as these tirades are wasted upon the ears of the neighbours, they are comparatively innocuous; but should they find their way to the tympanums against which they are directed, the unfortunate man is involved in the deepest and most irremediable disgrace; if he be once known to have heard it he is undone: consequently, for the preservation of his dignity, the object of this strange persecution keeps himself closely concealed in the most distant chamber of his house, and a troop of horse at his gate could not more effectually detain him prisoner than the virulent tongues of two abominable old women. The *chokeydars*, who act in the capacity of the *gendarmes* of Europe, take no cognizance of the offence; the mortified captive is without a remedy, and must come to terms with the person whom he had offended, to rid himself of the pestilent effusions of his tormentors. With such examples before their eyes,—for there is not a woman, old or young, in the compound who could not exert her powers of elocution with equal success,—a great deal of care is necessary to prevent the junior members of a family from indulging in the natural propensity to scold and call names. Spoiled and neglected children abuse their servants in an awful manner, using language of the most horrid description, while those parents who are imperfectly acquainted with Hindoostanee are utterly ignorant of the meaning of the words which come so glibly from the tongues of their darlings.

In British India, children and parents are placed in a very singular position with regard to each other; the former do not speak their mother-tongue; they are certain of acquiring Hindoostanee, but are very seldom taught a word of English until they are five or six years old, and not always at that age. In numerous instances, they cannot make themselves intelligible to their parents, it being no uncommon case to find the latter almost totally ignorant of the native dialect, while their children cannot converse in any other. Some ladies improve themselves by the prattle of their infants, having perhaps known nothing of Hindoostanee until they have got a young family about them, an inversion of the usual order of things; the children, though they may understand English, are shy of speaking it, and do not, while they remain in India, acquire the same fluency which distinguishes their utterance of the native language. The only exceptions occur in King's regiments, where of course English is constantly spoken, and the young families of the officers have ample opportunity of making themselves acquainted with their vernacular tongue in their intimate association with the soldiers of the corps. Under such tuition, purity of pronunciation, it may be supposed, would be wanting; but children, educated entirely at the schools instituted in King's regiments, do not contract that peculiar and disagreeable accent which invariably characterizes the dialect of the country-born, and which the offspring of Europeans, if brought up in the academical establishments of Calcutta, inevitably acquire. The sons of officers who cannot afford to send their children to England for their education, often obtain commissions in their fathers' regiments, having grown up into manhood without quitting the land of their birth, and without having enjoyed those advantages which are supposed to be necessary to qualify them for their station in society; yet these gentlemen are not in the slightest degree inferior to their brother officers in their attainments in classic and English literature; in the latter, perhaps, they are even more deeply versed, since they can only obtain an acquaintance with many interesting circumstances relative to their father-land through the medium of books; while they excel in Hindoostanee, and are certain of being appointed to the interpreterships of the corps to which they belong. Clergymen's sons, also, do infinite credit to the instructions which they receive in India, and though it may be advisable for them to follow the general example, and finish their studies in Europe, it is not actually necessary; but without the advantages enjoyed by the parties above-mentioned, it is scarcely possible to obtain even a decent education in India. The climate is usually supposed to be exceedingly detrimental to European children after they have attained their sixth or seventh year; but vast numbers grow up into men and women without having sought a more genial atmosphere, and when thus acclimated, the natives themselves do not sustain the heat with less inconvenience. When the pecuniary resources of the parents leave them little hope of returning to Europe with their families, the accomplishments secured to the daughters by an English or French education, are dearly purchased by the alienation which must take place between them and their nearest relatives. If interest be wanting to obtain commissions in the King's or Company's service for the sons, boys must be sent to seek their fortune at home, since there are very few channels for European speculation open in India. Indigo-factories form the grand resource for unemployed young men; but, generally speaking, family connexions in the mother-country offer better prospects. With the female branches of Anglo-Indian families it is different; the grand aim and object which their parents have in view is to get them married to men possessing civil or military appointments in India, and they consider the chances of so desirable a destiny materially increased by the attainment of a few showy and superficial accomplishments in some European seminary. In too many instances, the money thus bestowed must be entirely thrown away; young ladies, emancipated from the school-room at an early age, and perchance not acquainted with any society beyond its narrow limits, have only the name of an English education, and know little or nothing more than might have been acquired in India; others, who have enjoyed greater advantages, are in danger of contracting habits and prejudices in favour of their own country which may embitter a residence in India; and as it frequently happens that men of rank choose their wives from the dark daughters of the land, or are guided

wholly by the eye, the good to be derived scarcely counterbalances the great evil of long estrangement from the paternal roof. The delight of Anglo-Indian parents in their children is of very brief duration, and miserably alloyed by the prospect of separation; the joy of the mother, especially, is subjected to many drawbacks; the health of the baby forms a source of unceasing anxiety from the moment of its birth. Infant life in the torrid zone hangs upon so fragile a thread, that the slightest ailment awakens alarm; the distrust of native attendants, sometimes but too well-founded, adds to maternal terrors, and where the society is small, the social meetings of a station are suspended, should illness, however slight, prevail amongst the *baba logue*. Where mothers are unable to nurse their own children, a native woman, or *dhye*, as she is called, is usually selected for the office, Europeans being difficult to be procured; these are expensive and troublesome appendages to a family; they demand high wages on account of the sacrifice which they affect to make of their usual habits, and the necessity of purchasing their reinstatement to caste, forfeited by the pollution they have contracted, a prejudice which the Mussulmans have acquired from their Hindoo associates. Their diet must be strictly attended to, and they are too well aware of their importance not to make their employers feel it: in fact, there is no method in which natives can so readily impose upon the European community as that in which their children are concerned. The dearest article of native produce is asses'-milk, in consequence of its being recommended by medical men for the nutriment of delicate children; the charge is never less than a rupee per pint, and it frequently rises much higher. It is useless to add a donkey to the farm-yard belonging to the establishment, in the hope of obtaining a regular and cheaper supply; the expense of the animal's keep is enormous, and it is certain to become dry or to die in a very short time. Few servants refuse to connive at this knavery, and the same donkey may be purchased two or three times over by its original proprietor, and not an individual in the compound, though the fact may be notorious to all, will come forward to detect the cheat. It is a point of honour amongst them to conceal such delinquencies, and they know that if asses'-milk be required for the *baba*, it will be purchased at any price.

Notwithstanding the extreme terror with which attached parents regard the hour which is to separate them from their children, their greatest anxiety is to secure for them the advantages of an European education, and in almost every instance those who remain in India are only kept there in consequence of pecuniary embarrassments. The misery of parting with beloved objects seems even less severe than that of retaining them under so many circumstances supposed to be adverse to their advancement in life; and the danger of entrusting them to unamiable or incompetent persons, in England, appears to be nothing compared to the wretchedness of seeing them grow up under their own eyes, without the means of acquiring those branches of polite learning deemed indispensable by ambitious mothers: numbers, who are too completely the offspring of the soil to require change of climate, are sent to England, in order that in accomplishments at least they may vie with their fairer associates. It must be confessed that many difficulties are placed in the way of female instruction in India, and indeed it is only

where a mother is qualified to take an active part in the tuition of her daughters that they can acquire more than the mere rudiments of education. The climate is unfavourable to occupation of this kind; English ladies soon learn to fancy that it is impossible to exert themselves as they would have done at home; they speedily become weary of the task, and they have so many obstacles to contend against, in the upper provinces especially, where the necessary books cannot always be obtained, that only spirits of the most active nature can persevere. Calcutta offers more facilities; it possesses schools, although of a very inferior description, and private education may be carried on with the aid of masters, whose qualifications are quite equal to those which are to be found in some of the best provincial towns in England; but the climate of Bengal is unfortunately more trying to youthful constitutions than that of the higher districts; and at the first indication of declining health, parents take the alarm, and strain every nerve to procure the means of sending their children home. Not unfrequently the mother accompanies her young family, leaving the father thus doubly bereaved; the husband and wife are sometimes parted from each other for many years, where the latter is unwilling to relinquish the superintendence of her sons and daughters to other hands; but, in many cases, the lady spends the time in voyaging between England and India. Where there are funds to support the expense, the wives of civil or military residents seem to think nothing of making the passage half a dozen times before they settle finally in one quarter of the globe; establishments which appear to be permanent are often broken up in an instant; some panic occurs; the mother flies with her children to another land, or, should it be convenient for the father to apply for his furlough, the whole family take their departure, leaving a blank in the society to which perchance they have contributed many pleasures. Ladies who take their children home at a very early age, when the dangerous period has passed, sometimes venture the experiment of bringing out a governess to complete their education in India. The expedient is seldom successful; though bound in the heaviest penalties not to marry during a stipulated number of years, they cannot be kept to their engagements, the hand of the governess is often promised before the end of the voyage, and there is no chance of retaining her in the upper provinces; seclusion from society is found to be ineffectual, as it only serves to arouse the knight-errantry of the station; rich suitors pay at once the sum that is to be forfeited by previous agreement, and poor ones declare that marriage cancels all such bonds, and defy the injured party to recover. Neither fortune nor connexion is much regarded in India in the choice of a wife; a few showy accomplishments,—that of singing especially,—will always be preferred, and even where all these are wanting, gentlemen of high birth and suitable appointments will stoop very low: the European waiting-maid has as fair a chance as her young mistress of making the best match which the society can afford, and mortifying instances are of no unusual occurrence in which a *femme de chambre* has carried off a prize from the belles of the most distinguished circle of the presidency.

With these melancholy facts before their eyes, it seems surprising that the heads of houses should ever burthen themselves with the care and responsibility which the addition of a governess to their

must always entail; the only chance they retaining the services of a person in this occurs when the choice has fallen on some ducted woman, who is separated from her , and desirous of obtaining an asylum in a and.

igerness with which females of European usually sought in marriage in India is the the depressed state of the schools in Cal- No sooner is a lady to whom mothers adly entrust their children established as -mistress, than she is induced to exchange bles and anxieties attendant upon her for a more desirable home. If men of uld not offer, rich tradesmen are always nd in the list of suitors; and where pride interfere, the superior wealth of many in- of this class renders them equally eligie husbands of unportioned women. The erts her charge for more sacred duties, chool falls into incompetent hands. Owing adverse circumstances, few female pupils e European mothers living, are to be found the establishments for their education in : but where there is an adequate provision naintenance of the child, private semina- hitherto been preferred to the Orphan t Kidderpore, an institution which, under ous superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Ho- made rapid strides in improvement. The this gentleman, whose whole heart was in the plans which he formed for the ad- of the youthful community placed under tion, must long be severely felt; but from ous arrangements, the establishment can- o derive lasting benefit, and in the present f intellect we may hope that in the course 7 years a still better system may be ed at Kidderpore, and that other schools ng up, in which every advantage of edu- ay be obtained without the necessity of a o Europe.

From the same.

ROMANCES FROM REAL LIFE.

SCAN. MAG.

ng could be more frightfully dull than re at the period of which I write. A per- nation had taken place in society. There rt of general strike amongst the ladies— s were unattended, and our actors per- o empty benches. Our fair patronesses ried of making themselves amiable, and, offence, real or imaginary, were deter- withhold their smiles. We,—that is, the hood of the place,—were the most ill-used cent people in the world; at least we could urselves of nothing worse than peeping the blinds of Miss Jemima Perkins' pal- ree, and toasting her at mess-parties as ity of the station. Miss Jemima Perkins daughter of a *sondagur* (shop-keeper); r the villany:—she was not in society, and resumed to admire her. Our ringleader ccasion was an elderly and rather batter- un, named Grimstone, who having some- the bruin in his composition, cared very ether that portion of womankind claiming LXV.—No. 146.

rank and precedence were pleased or displeased by his method of conducting himself; he was, there- fore, as the phrase goes, "very sweet" upon Miss Perkins. I had my private reasons for believing that he would not succeed; but as I kept them to myself, it was the general opinion that the young lady would take the *pas* in the station. Though Grimstone was the chief offender, as we were sup- posed to aid and abet him in an act of open rebel- lion, we were all under a ban, and were upon the point of degenerating into mere smokers of cigars, handlers of cues, and drinkers of *brandy paanee*, when, at this critical moment, a new impulse was given to our flagging spirits.

On repairing to the course one evening, we were agreeably surprised by the appearance of a beautiful girl, a perfect stranger, who occupied a seat in the carriage of Mrs. Frampton, one of the leading ladies of the station. The *palkee garree*, which contained Miss Perkins, was deserted in an instant, and every horseman endeavoured to get up to the rival equipage. Mrs. Frampton survey- ed her outriders with a malicious smile; she had ordered her *garreewan* (coach-man) to drive so fast, that there was no possibility of speaking to her. It was a cruel revenge; we had dared to dif- fer with her in opinion respecting the extent of Grimstone's turpitude in the projected elevation of a shop-keeper's daughter, and we were now made to repent in sackcloth and ashes: not a man of us would have the temerity to dispute her dicta again. Unfortunately, there were so few equi- pages on the course, that no stoppage occurred, and, after a single hour, our fair enemy ordered the horses home and left us to bewail the hour in which we had asserted our independence. Burst- ing in ignorance, we rode about, inquiring who the fair stranger could be, and as a last resource, way-laid and arrested the post-master, a sturdy old bachelor, who, quite indifferent to female so- ciety, had no sympathy with the flatterers and spoilers of the sex. However, we made him tell us all he knew, and rated him furiously for not promulgating the information before.

The young lady, it appeared, travelled *dak*, and, by virtue of his office, he had been made acquaint- ed with her arrival at least a week; she was a Miss Delaserre, an orphan, and, from a correspondence with her brother, an officer of infantry, whom she had come out to join, he farther knew that she was to remain at Cawnpore until the young lieu- tenant could come over to fetch her away. From the glance we had obtained of Miss Delaserre, her beauty appeared to be of the most captivating description; delicately fair, with dark blue eyes and a profusion of rich brown hair; she wore a swan's-down round her throat, which was shaded by the lilies above.

Mrs. Frampton's gates were hermetically seal- ed for the evening; not one of us could presume to drop in, as in those happier times, when we sub- mitted tamely to her caprices, and praised her most when she least deserved it; but we kept ho- vering about the compound. Presently, the sound of a piano was heard; a soft prelude, succeeded by a burst of vocal music, which enchained us to the spot. We scarcely dared to breathe, lest we should lose a single note; the syren had been quite fascinating enough before, and we felt we were all undone. Too soon that melodious voice ceas- ed; we heard the phizzing in the lamps, betoken- ing that the oil is consumed, and that the flame has reached the waters; out they went, one, by

one, leaving the world "to darkness and to us" so we returned home and consoled ourselves with burnt claret and projects for the morrow.

At an early hour, Mrs. Frampton's doors were beset; we were all admitted and most graciously received by the lady of the mansion; but she received us alone: the only glimpse we could obtain of her fair companion was abominably tantalizing; she was seated in an adjoining apartment, and partly screened from view by one of those panels of fluted silk, which fill up the centre of the doors in Anglo-Indian houses, leaving a chasm below and above for the transmission of air. One little foot was visible beneath this envious guard, exquisitely small, beautifully formed; it rested on a cushion and was clad in a stocking which seemed made of lace, and a fairy shoe which might have belonged to Cinderella, and whose very tie had something bewitching in it. Mrs. Frampton expressed herself highly flattered by our visits, especially as she said we must be aware she could not introduce any body to her charming guest, until the arrival of her brother, who might have plans for her which she should be sorry to interfere with. We were obliged to bear this without flinching, or, as the London newspapers say, without "flaring up." There was a lurking malice in Mrs. Frampton's eye, which revealed the delight she took in our discomfiture. However, we concealed our rage and mortification as well as we could, played the agreeable with all our might, flattered, coaxed, and laughed our wayward hostess into good humour, and took our leave, full of hope of better success on the ensuing day. We were, nevertheless, horribly provoked; and the more so, as the apartment, in which Miss Delaserre was seated, was a great deal too remote for any of the fine things and witty speeches, with which we had assailed Mrs. Frampton, to reach her lovely ears. None of us could fancy that, though unseen, we had made a favourable impression, and unless her offended hostess should relent, our morning would be totally lost.

We all began to inquire whether any body in the station was acquainted with Lieutenant Delaserre; but it appeared that he was very little known beyond his own corps, and, had not his name occurred in the army list, we might almost have doubted the existence of such a person. It was agreed, upon all sides, that he must be propitiated, and various schemes were suggested to procure his sanction to an introduction to his sister before he could make his appearance at Cawnpore. Nothing did we desire so much as a triumph over Mrs. Frampton, and inspired with this expectation, we repaired to the course in excellent spirits.

The report of Miss Delaserre's charms had brought the whole of the population out, and the carriage in which she sat could not, therefore, hurry along as upon the preceding evening; all the equestrians made a point of paying their respects to the lady by whom she was accompanied, and availed themselves of the opportunity to gaze upon one of the sweetest faces which it had ever been their lot to behold. I felt my heart to be in great jeopardy, but my bosom friend and counselor, Beauchamp, was a lost man: he looked, and looked again, until "he looked his very soul away." There was a pretty consciousness about Miss Delaserre, which heightened her attractions; she seldom raised her eyes, and the blush deepened on her cheek as she felt herself to be the object of ge-

neral admiration. When the carriage moved on, she seemed to experience a welcome relief, and ventured a few side-long glances at the crowd, but new gazers speedily obliged her to resume her downcast attitude, and darkness coming on, she vanished like a brilliant meteor from our sight.

Beauchamp and I returned home by different routes; riding down the road, from the lines of the King's dragoons, he passed through one of the native bazaars, and came up to Mrs. Frampton's carriage nearly at the moment that a heap of straw, suddenly igniting, blazed out, terrified the horses, threw the driver from his seat, and put the passengers into great peril. My friend dismounted, seized the reins, and was on the box in an instant. The horses, which had begun to kick and plunge at a frightful rate, were soon reduced to order; taking a circuit which conveyed them away from the alarming noise and glare, he brought the ladies safe to their own door. Frampton, who had heard of the accident, and was in a dreadful state of excitement, arrived at the same instant, and delighted Beauchamp with the warm expressions of his gratitude. Mrs. Frampton and her fair companion were taken out unhurt, but in a very pretty state of perturbation, and their gallant charioteer was, as a matter of course, invited to dinner. He esteemed himself the most fortunate of men. Miss Delaserre sat opposite to him at table, and smiled upon him. Perfectly devoid of affectation, she made light of her past alarm, and after dinner professed herself to be so much more recovered as to be able to sing. Beauchamp had the supreme felicity of handing her to the piano, and hanging over her enraptured as she warbled forth notes attuned to love. But this delectable state unhappily was of short duration. Mrs. Frampton, so long as her husband's anxiety and distress about her lasted, enjoyed a sweet serenity of temper; but when his fears began to abate, and, satisfied that she had not received the slightest injury, he forbore to whisper soft and sweet things into her ears, she discovered that she had been most shamefully neglected by Captain Beauchamp. My friend was too much occupied by his fair enslaver to perceive the turn which affairs had taken. Frampton, to make things worse, was called out upon some business, and his wife, left entirely to her own cogitations, grew more and more piqued and irritated, until at last her wrath exploded. She arose from her seat, approached the piano, and effectually disturbed the harmony reigning there, by accusing Beauchamp of having purposely frightened her horses in order to gain himself the credit of saving Miss Delaserre's life! Amazed at such a charge, he at first attempted to laugh it off, but the lady persisted, and showed that she was at least in earnest in desiring to fatten a quarrel upon him. Futile were all his protestations and assurances; in vain did he humble himself to the dust before a person determined to find him guilty; she only grew more enraged with every attempt to pacify her, and Frampton, on his return, found his fair partner exasperated beyond all previous experience of a temper, which mingled a considerable quantity of acid with its sweets. Beauchamp, as a last resource, appealed to him; the poor bewildered husband could not help admitting the charge to be unjust: this produced a crisis, and off went the lady into hysterics. The party now broke up in most admirable disorder; the half-distracted lover had not an opportunity of whispering a single word into Miss Dela-

serre's ear in exculpation of himself, for, terrified by the storm, and aware of the deference and attention exacted by her hostess, she had quitted his side immediately and was now busily employed in trying the effect of eau de cologne and other restoratives upon a fit of passion.

Poor Beauchamp, obliged to depart amid the screams of a lady whom he had so unwittingly exasperated, came to me in great distress of mind, and related all that had passed. It was plain that Frampton's would never be opened to him again, but a good opportunity offered itself to commence a correspondence with Miss Delaserre, to whom he was bound to justify himself, and as she would not remain very long under the roof of one of the most unreasonable women in the world, we might look forward to happier days and prosperous wooing.

But in such a place as Cawnpore, a fracas of this kind could scarcely fail to be attended with serious consequences. Aware ourselves of the simple nature of the case, we did not anticipate the conclusions which ignorant and malicious persons would draw. Before ten o'clock in the morning, the story had circulated throughout the cantonments, and in most instances it told very much against Beauchamp. Those who acquitted him of the diabolical part of the business, in setting fire to the bazaar, thought that he had behaved shamefully to Mrs. Frampton; sundry rude remarks and impertinent speeches were put into his mouth; they who indulged themselves in observations of the severest nature upon the manners and temper of the termagant in question, in imputing their own opinions to Beauchamp, protested that the utmost deference and delicacy were due to a lady, and deemed him unpardonable in having transgressed the rules of good breeding.

The letter was despatched to Miss Delaserre, but the only reply was a *salam*;^{*} a communication of a less agreeable nature followed immediately afterwards. Frampton wrote to require an apology for the language used towards his wife on the preceding evening; this led to a long correspondence; Beauchamp explained, but respectfully declined to apologize for expressions which he had never uttered; angry words ensued; vainly did I endeavour to heal the breach, and my friend was driven, at the last, to the necessity of calling Frampton out.

It was my private opinion that our fair tormentor had taken a fancy to widow's weeds, and was determined to give herself a chance of trying their effect upon some obdurate heart. We could not help indulging her, since Beauchamp, as the challenger, was compelled to fire; he did so, and wounded his opponent slightly in the arm. This made matters worse; if no blood had been shed, we might have made them friends upon the field; for, though Beauchamp was more than satisfied, Mrs. Frampton, it appeared, was not; the duel, as in most cases of duels, settled nothing, and society remained in as great a ferment as ever about the affair. A court-martial was talked of; some people busied themselves with trying to find out whether a charge of incendiarism could not be established; others thought that Capt. Beauchamp ought to demand an inquiry into his conduct, and the champions of the station averred that he must shoot half-a-dozen gentlemen before he could hope to retrieve his character.

^{*}Equivalent to compliments.

My friend was no farther affected by this idle, though mischievous talk, than as it regarded the opinion which Miss Delaserre and her brother might form, and there being now no chance of getting either Frampton or his wife to listen to reason, he determined to meet Delaserre upon the road, and lay a true statement of the whole proceeding before him, as the only means of preventing his mind from being poisoned against the lover of his sister. I approved of this resolution, furnished him with my testimonials, and saw him off. As his second, I was not in the best odour with Mrs. Frampton, but Miss Delaserre looked graciously upon me, which I thought augured well for the success of my friend's suit.

Ladies have so long enjoyed the glorious privilege of changing their minds, without any assignable reason for so doing, that the alteration of Mrs. Frampton's system, regarding her fair guest, ought not to have excited either comment or surprise. Though formerly declaring that she had determined to consign Miss Delaserre over to her brother, with a hand and heart perfectly disengaged, it was rather hard upon her that her palpable endeavours to make up a match between the young lady, and our old but almost forgotten friend Grimstone, should have been imputed to any thing but feminine caprice. Who, in so censorious a world, can escape slander? Mrs. Frampton cherished all the love of her sex for those glittering gew-gaws with which women delight to adorn their persons. She was not content with no more diamonds than her eyes were made of, and no rubies save those which graced her lips. Aware of her *shoke*, as we Indians term any peculiar passion or hobby, Mr. Grimstone took the straight-forward way to propitiate a lady whom he had so grievously offended; at least, so said the scandalous chronicle. He had seen Miss Delaserre upon the course, had thought her infinitely handsomer than Miss Perkins, and accustomed to self-indulgence, and grudging no expense upon his own gratification, he had purchased a set of ornaments, which had been admired and coveted by every lady in Cawnpore, and presenting them to Mrs. Frampton, asked her to exert her influence in his favour. The jewels were graciously accepted, and proudly displayed; they not only set the wearer's fears at rest on the subject of Miss Perkins, but, as far as wealth and consequence were concerned, assured her of a formidable rivalry to Beauchamp.

Miss Delaserre could now no longer be kept in the back-ground, and at the parties which she graced with her presence, increased the favourable impression already made by the beauty of her person and the sweetness of her manners. Beauchamp had desired me to lose no opportunity which should offer to cultivate her acquaintance, and though to be proxy in a love-affair is a post of danger, I could not hesitate to accept it. I cannot pretend to say that I remained quite heart-whole during this perilous duty, or that I did not feel a secret desire to supplant my friend; but, in justice to myself, I am bound to say, that though "it were an easier task to pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon, or dive into the bottom of the deep and drag up drowned honour," still, that law of kings ruled every word and action I spoke of; I pleaded for the absent, and was half-delighted and half-disappointed to perceive that, as far as Miss Delaserre's modesty would permit her to develope her sentiments, she showed a favourable

disposition towards my friend. Whether Mrs. Frampton thought my heart in danger, or was afraid of losing the *nuzzurs* (present) Mr. Grimstone was in the habit of laying at her feet, I know not; but she put an effectual bar to any confidential communication between me and Miss Delaserre. I had little or no opportunity of speaking to her, and should certainly have hit upon some expedient to defeat her jailer's malice, had I not felt that I was approaching too near a flame, and dreaded the catastrophe of the silly moth. Besides, I was not destitute of some alarm on the score of the lady. By this time, dear reader, you will have discovered that I am a modest man; but diffidence has its limits; I really was afraid that Beauchamp, on his return, might find his charmer more inclined to listen to one who had been accustomed to pour pleasing tales into her ear, than to a comparative stranger, much as he had dared and suffered in her cause. Of Grimstone I felt no apprehension whatsoever; he was one of the last men in the world calculated to win a woman of taste and sense; and as Mrs. Frampton's influence must soon be at an end, I rather enjoyed the break-up of his expectations, the melting away of those *Chateaux d'Espagne*, which were floating before his mind's eye. Grimstone, in the character of the lover of a girl of education and fashion, formed an amusing spectacle; neither King Crop-part, nor Peruonto, nor the Yellow Dwarf, could be more ungainly; he had no conversational talents, never looked into a book, and had the reputation of beating his servants. It was evident to me that Miss Delaserre only endured the society of such a person out of respect to the Framptons; she appeared bored to death by his attentions, and disengaged herself from them whenever it was in her power.

I made a daily report to Beauchamp, who, in consequence of the detention of Delaserre at the head-quarters of his district, had been obliged to make a longer journey than he had expected. But his meeting with the brother of his beloved had been highly satisfactory; he had found him all that he could wish, a young man of spirit and talent, able to form a correct judgment for himself, and unlikely to be biassed or led away by the opinions and intrigues of others. They promised to become excellent friends, and joining company, were marching to Cawnpore in the most agreeable manner together.

In the few opportunities which I found to converse with Miss Delaserre, she expressed the greatest anxiety for her brother's arrival. I could perceive that Mrs. Frampton had contrived to render her home exceedingly disagreeable to her fair guest, who, however, felt herself too much indebted to the hospitality offered to her, as a stranger, (for only a very slight acquaintance subsisted between Delaserre and the family by whom she had been received,) to make any complaint. In the meantime, Grimstone assumed the air of an accepted suitor, talking confidently amongst his companions of his intended marriage. He was now seen to occupy the fourth corner of Mr. Frampton's Barouche,—a suspicious circumstance, but from which, as I did not imagine that Miss Delaserre was a consenting party, I drew no inference in his favour. The station, however, seemed to think this incident conclusive, and at last I began to feel a little nervous about it myself, and to wish for the appearance of Beauchamp and *Delaserre*.

A long residence in India affords melancholy experience of the frightful instability of human life; but I know not that, on any former occasion, I experienced so great a degree of surprise and horror as at the intelligence which reached Cawnpore, that Delaserre was dead of jungle-fever, and his companion not expected to survive. Poor Marianne was now completely cast upon the world. I drove all over the station, in the hope of interesting some married lady in her situation, and procuring for her, in case of need, a more eligible asylum than that to which her evil fortune had consigned her. I did not succeed. The Anglo-Indian community have the reputation of possessing the kindest hearts in the world, and as the good deeds which they have performed to orphans and widows, and all sorts of distressed persons, have been blazoned far and wide, they can afford occasionally to be extremely callous and calculating, without endangering a character so well established. Every body seemed to think Miss Delaserre a most fortunate person in having a home to shelter her, and a man with a good appointment ready to take her to wife, upon such an emergency; and it was evident that there was a general, though secret, congratulation that the trouble, responsibility, and care of a young lady had fallen upon Mrs. Frampton, who could better afford to take such a charge upon herself.

I returned home from my tour spiritless and discomfited, ready to divide myself and go to buffets, for not having boldly pleaded my own cause, and ousted Grimstone from the first. Marianne was far too sweet a girl to be thrown away upon such a fellow. I could not endure the idea of the sacrifice for a single instant; but as Beauchamp was not yet dead, I did not think that I should be justified in coming forward in my own person, and, without instructions from him, nothing could be done in his case. In this dilemma, I was fain to be content with writing a long letter to Miss Delaserre, in which I entreated her not to allow her own apprehension, or the persuasions of others, to hurry her into precipitate measures, but to confide implicitly in the exertions of those friends, who would watch over her welfare with all the solicitude of the brother whom she had lost. A *salaam*, as usual, was the only reply to this epistle, and I felt by no means assured that it had been permitted to reach the hands for which it was designed; but I had no means of ascertaining this point; Miss Delaserre was not to be seen; I possessed no title to intrude upon her privacy, and, perhaps, had no right to be provoked at the better fortune of Grimstone, who was a privileged guest where I suffered under a bar of exclusion.

The poet assures us that "most implacable is woman's hate;" and, in the present instance, *malgre* my knight-errantry and championship for the sex, I was compelled to acknowledge that the charge was not destitute of foundation. Mrs. Frampton's anger against Beauchamp had assumed a deadly character, and the happiness of one of the most charming of created beings might be sacrificed to it; rather than either he or I should succeed, this most revengeful spirit would move heaven and earth to bring about a union, which must inevitably consign our sweet friend to a life of misery. Reports were rife at Cawnpore, that Delaserre had died deeply in debt,—no uncommon circumstance for a subaltern without a staff-appointment; his sister, cast upon the charity of strangers, could scarcely hope for any alternative

except marriage, and if the hospitality of those who sheltered her should weary, no time for choice could be allowed: she must take the first offer, and become independent at the expense of every earthly prospect of felicity.

The accounts from Beauchamp, to whose assistance one of the garrison surgeons had been despatched, were more favourable than I had ventured to anticipate; the immediate danger was over, and nothing now was to be apprehended should no relapse take place. The gratification I derived from this intelligence was miserably cramped by the report of Grimstone's progress. Miss Delasserre, pale as death, and enveloped in black garments, appeared, not on the public drive, but in the neighbouring roads, and after a few evenings was seen with Grimstone alone in his carriage. Beauchamp arrived the day after; his disorder had taken a favourable turn, and he recovered rapidly. But what availed reviving health? Marianne appeared to be lost to him forever; he was not permitted to exchange a word with her, and his abhorred rival, in character of her betrothed, assumed the right of receiving her papers and other property entrusted to his care. Marianne's signature was affixed to the document, which enabled Grimstone to make his demand. Beauchamp, compelled to obey, reluctantly gave up his last hope, and the triumph of Mrs. Frampton seemed complete. There was great stir amongst the box-wallahs of Cawnpore,—a calculating race, who aware that there would be a demand for bridal finery, had sent down to Calcutta for investments. From the gossip of the place, we learned that Miss Delasserre had refused to marry until after the first period of mourning for her brother had expired, but the respite was only for six weeks. A second letter, which I had written, and one from Beauchamp, were returned upon our hands, and could we have been assured that they had been sent back with Marianne's knowledge and consent, we might have submitted with a good grace, or at least made an effort to do so. But the wo-begone looks and wasting form of the fair victim told a different tale. It was very clear that Grimstone's assiduities did not console her for the loss she had sustained. My friend and myself consulted together upon the propriety of putting him out of the way with a pistol-ball; and, after long deliberation, having come to the conclusion that Miss Delasserre might be prevented by the outcry of society from marrying the man who had killed her affianced husband, the task of shooting him devolved upon me, and, with a generosity which I can never forget, I devoted myself to the service. But there was no getting Grimstone to fight; vainly did I strive to irritate and annoy him when we met, which was rarely, away from female society, and Marianne's imploring looks always arrested my purpose whenever I made the attempt in her presence. Success did not render Mrs. Frampton careless; she guarded her young friend as sedulously as ever from the approach of any person likely to overthrow her plans. Marianne had no female confidants in the station, for there was too great probability of her becoming burdensome to render the ladies anxious to make themselves the demitaries of her sorrows; and not speaking a single word of Hindoostanee, we could not open a communication with her through the medium of the servants. Mrs. Frampton saw all this, and cultivated; she was in the happiest temper imagina-

ble: so kind and obliging to her husband, so courteous to his friends, so agreeable to the select circle admitted to her table, that her past exploits were forgotten by all save Beauchamp and myself, and perchance Marianne, who moved like the ghost of her former self. More than once was I on the point of wishing that it was valiant to beat a woman, and my anxiety to foil our common enemy at her own weapons increased with the malicious display of her success.

Grimstone, though exceedingly lavish of his money whenever he had a point to gain which required a profuse expenditure, nevertheless possessed the organ of acquisitiveness in no common degree. He had shown himself to be a legacy-hunter of the keenest avidity, and, in more than one instance, had been very successful in procuring the insertion of his name in the last will and testament of an acquaintance. Facetiously boasting of considerable expectations from a rich Indigo-planter near Patna, who was under great obligations to him, a stratagem occurred to me, by which I hoped not only to get him out of the way for a time, but also to involve him in a scrape with Mrs. Frampton and Miss Delasserre, from which extrication would be difficult. I did not communicate my plan to Beauchamp, determined to take the merit as well as the peril upon myself. I happened to be acquainted with some domestic secrets in Mr. Blenkinsop's, the Indigo-planter's, family, and I availed myself of this knowledge in the execution of my scheme. Grimstone received a letter, in Hindoostanee, which he supposed to be written by a creature of his own, informing him that the old man was in a dying state, and as yet had made no disposition of his property. This was true. Next came an insinuation that the presence of the saib would be very desirable to prevent the so-often-threatened-to-be-disinherited-nephew from making his peace with his uncle.

The fish was hooked. Greatly to Mrs. Frampton's displeasure, Grimstone declared that official duties would take him away from Cawnpore; his fair colleague was of opinion that secret instructions, public orders, regulations of the service, and all such minor considerations, should succumb to her will and pleasure, and could not be convinced that the measure was one of necessity. It behoved Grimstone to take precautions to prevent the real cause of his journey from being known, and he made arrangements which he thought would secure this object. He laid a private *dak*, that is, he sent his own people forward to engage bearers, in order that the postmaster might not be able to "prate his whereabouts;" and, stealing away without entrusting an individual with his secret, he trusted that it was quite safe. The next morning, a young lady was missing from the station, no other than Miss Jemima Perkins, who had been so long and so shamefully neglected by her former admirer. The report went about, that being too deeply pledged to this fair damsel to retreat, in order to prevent prosecution for a breach of promise, he had gone off with her, and thereby avoided also an explanation with Mrs. Frampton. From the postmaster we ascertained, beyond a doubt, that Miss Perkins was gone by *dak* to Benares, and it was soon made clear that Mr. Grimstone had taken the same route and travelled in company. A glimpse of him had been caught at one of the public bungalows, and the desire which he manifested to conceal himself, coupled with the fact of his being in the train of a lady, to whom at

one time it was reported that he was engaged, gave a very black appearance to the whole affair.

At Cawnpore, there is nothing too bad to be believed of any body; the most delirious designs towards the weaker sex were attributed to Mr. Grimestone, whose character was gone, torn to pieces, not a shred of it left, before the day was over. One person, however, there was, at the station, who treated the accusations against Mr. Grimestone with scorn. Mrs. Perkins averred that, as far as her daughter was concerned, his addresses were of the most honourable nature. She could not, perhaps, defend his conduct with regard to other young ladies, who might have been most shamefully deceived for any thing she knew; but she had letters in her possession which put the matter beyond a doubt that he was now on his way to Benares to lead Miss Perkins to the altar. This was gall and wormwood to Mrs. Frampton; she tried for a long time to appear incredulous, but the thing was at last too plain and palpable; she could not even affect to disbelieve it; never was there a more ill-used gentlewoman. What was to become of her fine schemes respecting Miss Delasierre? It would be impossible to keep her young friend long in ignorance of the arts she had employed to induce her to consent to a marriage with a man whom she detested, nor would it be desirable to retain Marianne in the family, now that she had become so intimately acquainted with the temper and disposition of her hostess. Mrs. Frampton felt conscious that deception was at an end; the poor persecuted orphan-girl, who had been made to feel her power, never could forget the cruel treatment she had experienced at a period when her situation demanded so much tenderness, and, on reflecting upon these things, the lady was very angry, not with herself, but with the person whom she had injured. Her plans for Miss Delasierre being defeated, the only anxiety she now felt was to get her off her hands; and she took her to a ball in the evening, careless of the consequences, content that even Beauchamp should renew his addresses rather than she should be longer burthened with a guest whose good opinion could only be recovered at too great a cost of self-denial.

Such an opportunity was not to be neglected. We were both at the ball, and learned from the lips of Miss Delasierre that she had never received the letters we had addressed to her. On the death of poor Delasierre, my friend, knowing that he should not be received on visiting terms by Mrs. Frampton, had written to his sister, who was married to a man of rank and fortune at Bareilly, to come over to Cawnpore, that she might be ready to receive Marianne in case she should desire to leave her present residence. Mrs. Hargrave, who was warmly attached to her brother, obeyed his summons as soon as it was in her power to do so, for though Miss Delasierre's engagement to Mr. Grimestone rendered the visit unnecessary on her account, Beauchamp's late alarming illness and present perturbed state of mind, were quite sufficient to induce his affectionate relative to undertake the journey. She had only arrived that morning, but she made her appearance at the ball, was introduced to Miss Delasierre, whom she cordially invited to take up her abode, for as long a time as she chose to remain in India, under her roof. Marianne gladly availed herself of the asylum so opportunely offered, and Mrs. Frampton made no attempt to conceal the pleasure which the arrangement afforded her. Not

a word did she say in favour of the absent delinquent; on the contrary, attributing the lamentable figure which she made in the present position of affairs to his mismanagement of his flirtation with Miss Perkins, she entered the ranks amid the bitterness of his enemies. Now that the decided step had been taken, and that coolies were to be seen traversing Cawnpore with Miss Delasierre's *petarraks* and trunks upon their heads, conveying her baggage from the banks of the river to the house of the nawab, which he had lent to Mrs. Hargrave during her sojourn at Cawnpore, I ventured to hint the possibility of our all being mistaken in the opinion we had formed of poor Grimestone's conduct. Mrs. Frampton would not near a syllable in his defence; she insisted upon his being given over to general reprobation; he had acted in the most chameless, dishonourable, and atrocious manner, and the testimony of an angel would not convince her of his innocence. I was silenced; I had done my best to remove her prejudices, but could not oppose my poor judgment against that of a lady, especially one who was bound by all the ties of friendship to vindicate if were possible, the character of a man whom she had professed to esteem so highly, and had patronized in defiance of the opinion of all the station.

In the mean time, Grimestone proceeded on his journey, congratulating himself all the way upon his prospects, and the adroit manner in which he had contrived to mystify Mrs. Frampton. One unlucky accident occurred; his bearers had taken him to the public bungalow, and he had narrowly escaped being seen by one of the greatest ladies of Cawnpore, but he flattered himself that he had escaped. Then there was another palanquin going the same road; that was awkward; but he kept his doors closely shut up; his fellow-traveller did the same, and the chances were very much in favour of performing the whole journey without their knowing any thing of each other's names. On his arrival at Ghosaulwarra Gunge, the residence of old Blenkinsop, he was more astonished than pleased to find an enemy in possession, the identical nephew, George Grimestone, against whom sentence of banishment had been passed by his advice. It appeared, on inquiry, that the uncle had fallen into a state of idiocy, and was quite incapable of managing his own affairs. George, as nearest of kin and heir at law, was now completely master, and he had taken advantage of his independence to invite Miss Perkins over to Ghosaulwarra Gunge, where a license and a clergyman awaited her arrival, the mama being too seriously determined upon getting a civilian for a husband for her daughter to be consulted on the occasion. George Grimestone had long ago made me his confidante, I was well aware of the manoeuvres of his adversary, and when called upon to assist in getting Miss Perkins away from Cawnpore, with the consent of both parties I contrived to associate Mr. Grimestone in her elopement. Had it not been for this delusion, Mrs. Perkins could easily have pursued and overtaken her daughter, whose acquaintance with George Grimestone had been kept a profound secret. The similarity between the names of the civilian and the assistant indigo-planter completely deceived Mrs. Perkins, who, having rummaged the young lady's desk, found letters, let purposely for her perusal, which held out the most flattering prospects of elevation: she was satisfied to let the affair take its course, and was first surprised of her mistake by an announcement in the

its newspapers of the marriage of "George Stone, Esq., indigo-planter, of Ghooosalwarra, province of Behar, with Miss Jemima Perkins of Cawnpore."

Stone, heartily ashamed of having suffered to be trepanned into so silly an expedition, like to return direct to his home, lest the of his journey should transpire; he, therefore, took a wide circuit, pretending to be engaged on a secret mission by the Governor-general, striking terror into the hearts of men, who held that some farther reductions were in operation. When he did, at length, arrive at Cawnpore, he was utterly confounded by the advertisement which had been taken of his absence: his sister gone, ruined for ever, and Miss Devereux upon the point of marriage with his rival! Was this all; Mrs. Perkins could never be made to believe that he had not connived at her sister's elopement; his connexion with the Devereux family made the thing clear, and she was enabled to indict him for a conspiracy in the High Court. Mrs. Frampton bewildered by conflicting accounts, and conscious of having given credit from the first to the malice of his enemies, thought it both wisest and safest to turn her back on him. He was consequently informed that, in his extraordinary desertion of her very particular friend, he must never hope to be admitted in her presence again.

He subsequently had the supreme delight of proving incontrovertibly to Mrs. Frampton, that she had been outmanœuvred in this affair.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

JACOB FAITHFUL.*

By the Author of Newton Foster.

found 'prentice to a waterman,
learnt a bit to row;
Oh, bless your heart, I always was so gay."

"Now, master Stapleton, suppose we were to put a half-port," observed old Tom, after a wait of two minutes; "for the old gentleman is a devil of a cloud: that is, if no one has an opinion." Stapleton gave a nod of assent, and I did put the upper window down a few inches. That's right, Jacob; now we shall see what Mary and he are about. You've been enjoying the lady all to yourself, master," continued old Tom, addressing the Domine.

"Truly and truly," replied the Domine, "even old Jupiter."

"Never heard of him."

"Assume not; still, Jacob will tell thee that the story is to be found in Ovid's Metamorphoses."

"Never heard of the country, master."

"Friend Dux, it is a book, not a country, in which thou mayst read how Jupiter at first descended unto Semele in a cloud."

"Pray, where did he come from, master?" asked old Tom, "came from heaven."

"The devil he did. Well, if ever I gets there, I shall stay."

"Is love, all-powerful love, which induced

him, maiden," replied the Domine, turning with a smiling eye to Mary.

"'Bove my comprehension altogether," replied old Tom.

"Human natur," muttered Stapleton, with the pipe still between his lips.

"Not the first vessels that have run foul in a fog," observed young Tom.

"No, boy; but generally there ar'n't much love between them at those times. But, come, now that we can breathe again, suppose I give you a song. What shall it be, young woman, a sea ditty, or something *spooney*?"

"O! something about love, if you've no objection, sir," said Mary, appealing to the Domine.

"Nay, it pleaseth me, maiden, and I am of thy mind. Friend Dux, let it be Anacreontic."

"What the devil's that?" cried old Tom, lifting up his eyes, and taking the pipe out of his mouth.

"Nothing of your own, father, that's clear; but something to borrow, for it's to be *on tick*," replied old Tom.

"Nay, boy, I would have been understood that the song should refer to woman or wine."

"Both of which are to his fancy," observed young Tom to me, aside.

"*Human natur*," quaintly observed Stapleton.

"Well, then, you shall have your wish. I'll give you one that might be warbled in a lady's chamber without stirring the silk curtains.

"O! the days are gone when beauty bright

My heart's chain wove,

When my dream of life, from morn to night,

Was Love—still Love.

New hope may bloom,

And days may come,

Of milder, calmer beam;

But there's nothing half so sweet in life

As Love's young dream;

O! there's nothing half so sweet in life

As Love's young dream."

The melody of the song, added to the spirits he had drunk, and Mary's eyes beaming on him, had a great effect upon the Domine. As old Tom warbled out, so did the pedagogue gradually approach the chair of Mary, and as gradually entwine her waist with his own arm, his eyes twinkling brightly on her. Old Tom, who perceived it, had given me and Tom a wink, as he repeated the last two lines; and when we saw what was going on, we burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. "Boys! boys!" said the Domine, starting up, "thou hast awakened me, by thy boisterous mirth, from a sweet musing created by the harmony of Friend Dux's voice. Neither do I discover the source of thy cachinnation, seeing that the song is amatory and not comic. Still it may not be supposed, at thy early age, that thou canst be affected by that which thou art too young to feel. Pr'ythee continue, friend Dux—and, boys, restrain thy mirth."

"Though the bard to purer fame may soar

When wild youth's past;

Though he were the wise, who frowned before,

To smile at last.

He'll never meet

A joy so sweet

In all his noon of fame,

As when he sung to woman's ear

The soul felt flame;

And at every close, she blush'd to hear

The once lov'd name."

At the commencement of this verse, the Domine appeared to be on his guard; but gradually moved by the power of song, he dropped his elbow on the table, and his pipe underneath it: his forehead sunk into his broad palm, and he remained motionless. The verse ended, and the Domine forgetting all around him, softly ejaculated, without looking up, "Eheu! Mary."

"Did you speak to me, sir?" said Mary, who perceived us tittering, addressing the Domine, with a half-serious, half-mocking air.

"Speak, maiden? nay, I spoke not; yet thou mayst give me my pipe, which apparently hath been abducted while I was listening to the song."

"Abducted! that's a new word; but it means smashed into twenty pieces, I suppose," observed young Tom. "At all events, your pipe is, for you let it fall between your legs."

"Never mind," said Mary, rising from her chair, and going to the cupboard, "here's another, sir."

"Well, master, am I to finish, or have you had enough of it?"

"Proceed, friend Dux, proceed; and believe that I am all attention."

"O! that hallowed form is ne'er forgot
Which first love trac'd,
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed,
'Twas memory's wing'd dream.
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream;
O! twas a light that near can shine again
On life's dull stream."

"Nay," said the Domine, again abstracted, "the metaphor is not just. '*Life's dull stream.*' '*Lethe tacitus amnis,*' as Lucan hath it; but the stream of life flows—aye, flows rapidly—even in my veins. Doth not the heart throb and beat—yea, strongly—peradventure too forcibly against my better judgment? '*Confiteor misere molle cor esse mihi,*' as Ovid saith. Yet, must it not prevail? Shall one girl become victorious over seventy boys? Shall I, Domine Dobbs, desert my post?—Again succumb to—I will even depart that I may be at my desk at matutinal hours."

"You don't mean to leave us, sir?" said Mary, taking the Domine's arm.

"Even so, fair maiden, for it waxeth late, and I have my duties to perform," said the Domine, rising from his chair.

"Then you will promise to come again."

"Peradventure I may."

"If you do not promise me that you will, I will not let you go now."

"Verily, maiden—"

"Promise," interrupted Mary.

"Truly, maiden—"

"Promise," cried Mary.

"In good sooth, maiden—"

"Promise," reiterated Mary, pulling the Domine towards his chair.

"Nay, then I do promise, since thou wilt have it so," replied the Domine.

"And when will you come?"

"I will not tarry," replied the Domine; "and now good night to all."

The Domine shook hands with us, and Mary lighted him down stairs. I was much pleased with the resolution and sense of his danger thus shown

by my worthy preceptor, and hoped that he would have avoided Mary in future, who evidently wished to make a conquest of him for her own amusement and love of admiration; but still I felt that the promise exacted would be fulfilled, and I was afraid that a second meeting, and that perhaps not before witnesses, would prove mischievous. I made up my mind to speak to Mary on the subject as soon as I had an opportunity, and insist upon her not making a fool of the worthy old man.—Mary remained below a much longer time than was necessary, and when she re-appeared, and looked at me, as if for a smile of approval, I turned from her with a contemptuous air. She sat down and looked confused. Tom also was silent, and paid her no attention. A quarter of an hour passed when he proposed to his father that they should be off, and the party broke up. Leaving Mary silent and thoughtful, and old Stapleton finishing his pipe, I took my candle and went to bed.

The next day the moon changed, the weather changed, and a rapid thaw took place. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," observed old Stapleton; "we watermen shall have the river to ourselves again, and the hucksters must carry their gingerbread nuts to another market." It was, however, three or four days before the river was clear of the ice so as to permit the navigation to proceed; and during that time, I may as well observe, that there was dissention between Mary and me. I showed her that I resented her conduct, and at first she tried to pacify me; but finding that I held out longer than she expected, she turned round and was affronted in return. Short words and no lessons were the order of the day; and, as each party appeared determined to hold out, there was little prospect of a reconciliation. In this she was the greatest sufferer, as I quitted the house after breakfast, and did not return until dinner time.—At first, old Stapleton plied very regularly, and took all the fares; but about a fortnight after we had worked together, he used to leave me to look after employment, and remain at the public house. The weather was now fine, and after the severe frost it changed so rapidly, that most of the trees were in leaf, and the horse-chestnuts in full blossom. The wherry was in constant demand, and every evening I handed from four to six shillings over to old Stapleton. I was delighted with my life, and should have been perfectly happy if it had not been for my quarrel with Mary still continuing, she as resolutely refraining from making advances as I. How much may life be embittered by dissention with those you live with, even where there is no very warm attachment: the constant grating together worries and annoyances, and although you may despise the atoms, the aggregate becomes insupportable. I had no pleasure in the house, and the evenings, which formerly were passed so agreeably, were now a source of vexation, from being forced to sit in company with one with whom I was not on good terms. Old Stapleton was seldom at home till late, and this made it still worse. I was communing with myself one night, as I had my eyes fixed on my book, whether I should not make the first advances, when Mary, who had been quietly at work, broke the silence by asking me what I was reading. I replied in a quiet, grave tone.

"Jacob," said she in continuation, "I think you have used me very ill to humble me in this manner. It was your business to make it up first."

"I am not aware that I have been in the wrong," replied I.

"I do not say that you have; but what matter does that make? You ought to give way to a woman."

"Why so?"

"Why so! don't the whole world do so? Do you not offer every thing first to a woman? Is it not her right?"

"Not when she's in the wrong, Mary."

"Yes, when she is in the wrong, Jacob; there's no merit in doing it when she's in the right."

"I think otherwise; at all events, it depends on how much she has been in the wrong, and I consider you have shown a bad heart, Mary."

"A bad heart! in what way, Jacob?"

"In realizing the fable of the boys and the frogs with the poor old Domine, forgetting that what may be sport to you is death to him."

"You don't mean to say that he'll die of love," replied Mary, laughing.

"I should hope not; but you may contrive, and you have tried, all in your power to make him very wretched."

"And, pray, how do you know that I do not like the old gentleman, Jacob? You appear to think that a girl is to fall in love with nobody but yourself. Why should I not love an old man with so much learning? I have been told that old husbands are much prouder of their wives than young ones, and pay them more attention, and don't run after other women. How do you know that I am not serious?"

"Because I know your character, Mary, and am not to be deceived. If you mean to defend yourself in that way, we had better not talk any more."

"Lord, how savage you are! Well, then, suppose I did pay the old gentleman any attention. Did the young men pay me any? Did either you, or your precious friend, Mr. Tom, even speak to me?"

"No; we saw how you were employed, and we both hate a jilt."

"O! you do. Very well, sir, just as you please. I may make both your hearts ache for this some day or another."

"Forewarned, forearmed, Mary; and I shall take care that they are forewarned as well as myself. As I perceive that you are so decided, I shall say no more. Only for your own sake, and your own happiness, I caution you. Recollect your mother, Mary, and recollect your mother's death."

Mary covered up her face and burst into tears. She sobbed for a few minutes, and then came to me. "You are right, Jacob, and I am a foolish—perhaps wicked—girl; but forgive me, and indeed I will try to behave better. But, as father says, it is human nature in me, and it's hard to conquer our natures, Jacob."

"Will you promise me not to continue your advances to the Domine, Mary?"

"I will not, if I can help it, Jacob. I may forget for the moment, but I'll do all I can. It's not very easy to look grave when one is merry, or sour when one is pleased."

"But what can induce you, Mary, to practice upon an old man like him? If it were young Tom I could understand it. There might be some credit, and your pride might be flattered by the victory; but an old man——"

"Still, Jacob, old or young, it's much the same. I would like to have them all at my feet, and that's the truth. I can't help it. And I thought it a great

victory to bring there a wise old man, who was full of Latin and learning, and who ought to know better. Tell me, Jacob, if old men allow themselves to be caught, as well as young, where is the crime of catching them? Isn't there as much vanity in an old man, in his supposing that I really could love him, as there is in me, who am but a young foolish girl, in trying to make him fond of me?"

"That may be; but still recollect that he is in earnest, and you are only joking, which makes a great difference; and recollect further, that in trying at all, we very often lose all."

"That I would take my chance of, Jacob," replied Mary, proudly throwing her curly ringlets back with her hand from her white forehead; "but what I now want, is to make friends with you. Come, Jacob, you have my promise to do my best."

"Yes, Mary, and I believe you, so there's my hand."

"You don't know how miserable I have been Jacob, since we quarrelled," said Mary, wiping the tears away, which again commenced flowing; "and yet I don't know why, for I'm sure I have almost hated you this last week—that I have; but the fact is, I like quarrelling very well for the pleasure of making it up again; but not for the quarrel to last so long as this has done."

"It has annoyed me too, Mary, for I like you very much in general."

"Well, then, now it's all over; but, Jacob, are you sure you are friends with me?"

"Yes, Mary."

Mary looked archly at me. "You know the old saw, and I feel the truth of it."

"What, 'kiss and make friends?'" replied I; "with all my heart," and I kissed her, without any resistance on her part.

"No, I didn't mean that, Jacob."

"What then?"

"O! 'twas another."

"Well, then, what was the other?"

"Never mind, I forget it now," said she, laughing, and rising from the chair. "Now I must go to my work again, and you must tell me what you've been doing this last fortnight."

Mary and I entered into a long and amicable conversation, till her father came home, when we retired to bed. "I think," said old Stapleton, the next morning, "that I've had work enough; and I've belonged to two benefit clubs for so long as to 'title me to an allowance. I think, Jacob, I shall give up the wherry to you, and you shall in future give me one-third of your earnings, and keep the rest to yourself. I don't see why you're to work hard all day for nothing." I remonstrated against this excess of liberality; but old Stapleton was positive, and the arrangement was made. I afterwards discovered, what may probably occur to the reader, that Captain Turnbull was at the bottom of all this. He had pensioned old Stapleton, that I might become independent by my own exertions before I had served my apprenticeship; and after breakfast, old Stapleton walked down with me to the beach, and we launched the boat. "Recollect, Jacob," said he, "one-third, and honour bright;" so saying, he adjourned to his old quarters, the public house, to smoke his pipe, and think of human nature. I do not recollect any day of my life on which I felt more happy than on this: I was working for myself, and independent. I jumped into my wherry, and without waiting for a fare, I pushed

off, and gaining the stream, cleaved through the water with delight as my reward; but after a quarter of an hour I sobered down with the recollection, that although I might pull about for nothing, for my own amusement, that as Stapleton was entitled to one-third, I had no right to neglect his interest; and I shot my wherry into the row, and stood with my hand and forefinger raised, watching the eye of every one who came towards the hard. I was fortunate that day, and when I returned, was proceeding to give Stapleton his share, when he stopped me. "Jacob, it's no use dividing now; once a week will be better. I likes things to come in a lump; 'cause d'ye see—it's—it's—*human natur*."

I consider that this was the period from which I might date my first launching into human life. I was now nearly eighteen years old, strong, active, and well made, full of spirits, and overjoyed at the independence which I had so much sighed for. Since the period of my dismissal from Mr. Drummond's, my character had much altered. I had become grave and silent, brooding over my wrongs, harbouring feelings of resentment against the parties, and viewing the world in general through a medium by no means favourable. I had become in some degree restored from this unwholesome state of mind, from having rendered an important service to Captain Turnbull, for we love the world better as we feel that we are more useful in it; but the independence now given to me was the acme of my hopes and wishes. I felt so happy, so buoyant in mind, that I could even think of the two clerks in Mr. Drummond's employ without feelings of revenge. Let it, however, be remembered, that the world was all before me in anticipation only.

"Boat, sir?"

"No, thanky, my lad. I want old Stapleton—is he here?"

"No, sir; but this is his boat."

"Humph! can't he take me down?"

"No, sir; but I can, if you please."

"Well, then, be quick."

A sedate looking gentleman, about forty-five years of age, stepped into the boat, and in a few seconds I was in the stream, shooting the bridge with the ebbing tide.

"What's the matter with deaf Stapleton?"

"Nothing, sir; but he is getting old, and has made the boat over to me."

"Are you his son?"

"No, sir, his 'prentice."

"Humph! sorry deaf Stapleton's gone."

"I can be as deaf as he, sir, if you wish it."

"Humph!"

The gentleman said no more at the time, and I pulled down the river in silence; but in a few minutes he began to move his hands up and down, and his lips, as if he was in conversation. Gradually his action increased, and words were uttered. At last he broke out:—"It is with this conviction, I may say, important conviction, Mr. Speaker, that I now deliver my sentiments to the Commons House of Parliament, trusting that no honourable member will decide until he has fully weighed the importance of the arguments which I have submitted to his judgment." He then stopped, as if aware that I was present, and looked at me; but, prepared as I was, there was nothing in my countenance which exhibited the least sign of merriment; or, indeed, of having paid any attention to what he had been saying, for I looked care-

lessly to the right and to the left at the banks of the river. He again entered into conversation.

"Have you been long on the river?"

"Born on it, sir."

"How do you like the profession of a waterman?"

"Very well, sir; the great point is to have regular customers."

"And how do you gain them?"

"By holding my tongue; keeping their counsel and my own."

"Very good answer, my boy. People who have much to do cannot afford to lose even their time on the water. Just now I was preparing and thinking over my speech in the House of Commons."

"So I supposed, sir; and I think the river is a very good place for it, as no one can overhear you except the person whose services you have hired—and you need not mind him."

"Very true, my lad; but that's why I liked deaf Stapleton—he could not hear a word."

"But, sir, if you've no objection. I like to hear it very much; and you may be sure that I shall never say any thing about it, if you will trust me."

"Do you, my lad? well, then, I'll just try it over again. You shall be the speaker—mind you hold your tongue, and don't interrupt me."

The gentleman then began: "Mr. Speaker, I should not have ventured to address the house at this late hour, did I not consider that the importance of the question now before it is—so important—no, that won't do—did I not consider that the question now before it is of that, I may say paramount importance, as to call forth the best energies of every man who is a well wisher to his country. With this conviction, Mr. Speaker, humble individual as I am, I feel it my duty, I may say, my bounden duty, to deliver my sentiments upon the subject. The papers which I now hold in my hand, Mr. Speaker, and to which I shall soon have to call the attention of the House, will, I trust, fully establish——"

"I say, waterman, be you taking that chap to Bedlam?" cried a shrill female voice close to us. The speech was stopped, we looked up, and perceived a wherry with two females passing close to us. A shout of laughter followed the observation, and my fare looked very much confused and annoyed.

I had often read the papers in the public-house, and remembering what was usual in the House in case of interruption, called out, "Order, Order!" This made the gentleman laugh, and as the other wherry was now far off, he recommenced his oration, with which I shall not trouble my reader. It was a very fair speech I have no doubt, but I forget what it was about.

I landed him at Westminster Bridge, and received treble my fare. "Recollect," said he, on paying me, "that I shall look out for you when I come down again, which I do every Monday morning, and sometimes oftener. What's your name?"

"Jacob, sir."

"Very well; good morning, my lad."

This gentleman became a very regular and excellent customer, and we used to have a great deal of conversation, independent of debating in the wherry; and I must acknowledge, that I received from him not only plenty of money, but a great deal of valuable information.

A few days after this, I had an opportunity of ascertaining how far Mary would keep her promise.

I was plying at the river side as usual, when old Stapleton came up to me, with his pipe in his mouth, and said, "Jacob, there be that old gentleman up at our house with Mary. Now I sees a great deal, but I says nothing. Mary will be her mother over again, that's sartain. Suppose you go and see your old teacher, and leave me to look arter a customer. I begin to feel as if handling the sculls a little would be of service to me. We all think idleness be a very pleasant thing when we're obliged to work, but when we are idle, then we feel that a little work be just as agreeable—that's human natur."

I thought that Mary was very likely to forget all her good resolutions, from her ardent love of admiration, and I was determined to go and break up the conference. I therefore left the boat to Stapleton, and hastened to the house. I did not much like to play the part of an eaves-dropper, and was undecided how I should act, whether to go in at once, or not, when, as I passed under the window, which was open, I heard very plainly the conversation which was going on. I stopped in the street, and listened to the Domine in continuation. "But, fair maiden, *omnia vincit amor*—here am I, Domine Dobbs, who have long passed the grand climactic, and can already muster three-score years—who have authority over seventy boys—being Magister Princeps, et Dux of Brentford Grammar School—who have affectioned only the sciences, and communed only with the classics—who have ever turned a deaf ear to the allurements of thy sex, and even hardened my heart to thy fascination—here am I, even I, Domine Dobbs, suing at the feet of a maiden who hath barely ripened into womanhood, who knoweth not to read or write, and whose father earns his bread by manual labour. I feel it all—I feel that I am too old—that thou art too young—that I am departing from the ways of wisdom, and am regardless of my worldly prospects. Still, *omnia vincit amor*, and I bow to the all-powerful god, doing him homage through thee, Mary. Vainly have I resisted—vainly have I, as I have lain in my bed, tried to drive thee from my thoughts, and tear thine image from mine heart. Have I not felt thy presence every where? Do not I astonish my worthy coadjutor, Mistress Bately, the matron, by calling her by the name of Mary, when I have always addressed her by her baptismal name of Deborah? Nay, have not the boys in the classes discovered my weakness, and do not they shout out Mary in the hours of play? *Mare periculosum et turbitum*, hast thou been to me. I sleep not—I eat not,—and every sign of love which hath been produced by Ovidius Naso, whom I have diligently collated, do I find in my own person. Speak then, maiden. I have given vent to my feelings, do thou the same, that I may return, and leave not my flock without their shepherd. Speak, maiden."

"I will, sir, if you will get up," replied Mary, who paused, and then continued. "I think, sir, that I am young and foolish, and you are old and—"

"Foolish, thou would'st say."

"I had rather you said it, sir, than I; it is not for me to use such an expression towards one so learned as you are. I think, sir, that I am too young to marry, and that perhaps you are—too old. I think, sir, that you are too clever—and that I am very ignorant; that it would not suit you in your situation to marry; and that it would not suit

me to marry you—equally obliged to you all the same."

"Perhaps thou hast in thy reply proved the wiser of the two," answered the Domine; "but why, maiden, didst thou raise those feelings, those hopes, in my breast, only to cause me pain, and make me drink deep of the cup of disappointment? Why didst thou appear to cling to me in fondness, if you felt not a yearning towards me?"

"But are there not other sorts of love besides the one you would require, sir? May I not love you because you are so clever, and so learned in Latin? may I not love you as I do my father?"

"True, true, child; it is all my own folly, and I must retrace my steps in sorrow. I have been deceived—but I have been deceived only by myself. My wishes have clouded my understanding, and have obscured my reason; have made me forgetful of my advanced years, and the little favour I was likely to find in the eyes of a young maiden. I have fallen into a pit through blindness, and I must extricate myself, sore as will be the task. Bless thee, maiden, bless thee! May another be happy in thy love, and never feel the barb of disappointment. I will pray for thee, Mary—that Heaven may bless thee." (*And the Domine turned away and wept.*)

Mary appeared to be moved by the good old man's affliction, and her heart probably smote her for her coquettish behaviour. She attempted to console the Domine, and appeared to be more than half crying herself. "Nay, sir, do not take on so, you make me feel very uncomfortable. I have been wrong—I feel I have—though you have not blamed me. I am a very foolish girl."

"Bless thee, child—bless thee," replied the Domine, in a subdued voice.

"Indeed, sir, I don't deserve it—I feel I do not; but pray do not grieve, sir, things will go cross in love. Now, sir, I'll tell you a secret to prove it to you. I love Jacob—love him very much, and he does not care for me—I am sure he does not; so you see, sir, you are not the only one—who is—very unhappy;" and Mary commenced sobbing with the Domine.

"Poor thing!" said the Domine; "and thou lovest Jacob? truly is he worthy of thy love. And at thy early age, thou knowest what it is to have thy love unrequited. Truly is this a vale of tears—yet let us be thankful. Guard well thy heart, child, for Jacob may not be for thee; nay, I feel that he will not be."

"And why so, sir?" replied Mary, despondingly.

"Because, maiden—but nay, I must not tell thee; only take my warning, which is meant in kindness and in love. Fare thee well, Mary—fare thee well! I come not here again."

"Good by, sir, and pray forgive me; this will be a warning to me."

"Verily, maiden, it will be a warning to us both. God bless thee!"

I heard, by the sound, that Mary had vouchsafed to the Domine a kiss, and soon afterwards his steps, as he descended the stairs. Not wishing to meet him, I turned round the corner, and went down to the river, thinking over what had passed. I felt pleased with Mary, but I was not in love with her.

The spring was now far advanced, and the weather was delightful. The river was beautiful, and parties of pleasure were constantly to be seen floating up and down with the tide. The West-

minster boys, the Funny club, and other amateurs in their fancy dresses, enlivened the scene, while the races for prize wherries, which occasionally took place, rendered the water one mass of life and motion. How I longed for my apprenticeship to be over, that I might try for a prize! One of my best customers was a young man, who was an actor at one of the theatres, and who, like the M.P., used to rehearse the whole time he was in the boat; but he was a lively, noisy personage, full of humour, and perfectly indifferent as to appearances. He had a quiz and a quirk for every body that passed in another boat, and would stand up and rant at them until they considered him insane. We were on very intimate terms, and I never was more pleased than when he made his appearance, as it was invariably the signal for mirth. The first time I certainly considered him to be a lunatic, for play-house praseology was quite new to me. "Boat, sir," cried I to him, as he came to the hard.

"My affairs do even drag me homeward. Go on, I'll follow thee," replied he, leaping into the boat. "Our fortune lies upon this jump."

I shoved off the wherry, "Down, sir?"

"Down," replied he, pointing downwards with his finger, as if pushing at something.

"Down, down to h—ll, and say I sent you there."

"Thanky, sir, I'd rather not, if it's all the same to you."

"Our tongue is rough, coz—and my condition is not smooth." We shot the bridge, and went rapidly down with the tide, when he again commenced:

"Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought."

Then his attention was drawn by a collier's boat, pulled by two men, as black as chimney sweeps, with three women in the stern sheets. They made for the centre of the river, to get into the strength of the tide, and were soon abreast and close to the wherry, pulling with us down the stream.

"There's a dandy young man," said one of the women, with an old straw bonnet and very dirty riband, laughing and pointing to my man.

"Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
At Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk."

"Well, he be a reg'lar rum cove, I've a notion," said another of the women, when she witnessed the theatrical airs of the speaker, who immediately commenced—

"The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water—the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were
silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description."

"Come, I'll be blowed but we've had enough of

that, so just shut up your pan," said one of the women, angrily.

"Her gentlewomen, like the Naiades,
So many mermaids tend her."

"Mind what you're arter, or your mouth will tend to your mischief, young fellow."

"From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense,
Of the adjacent wharfs."

"Jem, just run him alongside, and break his head with your oar."

"I thinks as how I will, if he don't mend his manners."

"I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public streets."

"You lie, you livered face rascal, I never walked the streets in my life; I'm a lawful married woman. Jem, do you call yourself a man, and stand this here?"

"Well now, Sal, but he is a nice young man. Now an't he?" observed one of the other women.

"Away,
Away, you trifer. Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world
To play with mamnets, and to tilt with lips;
We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns."

"I've a notion you will, too, my hearty, interrupted one of the colliers. That ere tongue of yours will bring you into disgrace. Bill give her a jerk towards the wherry, and we'll duck him."

"My friend," said the actor, addressing me,

"Let not his unwholesome corpse come between the
wind and my nobility."

Let us exeunt, O. P."

And although I could not understand his phrases, I knew very well what he meant, and pulling smartly, I shoved towards the shore, and a-head. Perceiving this, the men in the boat, at the intimation of the women, who stood up, waving their bonnets, gave chase to us; and my companion appeared not a little alarmed. However, by great exertion on my part, we gained considerably, and they abandoned the pursuit.

"Now, by two-headed Janus," said my companion, as he looked back upon the colliers,

"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time,
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper,
And others of such a vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth by way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable."

And now," continued he, addressing me, "What's your name, sir? Of what condition are you—and of what place, I pray?"

Amused with what had passed, I replied, "That my name was Jacob—that I was a waterman, and born on the river."

"I find thee apt; but tell me, art thou perfect that our ship hath touched upon the deserts of Bohemia?"

ou land at Westminster, sir?"

Blackfriars—there attend my coming

is the slave who pays; nevertheless, what are my lad?

money's in my purse?—Seven groats and two-
pence.

I am not covetous of gold,
I who doth feed upon my cost.

et no remedy for this consumption of the
rse.

, my lad, is that enough?"

sir, I thank you."

ember poor Jack, sir," said the usual at-
at the landing place, catching his arm as
ned the wherry on getting out.

lin, good night—or sink or swim.

there is a penny for you. Jacob, farewell
et again;" and away he went, taking three
one steps at each spring. This gentle-
me was, as I afterwards found out, Tin-
ctor of second-rate merit on the London

The Haymarket Theatre was where he
ly performed, and as we became better
ad, he offered to procure me orders to see
when I should wish to go there.

orning he came down to the hard, and, as
spected that he would go down the river.
ay boat, and hauled in close.

acob, no; this day you will not carry Cer-
as fortunes, but I have an order for you."
k you, sir; what is the play?"

play—pooh! no play; but I hope it will
arce, nevertheless, before it's over. We
ve a pic-nic party upon one of those little
o the river by Kew. All sock and buskin,
icals; if the wherries upset, the Haymar-
shut up, for it will be *exceunt omnes* with
t performers. Look you, Jacob, we shall
t wherries, and I leave you to pick out
two—oars in each, of course. You must
itehall steps punctually at nine o'clock,
e say the ladies won't make you wait
an hour or two, which for them is tole-
ctual."

afoid then entered into the arrangement
eration, and walked away; and I was
ver in my mind whom I should select
ing my brother watermen, and whether
sk old Stapleton to take the other oar in
when I heard a voice never to be mista-
ke—

fe's like a summer's day,
rmed by a sunny ray."

away yet Tom. That'll do, my trump."

metunes a dreary cloud,
ll blast or tempest loud."

out for Jacob, Tom," cried the old man,
d of the lighter, with her mast lowered

down, made its appearance through the arch of
Putney Bridge.

"Here he is, father," replied Tom, who was
standing forward by the windlass, with the fall in
his hand.

I had shoved off, on hearing old Tom's voice,
and was alongside almost as soon as the lighter
had passed under the bridge, and discovered old
Tom at the helm. I sprang on the deck with the
chain-painter of the wherry in my hand, made it
fast, and went aft to old Tom, who seized my
hand.

"This is as it should be, my boy, both on the
look out for each other. The heart warms when
we know the feeling is on both sides. You're sel-
dom out of our thoughts, boy, and always in our
hearts. Now jump forward, for Tom's fretting to
greet you, I see, and you may just as well help him
to sway up the mast when you are there."

I went forward, shook hands with Tom, and
then clapped on the fall, and assisted him to hoist
the mast. We then went aft to his father, and
communicated every thing of interest which had
passed since our last meeting at old Stapleton's.

"And how's Mary?" inquired Tom; "she's a
very fine lass, and I've thought of her more than
once; but I saw that all you said about her was
true. How she did flout that poor old Domine!"

"I have had a few words with her about it, and
she has promised to be wiser," replied I; "but as
her father says, 'in her, it's human natur.'"

"She's a fine craft," observed old Tom, "and
they always be a little ticklish. But, Jacob, you've
had some inquiries made after you, and by the wo-
men, too."

"Indeed?" replied I.

"Yes; and I have had the honour of being sent
for into the parlour. Do you guess now?"

"Yes," said I, a gloom coming over my counte-
nance, "I presume it is Mrs. Drummond and Sa-
rah whom you refer to?"

"Exactly."

Tom then informed me that Mrs. Drummond
had sent for him, and asked a great many ques-
tions about me, and desired him to say that they
were very glad to hear that I was well and com-
fortable, and hoped that I would call and see her
and Sarah when I came that way. Mrs. Drum-
mond then left the room, and Tom was alone with
Sarah, who desired him to say, that her father
had found out that I had not been wrong; that he
had dismissed both the clerks; and that he was
very sorry he had been so deceived—and then,
said Tom, Miss Sarah told me to say from herself,
that she had been very unhappy since you had left
them, but that she hoped that you would forgive
and forget some day or another, and come back to
them; and that I was to give you her love, and call
next time we went up the river for something she
wanted to send you. So you perceive, Jacob, that
you are not forgotten, and justice has been done
to you."

"Yea," replied I, "but it has been done too late;
so let us say no more about it. I am quite happy
as I am."

I then told them of the pic-nic party of the next
day, upon which Tom volunteered to take the
other oar in my boat, as he would not be wanted
while the barge was at the wharf. Old Tom gave
his consent, and it was agreed he should meet me
next morning at day-light.

"I've a notion there'll be some fun, Jacob," said
he, "from what you say."

"I think so, too; but you've towed me two miles, and I must be off again, or I shall lose my dinner; so good bye." I selected two other wherries in the course of the afternoon, and then returned home.

It was a lovely morning when Tom and I washed out the boat, and having dressed ourselves in our neatest clothes, we shoved off in company with the two other wherries, and dropped leisurely down the river, with the last of the ebb. When we pulled into the stairs at Whitehall, we found two men waiting for us with three or four hampers, some baskets, an iron sauce-pan, a frying-pan, and a large tin pail, with a cover, full of rough ice to cool the wines. We were directed to put all these articles into one boat, the others to be reserved for the company.

"Jacob," said Tom, "don't let us be kitchen, I'm togged out for the parlour."

This point had just been arranged, and the articles put into the wherry, when the party made their appearance, Mr. Tinfoil acting as master of the ceremonies.

"Fair Titania," said he, to the lady who appeared to demand, and, therefore, received the most attention, "allow me to hand you to your throne."

"Many thanks, good Puck," replied the lady, "we are well placed; but, dear me, I hav'n't brought, or I've lost, my vinaigrette; I positively cannot go without it. What can my woman have been about?"

"Pease-blossom and Mustard-seed are much to blame," replied Tinfoil, "but shall I run back for it?"

"Yes," replied the lady, "and be here again, e'er the leviathan can swim a league."

"I'll put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," replied the gentleman, stepping out of the boat.

"Won't you be a little out of breath before you come back, sir?" said Tom, joining the conversation.

This remark, far from giving offence, was followed by a general laugh. Before Mr. Tinfoil was out of sight, the lost vinaigrette was dropped out of the lady's handkerchief; he was, therefore, recalled; and the whole of the party being arranged in the two boats, we shoved off; the third boat, in which the provender had been stowed, followed us, and was occupied by the two attendants, a call-boy and scene-shifter, who were addressed by Tinfoil as Caliban and Stephano.

"Is all our company here?" said a pert looking, little pug-nosed man, who had taken upon himself the part of Quince, the Carpenter, in the Midsummer Night's Dream. "You Nick Bottom," continued he, addressing another, "are set down for Pyramus."

The party addressed did not, however, appear to enter into the humour. He was a heavy made, rather corpulent, white-faced, personage, dressed in white jane trousers, white waistcoat, brown coat, and white hat. Whether any thing had put him out of humour, I know not, but it was evident that he was the butt of the ladies and most of the party.

"I'll just thank you," replied this personage, whose real name was Winterbottom, "to be quiet, Mr. Western, for I sha'n't stand any of your nonsense."

"O Mr. Winterbottom, surely you are not about to sow the seeds of discord so early. Look at the scene before you—hear how the birds are singing, how merrily the sun shines, and how beautifully

the water sparkles! Who can be cross on such a morning as this?"

"No, miss," replied Mr. Winterbottom, "not at all—not at all—only my name's Winterbottom, and not Bottom. I don't wear an ass's head to please any body—that's all. I won't be *Bottom*—that's *flat*."

"Or *round*, sir, which?" observed Tom.

"Round or flat, what business have you to shove your oar in?"

"I was hired for that purpose," replied Tom, dipping his oar in the water, and giving a hearty stroke.

"Stick to your own element then—shove your oar into the water, but not into our discourse."

"Well, sir, I won't say another word, if you don't like it."

"But you may to me," said Titania, laughing, "whenever you please."

"And to me, too," said Tinfoil, who was amused with Tom's replies.

Mr. Winterbottom became very wroth, and demanded to be put on shore directly, but the Fairy Queen ordered us to obey him at our peril, and Mr. Winterbottom was carried up the river very much against his inclination.

"Our friend is not himself," said Mr. Tinfoil, producing a key bugle, "but

"Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast,
To soften rocks, and rend the knotted oak;

and therefore will we try the effect of it upon his senses." Mr. Tinfoil then played the air in *Midas*,

"Pray Goody please to moderate," &c.

during which Mr. Winterbottom looked more sulky than ever. As soon as the air was finished, another party responded with his flute, from the other boat—while Mr. Quince played what he called bass, by snapping his fingers. The sounds of the instruments floated along the flowing and smooth water, reaching the ears and attracting the attention of many, who for a time rested from their labour, or hung listlessly over the gunnels of the vessels, watching the boats, and listening to the harmony. All was mirth and gayety—the wherries kept close to each other, and between the airs the parties kept up a lively and witty conversation, occasionally venting their admiration upon the verdure of the sloping lawns and feathering trees, with which the banks of the noble river is so beautifully adorned: even Mr. Winterbottom had partially recovered his serenity, when he was again irritated by a remark of Quince.

"You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man—a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man; therefore, you must needs play Pyramus."

"Take care I don't play the devil with your physiology, Mr. Western," retorted Winterbottom.

Here, Caliban, in the third boat, began playing the fiddle and singing to it,

"Gaffer, Gaffer's son, and his little jackass,
Were trotting along the road;"

the chorus of which ditty was 'Ec-aw, Ec-aw!' like the braying of a jackass.

"Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee, thou art translated," cried Quince, looking at Winterbottom.

well—very well, Mr. Western. I don't upset the wherry, and therefore you're resent, but the reckoning will come—so I warning."

As of my lamp, do my bidding, I will have telling here. You, Quince, shut your you, Winterbottom, draw in your lips, and queen, will charm you with a song," said waving her little hand. The fiddler ceasing, and the voice of the fair actress riveted her attention.

thou waken bride of May,
flowers are fresh, and sweet bells chime,
and learn from my roundelay,
All life's pilot-boats sailed one day
A match with Time!

sat on a lotus-leaf aloft,
w old Time in his loaded boat,
he cross'd Life's narrow tide,
Love sat clapping his wings, and cried,
'Who will pass Time?'

ice came first, but soon was gone,
helm and sail to help Time on;
and Grief could lend an oar,
rudence said, (while he staid on shore,)
'I wait for Time.'

filled with flowers her cork-tree bark,
ghted its helm with a glowworm's spark;
Love, when he saw his bark fly past,
ingering Time will soon be passed,
'Hope outspeeds Time.'

rent nearest Old Time to pass.
his diamond oar and boat of glass,
very dart from his store he drew,
outed, while far and swift it flew,
'O Mirth kills Time.'

'ime sent the feathery arrow back,
boat of Amaranthus missed its track;
Love bade its butterfly-pilots move,
ughing, said, 'They shall see how Love
Can conquer Time.'

y need say that the song was rapturously
d, and most deservedly so. Several
ere demanded from the ladies and gen-
f the party, and given without hesitation;
not now recall them to memory. The
l the flute played between whiles, and all
hter and merriment.

e's a sweet place," said Tinfoil, pointing
on the Thames. "Now, with the fair
and ten thousand a year, one could there
y."

'raid the fair Titania must go to market
the latter encumbrance," replied the lady;
leman must find the ten thousand a-year,
st bring as my dowry—"
housand charms," interrupted Tinfoil—
lost true, and pity 'tis too true. Did your
ever hear my epigram on the subject?

lads of the East love the maids of *Cash-meer*,
ection with interest clash,
'idolatry pleases us here,
ore but the maids of *Merc Cash*."

llent, good Puck! Have you any more?"

"Not of my own, but you have heard what Winterbottom wrote under the bust of Shakspeare last Jubilee?"

"I knew not that Apollo had ever visited him."
"You shall hear:

"In *this here* place the bones of Shakspeare lie,
But *that ere* form of his shall never die;
A *specdy end and soon*, this world may have,
But Shakspeare's name shall *bloom* beyond the grave."

"I'll trouble you, Mr. Tinfoil, not to be so very witty at my expense," growled out Winterbottom. "I never wrote a line of poetry in my life."
"No one said you did, Winterbottom; but you won't deny that you wrote those lines."

Mr. Winterbottom disdained a reply. Gayly did we pass the variegated banks of the river, swept up with a strong flood tide, and at last arrived at the little island agreed upon as the site of the picnic. The company disembarked, and were busy looking for a convenient spot for their entertainment. Quince making a rapid escape from Winterbottom, the latter remained on the bank. "Jenkins," said he, to the man christened Caliban, "you did not forget the salad?"

"No, sir, I bought it myself. It's on the top of the little hamper."

Mr. Winterbottom, who it appears was extremely partial to salad, was satisfied with the reply, and walked slowly away.

"Well," said Tom to me, wiping the perspiration from his brow with his handkerchief, "I wouldn't have missed this for any thing. I only wish father had been here. I hope that young lady will sing again before we part."

"I think it very likely, and that the fun of the day is only begun," replied I; "but, come, let's lend a hand to get the prog out of the boat."

"Pat! Pat! and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. ~~This green~~ plot shall be our stage," cried Quince, addressing the others of the party.

The locality was approved, and now all were busy in preparation. The hampers were unpacked, and cold meats, poultry, pies of various kinds, pasty, &c. appeared in abundance.

"This is no manager's feast," said Tinfoil; "the fowls are not made of wood, nor is small beer substituted for wine. Don Juan's banquet to the Comendador is a farce to it."

"All the manager's stage banquets are farces, and very sorry jokes in the bargain," replied another.

"I wish old Morris had to eat his own suppers."

"He must get a new set of teeth, or they'll prove a *deal* too tough."

"Hiss! turn him out! he's made a *pun*."

The hampers were now emptied; some laid the cloth upon the grass, and arranged the plates, and knives and forks. The ladies were busy as the gentlemen—some were wiping the glasses, others putting salt into the salt-cellars. Titania was preparing the salad. Mr. Winterbottom, who was doing nothing, accosted her: "May I beg as a favour that you do not cut the salad too small? it loses much of its crispness."

"Why, what a Nebuchadnezzar you are! However, sir, you shall be obeyed."

"Who can fry fish?" cried Tinfoil. "Here are two pairs of soles and some eels. Where's Caliban?"

"Here am I, sir," replied the man, on his knees,

X blowing up a fire which he had kindled. "I have got the soup to mind."

"Where's Stephano?"

"Cooling the wine, sir."

"Who, then, can fry fish, I ask?"

"I can, sir," replied Tom; "but not without butter."

"Butter shalt thou have, thou disturber of the element. Have we not *Hiren* here?"

"I wasn't *hired* as a cook, at all events," replied Tom; "but I'm rather a *dab* at it."

"Then shalt thou have the *place*," replied the actor.

"With all my heart and *soul*," cried Tom, taking out his knife, and commencing the necessary operation of skinning the fish.

In half an hour all was ready: the fair Titania did me the honour to seat herself on my jacket, to ward off any damp from the ground. The other ladies had also taken their respective seats as allotted by the mistress of the revels; the table was covered by many of the good things of this life; the soup was ready in a tureen at one end, and Tom had just placed the fish on the table, while Mr. Quince and Winterbottom, by the commands of Titania, were despatched for the wine and other varieties of potations. When they returned, eyeing one another askance, Winterbottom looking daggers at his opponent, and Quince not quite easy even under the protection of Titania, Tom had just removed the fryingpan from the fire, with its residuary grease still babbling.—Quince having deposited his load, was about to sit down, when a freak came into Tom's head, which, however, he dared not put in execution himself; but "a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse," says the proverb. Winterbottom stood before Tom, and Quince with his back to them.—Tom looked at Winterbottom, pointing slyly to the fryingpan, and then to the hinder parts of Quince. Winterbottom snatched the hint and the fryingpan at the same moment. Quince squatted himself down with a surge, as they say at sea, quoting at the time—"Marry, our play is the most lamentable comedy,"—and was received into the hot fryingpan, inserted underneath him by Winterbottom.

"O Lord! oh! oh!" shrieked Mr. Quince, springing up like lightning, bounding in the air with the pain, clapping his hands behind him mechanically, and instantly removing them, for the fryingpan still adhered. I caught hold of the handle, and I may say, tore it off, for his trousers came with it; and Mr. Quince threw himself on the ground, and rolled with agony, exhibiting his burnt garments to the company.

At the first scream of Mr. Quince, the whole party had been terrified; the idea was that a snake had bitten him, and the greatest alarm prevailed; but when he turned up, and they perceived the cause of the disaster, even his expressions of pain could not prevent their mirth. It was too ludicrous. Still the gentlemen lifted him up, and the ladies consoled with him, but Mr. Quince was not to be reasoned with. He could not sit down, so he walked away to the river side, Mr. Winterbottom slyly enjoying his revenge, for no one but Tom had an idea that it was any thing but an accident. Mr. Quince's party of pleasure was spoiled, but the others did not think it necessary that theirs should be also. A "really very sorry for poor Western," a half dozen "poor fellows!" intermingled with titling, was all that his misfortune called forth af-

ter his departure, and then they set to, like French falconers. The soup was swallowed, the fish disappeared, joints were cut up, pies delivered up their hidden treasures, fowls were dismembered, like rotten boroughs, corks were drawn, others flew without the trouble, and they did eat and were filled. Mr. Winterbottom kept his eye upon the salad, his favourite condiment, mixed it himself, offered to all, and was glad that no one would spare time to eat it; but Mr. Winterbottom could eat for every body, and he did eat. The fragments were cleared away, and handed over to us. We were very busy, doing as ample justice to them as the party before us, when Mr. Winterbottom was observed to turn very pale, and appeared very uneasy.

"What's the matter?" inquired Mr. Tinfoil.

"I'm—I'm not very well—I—I'm afraid something has disagreed with me. I—I'm very ill," exclaimed Mr. Winterbottom, turning as white as a sheet, and screwing up his mouth with pain.

"It must be the salad," said one of the ladies; no one has caten it but yourself, and we are all well."

"I—rather think—it must be—oh—I do—recollect that I thought the oil had a queer taste."

"Why there was no oil in the castors," replied Tinfoil. "I desired Jenkins to get some."

"So did I, particularly," replied Winterbottom. "Oh!—oh, dear—oh, dear!"

"Jenkins," cried Tinfoil; "where did you get the oil for the castors? What oil did you get? are you sure it was right?"

"Yes, sir, quite sure," replied Jenkins. "I brought it here in the bottle, and put it into the castors before dinner."

"Where did you buy it?"

"At the chemist's, sir. Here's the bottle," and Jenkins produced a bottle with *castor* oil in large letters labelled on the side.

The murder was out. Mr. Winterbottom groaned, rose from his seat, for he felt too unwell to remain any longer. The misfortunes of individuals generally add to the general quota of mirth, and Mr. Winterbottom's misfortune had the same effect as that of Mr. Quince. But where was poor Mr. Quince all this time? He had sent for the iron kettle in which the soup had been warmed up, and filling it full of Thames water, had taken his seat upon it, immersing the afflicted parts in the cooling element. There he sat, like "Patience on a monument smiling at Grief," when Mr. Winterbottom made his appearance at the same spot, and Mr. Quince was comforted by witnessing the state of his enemy. Indeed, the sight of Winterbottom's distress did more to soothe Mr. Quince's pain, than all the Thames water in the world. He rose from the kettle, and telling Winterbottom it was at his service, tied a handkerchief behind him to cover deficiencies, and joined the party, who were carousing. He did not sit down, certainly, but he stood and pledged the ladies in succession, till he was more than half tipsy.

In the space of half an hour, Mr. Winterbottom returned, trembling and shivering as if he had been suffering under an ague. A bumper or two of brandy restored him, and before the day closed in, both Winterbottom and Quince, one applying stimulants to his stomach, and the other drowning his sense of pain in repeated libations, were in a state (to say the least of it) of incipient intoxication. But there is a time for all things, and it was time to return. The evening had passed freely,

song had followed song. Tinfoil had tried his bugle, and played not a little out of tune; the flute also neglected the flats and sharps as of no consequence; the ladies thought the gentlemen rather too forward, and, in short, it was time to break up the party. The hampers were repacked, and handed, half empty, into the boat. Of wine there was little left, and by the directions of Titania, the plates, dishes, &c. only were to be returned, and the fragments divided among the boatmen. The company re-embarked in high spirits, and we had the ebb tide to return. Just as we were shoving off, it was remembered that the ice-pail had been left under the tree, besides a basket with sundries. The other wherries had shoved off, and they were in consequence brought into our boat, in which we had the same company as before, with the exception of Mr. Western, *alias* Quince, who preferred the boat which carried the hampers, that he might stretch himself at length, sitting down being rather inconvenient. Mr. Winterbottom soon showed the effects of the remedy he had taken against the effects of the castor oil. He was uproarious, and it was with difficulty that he could be persuaded to sit still in the boat, much to the alarm of Titania and the other ladies. He would make violent love to the fairy queen, and as he constantly shifted his position to address her and throw himself at her feet, there was some danger of the boat being upset. At last Tom proposed to him to sit on the pail before her, as then he could address her with safety; and Winterbottom staggered up to take the seat. As he was seating himself Tom took off the cover, so that he was plunged into the half liquid ice; but Mr. Winterbottom was too drunk to perceive it. He continued to rant and rave, and protest and vow, and even spout for some time, when suddenly the quantity of caloric extracted from him produced its effect.

"I—I—really believe that the night is damp—the dew falls—the seat is damp, fair Titania."

"It's only fancy, Mr. Winterbottom," replied Titania, who was delighted with his situation.—

"Jean trousers are cool in the evening; it's only an excuse to get away from me, and I never will speak again to you, if you quit your seat."

"The fair Titania, the mistress of my soul—and body too, if she pleases—has—but to command—and her slave obeys."

"I rather think it is a little damp," said Tinfoil, "allow me to throw a little sand upon your seat;" and Tinfoil pulled out a large paper bag full of salt, which he strewed over the ice.

Winterbottom was satisfied and remained; but by the time we had reached Vauxhall Bridge, the refrigeration had become so complete, that he was fixed in the ice, which the application of the salt had made solid. He complained of cold, shivered, attempted to rise, but could not extricate himself; at last his teeth chattered, and he became almost sober; but he was helpless from the effects of the castor oil, his intermediate intoxication, and his present state of numbness. He spoke less and less; at last he was silent, and when we arrived at Whitehall stairs, the ice-pail was as firmly fixed to him as the frying-pan had been to Mr. Western. When released he could not walk, and he was sent home in a hackney coach.

"What's in a name?" said Tinfoil, laughing; "at all events there never was a name better fitted to a man than *Winterbottom's* is to-night."

"It was very cruel to punish him so, Mr. Tinfoil," said Titania.

VOL. XXV.—No. 146.

"Cruel punishment. Why, yes; a sort of *impailment*," replied Mr. Tinfoil, offering his arm.

The remainder of the party landed and walked home, followed by the two assistants, who took charge of the crockery; and thus ended the picnic party, which, as Tom said, was the very funniest day he had ever spent in his life.

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

MEMOIRS OF MONSIEUR DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

If there be a spell in words to raise high expectation and eager curiosity in the world of letters and politics, it consists in those at the head of this Article. But these Memoirs are UNPUBLISHED, AND INTENDED TO BE POSTHUMOUS! How, then, have we got a peep at their contents? In the following manner:—Monsieur de Chateaubriand has but a short time ago regaled a select circle of his friends with the high treat of hearing him read these Memoirs at his retreat at the *Abbaye au Bois*. We need hardly say that they were heard with the liveliest sensations of delight, and moved his audience often even to tears. Of this favoured audience one—doubtless not without the permission of Monsieur de Chateaubriand—has communicated to the *Revue de Paris* certain passages and fragments of the MSS., from *recollection*, it is said. These recollections are most vivid, and have all the appearance of being faithful; but there is often more than recollections—whole extracts from the Memoirs themselves. These we are now about to lay before our readers. But we must not omit previously to notice the "*Testamentary Preface*" of Monsieur de Chateaubriand, lately published in the *Quotidienne*. This is certainly the most eloquent preface that ever was written; in itself a piece of high biographical interest. If Monsieur de Chateaubriand's name were not alone sufficient, it would serve to show the deep, varied, and *entraînant* interest of the legacy he is to bequeath to posterity. May this bequest be yet long delayed! May the illustrious testator continue long not only to serve his country by his splendid talents, but to adorn humanity by his brilliant example of whatever is high and chaste in enthusiasm, of whatever is pure and lofty in principle! The following is the preface. It is dated August 1, 1832, and has this motto prefixed:—

"Sicut nubes, quasi navis, velut umbra."

"As it is impossible for me to foresee the moment of my end—as at my age the days granted to man are days of grace, or rather of rigour, I am about, lest Death should surprise me, to explain the nature of a work whose prolongation is destined to beguile the *ennui* of these last deserted hours, which interest no one, and of which I know not how to dispose.

"The Memoirs, at the head of which this preface will be read, embrace, or will embrace, the entire course of my life. They have been begun since the year 1811, and continued till the present day. I have related in that which is finished, and I shall relate in that which is only planned, my infancy, my education, my early youth, my entrance in the service, my arrival in Paris, my presentation to Louis XVI., the commencement of the Revolution, my travels in America, my return to Europe, my emigration to Germany

and England, my return to France under the Consulate, my occupations and my works under the Empire, my journey to Jerusalem, my occupations and works under the Restoration; and, finally, the complete history of the Restoration, and its fall.

"I have met almost all the men who, in my time, have played any part, small or great, both in foreign countries and at home, from Washington to Napoleon, from Louis XVIII. to Alexander, from Pious VII. to Gregory XVI.; from Fox, Burke, Pitt, Sheridan, Londonderry, Capo d'Istria, to Malesherbes, Mirabeau, &c. &c.; from Nelson, Bolivar, Mehemet, Pacha of Egypt, to Suffren, Bougainville, La Perouse, Moreau, &c. &c. I have made part of a triumvirate which has never before an example. Three poets, of opposed interests, and nations, found themselves nearly at the same time, Ministers of Foreign Affairs—myself in France; Mr. Canning in England; and Martinez de la Rosa, in Spain. I have traversed, successively, the vacant years of my youth, the crowded years of the Republic, the pomps of Napoleon, and the reign of legitimacy.

"I have explored the seas of the Old and New World, and trodden the soil of the four quarters of the globe. After having sheltered under the hut of the Iroquois, under the tent of the Arab, in the wigwams of the Hurons, in the ruins of Athens, of Jerusalem, of Memphis, of Carthage, of Grenada, with the Greek, the Turk, the Moor, among forests and ruins; after having donned the bear-skin casque of the savage, and the silken cafetan of the Mameluke; after having suffered poverty, hunger, thirst, and exile, I have sat down minister and ambassador, embroidered with gold, and covered with decorations and ribands at the table of kings, and fetes of princes and princesses, only to fall again into indigence and to experience the prison.

"I have been in relation with a crowd of personages, illustrious in armies, in the church, in politics, in the magistracy, in sciences, and in arts. I possess immense materials, more than four thousand private letters, the diplomatic correspondence of my different embassies, especially some relating to my appointment as Minister of Foreign Affairs, among which are several remarkable pieces concerning particularly myself, hitherto unknown. I have carried the musket of a soldier, the stick of a pedestrian, and the staff of a pilgrim. A navigator, my destinies have shifted with the inconstancy of my sails. A water-bird, I have made my nest upon the waves.

"I have been concerned in peace and in war; I have signed treaties and protocols, and published in the midst of them (*chemin faisant*) numerous works. I have been initiated in the secrets of parties of the Court and the State. I have witnessed, not afar off, but near, the greatest reverses, the loftiest fortunes, the most sounding celebrities. I have assisted at sieges, at congresses, at conclaves, at the re-edification and demolition of thrones. I have made essays on history, which I could have written; and my life, solitary, dreamy, and poetic, has traversed this world of catastrophes, tumult, and noise, with the sons of my dreams, Chactas, Rene, Eudore, Abet Hamet; and with the daughters of my fantasy, Atalla, Amelia, Blanca, Velleda, and Cymodocia. On my age, I have exerted, perhaps without wishing it, and without seeking for it, a triple influence, religious, political, and literary.

"I am no longer surrounded but by three or four contemporaries of a long renown; Alfieri, Canova, Monte, have disappeared. Of its brilliant days, Italy preserves only Pindemonte and Manzoni. Pellico has lingered out his best years in the dungeons of

Stalburg; the talents of the country of Dante are enfeebled to silence, or forced to languish on a foreign shore. Lord Byron and Camoens died young. Walter Scott seems about to leave us, Goethe has just quitted us, full of glory and of years. France has almost nothing of her past, so rich in talent. She is commencing a new era; I remain to inter my age, as the old priest in the Beziers, who was to sound the knell to entomb himself after the last citizen had expired.

"When Death shall have let down the curtain between me and the world, my drama will be found to be divided into three acts. From my earliest youth to 1800, I was soldier and traveller; from 1800 to 1814, under the Consulate and Empire, my life has been literary; since the Restoration to the present day, political. In my three successive careers I have proposed to myself a great task; as a traveller, I aspired to the discovery of the Polar world—as an author, to re-establish religion on its ruins; as a statesman, I have striven to show to nations the representative monarchic system, with its several liberties. I have at least aided to attain that which is worth them all, which replaces them, and holds the place of a constitution—the liberty of the press. If I have often failed in my designs, it was a failure of destiny. Foreigners who have succeeded in their designs, were seconded by fortune; they had behind them powerful friends and a tranquil country. I have not had this happiness.

"Of all contemporary modern French authors, I am the only one whose life resembles his works; traveller, soldier, poet, legist; it is in the woods that I have sung of the woods, in vessels that I have described the sea, in camps that I have spoken of armies, in exile that I learnt of exile, and in courts, in affairs, in assemblies, that I have studied princes, politics, laws, and history. The orators of Greece and Rome were involved in the public cause, and partook of its fate. In Italy and Spain, towards the close of the middle age, the first genius of letters and the arts participated in the social movement. What stormy and splendid lives are those of Dante, of Tasso, of Camoens, of Ercilla, and Cervantes!

"In France, our ancient poets and ancient historians sang and wrote in the midst of pilgrimages and of combats. Thibault, Count of Campagne, Villehardouin Joinville, borrowed the facilities of their style from the adventures of their career. Froissard sought for his history on the high-roads, and learnt it from the knights and abbots whom he met. But from the reign of Francis I., our writers have been isolated individuals, whose talents might be the expression of the mind, but not of the facts of their epoch. If I am destined to live, I will represent in my person—represented in my Memoirs—the principles, the ideas, the events, the catastrophes, the epopœia of my time; this the more faithfully, as I have seen the world from its beginning and end, and the opposed characters of this beginning and this end are mixed in my opinions. I stand myself, as it were, between two ages, as at a confluence of two streams; I have plunged into the troubled waters, borne with regret from the old bank where I was born, and swimming with hope towards the unknown shore, on which new generations will arise.

"My Memoirs, divided into books and parts, have been written at different dates and in different places. These sections naturally introduce sorts of prologues, which recall the events which have happened since the last dates, and point out the places where I resume the thread of my narration. The varying events and changing forms of my life, thus reciprocally cross each other. It happens sometimes that in my moments of prosperity, I have to speak of my unhappy

days, and that in my days of tribulation I retrace those of my happiness. The different sentiments of the various periods of my life, my youth interpenetrating my age, the gravity of my years of experience saddening my years of gayety; the rays of my sun from its dawn to its setting, crossing each other and blended together, like the scattered reflex lights of my existence, giving a sort of indefinable unity to my work; my cradle has something of my tomb, my tomb something of my cradle; my sufferings become my pleasures; my pleasures griefs, and one will not be able to discover whether these Memoirs are the work of a head bald or covered with locks.

"I say not this to praise myself, for I know not whether it be good or whether it be bad, but it has so happened, without premeditation, by the inconstancy of the tempests which have been unloosed against my back, and which have often left me only the raft of my shipwreck, to write such or such a fragment of my life.

"I have felt a paternal affection in the composition of these Memoirs. The notes which accompany the text are of three sorts; the first at the end of the volumes, consist of the corroborative pieces, the second, at the bottom of the pages, are of the same epoch as the text; the third, also at the bottom of the pages, have been added since the composition of the text; they bear the date of the time and place in which they were written. A year or two in solitude, in some corner of the earth, will suffice for the accomplishment of my task. I have had no repose but during the nine months that I slept in the bosom of my mother; and it is probable that I shall only regain this ante-natal repose in the bosom of our common mother after death.

"Many of my friends have pressed me to publish at present a part of my history; but I cannot yield to their wish. First, I should be, in spite of myself, less frank and less true; then I have always imagined myself writing from my coffin. The work has hence taken a certain religious character, which I could not divest it of without injury; it would cost me much to stifle this distant voice issuing from the tomb, which is heard throughout the whole course of the recital. It will not be found strange that I preserve some weakness, and that I am anxious about the fate of the poor orphan, destined to remain after me upon the earth. If Minos judges that I have suffered enough upon this earth to be a happy shade in the next, a little light from the Elysian fields, shed over my last picture, will render the defects of the painter less salient. Life sits ill upon me, Death perhaps will sit better."

It is with reluctance that we stop here, previous to giving our readers a foretaste of these Memoirs, which promise to be so splendid and of such fascinating interest—to make a remark upon the apparent egotism of this preface. This must not be confounded with petty vanity, nor still less with selfishness, of which egotism is generally the sign; for there is a class of genius of which a spiritual abstract egotism is the very essence. Of this kind was the genius of Rousseau and Byron; and of this kind, only refined by high moral and religious tendencies, is the genius of Chateaubriand. This class of genius only sympathizes with the outward universe, as it reacts upon its proper identity. It is an acuteness of sensibility which absorbs in itself all the powers of reason and observation, and individualizes every thing by making it part and parcel of its own essential being. A genius of this kind will always be the prominent figure in every picture he may design; every other figure would

be to him a nonentity, but for the influence, the lights or shadows it casts upon himself, the reality amidst the shows. He therefore groups all things about himself; he cannot stir out of the circle of self, nor is it to be desired he should, for this self reflects humanity. This is the key to the egotism of Monsieur Chateaubriand, which is more or less apparent in all his works. To quarrel with it, is to quarrel with a peculiar character of genius, which, if not of the highest order, has at least the strongest hold upon our sympathies. For our own parts, we love to behold this vivifying principle, not only in his works, but even when it appears more broadly, and takes the semblance (though it may be far removed from it in reality) of vanity. We love to figure to ourselves the chivalrous and enthusiastic old poet and statesman, collecting about him of an evening, in the old aristocratic religious building of the *Abbaye au Bois*, his select circle of friends, and reading aloud the adventures of his youth, and vicissitudes of his life, himself the author, the hero, and the reciter of his narrative. We fancy the enthusiasm with which he recites the story of his juvenile years, (yet retaining their buoyant spirit,) when he found a fairy land in the savage wilds of America, when he roamed its boundless forests, committed himself, a wanderer, with heaven above him and in his heart, to its broad streams, visited in solitude, "*best society*," the appalling Falls of the Niagara, and borne along by ecstatic fancy, and its sudden joys, as it were with wings, lived, as he advanced, unharmed and cherished among successive groups of wild savages, but to him gentle and loving, as the being of his fancy with whom he has peopled their glades. We follow him in all his cadences and elevations, in his bursts of eloquence, and transports of sensibility. We sympathize with the sympathy and admiration of his auditors. We wonder not at the tears of delight which spring to their eyes; and when we look up at the bald head and wrinkled front of the animated reciter, we could hug the old man for his boyish enthusiasm and sensibility, if reverence did not teach us rather to bow to him as the type and model of all that is estimable and admirable in youth, manhood, and old age.

But it is time we should proceed to the narrative. The first volume, then, is devoted to the ancestors, and the father of Monsieur de Chateaubriand, a race of gentlemen of the old *noblesse*, and who lived constantly away from the Court of Louis XIV. One of the most remarkable of this old race was the father of the author. He was poor, as had been his father, and was left alone in the world with his mother. He was scarcely fifteen years of age, when, kneeling before the bed of his mother, he asked her for her blessing, as he had resolved to go and seek his fortune. With his mother's blessing, he embarked at St. Malo. He was twice prisoner, and twice escaped. On his return to St. Malo the last time, he married a young person of noble birth, by whom he had several children. Monsieur de Chateaubriand and his sister, Lucilla, were the two youngest. They were brought up at the chateau of Combours, the ancient mansion of the Chateaubriands, which his father had repurchased. Of the chateau of Combours, desolate and abandoned, there is the following description in *René*. "I arrived at the chateau by the long avenue of pines. I traversed on foot its deserted courts; I stopped to contemplate the closed and half-broken windows. The

thistles which grew at the foot of the walls, the fallen leaves which gathered about the doors, and the solitary vestibule where I had so often seen my father and his faithful servants. The marble basins were already covered with moss. Yellow weeds grew up between their disjointed and trembling stones. An unknown porter opened to me rudely the gate. Covering for a moment my eyes with my handkerchief, I entered beneath the roof of my ancestors. I traversed the echoing apartments, and heard nothing but the sound of my own steps. The chambers were hardly lighted by the feeble light which penetrated through the closed shutters. I visited the room where my mother had expired, that in which my father used to retire, the one in which I had slept in my cradle, and where friendship had uttered its first vows in the bosom of my sister. Everywhere the halls spread before me in melancholy nakedness, and the spider spun its webs along the abandoned cornices. I quitted these scenes precipitately. I left them with a hurried step, and dared not turn round my head as I departed. How sweet, but how rapid, are the moments which brothers and sisters pass together in the society of their aged parents!" If Monsieur de Chateaubriand had not written those Memoirs of his youth, his character might be found in *Rene*. "My temper was impetuous and unequal, alternately buoyant and joyous, and silent and melancholy. Sometimes I assembled about me my young companions, and then suddenly abandoned them to contemplate a passing cloud, or to listen to the rain falling on the leaves." But that which we find not in *Rene*, we find in his Memoirs; that his respect for his father was mingled with terror. His father was a man of tall stature, of a physiognomy sombre and severe, imposing in all his manners, his step heavy, his voice solemn, his look stern. During the day, young Francois de Chateaubriand would rather make a long circuit than meet his father; but on the fall of night the whole family assembled together in the half-deserted chateau, situated in the midst of woods, and far from all other habitation. In a vast hall they spent their evenings; the mother and the two youngest children sitting within the embrasure of the immense chimney, and the father, enveloped in his cloak, pacing the apartment backwards and forwards in silence. As this lord and master got more distant from the chimney corner, the conversation between the mother and the children became more animated; as his footsteps sounded more distant, the children's voices became louder, but as the old Count returned from the door to the chimney, the conversation lowered; and the more he advanced, the more the voices sank. Sometimes he would stop before the chimney, and not a whisper was heard; but if by chance there were, his stern voice demanding "*who speaks?*" produced again the most profound stillness. Thus were the evenings spent in alternate chatter and silence. At eleven o'clock the old *seigneur* retired to his chamber, then the mother and children would listen till they heard him walking above; his footstep made the old floor groan; as soon as all was silent, the mother, son, and daughter, uttered a cry of joy, and the two children began to play a thousand frolics, or amused themselves in telling ghost stories. Among these stories there is one which Monsieur Chateaubriand relates in his Memoirs. The following is a feeble sketch of this tale:—One night at midnight an old monk in his cell heard a knocking at

his door. A plaintive voice called to him. The monk hesitated to open. At last he rises and opens. It was a pilgrim who demanded hospitality. The monk gave a bed to the pilgrim, and threw himself upon his own. But scarcely was he asleep, when he sees the pilgrim at the side of his bed, signing to him to follow him. They go out together. The door of the church opens and then shuts behind them. The priest at the altar celebrates the holy mysteries. Arrived at the foot of the altar, the pilgrim takes off his cowl, and shows the monk a death's head. "You have given me a place by your side," said the pilgrim, "and in my turn I will give you a place on my bed of ashes." The delightful terrors occasioned by such tales as these, made the brother and sister cling close together. Nothing is more touching than the pages of Monsieur de Chateaubriand when he speaks of his beautiful affectionate sister, Lucilla. All his infancy was passed by her side; they had both the same sorrows, the same pleasures, the same terrors. "Timid," he says, "and under constraint before my father, I only found joy and content in company of my sister; she was a little older than me. We loved to climb the hills together, and together to traverse the woods at the fall of the leaf; the recollection of these walks yet fills my soul with delight. Oh! illusions of infancy and my country! Sometimes we walked in silence, listening to the wailing of the autumn winds, or to the noise of the dried leaves which rustled under our feet; sometimes we pursued with our eyes the swallow in the meadow, or the rainbow upon the cloudy hills, and sometimes we murmured together verses which the spectacle of nature inspired. We had both a strain of sadness in our hearts. This we derived from God and our mother."

We cannot afford to follow Monsieur Chateaubriand through all his school adventures. These require the charms of Monsieur Chateaubriand's style to give them that interest which they no doubt possess in his Memoirs, but which appear a good deal faded in the *recollected* narrative of the *Revue de Paris*. But we must not omit to mention that he was educated at the college of Rennes, and that his favourite studies were *Horace* and the *Confessions of St. Augustin*, which last book seems to have determined the religious character of his genius. From college he entered the army, and became, as far as military drill and duties are concerned, in the language of his colonel, an *accomplished officer*. His new military education being finished, his father determined to send him to Paris, to make his way by his own merits; but before he enters upon this new scene, he once more visits Combourg. Thus he speaks in his *Memoirs* on the occasion of this last visit:—"I have only revisited Combourg three times," (since his first absence we suppose.) "At the death of my father, all the family were assembled in the chateau, to say to each other *adieu*. Two years afterwards I accompanied my mother to Combourg; she went to have the old manor-house furnished, as my brother was about to establish himself there with my sister-in-law; my brother, however, came not into Brittany, and shortly after mounted the scaffold with his young wife, for whom my mother had prepared the nuptial bed. The last time I took the road to Combourg, was on arriving at the port where I was to embark for America. After sixteen years of absence, when about to quit my native soil for the ruins of Greece,

to embrace the remnants of my family in the of Brittany, but I had not courage to under- the pilgrimage to my paternal fields. It was in the shades of Combourg that I have become I am. It was there I saw my family united dispersed. Of ten children only four remained. Another died of grief, and the ashes of my father were scattered to the winds. If my works save me, if I should leave behind me a name, a traveller, perhaps, some day, guided by these winds, will stop a moment in the places I have visited. He may recognise the chateau, but he looks in vain for the wood; it has been felled; the cradle of my dreams has disappeared like my friends themselves. Alone remaining upon its ruins the antique dungeon seems to regret the splendour which surrounded it, and protected it from storms. Isolated like it, I have seen, like it, the family which embellished my days, and afforded me shelter, fall around me. Thanks to Heaven my life is not built so solidly upon the earth as the towers in which I passed my youth!"

The scene now changes to Paris. The venerable Monsieur de Malesherbes, the defender of Louis XVI., and whose daughter was married to the elder brother of Chateaubriand, seems to have been the first who appreciated the talents of young Chateaubriand. The following is the sketch which the memoirs give of this venerable character, who, in his extreme old age, with his granddaughter and her husband, perished by the guillotine. "The alliance which united his family to mine procured me often the happiness of approaching him. I seemed to become stronger and freer of mind when in the presence of this virtuous man, who, in the midst of the corruption of courts, preserved, in an elevated rank, the integrity and courage of a patriot. I shall long recollect the interview I had with him: it was in the morning I found him, by chance, alone with his granddaughter. He spoke of Rousseau with an emotion which I fully partook of. I shall never forget the venerable old man condescending to give me advice and saying,—'I am wrong to speak of these things with you; I should rather urge you to moderation: that warmth of heart which brought so much evil on our friend. I have been like you: in my youth I revolted me; I have done as much good as I could, without counting on the gratitude of men. You are young; you have many things to see. I have but a short time to live.' I suppress what I should have said of the freedom of intimate conversation, and the influence of his character, made him add. The tranquillity which I experienced on quitting him, felt a presentiment that I should never see him again."

Monsieur de Malesherbes was a man of large stature, but the feebleness of his health prevented him from appearing so. That which was astonishing in him was the energy with which he expressed himself in his extreme old age. If you saw him seated with his head leaning back, with his sunken eyes, his gray eyelashes, and his benevolent air, you would have taken him for one of those august personages painted by Lesueur. When the sensitive chords were touched, the light flashed forth. His eyes immediately opened and shone. Words of fire came from his mouth; his countenance, before so pensive, became animated, and a young man in the effervescence of youth seemed before you; his bald head, his words a little confused, from the infirmity of his pronunciation, caused by his want of hearing, recalled again the old man. This contrast revealed the charm found in his conversation, as one

admires those fires which burn in the midst of the snows of winter.

"Monsieur de Malesherbes has filled Europe with his name, but the defender of Louis XVI. was not less admirable at the other epochs of his life than in his last days, which so gloriously crowned it. As a patron of men of letters, the world owes to him the *Emilius* of Rousseau; and it is known, that he was the only man, the Mareschal of Luxemburg excepted, whom Jean Jaques sincerely loved. More than once he has opened the gates of the Bastille; he alone refused to supply his character to the vices of the great, and came out pure from places where so many others had left their virtue behind them. Some have blamed him for giving in to what has been called the *principles of the day*. If by this is meant hatred of abuses, Monsieur de Malesherbes was certainly culpable. For my own part I avow, that if he had been merely a good and loyal gentleman, ready to sacrifice himself for the King his master, and to appeal to his sword rather than to his religion, I should have sincerely esteemed him, but I should have left it to others to write his eulogium."

From the city Monsieur Chateaubriand passes to the Court. To be presented to the King, it was necessary to be military, and of the grade of captain at least. He therefore obtained that rank, and was admitted to the honours of the Court, and saw Louis XVI. face to face. Thus he speaks of this unhappy and amiable monarch and victim:—

"Louis XVI. was of an advantageous stature; his shoulders were large, and his belly prominent. His walk was ungainly, rolling, as it were, from one leg to the other; his vision was short; his eyes half shut; his mouth large; his voice hollow and vulgar. He was fond of a hearty laugh; his air announced gayety,—not the gayety, perhaps, of a superior mind, but the cordial joy of an honest man, coming from a conscience without reproach. He was not without knowledge, especially in geography. For the rest, he had his weaknesses like other men. He loved, for example, to play tricks upon his pages, and to spy, at five o'clock in the morning, from the windows of the palace, the movements of the gentlemen of the Court as they left their apartments. If at a hunt one passed between him and the stag, he was subject to sudden fits of anger, as I have experienced myself. One day, when it was excessively hot, an old gentleman of the stables, who had followed the chace, being fatigued, got down from his horse, and, stretching himself on his back, fell asleep in the shade. Louis passed by, perceived him, and thought it a good joke to wake him up. He got down then from his horse, and, without wishing to hurt this ancient servant, he let fall rather a heavy stone on his breast. Awakening up, the old gentleman, in the first moment of pain and anger, called out,—'Ah! I know you well in this trick; you were so from your infancy; you are a tyrant, a cruel man, a ferocious animal!' And he continued to overwhelm the King with insults. His Majesty quickly regained his horse, and half laughing, half sorry that he had hurt a man whom he loved much, muttered as he went away,—'Ha, ha! he is angry! he is angry! he is angry!'"

But what was Versailles, its Palace, and its Court, to Monsieur Chateaubriand, whilst the Bastille was taking at Paris, and the Revolution, with its mighty events, were in full career of development! What his opinions were at the commencement of the Revolution is not stated, but he had personal acquaintance with all the great disorganizing spirits, who let loose its fierce elements, and were afterwards pulverized and swept from

the scene by its ravaging breath. He seems to have known Mirabeau intimately, dined often with him, and accompanied him to the tavern. One day as they got up together from dinner after a long animated conversation, Mirabeau, laying his two large hands on the shoulders of his young companion, said to him, alluding to their conversation, "They will never pardon me my superiority." But the horrors of the Revolution soon ensued, and whatever illusions the brilliant vision of prospective liberty and regeneration might have cast over the imagination of the young poet, they quickly melted away at the touch of *humanity*. The blood, the crimes, the rant and fury, which early began to blot out and swallow up every fair hope in despair and dread, awakened his uncontrollable indignation; this was too strong to be suppressed in one so ardent and humane; and on one occasion, seeing a head carried on a pike before his hotel, he called out of his window, "Murder, murder! assassins, assassins!" This virtuous ardour and indignation would soon doubtless have brought him to the guillotine, if Monsieur de Malesherbes, compassionating his youth and virtue, and foreseeing, that if he remained in France, he would surely fall a victim to his generous and courageous sentiments, had not persuaded him to make the voyage to America.

"If I were in your place," said Monsieur de Malesherbes, "I would go to America; I would undertake some great enterprise: I would travel for ten years." This idea fired the imagination of young Chateaubriand. He had already a great enterprise in his mind. It is thus he develops in his Memoirs the idea of this enterprise:—

"The voyage which I then undertook was only the prelude of another much more important, the plan of which I communicated to Monsieur de Malesherbes on my return. I proposed to myself nothing less than to determine, by land, the grand question of the South Sea passage by the North. It is known, that in spite of the efforts of Captain Cook and other navigators, it has always remained in doubt."

One can hardly help smiling at this project of discovery terminating in those beautiful tales or poems by which Monsieur de Chateaubriand has immortalized his wanderings in America. For our parts, however, we are perfectly contented that it has so terminated. Let others travel and discover, but their travellings and discoveries, however important, will never be to us half so delightful, as contemplating this young enthusiastic "*echappe*" from civilization, this *refugee* from the existence of a Court, fleeing refinement and crime, and plunging into the depths of savage life as into a bath, to cleanse and rejuvenate his spirit, and then to send it forth in all its beautified purity, to explore, to marvel at, to be transported with the springing wonders of nature where man is not. He became, as it were, a playfellow of the forests and mighty streams; all eye, all heart, all ecstasy. But what is most delightful, he humanizes upon every thing he sees. Nothing encounters his sight, even in inanimate nature, nothing is shaped by his fancy, but it immediately vibrates upon some chord of his heart. How different is *humanity* from *civilization*! Compare the scenes which were then going on in Paris, with those which Monsieur de Chateaubriand found in the huts of the wild Indian warriors and huntsmen. This contrast heightens the delight which we feel in accompanying him in his poet's rambles through a new world. But we must proceed with the Memoirs.

Monsieur de Chateaubriand embarked for America at St. Malo, on the 6th of May, 1791. The sentiments he experienced on his first arrival, are well described in his "*Genie du Christianisme*."

"I remained for some time with my arms crossed, looking about me with a confusion of feelings and ideas, which I could not disentangle then, and which I cannot at present describe. This continent, unknown by the rest of the world in ancient times, and in the modern for many ages; its first savage destinies, and its fate since the arrival of Christopher Columbus; the domination of the monarchies of Europe shaken off in this new world; their old societies renewed in this young country; a republic of a nature hitherto unknown, announcing a change in the human mind, and in political order; the part which my country had taken in these events; these seas and shores owing partly their independence to French blood; a great man, Washington, arising suddenly in the midst of these discords and deserts, the inhabitant of a flourishing city in the same place, where, a century before, William Penn had bought a slip of ground from some Indians; the United States, sending to France, across the ocean, the revolution and liberty; finally, my own destinies, the discoveries which I aimed at in those native solitudes, which yet extended their vast domains behind the narrow empire of foreign civilization,—these were the reflections which occupied my mind."

Another pointed reflection he makes is—"There is nothing old in America, but the woods, the sons of the earth, and liberty, the mother of all human society."

The recital of his interview with Washington is very pleasing.

"A little house of the English construction, resembling the houses in its neighbourhood, was the palace of the President of the United States. No guards, no valets. I knocked—a young servant-girl opened to me. I asked her if the General was at home. She asked me my name, which being difficult to pronounce in English, she could not retain. But she said, 'Walk in, sir,' and went before me through one of those long and narrow corridors, which serve as a vestibule to English houses. She introduced me into a parlour, and told me the General would attend me. I was not moved; greatness of soul or of fortune never disconcert me. I admire the first, without being humbled by it. The world inspires me with more pity than respect. Never has the face of man troubled me. In a few minutes the General entered. He was a man of large stature, his demeanour calm, rather cold than noble. He resembles his pictures. I presented him my letter in silence; he opened it, turned to the signature, which he read aloud, exclaiming—'Colonel Armand!' It was thus that the Marquis de la Rouverie had signed. We sat down. I explained to him as well as I could the motive of my voyage. He answered me by monosyllables in French or English. He listened to me with astonishment. I approached him, and said with vivacity—'But it is less difficult to discover the North-East passage than to create a people as you have done.'—'Well, well,' said he, '*young man*,' stretching to me his hand. He invited me to dine with him on the following day, and we parted.

"I was exact to the rendezvous. We were but five or six guests. The conversation turned almost entirely on the French Revolution. The General showed us the key of the Bastille. These keys were silly toys, which were then distributed in the two worlds. If Washington had seen, like me, the vanquishers of the Bastille in the gutters of Paris, he would have had less faith in his relic. The seriousness and the force of

olution was not in its bloody orgies. At the execution of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, the same day of the faubourg St. Antoine demolished the ancient temple of Charenton with as much zeal as he devastated the church of St. Denis in 1793. Such a meeting with this man, who has emancipated the world. Washington had sunk into the tomb; any fame was attached to my name; I passed him as the most unknown being. He was in all my labour, and I in all my obscurity. Perhaps my name did not remain a whole day in his memory.—I am I, nevertheless, that his regards have fallen on me. I have felt myself warmed by them during the course of my life. There is virtue in the regard of a great man. I have seen since Bonaparte. Thus history has shown me two persons, whom it has seemed to place at the head of the destinies of the world.

After having taken leave of Washington, Monsieur de Chateaubriand pursues his route. The following passage, which will find a place in his Memoirs, shows, however, how little his mind was bent on every thing. The fact seems to be, that this originated in that ardent longing for indefinite repose which characterizes genius, before it attains its own nature and quality. Monsieur de Chateaubriand soon found the vast and the romantic heart and in nature, which had allured him to the subject which he only saw in its distance and immensity, without calculating the severe trial which it would impose upon the fancy. The passage we allude to is as follows:—

"I then set out for the country of savages, and embarked in a packet-boat, which ascended the river from New York to Albany. The society of passengers was numerous and agreeable, consisting of Frenchmen, women, and some American officers. A fresh breeze impelled us gently to our destination. Towards the evening of the first day, we assembled on the deck for a collation of fruits and milk. The women reclined on benches, and the men placed themselves at their feet. The conversation was not long. I have always remarked that the aspect of a sublime nature produces an involuntary silence. By and by one of the company cried out, 'It was here that Major Andre was executed.' Immediately all eyes were scattered. A very pretty American lady asked to sing a romance made on this unfortunate man. She yielded to our entreaties, and sang with a voice, timid, but full of softness and emotion, while the sun was setting. We were then sailing between two lofty mountains. Here and there, suspended over their abysses, single cabins sometimes appeared, and sometimes disappeared, among clouds, white, and partly rose-coloured, which floated tranquilly at the height of these habitations. The rocks, and the bare tops of pine trees, were sometimes seen above these clouds, and looked like islands floating in the sea. The majestic river, hemmed up between two parallel banks, stretched a straight line before us, and anon turning towards the right, rolled its waves round some mount, which, plunging into the stream with all its plants, resembled a great bouquet of verdure bound to the foot of a purple zone. We all kept a profound silence. On my part, I hardly dared to breathe. Nothing interrupted the plaintive song of the young passenger, or the noise which the vessel made in gliding over the water."

"The capture goes on increasing as he advances into the interior—into the virgin forests of Ame-

rica. Having passed the Mohawk, I found myself

in woods that had never felt an axe, and fell into a sort of ecstasy. I went from tree to tree, to the right and left indifferently, saying to myself—no more roads to follow—no more cities—no more narrow houses—no more presidents, republics, kings. . . . To try if I had recovered my original rights, I played a thousand wilful freaks, which enraged the big Dutchman, who served me as a guide, and who thought me mad."

This state of rapturous excitement, this intoxication of delight, so pure, so free, so buoyant, awakens all our interest, all our affection, for the young enthusiast. He has experienced, he has enraptured himself, with the *reality* of a poet's dream. We ask not what has become of his passage. How can a thought of civilized life come to disturb his enjoyments? He is among the savages. He accompanies the wild Indian on his hunting parties; he drinks, smokes, and broils his steak in his hut; he is one of his family, dancing and singing with the pretty Indian girls, sharing in their loves, and in the exercises and pastimes of their brothers; or he is in the great forests—free, free! Why should he compel his mind to think on any particular subject? This would be to him slavery. No; let his thoughts and fancies come and go like the airs of heaven. There is room in his breast for their circulation, since he is untrammelled by civilization. Let him cast himself on the lake Erie, and from its banks behold those splendid serpents which inhabit them; let him learn their habits, and call them by their names; or, if you will, he will make them dance to his flute. Sometimes let him stand on the banks of the lake to contemplate the thousand fish that disport on its translucent waves; or let him stop suddenly to listen to the song of strange birds; or, shutting his eyes, hearken to the multitudinous waters of the river as they rush into the sea.

This ecstasy, says an auditor of the Memoirs, has no end. Long pages are sometimes only long exclamations, breathing the very essence of contentment and happiness. In one place he says—"I was more than a king. If fate had placed me on a throne, and a revolution hurled me from it, instead of exhibiting my misery through Europe, like Charles and James, I should have said to amateurs: If my place inspires you with so much envy, try it, you will see it is not so good. Cut one another's throats for my old mantle. For my part, I will go and enjoy in the forests of America the liberty you have restored me to."

But this realized dream must end; and this is the manner he was awakened from it.

"Wandering from forest to forest, I approached a new American settlement. One evening, I saw on the banks of a streamlet, a farm-house built of the trunks of trees. I demanded hospitality, and it was granted. The night fell. The habitation was only lighted by the flame of the hearth. I sat down by the corner of the chimney; and whilst my hostess prepared my supper, I amused myself in reading, stooping my head, at an English journal which had fallen to the ground. I perceived these letters: 'FLIGHT OF THE KING!' This was an account of the evasion of Louis XVI., and the arrest of the unfortunate monarch at Varennes. The journal also spoke of the increased emigration, and the assembling of nearly all the officers of the army under the banners of the French princes. In this I thought I heard the voice of honour, and I abandoned my projects."

Returned to Philadelphia to embark, the first thing that reminded him he was a civilized man, was his want of money to pay his passage. The

captain, however, consented to take him, trusting to his word for payment. In his passage, he encounters a terrible tempest. The description of this tempest finishes the fourth book. "When a Dutch vessel is assailed by a tempest, officers and sailors shut themselves up in the inside of the vessel; all the port holes are shut; the dog of the vessel is alone left on the deck, who howls at the storm. Meantime the officers and sailors drink and smoke till the storm ceases. When it is over, the dog ceases to bark, and the crew come again on the deck—and I," says he, "I am the dog of the vessel, whom the restoration left on the deck to give warning of the storm, whilst it was under shelter."

As soon as Monsieur de Chateaubriand returns to Paris, he marries and takes obscure lodgings in a little obscure street, behind the church of St. Sulpice. His picture of Paris, at that moment of terror, is said to be magnificent and terrible. Robespierre, Danton, Marat, the Convention, the Jacobin club, the theatres, the cries, the clamours, the atrocious vociferations of the Mountain, of the populace, the street scenes, the tribune, the prisons: every thing which the ravelled up scene of horror, which Paris in '92 presented, has afforded matter for his eloquent pen. But honour and patriotism called him away from these orgies of blood and crime. He emigrates; and the following justification of this step, as it might properly find a place in his Memoirs, we here transcribe.

"I put to myself this question when writing the Siege of Trent. Why has Thrasybulus been raised to the clouds? And why are French emigrants trodden to the dust? Both cases are rigorously the same. The fugitives of the two countries, forced into exile by persecution, took arms in foreign lands in favour of an ancient constitution of their country. Words cannot alter things. Except that the first contended for a democracy, and the latter for a monarchy, the facts are the same.

"An honest foreigner by his fireside, in a tranquil country, sure to rise in the morning as he laid down at night, in possession of his fortune, his doors well shut, his friend within, and security without, may prove, whilst drinking his glass of wine, that the French emigrants were to blame, and that a citizen should never quit his country. But this honest foreigner is at his ease; no one persecutes him; he can go where he will, without the fear of being insulted or assassinated; his house is not set fire to; he is not hunted like a wild beast, merely because his name is John, and not Peter, and that his grandfather who died forty years ago had a right to sit in a church with three or four harlequins in livery behind him. * * * But it is for misfortune to judge. The vulgar heart of prosperity cannot comprehend the delicate sentiments of misfortune. If one considers without passion what the emigrants suffered in France, who is the man, who, putting his hand to his heart, would dare to say, 'I would not have done as they did!'"

Monsieur de Chateaubriand then determines to emigrate, but he has no money; the fortune of his wife consisted only of assignats. At last he gets a notary in the Faubourg St. Honore to advance him 12,000 francs on these assignats. But on returning home he meets with a friend: they walk and talk together, and at last they enter a gambling-house. At that time gaming was perhaps the most innocent amusement that remained. To a gentleman, society was dangerous, and the relaxations of the people were in the clubs and round the scaffold. Whether from curiosity, or

ennui, or weakness, Monsieur de Chateaubriand plays, and loses all his money except 1500 francs. With this he departs, gets into a fiacre, and drives home. On arriving, however, when he would hand his portfolio to his wife, he finds it gone. He had left it, with his last 1500 francs, in the hackney-coach. Nevertheless, Monsieur de Chateaubriand had imbibed too much equanimity of soul in the forests and among the savages of America, to be disturbed by this. He sleeps as profoundly and tranquilly as if nothing had happened. In the morning, by great good luck, a young priest comes to him and returns him his portfolio, within which was his name and address, with the money. This priest had hired the hackney-coach immediately after he left it. He now directs his course to Bruxelles, travelling as a wine-merchant, and commissary of the army. Bruxelles was then the general rendezvous of the army of the Princes. The emigration was at that time divided into two parties, the first come and the last come; the first attributed to themselves exclusively the right of restoring the ancient dynasty. Monsieur de Chateaubriand was therefore very ill received, and from captain of cavalry became simple soldier, in one of the Breton companies, which were marching to form the siege of Thionville. With his knapsack on his back, and his musket on his shoulder, he marched gayly forward. One day he met the King of Prussia, Frederick William, on horseback. "Where are you going?" said the monarch, "I am going to fight," replied young Chateaubriand. "I see the French nobleman in that answer," said Frederick, and, saluting him, passed on. Monsieur Chateaubriand had a similar conversation at Bruxelles with Champfort, a man once of celebrity, but whose name is now almost forgotten. "From whence do you come?" asked Champfort. "From Niagara."—"Where are you going to?"—"To where battles are fought." Nevertheless, in spite of this gayety and buoyancy of spirit, he felt sensibly the immense sacrifice he had made to principle, and the very small return of gratitude and consideration it brought with it. "The Bourbons had not need," says he, "that a cadet of Brittany should return from beyond the seas to offer them his obscure devotion: If I had lit the lamp of my hostess with the journal which changed the destinies of my life, and continued my voyage, no one would have perceived my absence, for none knew that I existed. It was a simple question between me and my conscience, which brought me back to the theatre of the world. I might have done as I wished, as I was the only witness of the debate. But of all witnesses this is the one before which I should fear most to blush."

We regret that our limits will not permit us to follow the young soldier through his campaigns, and to give in his own words, for no other words could do them justice, the piquant anecdotes he relates, and to show the sportive happy spirit with which he sustained—enjoyed, we might say—every privation. Sometimes we have him preparing the soup for his company, at others washing his shirt in the stream; but we wonder not at the gayety and serenity of his temper, for at this moment he was writing *Atala*. One day the manuscript of *Atala*, which he carried in his knapsack, was pierced by a ball, and thus saved the poet's life; but he adds, with a smile. "*Atala had still to sustain the fire of the Abbe Morellet.*"

But we had heavier hardships than mere privations to suffer. He receives a wound in the leg,

and is at the same time attacked by the small-pox and the dysentery, which was called the malady of the Prussians. But his courage does not abandon him. He marches as long as he can walk.—When he passed through the towns, the road to the hospital was always pointed out to him, but he passed on. At Namur, a poor woman seeing him tremble with fever, feeling pity for him, threw an old blanket over his shoulders, and he continued his route with this covering. At last he is perfectly exhausted, and falls into a ditch by the roadside. In this state, motionless and senseless, he is picked up by a company of the Prince de Ligne, which chanced to pass, and transported in a wagon, to Bruxelles. But there he found every door shut against him; he goes from hotel to hotel, from house to house, in vain. He has no money to pay for his lodging; and lame, sick, ill, and apparently on the point of death, he is every where refused harbour. When in this abandoned condition, without help and without resource, seeking only a place to lie down and die, a carriage passed him; in this carriage was his brother. He had 1200 francs in his pocket—he gives the half to Francis, and bids him adieu to re-enter France, and to die on the scaffold. Having had his wounds dressed, and recovered a little strength, M. de Chateaubriand determines to go to Jersey, to rejoin the royalists of Brittany. He is conducted to Ostend. "At Ostend," the Memoirs here speak, "I met several Bretons, my compatriots and my comrades, who had formed the same project as myself. We hired a little bark for Jersey, and were shut up during the passage in its hold. The bad weather, the want of air and space, and the motion of the sea, exhausted the little strength I had left; the wind and the tide obliged us to put in at Guernsey. As I was on the point of death, I was carried on shore, and placed against a wall, my face turned to the sun, that I might breathe my last. The wife of a sailor happened to pass; she took compassion on me, called her husband, and aided by two or three other English sailors, transported me into the house of a fisherman, and placed me in a good bed. It is probably to this act of charity that I owe my life. The next day I was re-embarked on board a sloop of Ostend. When we arrived at Jersey, I was completely delirious. I was received by my maternal uncle, the Count de Bédouet, and remained several months in a state between life and death. In the spring of 1794, thinking myself sufficiently strong to take arms again, I crossed into England, where I hoped to find the direction of the princes; but my health, instead of mending, continued to decline; my chest was affected, and I could hardly breathe. Some skilled doctors who were consulted, declared that I might linger out some weeks, perhaps for some months, perhaps for some years, but that I must avoid all fatigue, and not count on a long existence.

"Throw open the doors for his Excellency my Lord Viscount de Chateaubriand, Peer of France, Ambassador at London, and Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, &c." It is with this exclamation that Mons. de Chateaubriand breaks off, when the contrast between his first and second sojourn in England presents itself to his mind. His Memoirs are filled with these admirable contrasts and sudden exclamations. We must here break off; indeed there is little more to notice. The Memoirs, so far as they have yet proceeded, terminate nearly in this place. They stop after his first voyage to England. Nevertheless, his last read-

ing was the relation of his journey to the place of exile of Charles the Tenth; so that they are not written consecutively, but are filled up according as his humour dictates. He has made only two copies of them; one in the hands of Madame de Chateaubriand, and the other in those of Madame Recamier. It is said that they are already sold to an English bookseller for £1000 per volume. It is needless to add any comment. Doubtless it will be an invaluable acquisition to have the mighty events which have chequered Mons. de Chateaubriand's life, and the destinies of the world of Europe during its period, exhibited to us, as they have passed through and been coloured by such a mind. He himself in his own person represents a principle; the aristocratic and religious principle of society. He represents it in all its splendour, in all its purity, in all its power; a more unexceptionable representative could not be chosen to place it in its happiest light. Mons. de Talleyrand, as we are told, is writing his Memoirs. He also represents a principle—the antagonist principle; the principle of popular ascendancy, of unbelief, of expediency. He is equally a most favourable representative, to set his principle in its best point of view, being without violence, without crime, without exaggeration, and sincerely desirous of the good and happiness of mankind. When we have the Memoirs of these two master-minds, we may say we have the picture of the mind of Europe during their epoch, and of the two antagonist principles, whose collision has flooded Europe with blood, and still continues to agitate and threaten it with further revolutions. But how differently will the same events appear, seen through such different optics!

O. D.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TO OUR OLD HOUSE CLOCK.

Old friend! that many a long day through,
(Dog-days and all,) in brown surcoat,
Hath stood ensconced, with wintriest look,
In thy warmest side o' the chimney-nook—
'That standeth still' the self-same place,
With that same cool composed face,—
A few, by the way, 'mid sentient creatures,
Made up of more expressive features,
Nor e'er in all that weary while,
Hath utter'd plaint of durance vile—
In that stiff garment all of oak,
Thy sentry-box—of heat or smoke,
Or ask perpetual—worse than mighty,
Monotonous—of tedium vite,
Or else reflections on thy truth,
From weary age—impatient youth,
Of Time's deliver'd message, scorned,
Or heeded not by those thou'st warned.

All these, and other ills in turn
"That clocks are heirs to," has thou borne
With patience most exemplary—
No peevish frown, or look awry,
Marring the polished, placid grace
Of that broad, smooth, reflecting face.
That shineth still (example rare
To mortal dames) as smooth and fair,
As first, some fourscore years ago,
To the admiring light it shone.

Yet I, who've known thee long and well,
Could of some prison secrets tell—

How all unseen by mortal eye,
In darkness and in mystery,
When all the house at deep midnight
Is hushed and still—like tortured sprite,
Deep hollow murmurs—long-drawn groans
Thou utterest, and unearthly tones,
Such as if heard by silly ear
Of simple Joan, she quakes for fear,
Shrinks down beneath the bed-clothes deep,
And pants and prays herself to sleep.

Old friend! I've listened many a night
To those strange murmurs with affright
Unmoved, or superstition's dread,
Yet, as to utterings from the dead—
Low mystic breathings—sounds of doom
Deep-voiced, up-issuing from the tomb—
For these, methought, 'twas *Time's own* tongue,
Not thine, that solemn dirge that sung.

But Fancy from her loftier range
Descending soon—a milder change
Came o'er my spirit, that full fain
To thy familiar voice again
Gave ear, discoursing soft and low
Of things that have been long ago—

Sweet memories of that blissful time,
Life's dayspring! lovelier than its prime,
When, with the bird on summer morn
That carolled earliest from the thorn,
I was astir, and singing too,
And gathering wild-flowers wet with dew,
Till summon'd in, old friend! by thee,
(Far-sounding through our cowslip lea,)
To the dear breakfast board, I came
With scatter'd curls and cheek of flame
All glowing with the fresh wind's kiss,
One to receive of purer bliss—
What was the balmiest morn's caressing
To that best balm—a Parent's blessing?

And when the winter evening long
Closed round us, and the cricket's song
Click'd from the clean-swept hearth, where Di
Stretch'd yawning out, luxuriously—
The curtains deeper dropt—thrown on
The hoarded log—the tea things gone—
The candles trimmed and bright—and we
A silent—not *unsocial* three—
In our warm parlour snug together—
Little cared we for winter weather.

There sat my Mother—on that chair,
Intent on book or work; and there,
Just opposite, my Father sate
Poring o'er task elaborate,
All redolent—(his angler's books)—
Of summer time, green fields, and brooks—
Arrangement finically nice!
Snares of all pattern; each device—
Insects, with such ingenious art
Copied from nature—every part
So perfected with curious skill.
You only wonder'd they were still.

Proud was my Father's little maid,
His nestling neighbour, when the aid
Of her small fingers was required—
(What ministry like Love's unhired?)
And young sharp eyes, some hair so fine,
Some feathery filament to twine
In cunning knot, that quaintly wrought,
Must be invisible as thought;
The service done, a kind lip pressed
Her up-turned brow, and she was blessed;
And soon, old friend! thy warning tone
Telling her happy day was done,

Down kneeling at the Mother's knee,
Hands clasped, and eyes raised reverently,
The simple prayer was simply said,
The kiss exchanged—and then—to bed.

Not yet to sleep—for fancies vain
Crept oft into that busy brain,
At that lone hour—some light and gay—
Of birds and flowers—of toys and play—
Ambitious some—of bold essay
At lofty rhyme—conceptions grand
Of giants, dwarfs, and fairy land—
Or elegy on favourite bird,
Dormouse or lamb—(first griefs that stirred
The deep—deep source!)—and some of fear,
As all in darkness, on the ear
Smote strangest sounds.—Hark, hark! and then
How the heart throbbed!—and there again!
What could it be?—a groan—a knock—
"Oh dear! 'tis only our old Clock."
Then, witless child, thy simple head,
With happy sigh sank bank in bed,
And e'er revolved the minute hand,
Thy soul was in "the dreaming land."
Oh! days, of all I ever knew
The happiest—aye, the wisest too,
In that sweet wisdom of the heart,
Our fallen nature's better part—
That lingering of primeval light,
Not yet all sunk in sin and night.

'Twill be renewed that blessed time!
'Twill be renewed that loveliest prime;
Renewed, when we again shall be
Children around the Father's knee
Of one immortal family!
Our portion each—(no more to part)—
Angelic wisdom—childlike heart.

Ah! wandering thoughts—ye've stolen away
From your dark prison-house of clay;
From earth to heaven! a pleasant track!
Too pleasant to be trodden back
Without a sigh. But, ancient friend!
Not here our colloquy must end—
'Thy part therein I freely own
Subordinate; an undertone
Of modest bass—But thou art one
Too sober, serious, and sedate,
To be much given to idle prate—
So, to thy grave concerns attend,
And let me talk. Ah, honest friend!
Sparing and measured though thy speech,
What eloquent sermons dost thou preach
When the heart listens. Wo to me
If profitless such listening be.

But to thy chronicles.—Full well
Was thy watch kept, old sentinel!
Full well thine endless duty done—
While fluttering on from sun to sun,
A butterfly among the flowers,
I noted not the passing hours,
Till the rain fell—the storm beat sore,
And that sweet summer dream was o'er.

Then first, old friend! thy voice to me
Sounded with sad solemnity;
The tones upon my heart that fell
Deep mingled with a passing bell.

Since then, through many a chequered scene
Of good and ill my path hath been—
The good—a gleam not long to last;
The evil—widely overcast.
But still to thee in many a mood,
By night—by day—in solitude,

led round—in hope or fear,
turned my care-awaken'd ear
in oracle—that spoke
than the time dividing stroke.

adsome to my soul, thy sound,
, wakening first from sleep profound
's *deep light* slumber) the first morn,
ong absence, of return
' dear home—Oh, happiness!
in quiet consciousness
around—The picture there—
oks—the flower-glass filled with care
ind hand—And then to know,
but to rise, and meet below
a heart's welcome!

Wo is me,
veet and bitter memory
t old time! Of those bright wakings
ved by some—Ah! sore heart-breakings,
ig a wreck of youthful feeling
d the reach of Time's own healing.
ough all powerless evermore
young illusions to restore—
iful dream!) the wise one brought
d exchange, awakened thought,
ned seriousness; and Hope
rushed below, took higher scope,
savenly—for her after-flight.
in the watches of the night,
nine own heart while communing,
! 'twas an awful, *pleasant* thing
ar thee tell how time went on,
ow another hour was gone.
rthly hopeful little care
d how swift Time's pinions are—
ey attend with willing ear
annot make their heart's home here.

nithful watchman! time hath been
re than one late after scene,
listening to thy voice, I've said,
ould that restless tongue were staid."

id so—weak and selfish heart!
time drew near that I must part
some beloved, whose sojourn here
have made sunshine all the year;
presence for a little day
d half the wintry clouds away.

ought so—weak and sinful heart!
some were summoned to depart—
from their labours here to cease,
ll of days, faith, hope, and peace,
ng had lingered here in pain;
is in them, their countless gain—
ith long watching, worn and low,
ul-opprest for tears to flow;
the deep hush of night and death
a the house—and every breath
those dear lips, the *last* might be;
ddering ear I've turned from thee,
man! whose every minute stroke,
ver'd nerves o'erstrained, broke
a leaden, pond'rous blow
n some hollow vault below—
for an hour," I could have prayed,
n reckoner! that thy tongue were staid."
things are past. Of hopes and fears,
urrent now, of lengthening years
narrowing in a deeper bed,
ark of early feeling dead,
I subdued and chastened—

ttle yet. The Christian strife
ish but with *finished* life—

The spirit may be all resigned,
Yet inly bleed—The willing mind
Too oft may faint—The hopeful eye
Sink rayless in despondency;
But one who sees the secret heart
In all its griefs can take a part—
Can pity all its weakness too—
For He who ne'er corruption knew
Nor sin, hath yet our nature borne
And hung at woman's breast—
And He hath said—O! words that calm
The troubled heart with holiest balm,—
"Come unto me, ye travel-worn!
And I will give you rest."

C.

From Tail's Magazine.

A CHAPTER ON FLOGGING.

BY AN OLD OFFICER.

FROM my earliest childhood I have had an abhorrence for the very sound of the word *flog*. It has, notwithstanding, been my fate to witness this inhuman custom in various forms, and to know experimentally the abominations of birch-rods, ferulæ, rattans, horsewhips, and that modern substitute for thumbscrews and racks, the cat-o'-nine-tails. I speak feelingly on the subject, when I say that I regard flogging as one of the *sorest* evils under the sun. My memory is singularly tenacious, and I remember every flogging I have received. This may be owing to my natural irritability of skin; for my medical attendant, during a recent attack of erysipelas, seriously assured me that he had never seen an instance of such an irritable epidermis; however, I can aver that I perfectly remember every twinge of my first sound birching. This splendid operation took place on the following occasion:—I was sent to a respectable academy, at Rumford, in company with an elder brother, a few days after a celebrated contest for Middlesex between Burdett and Mainwaring, in which my father, being an attache of the Court, had given his vote for the Tory candidate; and when, on arrival in the playground, some of the boys requested to know, in a boyish kind of slang language, what side I was for, alluding to some kind of play, I innocently mistook the question for a challenge as to my politics, and very vehemently shouted aloud "Mainwaring for ever!" A hearty ha! ha! ha! from some twenty urchins, followed this unlucky exhibition of my notions of the fitness of things in Middlesex. And as I was from that time forth dubbed "Mainwaring-for-ever," it is easy to believe that sundry pugilistic encounters followed my unfortunate *debut*. In these I was generally successful; but, nevertheless, I was still doomed to hear (what now became an uncouth sound to my ears) the name of the sitting member for Middlesex. At length my brother, having bestowed a drubbing on a boy whose metal was too much for me, the young rascal, in malice, accused him of the heinous offence of employing another boy's towel to wash himself on some occasion; and, though I knew him to be innocent of the crime, he was, to my sincere sorrow, visited with a "sound flogging," as the domine delighted to express himself, when announcing the coming torture. This was one of the cruelest exhibitions, save one, I ever witnessed.

The time chosen for the execution of his sentence was after washing, previous to going to bed; when the culprit, as he was termed, was undressed. I perfectly well remember the very corner of the school-room in which I sat trembling and crying for my brother's sufferings, while he was most unmercifully lashed from the shoulders downwards, till his back was one mass of bruises and bleeding wounds. The master was a clergyman, and his favourite text was anent the sparing *not* the rod; at least he preached every day to us boys on the subject; and never did he allow three days to elapse without practising what he preached. I slept with my brother; and when I went to bed, and more closely examined the state of his back, and reflected on the cause of his sufferings, I very strenuously urged him to accompany me in running away from the tyrant. This was decided upon; and the following Sunday morning was fixed for carrying the intention into effect. The reason of that morning being chosen, was the circumstance that the master never made his appearance on a Sunday till we saw him in the pulpit, and the usher indulged longer in bed than usual. As we thought it advisable to divide the attention of the pursuers, who, we anticipated, would follow our heels, we advised with another boy, whose grievances were the theme of the school, he having been repeatedly and brutally flogged, when we could perceive no cause; and, as his parents resided about four miles out of Epping, in the direction of the forest, it was agreed that we should all take that direction, he being acquainted with the localities. Accordingly, at the usual hour of rising, six o'clock, (it being summer time,) we three took care to be down rather earlier than any of the other boys. But when we had reached the lobby and procured our caps, a difficulty occurred, which nearly discomfited our plan of operations. The chain had not been as yet removed from the door, nor the bolts withdrawn. The key turned readily in the lock; but the bolts made a hideous squeaking noise, and the chain fell from our tremulous hands with a rattle which brought the surly old cook up out of the kitchen. We had the presence of mind, however, to begin pelting each other with our caps,—and she, mistaking the noise she had heard for our play, after a grumble about breaking the Sabbath, descended to her under-ground abode. This untoward incident had completely cowed the big boy, and even my brother voted that it would not do. It must be remembered that they had both been flogged and were under the vile influence of fear; I at that time was intact, and, therefore, perhaps, was more determined. I can only account for my temerity in this manner; for I have since been convinced that flogging is destructive of courage. Finding them hang fire in this manner, I stepped forward, saying that I at least would not stay to be flogged for nothing; and smartly opening the door, which nobody staid to close, soon found myself past the kitchen window, the last source of danger; and in a few minutes we had all cleared the town and passed the turnpike. As we anticipated that we should have but small grace, since we should infallibly be missed at breakfast, if not before, we lost no time in crossing the fields and making towards the forest, which offered ample means of concealment. Accordingly, having reached a rising ground about two miles from the town, which commanded a view of the path for

about half a mile, we established a secret post for the enemy, while the remainder of the party sought for a good hiding-place. A quarter of an hour had elapsed, when we called our friend the usher, accompanied by a dozen of the oldest boys of the school, who were on our track in hot pursuit. A friendly old man, about forty yards from the stile, over which we knew they must pass, enabled us to escape our noble selves, and in a few minutes we were to the satisfaction to perceive our friends making their way towards that country where D. lived. Our course was clear, and in another quarter of an hour we were in the thickest part of Epping forest, amusing ourselves by observing the progress of our pursuers upon the green-sward.

Having escaped all danger of a repetition, we partook of our breakfasts with a good appetite. We had made provision for this important occasion, by preserving some mutton pies which the school pie-woman had brought for us the previous half-holiday; and to these we added some biscuits and cheese. About ten o'clock we broke cover; and D. bidding us adieu, went his way homewards, calculating on reaching his father's about noon, when the usher also would be departed: while my brother and I went for the London road. We pursued our way towards the metropolis, not without some misgivings, and reached St. Paul's at near four o'clock in the afternoon. As we had been educated piously, we thought it well to enter the church and listen to the service, which, being tolerably rested, we did so. Homewards, having still about a dozen miles to travel. At nine o'clock at night, we arrived at Edmonton church-yard; and calling on a nurse of mine, who occupied one of the houses, she regaled us with tea, and then accompanied us to see us safe home. At length, at half-past ten o'clock, we arrived safely at home, to the inexpressible joy of my mother, whose apprehension for our safety had driven them nearly into a fever. The next morning, my father, driven in his gig to my father's, where he arrived, and of course told his own story. My mother, in consequence, prejudiced against us, refused to see us at all. I believe this conduct on his part made a strong impression on my brother; as for myself, I was so shocked at the injustice and apparent want of affection, that I safely aver that *from that hour I have never loved my father*. I have ever respected him, and done my duty towards him: but as a child was gone from the moment that he informed us that he would not see us the next morning, we were to be put in a chaise, and sent back to school, *to be re-*

Sore-footed and weary as we both were, we walked off twenty-five miles by the direct road, besides the extra walk in the forest, which made it near thirty miles, our spirits were broken, and we unhesitatingly assured that we would again run away, if we were flogged; but that the next time we would go down to the river and enter as boys some ship; and if my age, for I was on the verge of my eleventh year, should be such that then we would join a party of gipsies, and certainly free

ng and all its abomination. However, my
sisted; and in the morning we were again
off to Rumford. My mother accompa-
and before parting, she extracted a pro-
m the master that he would pardon us,
port that we should not be flogged. On
wing morning we were paraded before
s, and my brother, being the eldest, was
flogged" on the back, in despite of
er's promise. My turn came next; and I
are my readers, that I did not lose any
of the effects of the stupendous fellow's
; for I was unable to crawl for many

other and I were then handcuffed together
eral days; and afterwards, as we both
nd severally refused to promise that we
ot again try to run away, we were, first
d then the other, chained by the leg to
ool-room door. At length I became quite
om chilblains, and the chain was remitted,
no longer necessary. Shortly after, the
s arrived, and we returned home; but being
olute on the subject, we were sent to an-
chool.

eighteen months subsequently, I was ap-
one of his Majesty's officers, with the very
nt rank of midshipman. I was now des-
witness my greatest abomination in all its
I had not been many days on board be-
heard a hollow sound reverberating round
ate's decks, and which seemed to bring a
f gloom over all the faces round me. Again
rds were repeated, "All hands, a-hoy!" I
inquired the meaning of this mytery, and
swered by a lad about sixteen years old,
all hands to punishment, my boy; you are
see a man flogged."

dea of a *man* being flogged at all, or under
sible circumstances, had never before en-
y brain. I had as yet no notion that such
e of brutality could exist; I had indeed
hat boys were flogged, but how they could
man was to me a mystery. My reflections
oken in upon by observing all my mess-
usily engaged in putting on their cocked-
ords, dirks, &c. And as this was the first
ad sported my new dirk, except in play,
put it on at home to surprise my sister.
dazzle the brightest eyes in the world,
owner's name was Caroline, I felt very
and mingled sensations as I strutted forth
quarter-deck. The marines were drawn
the larboard side of the deck, with their
s fixed, and their officer with his sword
resting against his shoulder. On the
ck the seamen had all assembled in a
rowd about the hatchway, and the said
y was ornamented with several gratings
on one end, evidently for some purpose,
had never yet seen accomplished. The

in their full uniforms, with swords and
ats, were pacing the deck in great num-
it all was still and solemn silence. At
he captain, a stern, but yet good-looking
me forth from his cabin; the marines car-
reir arms at the first appearance of his
ove the ladder, which led from the cabin-
the quarter deck. The first-lieutenant,
ff his hat, approached the captain, and re-
hat "all was ready."

e captain came up to the gangway he re-
is hat; which was followed by all the men

and officers becoming uncovered; and, then, taking
from his pocket a printed copy of the articles of
war, he read aloud a few lines, which denounced
the judgment of a court-martial on any person
who should be guilty of some particular offence,
the nature of which I did not understand. This
done, he ordered Edward Williams to strip; add-
ing, "You have been guilty of neglect of duty, sir,
in not laying in off the foretopsail yard, when the
first-lieutenant ordered you; and I will give you a
d—d good flogging." By this time the poor fellow
had taken off his jacket and shirt, which was
thrown over his shoulder by the master-at-arms,
while two quarter-masters lashed the poor fel-
low's elbows to the gratings, so that he could not
stir beyond an inch or two either way. It was in
vain that he begged and besought the captain and
first-lieutenant to forgive him; protesting that he
did not hear himself called, in consequence of hav-
ing had a bad cold, which rendered him almost
deaf. His entreaties were unheeded; and at the
words, "Boatswain's-mate, give him a dozen," a
tall, strong fellow came forward with a cat-o'-nine-
tails, and having taken off his own jacket, and
carefully measured his distance, so as to be able
to strike with the full swing of his arm, he flung
the tails of the cat round his head, and, with all
the energy of his body, brought them down upon
the fair, white, plump back of poor Williams. A
sudden jerk of the poor fellow almost tore the
gratings away from their position; he gave a
scream of agony, and again begged the captain,
for the sake of Jesus Christ, to let him off. I was
horror-struck on seeing nine large welts, as big
as my fingers, raised on his back, spreading from
his shoulder blades nearly to his loins; but my
feelings were doomed to be still more harassed.
For, as soon as the tall boatswain's-mate had
completed the task of running his fingers through
the cords to clear them, and prevent the chance
of a single lash being spared the wretched sufferer,
he again flung them round his head to repeat the
blow. Another slashing sound upon the naked
flesh, another shriek and struggle to get free
succeeded,—and then another and another, till
the complement of twelve agonizing lashes were
complete. The back was, by this time, nearly
covered with deep red gashes; the skin roughed
up and curled in many parts, as it does when a
violent blow on the skin causes an extensive abra-
sion. The poor man looked up with an imploring
eye towards the first-lieutenant, and groaned out,
"Indeed, sir, as I hope to be saved, I did not hear
you call me." The only reply was, on the part of
the captain, who gave the word, "Another boat-
swain's-mate!" "Oh, God, sir, have mercy on
me." "Boatswain's-mate, go on; and mind you do
your duty!"

The effect of one hundred and eight cuts upon
his back had rendered it a fearful sight, but when
these had been repeated with all the vigour of a
fresh and untried arm, the poor fellow exhibited a
sad spectacle. The dark red of the wounds had
assumed a livid purple, the flesh stood up in man-
gled ridges, and the blood trickled here and there
like the breaking out of an old wound. The pipes
of the boatswain and his mates now sounded, and
they called "all hands up anchor!" The gratings
were quickly removed, and of all the human beings
who had witnessed the cruel torture on the body
of poor Edward Williams, not one seemed in the
slightest degree affected. All was bustle and ac-
tivity and apparent merriment as they went to

teersman, four active seamen, to superintend the flogging on the boat when alongside the different ships, and to attend to the fastenings which were to be passed round the knees and elbows of the prisoner; also two others, (his own messmates,) to lace or remove the blankets around him, as occasion might require, give him water, &c.; also the drummer, who was placed in the bow to beat the rogue's march while passing from ship to ship; the surgeon, to watch the pulse; the master-at-arms, to count the lashes; four marines, with fixed bayonets; and, lastly, myself to command the boat.

The boats from the fleet, one from each ship, with an officer and six or eight seamen, and two or more marines in each, were now assembled round the ship by signal; and exactly at a quarter past eight o'clock, the prisoner, in charge of the master-at-arms, came down the side, and stepped into the boat, in which I had already taken my station. The seats of the boat were covered with ratings, and above them was erected a stage, consisting of two triangles, one at each end of the boat, between which were lashed two strong and long poles. To these poles the knees and arms of the prisoner were fastened with small cords, and, he being stripped all but his trousers, was then covered with a blanket tied round his waist, and another thrown over his shoulders.

The men on board were next ordered up to the rigging, so that every person on board might see the whole operation. The captain, taking off his hat, which was followed by all on board, and in the boats which were lying on their oars, within ear-shot, then proceeded to read the sentence of the court-martial. This effected, the boatswain of the ship appeared in the launch; the blanket was removed from the culprit's shoulders, and, he (the boatswain) inflicted the first twelve lashes. The poor fellow screamed, and groaned, and struggled; but all this, like the struggles of the dying sheep under the knife of the butcher, passed unheeded. The boatswain returned on board, and two boatswain's mates came down and completed the number of fifty lashes. The blanket was immediately thrown over his shoulders, the people were piped down out of the rigging.—I gave the word of command to shove off, and the boats which took the launch in tow began to row towards the Admiral's ship, the drummer striking up the rogue's march. The origin of this idea of having music in the boat was no doubt to drown the groans of the sufferer, lest the ordinary feelings of humanity should revolt against the barbarous practice of so mutilating the body of a fellow creature.

A quarter of an hour elapsed, during which the poor Welshman's groans mixed with the vile sounds of the drum, and we were again alongside of a large two-decked ship, the men of which exhibited themselves in the rigging on our approach. The towing boats lay on their oars: we hooked on to the ship, and three stout fellows jumped into the launch, with each a new cat-o'-nine-tails ready in his hand, prepared to expend his strength on the neck of the sufferer. The first-lieutenant of the ship came to the gangway. I handed him a copy of the sentence, which he read aloud to the crew, and the boatswain's mates removed their jackets ready for the infliction. The cats, as I have just observed, were new; their lashes or tails were made of strong white cord, just the thickness of a common quill; and the glue or size, which is worked into the cord, had not been removed by soaking in water: they curled up, and were lit-

rally almost as stiff as wires. As officer of the boat, I objected to their being used, for the first time, on the poor man; others were procured, which had been well worn, and told many a tale of suffering. He looked at me gratefully, and said, in a weak voice, "Thank ye, sir."

The blanket was removed, and I observed the poor fellow shudder, as the cold air struck the bleeding sore on his flesh. The next moment a heavy lash fell on it, and his screams were agonizing. He received a dozen lashes, and then began to cry out for water. The punishment was stopped till he had taken some. He told me, that at this period, the thirst he felt became intense; and that each lash caused a violent burning pain at his heart, and seemed to fall like the blows of a large stick on his body; but that the flesh was too dead to feel that stinging smart he felt at first and when the flogging was renewed.

The same scene was repeated alongside two other ships, with the like interval of misery to the sufferer, and of disgust and vexation to myself for ever becoming one of the many unfeeling wretches, who were so seriously occupied in torturing this poor wretch. Perhaps many others felt as disgusted as I did. Two hundred lashes had now been inflicted with a cat-o'-nine-tails, or eighteen hundred strokes with a cord of the thickness of a quill. The flesh, from the nape of the neck to below the shoulder-blades, was one deep purple mass, from which the blood oozed slowly. At every stroke a low groan escaped, and the flesh quivered with a sort of convulsive twitch; the eyes were closed, and the poor man began to faint. Water was administered, and pungent salts applied to his nostrils, which presently revived him in a slight degree.

At this period I gave the doctor a hint, by asking the master-at-arms, in a loud tone, how many lashes the prisoner had received. "Two hundred lashes exactly, sir," was the reply. I knew this very well: but it answered the purpose; for I saw the doctor look at me, and then order him to be taken down. This was instantly done, and I ordered a fast boat in the vicinity to take him on board. The poor fellow was laid on some blankets in the stern sheets, the sail hoisted, and in a quarter of an hour he was in his hammock in the sick berth, and the doctors were engaged dressing his wounds. Five weeks after this, I was again compelled to superintend a farther mutilation of the back of poor Evans. This time he looked more miserable than ever; his frame was shrunk and his cheeks fallen; and when his shirt was removed, I observed that the wounds were barely healed over, and that all about the sides of them there were dark discolourations, which indicated a state of disease. I was surprised that the medical men allowed him to be again taken out for punishment. The first six lashes, given by the arm of an Herculean Irishman, brought the blood spirting out from the old wounds, and then almost every blow brought away morsels of skin and flesh.

It would be disgusting the reader to detail again the minutiae of this second flogging. Suffice it to say, that the poor fellow fainted when he had received another 150 lashes; but the surgeon, deeming him still capable of a little more punishment, another thirty-three were inflicted. A second faint and a convulsive action of the eyes put an end to his torture; he was removed to the guard-ship; and having taken 383 lashes, the remaining 117 were remitted by order of the Admiral. The ship

sailed for a cruise in the North Sea; and some months after, we heard that poor Evan Evans had been sent to the prison at Marshalsea, where he fell into a consumption and ended his days. This was just what I had expected; for it was clear that the first flogging had given the death-blow to the unfortunate Welshman.

I think that any argument against the system of torturing our seamen would have little effect with those readers whose minds are not made up to condemn it after perusing the above account, which is not in the slightest degree exaggerated; and I have no observation to make to those, who have, like myself, already determined that it is as offensive to humanity, as it is contrary to good policy. How, indeed, can we expect seamen to enter the service, or willingly to remain in it, when they know that they have no protection from such cruel tortures? If it be asserted that discipline demands it, I deny the assertion, on the experience of half a century; and I point to the fact of the strictest discipline being maintained in the Coast Guard service, where no cruelty of the kind is permitted by the law.

Let not the indignation of the humane public, however, fall upon the officers of the Navy for practising the inhumanity; the law too frequently compels them thereto. Let the law-makers then be blamed; let the members of Parliament wince, for they are the chief culprits. The articles of war are part and parcel of an Act of Parliament. Why do not the public, with one voice, demand the repeal of that brutal law?

—
From Fraser's Magazine.

MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU.

[The insolence with which the subject of this portrait is treated by Fraser's Magazine, would induce us to omit the article, were it not a part of a regular series. We again protest against any supposed agreement in opinion with the writer. *Ed. Mus.*]

MOORE has lately expended some verses on this lady, which, though not particularly good, will in all probability outlive the productions of Miss Martineau herself; and the future commentator on the Moorish poetry of Tom Browne the Younger will be somewhat puzzled to tell who was the lady summoned by the bard in the verses beginning with

"Come, live with me, and be my blue."

We will assist him,—for, doubtless, one of the first works the literary antiquary of future centuries will consult must be FRASER'S MAGAZINE,—by the delineation of her countenance, figure, posture, and occupation, which will be found on the opposite plate. He will readily agree with us, after proper inspection, that it is no great wonder that the lady should be pro-Malthusian; and that not even the Irish beau, suggested to her by a Tory songster, is likely to attempt the seduction of the fair philosopher from the doctrines of no-population.

She is, of course, the idol of the *Westminster Review*, and other oracles of that peculiar party; which, by all persons but themselves, is held to be the most nauseous mixture of the absurd and the

abominable that ever existed. Some of them forget which, in an article which we dignified England as a land of wonders, in consequence of having had the merit of producing a young lady capable of writing on the effect of fish diet upon population; and we agree with them so far as to say, that it was indeed a wonder that such themes should occupy the pen of an old or young, without exciting a disgust approaching to horror. Mother Woolston (in some of her shameless books—books which we seriously consider to be in their tendency only marred by their stupidity) more atrocious and degrading than the professional scene works which are smuggled into clandestine circulation, under the terrors of outraged modesty, boasts that she spoke of the anatomical science of man among anatomists "as man speaks of man." Disgusting this, no doubt; but far more disgusting than when we find the more popular topics of generation, its impulses and consequences—which the common consent of society, even in the ordinary practice of language (a little philology or etymological consideration will explain to a cognoscent reader what we mean,) has veiled by the decent covering of silence, or left to be examined only with philosophical abstraction brought daily, weekly, monthly, before the eye, as the leading subjects, the very four thoughts, of essays, articles, treatises, tales! romances!—to be disseminated in all hands, to lie on the breakfast-tables of the rich and the fair, and to afford them matter of conversation. We wish that Miss Martineau were down in her study, and calmly endeavouring to pick to herself what is the precise and proper meaning of the words used by her school—preventive check—what is moral check—what is they are intended to check—and then a self, if she is or is not properly qualified to write a commentary on the most celebrated number of Mr. Carlile's *Republican*; or to refute the sentiments addressed by the learned Panurge to the Dame de Paris, as founded upon false notions of philosophy.

We are sorry, for many reasons, to write so sorry that we should have to speak in censuring a lady for any thing—sorry that the cause of reform should be of such a kind—sorry that the pages should be soiled by any allusions to such subjects at all; and we shall therefore escape as soon as possible, to the refuge of the picture before us. Here is Miss Harriet in the fullness of economical philosophy; her tea-thin ink-bottle, her skillet, her scuttle, her chamber-pot, all of the Utilitarian model; and the cat, on which she bestows her kindest caresses, is a cat which has been trained to the utmost propriety of manner by that process of instructions which we think the most efficient on all occasions. she sits cooking—

—"rows
Of chubby duodecimos;"

certain of applause from those whose power is in ruin, and of the regret of all who feel respect for the female sex, and sorrow for perverted industry, or, at least, industry; doomed to wither in the approbation of political economists; and haunting it about for their hour,

—"thence
Be buried at the Row's expense."

From Tait's Magazine.

LIFE OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

BY HIS BROTHER, MR. JAMES CARRICK MOORE.

"**Cain, Cain!** where is thy brother?" We take up this cry, though in a milder tone, where the *Edinburgh Review* has left it off. In an article in the last number of that journal, the Memoir of Sir John Moore, or rather the author of that Memoir, is treated with freedom and severity, rare in the modern meally-mouthed periodicals. The review, or the attack and exposure, appears to be written by a fiery and fierce Radical,—an enthusiastic admirer, brother officer, and fervent personal friend of Sir John Moore, who understood his character, enjoyed his confidence and venerated his opinions,—and who is, accordingly, roused to generous, if somewhat excessive, indignation and scorn, at the "counterfeit presentment" given of that illustrious man to the world by his brother. The greatest marvel about the article is how any thing so "refreshing" should have found a way into the *Edinburgh Review*. We shall marvel more if it be not made the ground of careful explanation and apology. Though we respect the writer's motives, and acknowledge the necessity of the unpleasant office he has assumed in exposing and branding the omissions, suppressions, and virtual misrepresentations of the biographer of Moore, we are not able to persuade ourselves that Mr. James Moore really feels spite or jealousy to his brother's memory, or that he would wilfully sacrifice the character of Moore to subserve his own paltry prejudices as a violent Tory. On the contrary, there is ample evidence that, like all his kindred, Mr. James Carrick Moore feels a high and justifiable pride in the fame and talents of the ornament of his family. But he appears a man of a cold and timid nature, strongly warped by the meanest and narrowest spirit of party, just in his intentions, though utterly incapable of appreciating, in its noblest points, the character of his brother. Reading the Memoir, without the gloss subsequently furnished by the reviewer, we had set it down as the cold, flat, tame, and somewhat sneaking production of a frigid and very cautious person, incapable of warm or enlarged sympathy with the subject of his delineation, but honest withal; and it vindicates the propriety of the review to say that the book gave us an unpleasant and rather derogatory impression of the character of Sir John Moore, inasmuch as it tended to dispel those seeming illusions which had hallowed the memory of Moore as a good and also a great man. This original impression derived from the work, we have no doubt would have been the general one, save for the blistering antidote so promptly, though unceremoniously administered. Still we could have largely indulged Mr. James Carrick Moore in venting many of his favourite notions and nostrums, had he not, to favour his own commentaries, suppressed the opinions of his more enlightened and liberal brother. With this he is distinctly charged, and the case is one of pregnant suspicion. By the author's admission, General Moore, from an early period of his professional life, kept a Journal of the public events in which he bore a part, or which were passing around him. This Journal is described by the reviewer in terms which whets curiosity, and enormously increases the weight of the biographer's sins of omission, in having furnished the public with such meagre and comparatively uninteresting extracts.

In censuring some of the details given, with which, however, we have no quarrel, the reviewer

thus adverts to what England wants. "She wants the nervous thoughts, the penetrating views, the sagacious anticipations, the careful arrangements, the prompt and daring execution of the consummate Captain We protest against this monstrous injustice. We protest against it as Englishmen and as friends of Sir John Moore. We protest against it, because we know the whole extent of the injustice—because we know that his Journal alone would make more than two thick volumes; and that, in simplicity of style and gravity of matter, that Journal may almost vie with Cæsar's Commentaries; that it treats of nothing mean or irrelevant to great affairs; that it embraces the transactions of many years, ending only within a few days of his death,—and yet seems, from the unity of moral feelings, to have been written in one day; that it exhibits, and in the most natural manner, the thoughts, the feelings, the views, the intentions, and the opinions of a good and great man; and that, from the first word to the last, nothing unworthy of his high spirit is there to be found. Why, then, is this Journal suppressed or garbled? We will inform our readers:—*The hatred of oppression, the contempt for folly and weakness in power, the frank and bold opinions, the noble sentiments therein contained, would have rendered his biographer's political prejudices and petty sentiments so ridiculous by the contrast, that he could not, for very shame, have permitted them to stand.*" These are sorry reasons for suppression; and this description of the rich materials for his work, of which the biographer, to execute his task faithfully and satisfactorily, had only to permit the appearance, leaves him wholly without apology. From what we see of General Moore's correspondence, we can gather that his father had urged him to keep this important Journal, of which his brother has made such scanty if not perverting use. Here the case rests between Mr. James Carrick Moore and the public, and here it may probably remain. He may, perhaps, claim "the right of doing what he likes with his own;" or he may be piqued, in vindication of himself, to do that justice to his brother's memory, to which he is so boldly challenged. In the meantime, it is but fair to say, that the accuser has either entirely overlooked, or scornfully undervalued, whatever merit the work does possess. That merit lies chiefly in the glimpses we obtain of the amiable and prepossessing domestic character of General Moore; his generous and steadily kind feelings to all his relatives and personal friends, and especially his affectionate devotion, from childhood to his dying hour, to his mother; whose pride in her son became at last a feeling of overpowering and almost painful solicitude. Nor, we must confess, are the intrepidity, gallantry, and quick sense of honour, which distinguish Moore, the soldier, wanting in his brother's portrait of his darling hero of Scotland.

It is, somehow, with a certain feeling of national appropriation, that all natives of this country think or speak of Sir John Moore. In the most eventful period of European history, when her sons were not backward in any field, General Moore was pre-eminently her SOLDIER—*sans peur et sans reproche*; beloved for those engaging and amiable qualities of heart and disposition by which he was early distinguished, as much as he was admired for talents and military accomplishments, and the unspotted honour, and chivalrous gallantry of the hero of heroic times. The singular train of misfortune, marked out, as it almost seems, by a resistless fatality, which attended his life

campaign, and his premature and glorious death, sealed and consecrated his memory and his fame in the heart of Scotland; and far be it from us to check the warm flow of generous national feeling, or blame it as excessive. Even the vain efforts of envious and jealous detractors, enhanced his distinguished merits. We are not meaning to class with his enemies the few sanguine and generous, though rash, spirits, who censured Sir John Moore in honesty, feeling impatient of his mistrust of the patriotism, the energy, and high-heart of the Spanish people. Yet those headlong, impulsive, and somewhat poetical personages, who are only required to marshal hosts on paper, and do battle in bold guesses, should have remembered that Britain had not intrusted to them immense interests and the safety of a great army. And neither was it the people of Spain whom Sir John Moore mistrusted. He had found much that was good, and noble, and hopeful, among the insurrectionary negroes of St. Lucia, and the rebels of Ireland. The objects of his distrust were the incapable men in power, the treacherous, the faltering, and the truckling, in all their grades and complexions, whom he had ever in moments of national peril, found most rife among the corrupt aristocracy of all countries, however true and sound, and full of glowing patriotism and the high sense of national honour, the heart of the people might be. In few military leaders were "blood and judgment so well commingled." His failure was not his fault. It was the unavoidable misfortune of a position of complicated difficulty. It was his fortune to bear the brunt of the contest, where others came off safely and reaped the honours. In that ever-memorable Spanish campaign he seemed a marked victim, struggling with a blind, resistless destiny. We have heard officers, who served in the early Peninsular campaigns, contrast the military *luck*—call it by the plain and superstitious name of soldiers—of Sir John Moore with the *luck* of Sir Arthur Wellesley, in their respective openings of the war. Against the universal favourite of the British army, whose military judgment was as much respected as his general character was enthusiastically admired, every event appeared to conspire, while the stars in their courses seemed to fight for his more *lucky*, successor. It is at least certain, that no human foresight or sagacity, no possible calculation, could, in the peculiar circumstances, have averted the train of disasters which overtook, and, for a season, overwhelmed the one chief, and, by a concurrence of fortuitous events, contributed powerfully at the outset, to the slow and sure successes of the other. But our object is to gratify our readers with a brief account of the life of one whose very misfortunes make him the more affectionately remembered and profoundly revered.

Sir John Moore was a native of Glasgow—a proud city, it being the birthplace of modern Scottish heroes and worthies may reckon for honour. To the inhabitants of Glasgow Mr. James Carrick Moore has, with equal good feeling and propriety, dedicated the Memoir of his brother—his fellow-citizens having erected a monument to the memory of Sir John Moore, their noble townsman.* Moore was born on the 13th November, 1761.—

*Unless some Radical earthquake, or democratic whirlwind, shall sweep along George's Street, what a mortifying contrast will Glasgow afford in the eyes of posterity in its public monuments, to our boasted metropolis? In the one, the monuments of Sir John Moore and James Watt,—in the other those of Henry Dundas, the first Lord Melville, Pitt, and the Fourth George!

He was the eldest of the surviving children of a numerous family. His father, Dr. Moore, then practising physician in Glasgow, is nearly as well known as his son. It is amusingly characteristic of the grave and precise nature of Mr. James Carrick Moore, that he describes his father as "a physician and moral writer." He would not class him with Goldsmith, Fielding, Smollett, and Scott, as that equivocal or undignified literary character a—*novelist*.

The mother of Sir John Moore was the daughter of Professor Simson, of the Glasgow University, and the niece of the celebrated geometrician of that name. There are, moreover, claims to "gentle blood," on the other side of the house, with which, as the biographer is not very certain himself, we shall not interfere. Young Moore was educated at the High School of Glasgow, and had for one of his school-fellows Sir Thomas Monro. Dr. Moore who was not without the common and laudable, though not the highest strain of ambition, that of *getting on* in the world, undertook to accompany the young Duke of Hamilton to the continent, as medical adviser and travelling tutor. Their absence was to be for several years; and to soften the sacrifice, he was allowed to take his eldest son, then a boy of eleven, along with him.—For this mode of life, singular in a settled practising physician with a large family, he pleaded the interests of that family, and exhorted his wife to keep up her spirits. That she might be enabled to do so, he sent her, from time to time, such mother-charming histories of her eldest son as the following:—

"You may enjoy all the pleasure that a mother ought to feel in the certitude of having a most promising son. Jack is really a pretty youth; his face is of a manly beauty, his person is strong and his figure very elegant. He dances, fences, and rides with uncommon address. His mind begins to expand, and he shows a great deal of vivacity, tempered with good sense and benevolence. He is of a daring and intrepid temper, and of an obliging disposition."

In the Memoir we are informed that personal accomplishments were not wanting to complete the favourite hero of the Scottish people. "His figure was tall and graceful, his features were regular, his eyes were hazel, his hair brown." The portrait prefixed to the work, which is very well engraved by Finden, from a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, shows a face delightful in expression,—mild, serene, cheerful, and benign, full of a gracious sweetness, and without a single trait of the *moustache* or the camp. As it is, we will confess that we were charmed with the portrait of what we saw was the *young* Moore; but here steps in the stern reviewer to mar this pleasing, if false, impression. The portrait he denounces as quite as faulty as the Memoir. In a word, "It is not Moore. It is not the warrior Moore. We miss the keen dark eye, the strongly-compacted forehead, the bold and flexible brow, the brown weather-beaten soldier's cheek, the lean jaw, the firm decided chin, the concentrated, the awful look of mental power and energy which distinguished the General, whom shouting thousands hailed on the field of battle." This is perhaps unreasonable. Mr. James Carrick Moore certainly took the best picture the family possessed in shadowing forth his brother.

Those who are familiar with the travelling sketches of Dr. Moore, during his protracted residence on the continent, already know fully as much as can be collected here of the early circumstances

son; yet the following new anecdotes will be without interest,—

By had hardly reached Paris, when a mischance occurred, which might have had serious consequences. Having been left alone, began, with childish curiosity, to examine the locks of a pair of loaded pistols; being ignorant of their mechanism, he accidentally napt one of them; the ball pierced through the coat, and wounded a maid-servant in the adjoining chamber, who screamed aloud. The doctor, alarmed, but found his son safe, and the servant's hurt slight. John was deeply affected at having so nearly killed this poor girl; and his father observed, he was thenceforth less heedless.

Long after this, the Duke of Hamilton, though years older, played a similar prank. It was the fashion of the times to wear swords, and the duke happened to have on a small hanger. In an idle humour he took it, and began to amuse himself by fencing at his son, Moore; and laughed as he forced him to skip from side to side to shun false thrusts. The duke continued this sport until Moore unluckily started in the use of the sword, and received it in his flank. On feeling himself wounded he exclaimed, "Ha!" and looked at his father in the face, who, struck with horror, dropped the sword, and rushed out of the room for Dr. Moore. The father on entering saw blood flowing from his son's side; he stripped him, and found that the broad point of the hanger had pierced the skin, and glanced outside of the ribs, without penetrating inwardly. The wound was consequently exempt from danger. Being relieved, he calmed the terror of the mother.

After this event, a warm friendship between Moore and his father ensued, which only terminated with his death. The wound was scarcely closed, when another accident occurred of a less formidable kind. Dr. Moore took his son to walk in the garden of the Tuileries, and while he was looking at some of the statues, John strayed aside to gaze at some French boys whose dress diverted him. French children in those days were wont to be equipped in full formal suits, like gentlemen; their hair was powdered, frizzed, and curled on both sides, and a bag hung behind; as Moore's dress was simple according to the fashion in England, so the contrast to each seemed ludicrous. The French boys stared, smiled, and talked to each other, while Moore, not understanding a word of French, could only express his displeasure by gestures. Mutual offence was taken, and they proceeded to hostilities; but as French boys knew nothing of boxing, they were thrown to the ground one across the other. Dr. Moore, hearing the noise, hastened to the scene; he raised up the discomfited combatants, endeavoured to appease their rage. Then he rebuked his son for his unmannerly rudeness, and sent him back to the hotel.

The travellers resided for a considerable time in Geneva, and afterwards made a long tour in Germany. At Carlsruhe, young Moore achieved the honour which might have graced the entrance of Master Walter Raleigh, or any play-ward court page, who ever rose to be a Minister of State.

At his court the Dowager Margravine of Bavière drew great notice of young Moore. She often complimented him. "You were at Strasbourg, did you not see Marshal Contade?" "Yes," said Jack, "I had the honour to dine with him?" "And what did he say to him?" He replied, "I did not say a word to him of the battle of Minden, nor of the fate of Brunswick." The Margravine was delighted with this answer, and often repeated it. In Geneva, young Moore had studied geometry and engineering. In history, and polite letters, he

possessed at all times the able and valuable instructions of his father. In France, he had acquired the French language; and he studied German where it is best spoken. He was skilled in all personal accomplishments. His father appears to have awakened and encouraged his inclination for the military profession, which decidedly broke out while young Moore attended the reviews and splendid military shows of Ferdinand II.

The travellers visited Italy; and while at Naples, Moore received the welcome intelligence that through the influence of the Duke of Argyle, who was the stepfather of the Duke of Hamilton, an ensigncy had been obtained for him in the 51st regiment. He left his father at Geneva, to fly to his home in Glasgow, from which his extreme youth and long absence had not in the least estranged his warm affections.

"I still," says his biographer, "recollect his mother's transports on embracing her eldest son, who had left her when a wild schoolboy, and had returned an accomplished youth. Absence had stamped filial and fraternal love deeper in his heart. We, his brethren, looked with surprise at the alteration years had produced; and wondered that our brother should already wear a sword."

What happiness did he then bring to his mother! What a reverse when she lost him!

After a short visit of two months, Ensign Moore joined his regiment at Minorca. His prudence, cheerfulness, and happy and manful disposition, were very early conspicuous. He was superior to the fopperies of many young officers, who deviate in dress as much as they dare from the precise uniform, and love to display a false spirit by disobeying orders whenever they believe they will escape detection.

In a letter to his mother, he observes, "I am very intimate with two or three of the officers, and I am upon a bad footing with none of them. I never have had the misfortune to have a quarrel with any body since I joined the regiment; so never was I happier in my life, save those seven weeks I passed with you, dear mother! in Glasgow."

The American Revolutionary War was now at the height. The young Duke of Hamilton raised a regiment, and in it Moore obtained the rank of Lieutenant, with the appointment of paymaster. This regiment was commanded by Brigadier-General Maclean, a veteran spoken of in high terms. Moore distinguished himself under this excellent officer at the attacks on Penobscot where his mettle was first fairly tried.

The British, who were only recruits, saw the great superiority of the numbers of the enemy; they fired a volley, and ran back in disorder. Lieutenant Moore called to his small party, "Will the Hamilton men leave me? Come back, and behave like soldiers."—They obeyed, and recommenced firing. The Americans returned the fire, without venturing to advance into the wood. Moore observed their commanding officer flourishing his sword, and encouraging his men. He levelled his piece, for subalterns then carried fusils, and he believed that he could have killed him; but he replaced his firelock on his shoulder without discharging it. While this resistance was persevered in on the left, the rest of the detachment reached the fort, and the captain reported to the general, that the enemy had landed in great numbers, and forced the picket to retreat. "But where is Moore?" said General Maclean: "He is, I fear, cut off. What then is the firing I still hear?" "He could not tell." The General then commanded Captain Dunlop with his company to march to the shore and repel the enemy, or

bring off Lieutenant Moore. Moore was found by Captain Dunlop at his post, still holding the Americans at bay. * * In a letter to his father, Moore wrote, "I was upon picket the morning the rebels landed. I got some little credit, by chance, for my behaviour during the engagement. To tell you the truth, not for any thing that deserved it, but because I was the only officer who did not leave his post *too soon*. I confess that at the first fire they gave us, which was within thirty yards, I was a good deal startled, but I think this went gradually off afterwards."

Moore was speedily promoted to the rank of Captain. His brother, the distinguished naval officer, was now entered a midshipman, and the author of this Memoir was a surgeon in the navy.—He had the delight of tracing, in after years, the following adventure:—"On returning from Virginia, I landed late at night at New York, in a very melancholy mood, as I did not imagine that there was a single individual in that city who knew me. I went to a coffee-house to seek a bed for the night, where, to my astonishment, I found my beloved brother John.

"O, qui complexus et gaudia quanta fuerunt!"

My vexations were now reversed. We lived together, first at New York, and after a few weeks at a Dutch farmer's house on Long Island, while eventful public occurrences were proceeding."—The brothers returned together to England. "Next day he continues, "we anchored in Falmouth harbour, and my brother and I posted to London. Our father was then busily engaged in writing Zelucco, and our mother, who knew we were on the seas, was listening day and night to every gust of wind that blew. When she saw us both rush into the house, she could hardly trust to her dazzled sight. Except Graham, who was cruising on the Western Ocean, the family were all again assembled. The re-union of the dispersed members of an affectionate family creates heartfelt emotions never experienced by insulated individuals."

After the peace, Captain Moore was brought into Parliament, by the Duke of Hamilton, for a cluster of western Scottish boroughs, and "unfettered." We have our own opinion as to the entire independence of any Member so brought in, though neutrality might be permitted. He generally, we are informed, supported Mr. Pitt, but was no violent party-man. "He was acquainted with persons of opposite political opinions; and being in the heyday of youth, lived gayly, and in good company."* According to his humble-spirited biographer, it crowned Captain Moore's happiness at this season, "that he even had the felicity of becoming acquainted with the Duke of York, a Prince ever constant to his friends," though unfortunately not so punctual with his creditors.

The promotion of Moore was rapid, though not indecently so. In 1787, he was appointed Major to the 51st, his original regiment, which he found lying at Cork, and in a miserable state of discipline. "Every attempt or suggestion he threw out for its improvement was thwarted or disapproved of by the Lieutenant-Colonel, from jealousy of interference. On perceiving this, he neither spoke nor entered into any cabal, against his commanding

*The lovers of a touch of romance, as a necessary ingredient in the heroic character, giving the last grace and finish, might here long for something of that old story of "the true love" of Lady Hester Stanhope; but *not a word* transpires from Mr. James Carrick Moore, *unless the ingenious reader can extract any thing from the above sentence.*

officer, but relinquished all hope of ameliorating the state of the regiment. He performed his own duty *precisely* and by living in the mess on familiar terms with the officers, he had the opportunity of discovering their respective talents and defects. Ensign Anderson, who afterwards became his inseparable companion, was among them. * * Ireland was in a state of tolerable tranquillity and contentment, as the caballers of that period had not decided on rebellion. The frank hospitality and diverting humours of the Irish gentlemen, and the beauty and lively manners of the ladies, were exceedingly agreeable to Major Moore. Jollity and revelry abounded, in which he joined freely, not being much impeded by regimental affairs; for, to avoid giving offence, he took little share in them."

Prudence was certainly a first-rate virtue with Sir John Moore; and though it never was permitted to trench on his independence of character, he was disposed to its observance, alike by natural disposition, and early discipline. Instead of contending with obstinate and intractable superiors, he lay by for opportunities of working out his own designs with better effect.

We are now to view Moore as a disciplinarian, in which aspect his firmness and intelligence show him to high advantage. The regiment being ordered on foreign service, the jealous Lieutenant-Colonel retired, and Moore obtained his commission by purchase, and set himself in earnest to sweeping reforms.

He immediately commenced rectifying the discipline; but in the execution difficulties were necessarily encountered; for the British youth, being less accustomed to restraint than those of other countries, yield more reluctantly to subordination, which is indispensable in an army. To overcome this repugnance, without exciting animosity, requires considerable address. Some commanding officers, by too great familiarity with those subordinate to them, lose their authority; others by arrogance stir up hatred and opposition. It requires propriety combined with dignity of manners, to enable a commander to live on amicable terms with his officers, and enforce strict military regulations. Moore, who was bent on forming the regiment for every military duty, inspired his officers with the same desire; and gradually rendered the soldiers dexterous in the use of arms, and rapid in their evolutions. In all points of discipline which are useful on service he was rigid; but in other matters, being desirous of gratifying the soldiers, and of increasing their comforts, he was indulgent, and even disposed to overlook slight neglects. At that time the practice of excessive drinking was prevalent in the army, and even among the officers. This he resolved to abolish in the regiment without delay. He signified in very strong terms his determination on this subject to his officers, who expressed their approbation, and assured him of their concurrence. Yet one intractable Lieutenant, in spite of warnings, appeared on the parade staggering from intoxication. He was compelled immediately to quit the service, and no more examples of that kind were requisite. There were, however, a few others accustomed to relaxed discipline, who did not relish the change of system. These successively exchanged into other corps, and were replaced by young gentlemen of superior energy.

The character which the 51st regiment attained, and the spirit it afterwards displayed in a long war, on a variety of perilous occasions, were proofs of excellent training.

England was by this time plunged into the Revolutionary war with France, and Lieutenant-Colonel Moore found opportunities of distinguishing

himself in various capacities, though Corsica was the scene of his principal operations at this period. He assisted at the sieges of Bastia and Calvi.—This episode in the mighty drama afterwards developed, has sunk into comparative insignificance, though among the actors in it were Nelson and Moore. Sir Charles Stuart arrived from Gibraltar to take the command, previous to the siege of Calvi. We cannot pass this occurrence. "On July 10th, another battery, two hundred yards in advance, was erected, which silenced the guns of the Moxello; a brisk fire, *en ricochet*, however, opened from the town. One ball struck some stones, a splinter of which knocked down Moore's bat-man standing at his side, and some rubbish was dashed upon Captain Nelson's face, by which unfortunately he lost the vision of one eye.

In the Government despatches relative to the surrender of Calvi, the list of killed and wounded given in by the superintending surgeon was subjoined; but Captain Nelson's name was accidentally left out, as he had gone aboard his ship to be treated for his hurt by his own surgeon. Some weeks afterwards when he read the printed gazette, he was highly offended at this trivial omission, but consoled himself by saying that 'One day he would have a gazette of his own.' This prophecy was frequently and gloriously fulfilled."

As we have space for few of the military adventures of Moore, we select the following from the narration of the siege of Calvi, as it is more individualized than many of his other exploits.

On the 10th of July it appeared that the cannon had made an available opening in the rampart of the Moxello fort, and the following day was fixed upon for the storm. The troops were assembled at one in the morning, and arranged in three columns. The reserve was to assault the Moxello, a second column a work on the left, and the third to follow in the rear to give support wherever wanted. At dawn, Moore, at the head of the grenadiers of the reserve, marched to the breach under a heavy fire of cannon and musketry. They advanced with steady bravery to the parapets, which some hastened to cut down. But before this could be effected, Moore and Captain Macdonald got through an opening which had been made by shot, some soldiers followed, and giving a cheer, ran up to the breach. They were opposed by shot, by hand grenades, and by lighted shells rolled over from the rampart, which burst among the assailants. A fragment of one of these struck Moore on the head, he was whirled round, and for a minute stunned. On recovering his senses, he mounted the breach along with the grenadiers.

When Sir Charles Stuart, who watched the event with intense anxiety, saw the shells rolled down, and heard their explosion, he was much alarmed. But, on observing the storming party, with charged bayonets, rushing into the fort, his trouble was changed into gladness. He ran towards the breach, climbed over the rubbish, and seeing Moore whose face streamed with blood, surrounded by the grenadiers, huzzing at having chased out the French, he caught him in his arms, and could hardly utter his fervid congratulations.

The moderation, judgment, and coolness, by which Moore was distinguished, could not protect him against those misunderstandings and jealousies inevitable in military operations. Sir Gilbert Elliot was, at this time, Viceroy of Corsica. He does not appear to have had any adequate understanding either of the duties or difficulties of his position, or of the character of the islanders; and the mode by which they were to be conciliated by their English allies or conquerors. With the na-

tives, Moore became a very great favourite. He understood their character, and admired their heroic leader, the unfortunate Paoli,* whom he visited. His conduct gave offence to the British Viceroy, who had made a retrograde progress in the good graces of the Corsicans, and he obtained an order from England to dismiss Colonel Moore from the island, for opposing his measures. Moore returned to England under these unpleasant circumstances, and on his way, wrote thus to his father.—

"Florence, 13th October, 1795.

"My dear Father,—If you have received the letter which I wrote in you from Bastia some days ago, it will prevent your surprise at the date of this. I have reason, however, to doubt if you will receive it.

"In consequence of a representation from Sir Gilbert Elliot to the Secretary of State, that I had taken a part in the politics of Corsica hostile to him, I received the King's order to return home, there to receive his Majesty's further pleasure. I left Bastia accordingly upon the 9th, landed at Leghorn on the 10th, and arrived here yesterday. I hope the day after to-morrow to be able to proceed to Cuxhaven, and expect to be in London the first or second week in November.

"I can enter into no particulars in a letter which goes by post. Endeavour to be quiet till I see you. Do not commit me, for my line is already determined on. I do not think in my life I ever did an action unworthy of you or of myself, and least of all does my conscience tell me that I deserve blame in the affair which occasions my return. I can say no more. Remember me affectionately to my mother, &c."

The writer, in the review, blames Mr. James Moore, for giving a mutilated representation of the transactions in Corsica. Moore's first visit was to Mr. Pitt, on whom his energy and spirit made the requisite impression, though the minister, at first, received him haughtily. He was not less successful in other quarters; and, in atonement of his recall, he was suddenly advanced to the rank of Brigadier-General, in the West Indies, where Sir Ralph Abercrombie then commanded.

We cannot follow the adventures of General Moore, throughout this trying and difficult period of service. After the island of St. Lucia was captured, to which event his gallantry in service contributed not a little, he was made its Governor. We shall give but one anecdote illustrative of the prudence and magnanimity of Moore, at this time, when it is to be remembered, that although a Brigadier-General, he was still comparatively a young man. The Commander-in-Chief,

"How ill-fitted military men often are to use any weapons, save those with which they are familiar, is shown in the following anecdote. The English Viceroy had summoned a Parliament to meet in a place which suited himself only; and the members of it, by acclamation, chose Paoli for their president. The old man resigned this honour, to avoid giving offence to the popular Viceroy. The Viceroy one day directed a native battalion to clean the streets. The proud islanders were affronted. They threw down their shovels in anger. They were soldiers not scavengers." A ball was to be given in the hall of the municipality of Ajaccio to the Viceroy. The hall was decorated with a bust of Paoli. "What business has that old charlatan here?" said a British aid-de-camp, and he pulled down the bust, threw it into a closet, and broke it. The insult to their revered and venerable chief, was soon reported over all the island. In this manner has British insolence and stupidity often raised up the most formidable barrier to British dominion.

Sir Ralph Abercrombie, was particularly desirous of gaining possession of a fortified neck of land, named the Vije, which commanded the principal anchorage ground. The assaulting party had been repulsed and fled in great confusion, and the place was to be attempted a second time. Moore found that, with all his vigilance, he could not sufficiently superintend the various posts, working parties, and nightly watches under his direction: he, therefore, signified to Sir Ralph's aid-de-camp, that he wished General Knox to be appointed to take a part of the duty. Sir Ralph went up, took Moore aside, and told him that he had never thought of sending any one to supersede him, and he was much surprised to learn that he had applied for an officer his senior in rank. To this Moore answered, "I have asked for another General, because another is requisite for the numerous duties. I ventured to propose General Knox, because he is a man of good sense and an excellent officer; for it is of the utmost importance that the service should be well conducted, but of none which of us commands." The novelty of this sentiment surprised Sir Ralph, and when it was divulged to the army, it excited amazement. Next day, however, General Knox was put in orders, and he and Moore acted in perfect harmony.

While Governor of the Island, General Moore carried on a desultory war with the interior, and those places on the coast not yet subdued. In the history of these transactions, or the spirit in which they were conducted by Moore, we find the reviewer so fiercely at issue with the fraternal biographer, that we must leave them to speak for themselves. Mr. James Carrick Moore has certainly considerably over-stepped the ordinary limits of a biographer, in favouring the world with his private opinions of the state of the West India Islands, at the convulsed period alluded to; and the reviewer resents General Moore being, by implication, made a party to those opinions, and to unmeasured denunciation of the blacks, then in insurrection for freedom. "Were we," he says, "to take our notion of Sir John Moore's proceedings in St. Lucia, from the present narrative, over-loaded as it is by such observations as the above, we should inevitably conclude, that the General saw, in the negroes and brigands, but a horde of dreadful villains, who had wantonly attacked those most inoffensive and gentle people, the slave masters; and who, for their crimes and the absence of all human feelings within them, ought to be swept from the face of the earth; finally that their horrible despotism was not more the effect of a degenerate nature than of republicanism. We should imagine, we say, that such false and foolish notions had entered Sir John Moore's head, and that with a soldier's recklessness, he shot and hanged these wretches indifferent to aught but the military question, of whether they were enemies or friends; soothing his conscience with commonplace proclamations about a justice which was all on one side. But a notion, more injurious to his penetration, impartiality, and humanity, could not be entertained. With a heart resolute to do his duty, he possessed a head to distinguish causes as well as effects. He abhorred the cruelty of punishment, and deplored the necessity of it; and while he inflicted it reluctantly, he did justice to the heroic qualities of those very brigands whom Mr. Moore paints in such unmitigated blackness. He warred against them, and punished their crimes, but he admired their courage; and he despised, and reproached, and re-

strained the whites, whose tyranny had first sown in the poor negroes' heart, the seeds of that ferocity, which it was his painful duty to repress. The reviewer goes on to produce his proofs, and we rejoice to adopt, in his amended statement one so much more in accordance with all our previous notions of the humane, upright, and liberal character of Moore, who "never stooped to be the pitiful slave of prejudices, where men's rights were before him." From memory, and partly from notes, he cites the real opinions of Moore, expressed in his journal, in which he speaks with contempt and indignation, of the emigres in St. Lucia, and the proprietors of slaves. Why has Mr. Carrick Moore suppressed or garbled a passage like the following, to which every honest and humane heart will thrill in accordance?

"Why!" he exclaims, is a man to be treated harshly because he is not *white*? All men are entitled to justice; and from me they shall meet it whether they be white or black, royalist or republican." "This language," he says in another part, "was not agreeable to his auditors, especially the emigres; but he had no preference for them, and wished to curb their insolence; because, instead of profiting by their misfortunes, they had only whetted their prejudices, and thirsted to gratify their revenge, and to oppress their fellow-creatures: *coquins, canaille, betes*, were expressions they habitually used towards every person of the lower classes." Now here is nothing to indicate that he judged all the villany of the day to attach to the republicans and blacks. The fact is, that whilst he in no manner mitigates his censure of the emigres, he speaks highly of the spirit of the brigands, and the fine qualities of the negroes."

We should conceive that we participated in the sins of Mr. James Moore, were we to pass these most important corrections of his narrative unnoticed. In withholding such opinions as the above coming to mankind with the sanction of his brother, he has withheld warning from the oppressor, incitement from the benevolent, and defrauded humanity of its rights in the powerful advocacy of Sir John Moore.

In St. Lucia, Moore, in spite of his hardy constitution and strict regularity and temperance, was at last attacked by the yellow fever. He was twice seized; and the second attack almost invariably proves fatal. The malady being infectious, he was shunned by all, except by his faithful friend Anderson, and a trusty servant. Every remedy failed; he sunk into a state of insensibility; and in this last extremity, his medical attendant not being at hand, Anderson went in search of another physician, who refused to visit the Governor when his case was hopeless, on the plea that he ought to have been sent for sooner. Anderson returned, and from the appearances doubted whether his friend had not breathed his last. But finding some warmth in the body, he poured down a little wine, and continued administering more and more, from observing that the breathing became perceptible, and that animation seemed to revive. The attendant-surgeon then came in, who was astonished at finding him still alive.

He returned to England; and, speedily recovering his health, was shortly afterwards actively engaged in suppressing the Irish Rebellion of 1798. The appointment of General Moore to Ireland tempts his brother into a history of the troubles of that unhappy country, which leads him farther astray than ever in the mists of malignant Toryism, and sets him in more direct collision with the

enlarged and generous sentiments of the man whose life and actions he records. We are at the outset treated to a furious history of the causes of the Rebellion, which are, however, traced no farther back than to some "perfidious Irishmen," who had commenced a correspondence with the French Government, and had urged an invasion of their country. That there were such Irishmen we shall not deny. Nor could we give a more conclusive illustration of the complete opposition in sentiment and political opinion of the two brothers Moore, than their respective ideas of the celebrated Irish Rebel leader, Theobald Wolfe Tone. Mr. James Moore speaks for himself: the uncongenial opinions of his brother are conveyed to us by the reviewer.

Among the prisoners who were taken, says Mr. James Moore, was Wolfe Tone, the prime fomentor of the Irish Rebellion. This man had once before been arrested for treason; but, by dissembled repentance, his forfeited life had been spared by Government. On this occasion he tried to escape by legal chicanery, which failing, with his own hand he finished his pernicious life.

Now, what was General Moore's conduct, and what his opinions of this brave and unfortunate, though far from faultless man? His sentiments, we are assured by the reviewer, are given in his own words:—

The day before I left Dublin, Mr. Theobald Wolfe Tone was brought in prisoner, taken on board the *Hoche*, in the action of the 12th October. I endeavoured to see him, but he was conveyed to the Prevost prison before I reached the castle. He is said to have been one of the principal and first framers of the United Irish. He is the son of a coachmaker in Dublin, but was educated at the college for a lawyer; and, by some writings which are said to be his, he appears to be a man of considerable talent. He was tried by a court-martial at the barracks, the day after his arrival, where I understand he conducted himself with great firmness and manliness. He had prepared a speech, part of which only he was permitted to deliver, the rest being conceived inflammatory. By that part which he delivered, he discovers a superiority of mind, which must gain to him a degree of sympathy beyond what is given to ordinary criminals.

He began by stating, that from his infancy he had been bred up in an honourable poverty, and since the first dawn of his reason he had been an enthusiast to the love of his country. The progress of an academic and classical education confirmed him still stronger in those principles, and spurred him on to support by actions what he had so strongly conceived in theory; that British connexion was, in his opinion, the bane of his country's prosperity; it was his object to destroy this connexion; and, in the event of his exertions, he had succeeded in rousing three millions of his countrymen to a sense of their national debasement. Here he was interrupted by the Court; and afterwards going on with something similar, he was again interrupted. He then said, he should not take up the time of the Court by any subterfuge to which the forms of the law might entitle him. He admitted the charge of coming in arms as the leader of a French force, to invade Ireland; but said it was as a man banished, amputated from all natural and political connexion with his own country, and a naturalized subject of France, bearing a commission of the French Republic, under which it was his duty implicitly to obey the commands of his military superiors. He produced his commission, constituting him adjutant-general in the French service, his orders, &c. &c. He said he knew, something had already occurred to the officers, natives of Ireland, who had been made prisoners on this ex-

pedition, what would be his fate; on that, however, he had made up his mind. He was satisfied that every liberal man, who knew his mind and principles, would be convinced, in whatever enterprise he engaged for the good of his country, it was impossible he could ever have been combined in approbation or aid to the fanatical and sanguinary atrocities perpetrated by many of the persons engaged in the recent conflict. He hoped the Court would do him the justice to believe, that from his soul he abhorred such abominable conduct. He had, in every public proceeding of his life, been actuated by the motives of love to his country; and it was the highest ambition of his soul to tread the glorious paths chalked out by the examples of Washington in America, and Kosciusko in Poland. In such arduous and critical pursuits, success was the criterion of merit and fame. It was his lot to fail, and he was resigned to his fate. Personal considerations he had none; the sooner he met the fate that awaited him, the more agreeable to his feelings; but he could not repress his anxiety for the honour of the nation whose uniform he wore, and the dignity of that commission he bore as adjutant-general in the French service. As to the sentence of the Court, which he so fully anticipated, he had but one wish, that it might be inflicted within one hour; but the only request he had to solicit the Court was, that the mode of his death might not degrade the honour of a soldier. The French army did not feel it contrary to the dignity or etiquette of arms to grant similar favours to emigrant officers taken on returning, under British command, to invade their native country. He recollected two instances of this, in the cases of Charette and Sombreuil, who had obtained their request of being shot by files of grenadiers. A similar fate was the only favour he had to ask; and he trusted that men, susceptible of the nice feelings of a soldier's honour, would not refuse his request. As to the rest, he was perfectly reconciled.

Next morning it was found that he had endeavoured to avoid public execution, by an attempt to kill himself. He was discovered with his windpipe cut across. His execution was necessarily postponed. A motion has since been made in the Court of King's Bench by Mr. Curran for a Habeas Corpus, directed to the Keeper of the Prevost Marshalsea, to bring the body of T. W. Tone, with the cause of his detention. This is so far fortunate, as it is to stop for the future all trials by court-martial for civil offences, and things are to revert to their former and usual channel.

We gave the biographer the advantage of taking his statement first.

So violently Orange are the propensities of Mr. James Moore, that Sir Ralph Abercrombie does not escape his censure; but we must once more cite the reviewer.

But we have not yet done; we must descend to particulars; we must look a little closely into what passes under the general term of violence; we must examine what was the nature of that paternal government, which so captivated the senses of Mr. James Moore, that he forgets everything, but the opportunity of venting his anger against those who could be so madly foolish as to dislike it. The military claim precedence. What manner of soldiers were thus let loose upon the wretched districts which the ascendancy-men were pleased to call disaffected? They were men, to use the venerable Abercrombie's words, who were "formidable to every body but the enemy." We ourselves were young at the time; yet, being connected with the army, we were continually amongst the soldiers, listening with boyish eagerness to their conversations,—and we well remember, and with horror, to this day, the tales of lust, and blood, and pillage, the records of their own actions against the miserable peasantry. . they

used to relate. But even the venerable Abercrombie, that soul of honour, that star of England's glory, cannot escape the sneer of the author before us. "He had no political circumspection, and so resigned his office"—which, rightly interpreted, means, that he disdained to lend himself to pillage, cruelty and devastation. No, truly, he had none of that "political circumspection;" he would not sell his soul for the smiles of power; he would not stain his white hairs with innocent blood; he reserved himself to sustain the reputation of his country by deeds of a different nature; he lived an honest man, and died a hero: and what is more to our present purpose, his conduct in Ireland—that conduct which Mr. James Moore calls "devoid of political circumspection"—was so fully approved by Sir John Moore, that he would have resigned also; and was only persuaded not to do so by Sir Ralph, who feared it would give to an act of conscience and political dignity, the appearance of party-spirit. And it is Sir John Moore's brother that, after a lapse of thirty-five years, casts this sneer upon the venerable and upright man!

Such was the military power. Let us now take an example of the civil power's proceedings in Ireland at that unhappy period; let us look closely at the introduction of the English constitution, the benefits of which the lawless Irish reject; and here again we will make our sketch from our recollection of Sir John Moore's picture, pledging ourselves, as before, for the general truth of the facts. Being on the march from Fermoy, he entered the town of Clogheen, where in the street he saw a man tied up, and under the lash, while the street itself was lined with country people on their knees, with their hats off. He was informed that the High Sheriff, Mr. Fitzgerald, was making great discoveries, and that he had already flogged the truth out of many respectable persons. His rule was, "to flog each person till he told the truth," that is, until he confessed himself a rebel, "and gave the names of other rebels; and then the persons so accused, were sent for and flogged until they also confessed, and also swelled the list of the proscribed!" Oh, most glorious constitution! most paternal government! Oh, calumniated Inquisition!

Mr. Moore, speaking of his brother's services in the county of Wicklow, says, page 206, "But, as in the hot bed of civil war, vices multiply and attain maturity, there still remained hordes of irreclaimable rebels meditating vengeance. Many of these lay in wait, in the mountains of Wicklow, and in boggy places, from whence they issued to plunder and burn property, murder the farmers and proprietors, and wage a cruel desultory war." And at page 209, "Lord Cornwallis was well aware of the evil disposition and thirst for revenge, which prevailed through the country so recently subjected." But what says Sir John Moore himself, the man who was employed to suppress this remnant of the rebellion in that very county of Wicklow? Why, that moderate treatment by the generals, and the preventing of the troops from pillaging and molesting the people, would soon restore tranquillity; that the latter would certainly be quiet, if the gentlemen and yeomen would only behave with tolerable decency, and not seek to gratify their ill humour and revenge upon the poor; nay, that he judged their harshness and violence had originally driven the farmers and peasants to revolt, and that they were as ready as ever to renew their former ill usage of them! Again, we ask, why is all this suppressed? Is this author afraid to give currency to that accusation which the Protestant loyalists so loudly made at the time, that Sir John Moore was himself a rebel? Alas! *poor man!* He cannot understand that justice and humanity are not derogatory to power. Everywhere this feeling is apparent.

At page 226, it is said, "The defeat of the French invaders, and the punishment of the rebels, pacified Ireland. But this temporary benefit was procured by a British army, which put an end to a calamitous insurrection raised on the fallacious plea of liberty." Now, the writer of this passage was himself in Ireland, in the camp of Lord Cornwallis, at the time, and therefore cannot be ignorant that the rebellion was quelled, not by punishments, but mildness—by Lord Cornwallis's lenity, by his amnesty, by his humane interference between the suffering people and their ferocious persecutors. Alas! the author knows all this, but it does not suit his prejudices to acknowledge it.

Never, never, could we have forgiven ourselves, if with this commentary on the written life of Moore lying before us, we had struck to the letter and neglected the spirit.

What follows is as curious as history, as it is just in feeling:—

At page 211, we find it asserted, that, in the action at Castlebar, the troops, who were almost all Irish militia, did, after a slight resistance, to the great astonishment of General Lake, take to flight, and no efforts "could stop them;" and farther, that the defeat "manifested disaffection" amongst them. But the truth is, that General Lake and Lord Hutchinson were both in the town of Castlebar, and, it is said, in bed, whilst the battle took place a mile outside. Wherefore, no efforts were or could be made, by them, to stop the flight, which did not arise from disaffection, but from a very natural cause. For the troops were placed in a narrow contracted position; they were confusedly drawn up on an open slope of ground, about half-musket shot from a hedge and ditch, which the enemy's skirmishers were allowed to occupy without resistance, while their columns turned both flanks. There were no generals present to direct, and nothing but disorder could ensue: some militia officers of superior rank fled the first, and so disgracefully, that a squib was published at the time, entitled, "The Castlebar Races," in which the appearance of the supposed horses and their performances, and some of the latter were very wonderful, were set forth with genuine Irish humour. The soldiers were not to blame; but the poor men were Irishmen, and are therefore obnoxious to our author. Mere Irishmen—"quoit them down, Bardolph, as you would a shove shilling." And yet in the last of Sir John Moore's fields, the Irishmen of the 50th regiment were the foremost to charge at his voice, and went the farthest. How the blind mole works!

The next campaign of General Moore was in Holland, where Sir Ralph Abercrombie was superseded in the chief command by the Duke of York, with those well-known disastrous, if not disgraceful consequences to the British arms, which need not be recapitulated. It is amusing to note the very cautious style in which Mr. James Moore ventures to *hint* censures of the appointment of his Royal Highness. "It was," he finds courage to say, "an unfortunate measure, to send a *young prince*, though endowed with a warm and beneficent heart, together with a good understanding, to take the chief command from Sir Ralph Abercrombie, who had been trained to arms from early life. The position of the army, on a hostile shore, opposed to a skillful French General, required a leader of consummate experience to foresee and overcome all the obstacles and stratagems which were to be expected. The King's partiality to his gallant son was natural; but the cabinet council being unprepossessed, instead of appointing this ambitious youth to the superintendence, ought assuredly to have placed him under the guidance of the veteran General."

Now this delicate *youngling*, "this ambitious youth," happened to be just by twenty-one months the junior of General Moore, who had already served with distinction in different quarters of the globe. His Royal Highness, however unfit for command, was not then so mere a child in years. He was rising exactly thirty-seven.

In the battle, or running fight of Alkmaer, General Moore was wounded by a shot in the thigh; but he still kept the field.

For five hours he continued advancing and repelling successive corps of the enemy, who defended fiercely every inch of ground. Towards the evening, after having his horse killed under him, and being lame from his wound, he approached the village of Egmont op Zee, still driving the enemy before him. By this time, his troops, greatly reduced, in number, were exhausted with the fatigue of fighting and marching over rugged ground and sinking sand. Many overcome with lassitude had fallen behind, and the rest were scattered and out of order. In this emergency the French reserve, in a long compact line, moved up against him. Moore tried in vain to make his men charge them; when, seeing they were too few to resist this numerous fresh corps, he despatched his *aide-de-camp*, Anderson, to bring up the Gordon Highlanders, the regiment nearest at hand. But before their arrival, the enemy came on boldly; they nearly surrounded his thinned ranks, and discharged upon them a destructive fire, which was faintly returned. He saw his men falling fast around him, and on the point of giving way, when he was struck by a ball, which entered the cheek, and came out behind the ear. He fell to the ground stunned, and felt as if the side of his head had been carried off. He concluded that he was mortally wounded, and lay without either the power or inclination to stir, glad to find it was so easy to die. He soon heard a soldier say, "There is our General, let us carry him with us," and he was raised from the ground. He then opened his eyes, and saw that the enemy were close upon him; on which he made a strong effort, and by the help of a soldier, was hurried to the rear, passing through the advancing line of Highlanders. His retiring troops rallied around this reinforcement, and returned to the charge with renewed spirit.

From the field of battle, Abercrombie, who personally had suffered severely from over-exertion and fatigue, dictated the following gracious and considerate letter to the family of Moore.

"Egmond-on-the-Sea, Oct. 4th.

"My dear Sir,—Although your son is wounded in the thigh, and in the cheek, I can assure you he is in no sort of danger; both wounds are slight. The public and myself are the greatest sufferers by these accidents.

"The General is a hero, with more sense than many others of that description. In that he is an ornament to his family, and to his profession. I hope Mrs. Moore and his sister will be easy on his account, and that you are proud of such a son—Yours,

"RALPH ABERCROMBIE."

As soon as General Moore was sufficiently recovered to be removed, he once more came home to be nursed by his mother.

Mr. James Moore, who thinks, correctly, that man not unprofitably employed who records the worthy actions of heroes, which may animate others to imitate the virtues he describes, also believes that the constitution of Britain is defective in some points, and especially in the division of power. It is not only injurious that military and naval commanders may act independently of each other; and that "Admirals, Generals, and Ministers, are all accountable to the King;" (to which

he, however, cannot surely seriously object;) but also that they are "responsible to the furious cabals in Parliament, and exposed to the libellous rage of the press."

Sir John Moore was engaged in the abortive expeditions to Genoa and Cadiz, and afterwards accompanied Sir Ralph Abercrombie to Egypt. We have a very amiable and affectionate letter written to his mother from Malta, while the expedition was detained by contrary winds; and the following extract from the MS. Journal:—

"I landed at Jaffa on the 9th of January; the first thing I heard was the death of Brigadier-General Koehler, who died of a putrid fever, on the 29th December, after three days' illness. I immediately proceeded to the Vizir's camp, which was about a mile from the town, and I communicated to Major Holloway, the senior British officer since poor Koehler's death, the object of my mission. He took me first to the Reis Effendi, and then to the Vizir; their tents are very fine; they were seated cross-legged on sofas, with numerous attendants standing on each side. We were presented with pipes, then coffee, and then chocolate; each of which are stages of compliment, which are served out according to the rank of the visiter, or the respect they wish to show him. The Reis Effendi was four years secretary to the embassy in England, and he speaks French, which is uncommon for a Turk. The conversation, generally, is carried on by means of a Drogman or interpreter. The first visit was confined to compliment; an hour was fixed in the evening for business. I had expressed to the Reis Effendi, that my business was of a nature not to be trusted to the common interpreter; I found in the evening with the Vizir, only two persons, the Reis Effendi and Kaia Beg, the former of whom interpreted. I stayed with them near three hours, and had an opportunity to explain fully the plan proposed by Sir Ralph, and every thing contained in my instructions. They talked a great deal in Turkish; the Vizir made a few objections, not very important, which I answered; upon the whole, he seemed much pleased, and said he should be happy that the operations should commence soon.

"I wrote next morning the heads of a plan, such as I thought met the Vizir's wishes, without deviating from the spirit of Sir Ralph's instructions. I carried it to the Reis Effendi, and begged he would show it to the Vizir: if he approved of it, I should draw it out for his Highness and me to sign. It was agreed that I should return in the evening. When I did so, he told me the Vizir was indisposed and could not see me, but he would send to me in the course of next day. In the meantime I lived with Major Holloway and the British officers of the mission. A very good tent was found me, and a dinner from the Vizir's kitchen every day. I employed myself in observing the Turkish camp, their soldiery, and manners, so different from every thing I had seen before. The death of General Koehler was particularly unfortunate at this time, as he certainly knew something of the state of the magazines, the administration of the Turkish army, and its organization. Major Holloway did not; and as I could not altogether depend upon what either the Reis Effendi or Vizir asserted in conversation on these subjects, I applied in writing to the Vizir for information, both with respect to the effective force under his command, the extent of his magazines, the means he had of forwarding them as the army advanced, and the measures he had taken to keep them complete. I applied, also, in the same manner, for the information he had received respecting the intentions of the enemy. In a conference I had with the Vizir in consequence of this application, he told me that at Jaffa and El Alrich he had sufficient supplies of ammunition and biscuit for his army; but that he had no barley for the

beasts of the army; without which it would be impossible for him to pass the desert; and that he had long ago taken steps to provide a sufficient quantity, and was looking hourly for the arrival of the ships that were to bring it. He stated his force at seven thousand five hundred cavalry, and the same number of infantry, with fifty pieces of field-artillery. I desired that he might send me in writing these answers to my letter.

"By the Vizir's confession, the advance of his army depended on the arrival of barley. But, upon further inquiry, I had every reason to believe that the quantity even of biscuit was by no means sufficient to enable his army to act, if he was detained any time upon the frontier of Egypt. From a view of his troops, and from every thing I could learn or observe of their composition and discipline, I could not think they were other than a wild, ungovernable mob, incapable of being directed to any useful purpose. And as they were destitute of every thing that is required in an army, and their chief, the Vizir, was a weak-minded old man, without talent, or any military knowledge, it was in vain to expect any co-operation from them. At any rate, the prospect of assistance from them was not sufficient to make it advisable to change any plan, merely upon their account, which in other respects might be preferred. This is the opinion I formed, and which I gave to Sir Ralph upon my return. The Vizir, however, signed the plan I first proposed, after detaining me five days for that, and for the answers to the different questions I have mentioned.

"I got from him little or no information respecting the French in Egypt; for though the communication from Caira is open, and persons are frequently coming from thence, they bring no information: they seem equally ignorant of its importance, and of the means of obtaining it.

"The plague is always in their camp; it rages with sometimes more, sometimes less violence; a great many persons died of it when I was there. The Vizir's family, in particular, were very sickly, nine of them were buried in one day,—and the loss in the camp was estimated one day at two hundred persons.

"The Turks are so extremely careless, that the clothes of the persons who die of the plague are sold publicly at auction; are generally worn by those who buy them, without ever being washed.

"Their army has lost six thousand persons by the plague, within these seven months.

"Upon taking leave of the Vizir, it is customary to receive the present of a pelisse, which he throws over your shoulders. It is not proper to refuse this present; but I requested it might be sent to me, not wishing to run the risk of catching the plague by wearing it before it was fumigated."

Moore had here a type of the same kind of difficulties which he afterwards encountered, under worse circumstances, in Spain.

Of the memorable battle of Alexandria we have an account taken *verbatim* from the MS. Journal, which we shall, for this reason, extract, as the most complete specimen of Moore's composition with which we are favoured. But first this slight notice of the critical position of the army, and its brave and venerable commander:—"On the 20th March, Sir Ralph visited Moore, and laid open to him his most inward thoughts. His mind was troubled with the difficulties he had to encounter, but he resolved to persevere with dauntless resolution, and concluded by saying, 'That as soon as the heavy cannon were got up, and entrenching tools forwarded, he thought it incumbent on them to make an effort. His plan was to endeavour in the night to push forward the artillery, and form the troops under such cover as he could find; and advance to the attack of both the ene-

my's flanks. If they failed they could still return to their present position, and maintain it until another could be prepared in the rear to favour a retreat, and, finally, their re-embarkation. He regretted the throwing away so fine an army; and added that he believed nobody could envy him in his situation.'"

The plans of Sir Ralph were after this slightly changed, by a movement ordered by the French commander, Menou, who arriving from Grand Cairo with a reinforcement, ordered the army to leave its strong defensive entrenchments, and march down into the plain. On the 20th of March, observing the form and position of the British right wing, he resolved to attack it and the centre with his greatest force, and to make a feigned attack on the left wing. After defeating the right wing, his whole force was directed to rush on and drive the British into Lake Maadie. It is now, in General Moore's own words, we give the history of the day:—

BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA.

On the 20th March, "I was the general of the day, and after visiting all the advanced posts, remained with the left picket of the reserve until four in the morning of the 21st. The enemy had been perfectly quiet during the night; nothing had been observed from them but some rockets, which it was not uncommon for them to throw up. Conceiving every thing quiet, I left orders with the field-officer to retire his posts at daylight, and I rode towards the left, to give similar orders to the other pickets as I went along. When I reached the picket of the guards, I heard a fire of musketry on the left, but every thing continuing quiet on the right, and from the style of the firing, I suspected it was a false alarm. * *

"I was trotting towards the left, when a firing commenced from the pickets of the reserve; I immediately turned to my aid-de-camp, Captain Sewell, and said, 'This is the real attack; let us gallop to the redoubt.' I met, as I returned, all the pickets falling back, and by the time I reached the redoubt, in which the 28th regiment was posted, I found it warmly attacked. The day was not yet broken, and the darkness was made greater by the smoke of the guns and small arms. My arrangement in case of an attack had been made beforehand. I had agreed with General Oakes, that the redoubt, and the old ruin in front of the right of the army, in which I had posted the 28th and 58th regiments, must be supported, and was the ground for the reserve to fight upon. In fact, if those posts were carried by the enemy, it would have been impossible for our army to remain in their position. The general orders were for the troops to stand to their arms an hour before daylight, and fortunately they had fallen in before the attack commenced. Colonel Paget, with the 28th, manned the redoubt, and had two companies in reserve, which he formed on the left of it, as the redoubt was open in the rear.

"The 58th regiment lined the old ruins which were retired twenty or thirty yards behind the right flank of the redoubt, and swept the ground between it and the sea. Agreeable to what had been concerted, General Oakes, upon the attack commencing, brought down the left wing of the 42d (Highlanders) to the left, and I sent Captain Anderson for the right wing, with orders to the 23d regiment, and four flank companies of the 40th, to support the ruins. We could feel the effect of the enemy's fire, but it was impossible as yet to see what he was about; his drums were beating the charge, and they were with their voices encouraging one another to advance. My horse was shot in the face, and became so unmanageable that I was obliged to dismount. Colonel Paget, whilst I was speaking to him on the platform of the redoubt, received a shot

in the neck, which knocked him down. He said he was killed, and I thought so; he, however, recovered a little, and was put upon his horse.

"About this time, the left wing of the 42d arrived on the left. Some person told me at that moment, that a column of French had turned our left. I thought that in the dark they had mistaken the 42d for the French, and said so. I could distinguish them forming exactly where I had ordered them. But Colonel Paget, who had not yet retired, rode up to me, and said; 'I assure you that the French have turned us, and are moving towards the ruins.' I looked to where he pointed, and accordingly saw a battalion of French in column, completely in our rear. The right wing of the 42d arrived at this instant; I ran to them, ordered them to face to the right about, and showed them the French completely in their power. They drove them into the ruins, and not a man of these French escaped being killed, wounded, or taken. The instant this was done, I led the regiment back to the redoubt; we met another column of the French, which had also penetrated. We attacked them, and I received a shot in my leg. At this time, I met Sir Ralph, and told him what had passed at the ruins. The 42d, and part of the 28th drove this other column, but pursuing too far, got into disorder, and were attacked suddenly by cavalry. I had difficulty, from the wound in my leg, in walking, and Major Honeyman lent me his horse. The French cavalry were completely amongst us, but our men, though in disorder, rallied, and brought down with their fire so many men and horses, that the rest were glad to get off. The great object of the French was to gain the redoubt: ours to defend it. We could now see pretty well about us.

"They made another effort with a line of infantry to attack the redoubt in front and on both flanks. The 58th regiment, in the ruins, allowed them to approach within sixty yards, and then gave their fire so effectually as to knock down a great number of them; the rest went off. Upon the left, the 42d and 28th repulsed what was in their front, but were again charged by a large body of cavalry, who penetrated, got into the redoubt, and behind us. Sir Ralph was actually taken by a French dragoon, but a soldier of the 42d shot the man. I was obliged to put spurs to my horse to get clear, and I galloped to the ruins, to bring up some of the troops from thence, which I knew were formed, and in good order. The 28th regiment, who were lining the parapet of the redoubt, without quitting their posts, turned round, and killed the dragoons who had penetrated there. The 42d regiment, though broken, were individually fighting; and I ordered the flank companies of the 40th from the ruins, to pour in a couple of volleys, though at the risk of hurting some of our own people. The field was instantly covered with men and horses; horses galloping without riders; in short, the cavalry were destroyed. Every attack the French had made had been repulsed with slaughter. In the dark some confusion was unavoidable; but our men, whenever the French appeared, had gone boldly up to them. Even the cavalry breaking in had not dismayed them. As the day broke, the foreign brigade, under Brigadier-General Stuart, came from the second line to our support; shared in the latter part of the action, and behaved with spirit. Our cartridges were expended, and our guns, for want of ammunition, had not fired for some time. Daylight enabled us to get our men into order; and as the enemy's artillery was galling us, I got as many men under the cover of the redoubt as I could. We were for an hour without a cartridge. The enemy during the time were pounding us with shot and shells, and distant artillery. Our artillery could not return a shot, and had spent its ammunition. Our fellows would

have done it, I never saw men more determined to do their duty; but the French had suffered so severely that they could not get their men to make another attempt. They continued in our front, until ammunition for our guns was brought up. They then very soon retreated. The great effort of the French was against our right, opposite to the reserve; another column had also attacked the Guards, who were upon the left of the reserve, it was repulsed with loss. The rest of the army was not engaged. Letters were found from Menou to a general officer, by which it appears that the whole (disposable) French force in Egypt had been concentrated for this attack. Menou as well as all his army, had been quite confident of success. The prisoners say, their numbers were from twelve to fourteen thousand. They add that they had never been fought till now; that the actions in Italy were nothing compared to those they have fought since we landed. Our loss is not yet ascertained; I hope it will not be found to exceed seven or eight hundred; that of the French must be, I think, from two to three thousand. I never saw a field so strewn with dead. Our effective force was not more than ten thousand. Sir Ralph received a shot in the thigh, but remained in the field until the action was over, and was then conveyed to the Foudroyant. Amongst the last shots which were fired, a ball killed the horse Major Honeyman had lent me. The wound in my leg, which I received in the beginning of the action, had become painful and stiff towards nine o'clock when the affair ended.

"General Oakes was also wounded about the same time, and nearly in the same part of the leg that I was; but we had both been able to continue to do our duty."

Some more particulars written subsequently, respecting the heroic Abercrombie, shall not be omitted.

"Sir Ralph had always been accused of exposing his person too much; I never knew him carry this so far as in this action. When it was so dark that I could scarcely distinguish, I saw him close in the rear of the 42d regiment, without any of his family. He was afterwards joined by General Hope. When the French cavalry charged us the second time, and our men were disordered, I called and waved with my hand to him to retire, but he was instantly surrounded by the hussars. He received a cut from a sabre in the breast, which pierced through his clothes, but only grazed the flesh. He must have been taken or killed, if a soldier had not shot the hussar."

Either before or after this encounter, Sir Ralph received a shot in the thigh, which he concealed, and remained on the field till the battle was won; then growing faint from the loss of blood, he was conveyed on board of Lord Keith's ship. Moore being taken into another ship, on account of his own wound, never again saw his friend, who in a few days expired. On the day following this mournful event, Moore, when suffering from grief and pain, wrote in his journal as follows:—

"Sir Ralph was a truly upright, honourable, and judicious man; his great sagacity, which had been pointed all his life to military matters, made him an excellent officer. The disadvantage he laboured under was being extremely short-sighted. He, therefore, stood in need of good executive Generals under him. It was impossible, knowing him as I did, not to have the greatest respect and friendship for him. He had ever treated me with marked kindness. The only consolation I feel, is, that his death has been nearly that which he himself wished; and his country, grateful to his memory, will hand down his name to posterity with the admiration it deserves."

In this battle Sir John Moore received, as is noticed, a gun-shot wound in the leg, from which he suffered severely. Soon after this, the capitulation

of Menou, and the abandonment of Egypt by the French, enabled him to return to England, in which he arrived upon the conclusion of the Peace of Amiens.

Shortly after his return to England, General Moore lost his father, whose last moments were soothed by his presence and his filial attentions. He from this time had the satisfaction of eking out the slender jointure of his mother by an annuity.

The failure of the Peace of Amiens, and the panic fear of invasion, led to the array of the volunteer force, and the immediate increase, and improved organization of the British army, and in all the plans of improvement Moore actively co-operated. He, as commander-in-chief, was encamped with the troops for a considerable time at Shornecliff, near which the "Army of England" was expected to land. Of Napoleon entertaining any serious purpose of invading England, General Moore never appears to have believed, or for no long interval.

In the history of the encampment we find nothing so interesting as the following letters. Mrs. Moore and his sister had recently visited the General at Sandgate.

"Sandgate, Oct. 2, 1803.

"My dear mother, I am glad you arrived safe, and found every thing so comfortable. The day you left this, we had an alarm, which I am glad you escaped. The signal officer at Folkstone mistook a signal, which was, that the enemy's boats were out of Calais; and hoisted one which signified that the enemy's ships and transports from Ostend were steering west; which, as the wind was, would have brought them to us in a few hours. All was bustle; and an express, with the above information, and that the brigade was under arms, found me at Dungeness Point.

"My horse suffered; I galloped him the whole way back. The Volunteers, Sea Fencibles, and all, were turned out, and very cheerful—not at all dismayed at the prospect of meeting the French; as for the brigade, they were in high spirits. By the time I reached camp, the mistake was discovered.

"Government are, however, much more apprehensive of the invasion than they were some time ago: I am glad, therefore, you are at home. Three more regiments are coming to me on Tuesday. Sir David Dundas is this instant come to me: I must therefore conclude. Love to Jane, &c. I am quite well.

"Yours ever, my dear Mother, affectionately,

"JOHN MOORE."

As winter advanced the sea became too boisterous for an invasion by boats; so the army was dismissed into barracks, as is noticed in another letter.

"Sandgate, Thursday night.

"My dear mother, I despair of an opportunity of writing to you in the forenoon, so I shall seize one before I go to bed, when it is not very likely that I shall be interrupted.

"I am very sorry for poor Jane: I was in hopes she had laid in a stock of health for one season at least. I look not to the departure of either you or her for many years, so do not think of it. When these wars are over, remember I have no home but yours, so do not deprive me of it. I have got Sir John Shaw's house for three guineas a week during the winter months; in summer it will of course be at least double. Every soul has left this. In Shornecliff Barrack, which is the only one nearer to me than Hythe, there is but a small regiment. I have no prospect of society, I have therefore sent for my books. My mornings will be occupied as usual, but in the long evenings, the books will be my sole resource. * * *

I consider invasion over for this winter, and therefore,

probably over for ever; but with the winds I now witness, a naval expedition cannot be undertaken; therefore send me your receipt for minced pies; yours, to my taste, are the best I meet with. Kind remembrance to Jane. Good night, my dear mother. Believe me, ever affectionately.

"JOHN MOORE."

In the following year, the preparations for invasion were augmented, and Moore, who was in readiness to encounter it, wrote in February to his mother, that he did not expect the French before April: "And even then, the expedition is so replete with difficulties, and leaves such little hope of success, that I shall always doubt their intention until we see it actually attempted.

"The collection at Boulogne can only mean this part of the coast, and I am pleased with the prospect of seeing the first of it. If we beat the French handsomely in the first instance, the house at Marshgate will not hold you."

In the following year General Moore obtained an honour which he seems to have estimated so exactly at its true value, that we are rather surprised Mr. James Moore has favoured the world with the subjoined cavalier notice of its reception. Moore writes thus to his mother of his impending honours:—

"This mark of attention to me, and the manner in which it is conferred, will no doubt be pleasing to you. I accept as it is meant; though I should have had no objection to have been distinguished by the want of the Order. Sir John, and a riband, seem not in character with me—but so it is. You will wait mentioning this subject, until you see me in the Gazette, and, indeed, until I have been invested."

Sir John Moore's next theatre of action was Sicily. The Neapolitan Court, the French having overrun Italy, had been forced to retire to Palermo, where the King was engaged in his usual business of shooting partridges, the Queen in all manner of intrigues. Britain had an army of 12,000 on the island, ready to support her imbecile ally; and to the penetration and firmness of Moore it is owing, in no small degree, that this army was not immolated by the combined weakness and treachery of the Queen and her favourites. General Fox, the brother of Charles James Fox, had succeeded Sir John Stuart in the chief command, immediately on the accession of the Fox administration; and as an arrangement of convenience, was also appointed Minister. He was, in his difficult position, largely indebted to the wisdom and penetration of Moore, with whom he always advised,—wise enough to attend to his counsels.

Though the reviewer makes the transactions in Sicily no exception to his general censure of the manner in which this Memoir is written, and to his blame of its grievous omissions, we must, in justice to the cautious biographer, notice, that he shows more courage and freedom in censuring the conduct of Mr. Drummond, and the rash and extravagant policy of Mr. Windham, than is usual with him. There is even resentment—and we admit the entire justice of the feeling—in the tone in which he alludes to Mr. Drummond's subsequent disputes with Moore. The new British Resident—for Drummond succeeded General Fox on the Tories coming in—is even accused of interfering with military affairs, for which he had no authority, and of urging an expedition to Naples, which he well knew would be ruinous to the British army; because, "being of an intriguing character, he probably wished to ingratiate himself with the Queen, that her approbation might be transmitted by her Minister to England;" that Queen who, he had himself previously informed Moore, "had been negotiating for a corps of Russians to be sent to Sicily; and who, through Spain, had opened a negotiation with Bonaparte, and is now actually betraying us." The Prince of Hesse

Philipstadt at this time commanded the Sicilian troops, a most undisciplined mass; but his staff were French emigrants, whom the Prince thought all traitors alike, together with the Queen's lover, M. St. Clair, who was at their head. In St. Lucia, and especially at this period, Sir John Moore imbibed an honest prejudice against this class of persons, which he had not conquered at his memorable interview with Mr. Freres' emigrant friend, Colonel M. Charmilly. Of the Queen, placed by her vices and her passions so completely under the influence of a class of adventurers, dispositions to a man of honour and integrity, Sir John Moore, after visiting Palermo himself, for the benefit of a closer inspection of affairs, writes,—"She detests the English, and gives her confidence to Frenchmen and to men sold to France—in other words, to Napoleon." How did Mr. James Moore find spirit to add,—"Yet the British Government was bestowing an annual subsidy on his Sicilian Majesty, and employing an army and navy in the defence of his dominions!"

During a period of leisure, Moore, with a few of his officers made a tour through Sicily. The reviewer complains that we hear nothing of his sentiments on the wretched political and social condition of the people, and of their spirit, which, amid the effervescence of Europe, was not all dead. That such opinions were expressed in the journal of this tour we may gather from this sentence: "Moore, though much amused with the excursion, felt a melancholy impression on the fallen state of this most beautiful island, on which nature has lavished whatever is requisite for the happiness of the inhabitants."

We are also informed by the reviewer,—and the fact is most important,—that besides avoiding the shore for the destruction of the British, laid by French frigates, operating through the imbecility of the King and the guilt of the Queen, "Italy, which he was so prone to invade, he never would invade, *until he could offer the Italians something better to fight for than the oppression and abuses of the Sicilian Court.*" And this much is even admitted in the extract of a letter written by Moore, to Lord Castlereagh, in which, after describing the abject Court and its head the Queen, as completely under the influence of the French emigrants, who flattered and betrayed her, he says, "To do any thing in Italy, our force should be much larger; and by shaking ourselves for a time free from the shackles of this Court, we should endeavour to give ourselves the aid of public opinion. In this manner I should not doubt of making a glorious campaign in July, and of forming such an establishment there, as Bonaparte should not find it easy to overturn." Doctrines so bold and revolutionary, as laying aside the Court, to ally our arms, and identify our cause with the people, could not be expected to find much favour with the person to whom they were addressed. Lord Castlereagh, throughout the remainder of Moore's career, thwarted and injured him.

Sir John Moore was suddenly recalled from Sicily, ostensibly to take the command of the expedition in aid of Portugal, then about to be abandoned by the reigning family; but his conduct in Sicily had not been of the kind that conciliates a Tory Cabinet. He was accused of having acted with "violence" to the Court at Palermo; and he was now allowed to lie by for a time, and was afterwards ordered to Sweden, while the Portuguese expedition was about to be despatched under Sir Arthur Wellesley.

The conduct of Moore on the Swedish expedition is perhaps the event in his public life most distinguished by coolness, sagacity, and firmness. His situation was one of unprecedented difficulty. His path was beset with dangers, if not with snares. All the secret motions and movements acted with that insinuated malignity which does not even yet pretend to penetrate.

The British army, consisting of eleven thousand men, were to act *independently* in assisting the King of Sweden against his combined enemies, but when that army reached Gottenburgh, the troops were not even permitted to land! In brief, the King of Sweden was mad, and the British Government imbecile, presumptuous, ignorant, and intriguing. We can hardly go the length of the reviewer in believing them so thoroughly wicked as he would insinuate. Yet the passage in which this affair is spoken of, is so remarkable that we are compelled to notice it.

This expedition to Sweden was one of the most impudent and criminal actions ever committed by a faction in power; the design and the execution were alike scandalous and stupid; and had the troops been committed to the charge of a less able, resolute, and prompt man, ten thousand of the finest soldiers of England would have been sacrificed. The contradictory instructions given by the Ministers, and the silence observed by them when Moore represented the real state of affairs, were proofs of their bad intentions, and bad faith, as well as of their absurdity; and if any doubt could be entertained upon this head, the orders which reached Sir James Neumarex three days after Moore's departure from Gottenburgh,—orders prescribing the employment of the army to bring off the Spaniards under Romana, from Holstein,—would have set that doubt aside. But how can any impartial person entertain a doubt, that both folly and faction were at work, when it is considered, that had the King of Sweden been only one degree less insane than he was, the English Ministers would have deliberately commenced campaigns—commenced regular military operations by land, against Russia in one extremity of Europe, and against Napoleon in the other extremity, at one and the same time! The absurdity is apparent; and the personally insolent treatment Moore received from the Ministers upon his return to England,—treatment which his biographer scarcely seems to be conscious of,—sufficiently disclosed their secret anger, that he had, by his prompt return, baffled their plots!

Were there then, plots? While perplexed by obscure, contradictory, or, according to the reviewer's belief, ensnaring orders from London, and placed in a singular dilemma by the mad conduct of the King of Sweden, Sir John Moore took the prompt resolution of going from Gottenburgh to Stockholm, and at once getting, as is said, to his wife and child. The results of this expedition are given in the following letter to his mother.

"Gottenburg Roads,

"H. M. S. Victory, 2d July, 1806.

"My dear mother,—This campaign in Sweden has proved the most painful to me I ever served; it is, however, now nearly over. I shall sail, wind and other things permitting, to-morrow, on my return with the troops to England. My conference with the King of Sweden ended in his arresting me. He did not put me in confinement, nor put sentries at my room-door, but in the middle of the night he sent me an order by his Adjutant-General, not to quit Stockholm; and thus prevented the Commander of a British force from returning to the station in which he was placed by his own Sovereign. You will naturally conclude that I must have done something very strange to force the King of Sweden to an act so insulting to the King of the British nation. I know nothing, however, that I did that could have given a reasonable Prince the slightest offence, or that I was not justified and obliged to do, by the instructions of my Government. My proceedings have from time to time been fairly transmitted to England. It is by my own acts I must be judged. I wish to stand or fall by them. I have nothing either to palliate or conceal, and neither have, nor shall condescend to any justification. If, when every thing is laid before the King, he thinks me wrong, he will order me to be punished as I shall deserve. If he thinks me right, he will say so, and continue to me his countenance and sup-

port. In the meantime, my own conscience tells me I have nothing to fear.

"When I see you, which will I hope, be soon, I shall explain to you all that has passed. The original fault of government in sending me here without any knowledge of the state of things, and the folly of his Swedish Majesty, which surpasses every thing I had before witnessed, has been the cause of all my trouble. As to his arrest, when I saw no hope of his retracting it, I determined to free myself from it. My continuance in Sweden could answer no end; on the contrary, by withdrawing myself, I left England more at liberty to act as she thought best, without consideration for my safety.

As I was exposed to, and probably would have met with personal insult, it was my duty to make an effort to return to the post the King of England had placed me in. These considerations determined both Mr Thornton (the British Minister) and myself in the propriety of attempting to escape, which I did in the forenoon of the 27th day of June, and reached the Victory in the afternoon of the 29th. I have had no time to explain circumstances, or give any details to either of my brothers, but my communications to government have been ample.

Farewell! Always, my dear Mother, affectionately,
"JOHN MOORE."

The reception Moore obtained from the Cabinet, on his return to London, after extricating the fine army which the Government plans had placed in such imminent jeopardy, was so far from gracious, that he felt it insulting. He who had shown himself obdurate to the entreaties of the Queen of Naples, had given a fresh proof of his impracticable temper to the frantic Majesty of Sweden. Great blame would have been the consequence of his submission to the maniac importunities of the King of Sweden, but no merit could be allowed in resisting or eluding his frantic orders.

The troops, who would have been sacrificed in Sweden, save for the wisdom and resolute fortitude of their commander, were instantly ordered to Spain, to follow up Sir Arthur Wellesley's expedition, then about to sail from Cork, and, as Moore's conduct had made enemies in the Cabinet, of those who were either incapable of understanding his character, or so mean in their feelings, and so much the enemies of their country as to be jealous of his services, it was indirectly notified to him, that he was to be placed under Sir Hew Dalrymple, after holding the chief command in Sicily and Sweden. Though he could not forget that his first duty was to his country and the public service, he was far from being insensible to this unworthy and most unjustifiable treatment. He had, on reaching England, been requested by the Duke of York, to confer with Lord Castlereagh and directed to make arrangements for an instant departure. At that interview, the implied disgrace was hinted to him. His reply is memorable.

He spoke as follows:—"My Lord, a post-chaise is at my door, and upon leaving this I shall proceed to Portsmouth to join the troops. It may, perhaps, be my lot never to see your Lordship again, (this prophecy was fulfilled,) I therefore think it right to express to you my feelings of the unhandsome treatment I have received."

Lord Castlereagh broke in saying, "I am not sensible of what treatment you allude to."

Sir John continued to this effect: "Since my arrival from the Downs, if I had been an ensign, I could hardly have been treated with less ceremony. It is only by inference that I know how I am to be employed; for your Lordship has never told me in plain terms that I am appointed to serve in an army under Sir Hew Dalrymple. And coming from a chief command, if it was intended to employ me in an inferior station, I might expect that something explanatory should be said."

"You have told me that my conduct in Sweden was approved of, but from your conduct I should have concluded the reverse."

"His Majesty's ministers have a right to employ what

officers they please; and had they on this occasion given the command to the youngest General in the army, I should neither have felt nor expressed that the least injury was done me. But I have a right, in common with all officers who have served zealously, to expect to be treated with attention; and when employment is offered, that some regard should be paid to my former services."

Lord Castlereagh said little in reply, but that he was not sensible of having given him any cause of complaint.

Moore on his journey to Portsmouth, drove to the country-house of his revered mother; and his sudden appearance cast a blissful gleam on her clouded heart. Through the evening he cheered her and his sister with his conversation; but next morning at his departure they shed abundance of tears; knowing that he was going again to encounter the perils of war, and perhaps feeling some despairing bodings of what afterwards befell.

His filial piety was remarkable: one short specimen shall be given of the constant correspondence he held with his mother.

"Portsmouth, Friday.

"My Dear Mother,—I got here on Wednesday night about eleven o'clock. The fleet with the troops had come to an anchor at Spithead that afternoon. All is going on briskly, and I dare say we shall be ready on Monday to proceed. I have received a letter from Jane this morning, and find you had a visit after my departure, which, perhaps, just then, you would have been glad to have dispensed with. I am glad I was off. The treatment I have received gives me no longer uneasiness. The actions of others I am not responsible for. I mean, my own, if they were unworthy, that can mortify me."

I am going on the service of my country, and shall hope to acquit myself as becomes me of whatever part is allotted to me. God bless you, my dear mother! I shall write to you whilst I continue here and hope for the time when I shall be allowed to pass the rest of my days quietly with you, my brothers, and Jane.

Always, my dear Mother,
"Affectionately,
JOHN MOORE."

Immediately after the memorable blunders of Sir Hugh Dalrymple in Spain, Sir Arthur Wellesley—who stood much higher in the fair graces of the Cabinet than Sir John Moore ever did—though only slightly dissatisfied with the latter, volunteered his services in effecting a reconciliation that might pave the way for Moore's instant assumption of the chief command in Spain, which was now felt to be necessary to the successful prosecution of the campaign. Sir Arthur wished to be empowered to carry an apology to England, whether he was returning, but to this Moore refused to assent. He said he "had learned nothing from any individual connected with the government since he had left England, and as no opening had been made by the Minister, he could not with propriety enter on the subject with them. He had been aware of the consequence of speaking as he had done to a Minister, and could not, for the sake of obtaining any gratification, make a submission, or any thing that tended to what he thought unbecoming."

Sir Arthur was anxious to obtain fuller powers of concession than he was empowered to make a greater advancement (Minister) than Moore thought he could in honour make; but promised to say no more than he was authorized.

It is saying all, in a word, to notice, that it was Moore, right, and nobly right, in judgment and in personal and national feeling as in conduct, who was expected to submit to Lord Castlereagh, and to apologize for having been slighted and injured.

Before Sir Arthur Wellesley reached England, the Minister too condescended to own his fatal blunder, had nevertheless seen it, and Moore, unfortunately for himself, had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the

army in Spain. The events of that campaign of mingled glory and disaster, are probably more familiarly known in Britain than any recent portion of European history. It has been written many times, and by men of all shades of opinion, but ever even by the most prejudiced, with honour, and tolerable fairness to the main actor. Mr James Moore's relation of this, the glorious final campaign of his illustrious brother, is on public grounds, the least objectionable portion of his narrative. It is full, and yet succinct, temperate, and fairly, even to coldness; but not without marks of spirit and right feeling. With the least painful, but ever interesting scene, the close of the brief and honourable career of Moore, we may end this notice. What we have again to recur to the Life of Moore, we trust may be in that journal in which his own hand has recorded his own sentiments. This is a work, that having once heard of, the world will not willingly let go.

THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA

We may premise, that the distressing retreat to Corunna, on the details of which we have not fortitude to enter, was just accomplished when—

Moore, quitting the reserve, rode on bravely to press the army, and make arrangements at Corunna. When he came in sight of the harbour, he saw that the fleet of transports, which had been ordered from Vigo, was not arrived; contrary and tempestuous gales having arisen, the ships were wind-bound, —as fortune seemed to thwart him. But no adverse events disturbed his equanimity, discomposed his judgment, or abated his exertions. He examined the site, the fortifications, and haven of Corunna. He quartered a portion of his troops in the town, and the remainder in the neighbouring villages; and made the disposition that appeared to him best for defence against the enemy.

In this pressing exigence no council of war was called; yet several general officers of distinguished merit, among that the ground was very unfavourable for us there, the enemy superior, and that the shipping, having not arrived, deemed the state of affairs almost desperate, they therefore professed voluntarily this advice. By John Moore, that he should send a flag of truce to Marshal Soult, and open a negotiation to permit the embarkation of the army on terms. Moore's undaunted soul rejected this counsel. He relied on his own powers for the preservation of the army, and for carrying it, in defiance of the enemy, from its perilous position with honour. The generals yielded obediently to his resolution.

On the 13th of January he wrote his last despatch to Government, in which he related briefly the events, which had passed, and the danger he was in, and then adds, "When I have more leisure, I shall write more fully. In the meantime, I rely on General Stuart (the present Marquis of Londonderry) for giving your Lordship the information and detail which I have omitted. I should regret his absence, for his services have been very distinguished, but the state of his eyes makes it impossible for him to serve, and this country is not one in which cavalry can be of much use."

Moore's sole concern was then to withdraw the army from their present danger, and he judged it expedient to return, if practicable, to England, where the regiments, worn down by fatigue, sickness, and fighting, could be recruited, and re-organized, and might afterwards be transported to whatever places their services might be required by the exigencies of the war.

The war-worn British obtained shelter, warm food, and a short repose at Corunna. Their bent and rusted arms were exchanged for new firelocks. They were furnished with fresh ammunition, and the officers were busily occupied in restoring discipline.

It was on the 13th of January that the French, whose discomfiture had retarded them, began to appear in front, on which Sir David Baird's division was ordered to march from the town to occupy the ground destined for it on the fight, and to remain out all night. That day the French, having partially repaired the

bridge at El Burgo, two divisions were passed over, and the British reserve retreated. But a smart cannonade opened on the French, to their detriment, as they advanced. On the evening of the 14th the transports from Vigo anchored at Corunna, and during the following days the stores, the artillery, the dismounted cavalry, together with the sick and wounded, were all safely embarked. While this was actively proceeding, on the 15th, the British outposts were assailed by light troops, who were bravely repulsed. Yet warm skirmishing continued through the whole day, but the enemy made no very serious attack.

Early on the morning of the 16th, Moore, as usual, rode out to reconnoitre the enemy's camp, and to visit his own. The enemy appeared tranquil, and he had the satisfaction to find his own troops in good spirits, and in excellent order. He gave his final instructions to his Generals, recommended all to be in readiness for action, and returned to his quarters.

He was then engaged in regulating the preparations for the embarkation of the army.

The troops, well appointed, were at their assigned posts on the field. The two divisions commanded by Generals Baird and Hope, were formed nearly in one line, the first towards the right, and the second on the left; the right wing being the weakest point. General Fraser's division was posted at a short distance in the rear of it, and the reserve commanded by General Paget, was placed behind the centre. Both were prepared to move with promptitude in whatever direction they should be ordered.

Cavalry being useless in this enclosed country, the men were all embarked, and the whole effective force of infantry now remaining did not amount to fifteen thousand. So great a diminution of the original strength of the army had occurred from the killed and wounded in the various engagements; from extreme sickness, especially the typhus fever, and from straggling; to which is to be added the absence of the cavalry, and of the great detachment sent to Vigo.

The ground, defective as a station in many respects, was particularly so for cannon; yet twelve guns were placed along the line, where they could be most useful.

The French army now assembled on the impending hills was twenty thousand strong; and their cannon, planted on the commanding heights, were more numerous, and of a larger calibre than the British guns.

As they had only skirmished since their arrival, it seemed probable that Soult did not intend to risk a general attack until the embarkation should commence. But at two o'clock, General Hope sent a message that the French army was getting under arms. At this intelligence, implying that Soult was about to attack him, Moore expressed to Colonel Graham (Lord Lynedoch) the joy which sparkled in his eyes. He only regretted the lateness of the hour, lest daylight should fail before he could sufficiently profit by the victory which he anticipated. Then, fired with eagerness for the fight, he struck spurs into his horse, and galloped into the field.

The action commenced by a sudden cannonade from a masked battery planted on a height, which plunged down upon the British, then four solid French columns descended impetuously from the hill, and drove back in disorder the British pickets. They quickly carried the village of Elvina, and continued to advance daringly. Sir John Moore saw the enemy charging onwards, but danger only excited his judgment to discern at once what was to be done. In an instant he despatched all his staff-officers with orders to the generals. Fraser was hastened up, and Paget was commanded to support the right wing, against which Soult had poured his principal masses. These outflanked the British, and a part had moved round to charge their rear. Moore, who was close at hand, observing this, ordered the half of the 4th regiment on the extremity of the line, to wheel back, and form an angle with the other half. The smoke hindered the French from seeing this manoeuvre; who, continuing to push on, were unexpectedly saluted with a dreadful volley, which killed many,

and threw the rest into disorder. On which Moore called out, "That was exactly what I wanted to be done." General Paget, with the reserve, soon came up, and the assault on this wing was gallantly repelled.

Moore then turned to where the fiftieth regiment, commanded by Majors Charles Napier and Stanhope, was warmly engaged. They leaped over an enclosure, and charged the enemy, Moore exclaiming, "Well done the fiftieth! well done my Majors!" The French were driven out of the village of Elvina with great slaughter; but Major Stanhope was killed, and Major Napier, advancing too far, was wounded and made prisoner.

The contiguous regiment was the 42d, to whom Moore called loudly, "Highlanders! remember Egypt!" They heard his voice, and rushed forward, bearing down every thing before them, until stopped by a wall, over which they poured their shot. He accompanied them in this charge, and told the soldiers he was well pleased with their conduct. Then he sent Captain Hardinge to order up the Guards to the left of the Highlanders.

This order was misunderstood by the captain of the Highland light company, whose ammunition, from being early engaged, was expended. He conceived that the Guards were to relieve his men, and was withdrawing them when the General apprized of the mistake, rectified it by saying, "My brave 42d, join your comrades, ammunition is coming, and you still have your bayonets." They instantly obeyed.

The French having brought up reserves, the battle raged fiercely: fire flashing amidst the smoke, and shot flying from the adverse guns; when Hardinge rode up and reported that the guards were coming quickly. As he spoke Sir John Moore was struck to the ground by a cannon-ball, which lacerated his left shoulder and chest.

He had half-raised himself, when Hardinge having dismounted, caught his hand, and the General grasped his strongly, and gazed with anxiety at the Highlanders, who were fighting courageously: and when Hardinge said, "They are advancing," his countenance lightened.

Colonel Graham now came up, and imagined from the composure of the General's features, that he had only fallen accidentally, until he saw blood welling from his wound. Shocked at the sight, he rode off for surgeons. Hardinge tried in vain to stop the effusion of blood with his sash: then, by the help of some Highlanders and Guardsmen, he placed the General upon a blanket. In lifting him his sword became entangled, and Hardinge endeavoured to unbuckle the belt to take it off; when he said with soldierly feelings, "It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me."

His serenity was so striking, that Hardinge began to hope the wound was not mortal; he expressed this opinion, and said, that he trusted the surgeons would confirm it, and that he would still be spared to them.

Sir John turned his head, and cast his eyes steadily on the wounded part, and then replied, "No Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible. You need not go with me; report to General Hope, that I am wounded and carried to the rear." He was then raised from the ground by a Highland sergeant and three soldiers, and slowly conveyed to Corunna.

Meanwhile the action continued with relentless fury, and was conducted by General Hope with skill and resolution. Soult, seeing the miscarriage of the attack on the British right wing, made a vigorous effort with his masses against the centre. But some pieces of cannon, judiciously planted, furrowed his columns, which were received steadily by the British line, and forced back in confusion.

On the left the ground was disadvantageous for the enemy, and their resistance there was feeble. For a village occupied by them was attacked and carried, which exposed that flank; while Paget, who had turned the other, was intrepidly pressing forward, and the enemy's centre was also driven back. For the movements which had been concerted were, without a failure, correctly and courageously executed; and the

French, defeated on all sides, sought refuge on the high ridge of hills from which they had descended.—Night put a stop to their pursuit by the victorious British.

It is now necessary to resume the melancholy recital, which I had broken off willingly.

The soldiers had not carried Sir John Moore far, when two surgeons came running to his aid. They had been employed in dressing the shattered arm of Sir David Baird; who, hearing of the disaster which had occurred to the commander, generously ordered them to desist, and hasten to give him help. But Moore, who was bleeding fast, said to them, "You can be of no service to me; go to the wounded soldiers, to whom you may be useful;" and he ordered the bearers to move on. But as they proceeded, he repeatedly made them turn round to view the battle, and to listen to the firing; the sound of which becoming gradually fainter, indicated that the French were retreating.

Before he reached Corunna, it was almost dark, and Colonel Anderson met him; who, seeing his General borne from the field of battle for the third and last time, and steeped in blood, became speechless with anguish. Moore pressed his hand, and said in a low tone, "Anderson, don't leave me." As he was carried into the house, his faithful servant Francois came out, and stood aghast with horror; but his master to console him, said smiling, "My friend, this is nothing."

He was then placed on a mattress on the floor, and supported by Anderson, who had saved his life at St. Lucia; and some of the gentlemen of his staff came into the room by turns. He asked each, as they entered, if the French were beaten, and was answered affirmatively. They stood around; the pain of his wound became excessive, and deadly paleness overspread his fine features; yet, with unsubdued fortitude, he said, at intervals, "Anderson you know that I have always wished to die this way. I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!"

"Anderson, you will see my friends as soon as you can. Tell them—every thing.—Say to my mother—" Here his voice faltered, he became excessively agitated, and not being able to proceed changed the subject.

"Hope!—Hope! I have much to say to him—but cannot get it out. Are Colonel Graham, and all my aids-de-camp, safe?" (At this question, Anderson, who knew the warm regard of the General towards the officers of his staff, made a private sign not to mention that Captain Burrard was mortally wounded.) He then continued, "I have made my will, and have remembered my servants. Colborne has my will, and all my papers." As he spoke these words, Major Colborne, his military secretary, entered the room. He addressed him with his wonted kindness; then, turning to Anderson, said, "Remember you go to Willoughby Gordon, and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will give a Lieutenant-Colonelcy to Major Colborne;—he has been long with me—and I know him to be most worthy of it."

He then asked the Major, who had come last from the field, "Have the French been beaten?" He assured him they had on every point. "It's a great satisfaction," he said, "for me to know that we have beat the French. Is Paget in the room?" on being told he was not, he resumed, "Remember me to him; he is a fine fellow."

Though visibly sinking, he then said, "I feel myself so strong—I fear I shall be long dying.—It's great uneasiness—it's great pain!"

"Every thing Francois says is right—I have great confidence in him." He thanked the surgeons for their attendance. Then seeing Captains Percy and Stanhope, two of his aids-de-camp, enter, he spoke to them kindly, and repeated to them the question, "If all his aides-de-camp were safe;" and was pleased on being told they were.

After a pause, Stanhope caught his eye, and he said to him, "Stanhope! remember me to your sister." He then became silent. Death, undreaded, approached; and the spirit departed; leaving the bleeding body an oblation offered up to his country. To this deeply affecting narrative we cannot add one other word.





Ch. B. Oliver

ced his all to relieve me. He consented joyfully to defray the wages and the pension of a servant. They selected a young man named Cochar, a native of Roeni, who might have proved to me all I was desirous of finding. He was gentle and compassionate—he wept with me over my misfortunes—he sympathized with me—he diminished my sufferings. My heart, by communion with a friend, was relieved from its intolerable oppression, and I began to feel less unhappy. But my consolation was soon removed from me. Poor Cochar could not long endure the tedium of captivity. He wept, he groaned, and at length fell sick. When a domestic enters the service of a prisoner in the Bastille, from that moment his fate is linked with that of his master: he can only obtain liberty with him, or die by his side within the walls of his dungeon. This unfortunate young man required nothing but fresh air to restore him to life; but our united prayers and lamentations could not obtain that boon from his assassins. They wished to harrow me with the appalling spectacle of his dying agonies, expiring close to me, and for me; and they only removed him from my chamber when he was reduced to the last extremity. What is here to surpass this in the history of the Inquisition!

“Reader, if you bestow the tear of pity on the fate of this unfortunate, reflect for a moment on mine. I was not more criminal than he was;—he was the victim of his own cupidity—I, that of injustice and persecution. The feeling with which this idea inspired me still more agitated and tormented my soul. He had not liberty, it is true, but what else was he deprived of? His mind was calm, his feelings were composed. But I—bowed down beneath the overwhelming weight of hatred, every breath I drew seemed to increase my punishment, and each successive day I felt my very existence, as it were, wasting away by degrees. Yet he could only support this situation for three months, and I have endured it for thirty-five years! What do I say? this situation! Alas! those three months were the most tolerable of all I have passed during my long imprisonment. Then, at least, I was not chained in a dismal cell, stretched on a pallet of straw, infected and rotten,—obliged to dispute with loathsome reptiles a disgusting nourishment,—my body devoured by vermin. But pause—my mind gives way at the recollection, yet till I must endeavour to convey a faint description of the horrors I have gone through.

“The fate of the unhappy Cochar quite overpowered me, and I was ready to sink beneath my sufferings. Monsieur Berryer, to relieve me, repeated the resource he had already tried. He obtained for me another companion,—a young man of nearly my own age, full of talent, spirit, and activity,—guilty of the same crime with myself, and suffering under the same persecution. He had written to the Marchioness de Pompadour. In his letter he detailed the diadem in which she was held by the public, and pointed out the means by which she might recover their good opinion, and still retain the confidence of the King. Since the nation was tied to her chariot-wheels, he implored her to render herself worthy of its esteem. This young enthusiast, named D’Alegre, a native of Carpentras, had lamented for three years, in the Bastille, the misfortune of volunteering this

advice. The haughty prostitute pursued him with a hatred as implacable as that she evinced towards me, and forced him to feel the same effects of her vengeance.

“D’Alegre had also inspired a tender interest in the compassionate Berryer. We both assailed him with the same restless impatience; we overwhelmed him with letters and petitions, without abating his zeal in our behalf. He communicated to us all his proceedings, his efforts, and sometimes his hopes. At last he brought the appalling tidings, that our persecutor, tired of our complaints and his importunity, had sworn that her vengeance should be eternal, and commanded him never again to mention our names. He frankly confessed to us his conviction, that nothing but the disgrace or death of this incarnate demon could terminate our sufferings.”

We now come to the second escape of Latude. It made a considerable noise in Europe at the time, and a narrative of it was published in London. It has not diminished in interest. The melancholy tidings of Le Berryer left the prisoners but one hope.

“It was out of the question to think for a moment of escaping from the Bastille by the gates. Every physical obstacle was united to render that impracticable. There remained no alternative, but to attempt the *air*. In our chamber was a chimney, the tunnel of which came out on the summit of the tower; but, like all those in the Bastille, it was filled with iron gratings, which, in several places, scarcely allowed a free passage to the smoke. Supposing we were arrived at the top of the tower, we had under us an abyss of two hundred feet. At the bottom was a ditch, commanded on the opposite side by a very high wall, which it was necessary to climb over. We were alone,—without implements or materials,—watched at every moment of the day and night,—overlooked, besides, by a multitude of sentinels, who surrounded the Bastille, and appeared completely to invest it.

“I was not disheartened by these accumulated obstacles and dangers. I communicated my ideas to my comrade; he looked upon me as a madman, and relapsed into his usual state of apathy. I was therefore obliged to trust entirely to myself,—to meditate over my design alone,—to calculate the appalling crowd of obstacles that opposed its execution, and to ponder on the means of surmounting them. To accomplish this, it was necessary to climb to the extreme summit of the chimney, in spite of the frequent gratings which impeded our progress. To descend from the top of the tower to the bottom of the ditch, required a rope ladder of at least two hundred feet,—a second ladder of wood to escape from the ditch; and, in case I could procure the necessary materials, I must conceal them from every eye—work without noise—deceive our numerous overseers—enchain their very senses, and, for many months, take from them the faculties of seeing and hearing. I must foresee, and check the crowd of obstacles which every day, and every instant of the day, will each arise out of the other, to impede and counteract the execution of perhaps one of the boldest plans that ever the imagination conceived, or human industry achieved. Reader, I have done all this; and once more I swear. I speak nothing but the truth.

"I shall now commence the detail of my operations.

"My first object was to discover a place where I could conceal, from all observation, our tools and materials, in case I should have the address to procure them. By dint of thought, I arrived at a conclusion which seemed to me a very happy one. I had occupied several different chambers in the Bastille; and whenever those immediately above and below me were also occupied, I could perfectly distinguish whatever noise was made in the one or the other. In the room in which we were now confined, I could hear all the movements of the prisoner who was above, but none of those of the prisoner in the apartment below; and I was quite certain that apartment was inhabited. I concluded, therefore, that our chamber had a double floor, with probably an interval between the two; and I took the following means of ascertaining the fact. There was a chapel in the Bastille, where mass was performed once on every week-day, and three times on Sundays. In this chapel were four little cabinets, so arranged that those who were there were concealed from the priest, except only when a small curtain was drawn aside at the elevation of the Host. Permission to attend mass was an especial favour, occasionally granted to the prisoners, and only to be obtained with great difficulty. Monsieur Berryer had procured this indulgence for us, and also for the prisoner who occupied the chamber No. 3, the one immediately under ours. On returning from chapel, I resolved to seize a moment before this prisoner was locked up again, and cast a hurried glance round his apartment. I explained to D'Alegre a method of assisting me. I told him to put his toothpick-case in his pocket handkerchief, and when we should be on the second story, to draw out his handkerchief suddenly, to contrive so that the toothpick-case should fall to the bottom of the stairs, and to request the turnkey to go and pick it up for him. The name of this man is *Daragon*, and he is still alive.

"This little plan succeeded to a miracle. While *Daragon* was looking for the toothpick-case, I ran quickly up to No. 3. I drew back the bolt of the door, and examined the height of the chamber from the floor: I found it did not exceed ten feet and a half. I re-closed the door, and from that chamber to ours I counted thirty-two steps, of nearly equal height. I measured one of them, and the result of my calculation convinced me that between the floor of our room and the ceiling of that below, there must be an interval of five feet and a half; and which could not be filled up with either stones or timber, on account of the enormous weight.

"As soon as the door of our apartment was bolted on us, and we were left alone, I threw myself on the neck of D'Alegre, intoxicated with confidence and hope, and embraced him with transport. 'My friend,' exclaimed I, 'patience and courage, and we are saved!' I explained to him my calculations and conclusions. 'We can conceal our ropes and materials—it is all I want,' cried I—'we are saved!'

"'How!' replied he—'you have not yet abandoned your dreams! ropes! materials! Where are they? Where can we procure them?'

"'Ropes!' exclaimed I—'we have more than we

require. This trunk (showing him mine) contains more than a thousand feet of rope.'

"I spoke with animation, full of my idea, and transported with new hopes. I appeared to him possessed. He looked at me steadily, and with the most touching tone of tender interest—'My friend,' said he, 'recall your senses, and subdue this wild delirium. Your trunk, you say, contains more than a thousand feet of rope. I know as well as you what it contains;—there is not a single inch of rope!'

"'How!' interrupted I, 'have I not a vast quantity of linen—thirteen dozen and a half of shirts—many napkins, stockings, nightcaps, and other articles? Will not these supply us? We will unravel them, and we shall have abundance of rope.'*

"D'Alegre, as if struck by a thunderbolt, penetrated at once the whole of my plan and my ideas. Hope, and the love of liberty, never become extinct in the heart of man, and they were only dormant in his. I soon inoculated him with my own ardour, but I had still to combat his host of objections, and dissipate his fears.

"'With what,' said he, 'shall we wrench away these iron gratings which fill our chimney? where shall we find materials for the ladder of wood we require? where are the tools with which to commence our operations? We do not possess the happy art of creating them.'

"'My friend,' replied I, 'it is genius that creates, and we have that which despair supplies. It will direct our hands; and once more I tell you, we shall be saved.'

"We had a folding table, supported by two iron hooks: we gave them an edge, by whetting them on the tiled floor. We converted the steel of our tinder-box, in less than two hours, into a tolerable penknife, with which we formed two handles to these hooks: their principal use would be, to tear away the iron gratings from our chimney.

"We were no sooner locked up for the night, than we commenced our operations. By means of our hooks, we raised some tiles of the floor, and, digging for about six hours, discovered, as I had conjectured, a vacant space of four feet between the floor of our apartment, and the ceiling of that below. We then replaced the tiles, which scarcely appeared to have been moved. These first operations completed, we ripped the seams and hems of two shirts, and drew out the threads, one by one. We tied them together, and wound them on a number of small balls, which we afterwards re-wound on two larger balls, each of

* Many people will here accuse me of exaggeration. They will scarcely believe an individual could possess such a quantity of linen; and will conclude I have assumed it, merely because it is necessary to the catastrophe of my fable. The English, particularly, have reasoned thus, when a detailed account of this escape appeared, some years ago, translated into their language. The best furnished English wardrobe contains but little linen. It is nearly the same thing at Paris; but in Provence they run into the opposite extreme. It is the common custom in families there to accumulate enormous quantities of linen.—*Note by Latude.*

In Scotland, at the period, this stock of linen would not have appeared so improbable. In France, in the provinces, washing was an affair of but once or twice a-year, which implied boards of linen.—E. J. M.

which was composed of fifty threads, sixty feet long. We twisted them together, and formed a single cord of about fifty-five feet long, with which we constructed a rope ladder of twenty feet, intended to support us aloft in the chimney, while we forced out the bars and pointed iron with which it was demanded.

"This was the most irksome employment that can possibly be conceived, and demanded six months' incessant labour, the bare recollection of which makes me shudder. We could only pursue the work by bending and twisting our bodies into the most painful positions. An hour at a time was all we could bear, and we never came down without hands covered with blood. These iron bars were fastened with an extremely hard mortar, which we had no means of softening, but by blowing water with our mouths into the holes as we worked them. An idea may be formed of the difficulty of this work, when we were well pleased if in a whole night we had cleared away the eighth of an inch of this mortar. When we got a bar out, we replaced it in its hole, but, if we were inspected, the deficiency might not appear; and so as to enable us to take them all out at once, should we be in a situation to attempt our escape.

"After dedicating six months to this obstinate and cruel labour, we applied ourselves to the wooden ladder, which was necessary to mount from the ditch upon the parapet, and from thence into the governor's garden. This ladder required to be from twenty to twenty-five feet long. We devoted to this nearly all our fuel, which consisted of logs about eighteen or twenty inches long. We now found we should want blocks and pulleys, and several other things, for which a saw was indispensable. I made one with an iron candlestick, by means of half the steel of the tinder-box, from which we had constructed the pen-knife. With this piece of the steel, the saw, and the iron hooks, we chopped and sawed our logs; we made tenants and mortices in them, to joint them one into the other, with two holes through each to pass in the round, and two pegs to prevent swagging. We made the ladder with only one upright, through which we put twenty rounds, each of fifteen inches long. The upright was three inches in diameter, so that each round projected six inches clear on each side. To every piece of which the ladder was composed, the proper round was tied with a string, to enable us to put it together readily in the dark. As we completed each piece, we concealed it between the two floors. With the tools we had already made, we completed our workshop. We made a pair of compasses, a square, a carpenter's rule, &c. &c. and hid them carefully in our magazine.

"There was a danger to provide against, which could only be parried by the most sedulous precautions. I have already stated that, independent of the constant visits of the turnkeys and other officers of the Bastille, at moments when they were least expected, one of the constant customs of the place was, to watch secretly the actions and discourse of the prisoners. We could only escape observation by working at night, and carefully concealing every

trace of our employment; a chip or a shaving might betray us.

"But it was also necessary to deceive the ears of our spies: we spoke to each other continually of our project; and to confound the ideas of our observers, and lead astray all suspicion, we invented a particular dictionary, giving a fictitious name to all our different implements. The saw we called *the monkey*,—the reel, *Anubis*,—the hooks, *Tubalcain*—from the name of the first workman who made use of iron; the hole we had made in the floor to conceal our materials, we called *Polyphemus*, in allusion to the cave of that celebrated Cyclop. The wooden ladder we christened *Jacob*, which recalled the idea of that mentioned in the Scriptures—the rounds, *sheep*,—the ropes, *doves*, on account of their whiteness. A ball of thread, *the little brother*,—the pen-knife, *the puppy dog*, &c. &c. If any one came suddenly into our room, and either of us saw any of our tools or materials exposed, he uttered the name, as *Jacob*, *Monkey*, *Anubis*, &c. and the other immediately concealed it with his pocket-handkerchief or a napkin. We were thus incessantly on our guard, and had the good fortune to deceive the Arguses who watched us.

"Our operations being thus far in progress, we set about our principal rope ladder, which was to be at least one hundred and eighty feet long. We began by unravelling all our linen, shirts, towels, night-caps, stockings, drawers, pocket-handkerchiefs—every thing which could supply thread or silk. As we made a ball, we concealed it in *Polyphemus*; and when we had a sufficient quantity, we employed a whole night in twisting it into a rope, and I defy the most skilful rope-maker to have done it better.

The upper part of the building of the Bastille projects over the wall three or four feet: this would necessarily occasion our ladder to wave and swing about as we came down it, enough to turn the strongest head. To obviate this, and prevent our falling and being dashed to pieces in the descent, we made a second rope, three hundred and sixty feet long, to steady the person first descending. This rope was to be reeved through a kind of double block without sheaves, lest it should become jammed, or fixed between the sides and the wheel, and thus keep us suspended in the air, instead of assisting our descent.

"Besides these, we constructed several other shorter ropes, to fasten our ladder to a cannon, and for any other unforeseen occasions. When all these ropes were finished, we measured them, and found they amounted to 1400 feet. We then made two hundred and eight rounds for the rope and wooden ladders. To prevent the noise which the rounds would make against the wall during our descent, we covered them all with the linings of our morning gowns, waistcoats, and under-waistcoats. In all these preparations we employed eighteen months, but still they were incomplete.

"We had provided means to get to the top of the tower, and from thence to the bottom of the ditch. To escape from the ditch, there were two methods. The first was to climb up the parapet, from the parapet to the Governor's garden, and from thence

to descend into the Fossé of the Porte St. Antoine. But the parapet we had to cross was always well furnished with sentinels. It is true, we might fix on a very dark and rainy night, when the sentinels did not go their rounds, and thus might escape their notice; but it might rain when we climbed up our chimney, and clear up at the very moment when we arrived at the parapet. We should then meet the Grand Rounds, who always carried lights; this would render it impossible to conceal ourselves, and we should be ruined for ever.

"The other plan increased our labours, but was the less dangerous of the two. It consisted in making a way through the wall which separated the ditch of the Bastille from that of the Porte St. Antoine. I considered that, in the numerous floods during which the Seine had caused this ditch to overflow, the water must have weakened the mortar, and rendered it less difficult to break through, and thus we should be enabled to force a passage. For this purpose, we should require an auger or gimlet, to make holes in the mortar, so as to enable us to insert the points of two of the iron bars to be taken out of our chimney, and with these to force out the stones. Accordingly, we made an auger, with the hinge of one of our bedsteads, and fastened a handle to it in form of a cross.

"The reader who has followed us through the detail of these interesting occupations, participates no doubt in all the various feelings which agitated us, and, suspended between hope and fear, is equally anxious for the moment when we should attempt our flight.

"We fixed on Wednesday, the 25th of February, 1756. The river had overflowed its banks; there were four feet of water in the ditch of the Bastille, and also in that of the Porte St. Antoine, by which latter we hoped to effect our deliverance. I filled a leathern portmanteau with a complete change of clothes for each of us, in case we were fortunate enough to escape. Our dinner was scarcely over, when we set up our great ladder of ropes, that is, we fastened the rounds to it, and hid it under our beds. We then arranged our wooden ladder in three pieces; we put our iron bars in their cases, to prevent their making a noise; and we packed up, besides, a bottle of usquebaugh, to warm us, and keep up our strength, during nine hours that we might be obliged to work up to our necks in the water.

"We then waited patiently till our supper was brought up, and the turnkeys locked us in for the night. I ascended the chimney first: I had the rheumatism in my left arm, but I thought little of the pain, for I soon experienced one much more severe. I had taken none of the precautions used by chimney-sweepers: I was nearly choked by the soot; and having no leathern guards on my knees and elbows, they soon became so excoriated, that the blood ran down on my legs and hands. In this state I arrived at the top of the chimney. As soon as I got there, I let down a ball of twine with which I had provided myself. D'Alegre attached to this the end of the rope to which our portmanteau was fastened. I drew it up, untied it, and threw it on the platform of the Bastille. In the same way we

hoisted up the wooden ladder, the two iron bars, and all our other articles; we finished by the ladder of ropes, the end of which I allowed to hang down, to aid D'Alegre in getting up, whilst I held the upper part by means of a large wooden peg which we had prepared on purpose. I passed it through the ropes, and placed it across the funnel of the chimney. By these means, my companion mounted much more easily than I had done. I then came down from the top of the chimney, where I had been in a very painful position, and both of us stood on the platform of the Bastille.

"We now arranged all our different articles: we began by making a coil of our rope ladder, of about four feet diameter; we rolled it to the tower called *La Tour du Treson*, which appeared the most favourable for our descent. We fastened one end of the ladder to a piece of cannon, and lowered it gently down the wall. Then we fastened the block, and passed the rope of 360 feet long through it; this rope I tied firmly round my body, and D'Alegre slackened it slowly, as I went down. Notwithstanding this precaution, I swang fearfully about in the air, at every step I made. The mere remembrance of my situation makes me shudder. At length I landed safely in the ditch, and D'Alegre immediately lowered the portmanteau and all our other effects. I fortunately found a dry spot, higher than the water which filled the ditch, and there I placed them. My companion then followed my example, and descended without accident; but he had an advantage over me, for I held the ladder with all my strength, and greatly prevented its swinging.

"When we both found ourselves safe in the bottom of the ditch, we felt a momentary sensation of regret at not being able to carry away our rope ladder, and other implements,—rare and precious monuments of what human industry and exertion can achieve, when inspired by the love of liberty.*

"It did not rain, and we heard the sentinel marching up and down, at about six toises [the French toise is two yards] distance; we were therefore forced to give up our plan of escaping by the parapet and the Governor's garden, and resolved to use our iron bars. We crossed the ditch of the Bastille, straight over to the wall which divides it from that of the Porte St. Antoine, and went to work sturdily. Just at this point there was a small ditch of about six feet broad, and a foot and a half deep, which increased the depth of the water accordingly. Elsewhere it reached up to our middles, and here to our arm-pits. It had thawed only for a few days, and there was still floating ice in the water. We continued there nine hours, exhausted with fatigue, and benumbed by the cold. We had scarcely begun our work, when I saw, about twelve feet over our heads, a patrol major, whose lanthorn exactly cast a light over the place we were in. We had no alternative but to put our heads under water as he passed, and this occurred several times during the night.

* On the 16th of July, 1789, the day following the taking of the Bastille, I went there, and found, with a degree of pleasure I can scarcely describe, my rope and wooden ladders, and several others of the articles I have mentioned. They were shut up in a kind of secret closet, where they had been preserved as precious curiosities.

"At length, after nine hours of incessant alarm and exertion, after having worked out the stones one by one, we succeeded in making, in a wall of four feet and a half thick, a hole sufficiently wide, and we both crept through. We were already giving way to our transport, when we fell into a danger we had not foreseen, and which had nearly proved fatal to us. In crossing the Fossé St. Antoine, to get into the road to Bercy, we fell into the aqueduct. This aqueduct had ten feet of water over our heads, and two feet of mud at the bottom, which prevented our walking through to the opposite side, although it was only six feet across. D'Alegre fell on me, and had nearly thrown me down. Had that misfortune happened, we were lost; for neither of us possessed strength enough to get up again, and we must have been smothered. Finding myself laid hold of by D'Alegre, I gave him a violent blow with my fist, which made him let me go: at the same instant, throwing myself forward, I got out of the aqueduct. I then felt for D'Alegre, and, seizing hold of his hair, drew him to my side. We were soon out of the Fossé, and, just as the clock struck five, found ourselves on the high road.

"Penetrated by the same feeling, we threw ourselves into each other's arms; and, after a long embrace, we fell on our knees to express our fervent gratitude to the Almighty, who had protected us through so many dangers. It is more easy to conceive than to describe our sensations.

"This first duty fulfilled, we thought of changing our clothes; and we now saw the full advantage of having provided ourselves with the portmanteau. The long continuance in the wet had benumbed our limbs; and, as I had foreseen, we suffered much more from the cold now than we had previously done during the nine consecutive hours when we were immersed in the water and floating ice. Neither of us retained strength enough to change his clothes, without the assistance of the other.

"We got into a hackney coach, and drove to the house of Monsieur Silhouette, Chancellor to the Duke of Orleans. I was very well acquainted with him, and felt sure of a kind reception. Unfortunately, he was at Versailles. We then sought shelter with an honest man who was equally well known to me: he was a tailor, of the name of Rouit, and a native of Digne, in Languedoc."

We were unwilling to impair the interest of this narrative by the omission of one word of the original, long as it is. It will remain a record of what men, animated by the passionate desire of the greatest of blessings, personal freedom, may accomplish. Disguised as a peasant, D'Alegre went to Brussels, and, taking necessary precautions, Latude, disguised as a servant, followed the same route. Where the road on the high road between Valenciennes and Mons marked the boundary of Austria and France, he threw himself on the ground and kissed the soil, where he imagined he was free, and could breathe at last without fear. Arrived at Brussels, he discovered that D'Alegre had been entrapped, and he fled on to Antwerp, and thence to Amsterdam. His money was now completely exhausted, and the supplies sent by his father to Brussels intercepted by those employed to watch for and arrest him. There

is ever abroad in the world among human beings a genial spirit of kindness, a countervailing force to tyranny and oppression. It lurks in the bosom of turnkeys and jailers, as we have lately seen in the case of Silvio Pellico; it has been seen in common hangmen,—it often harbours with the rudest tenants of the meanest hovel in our lanes. In France, despotism went far indeed in brutalizing the mass, but it could not entirely extinguish the spirit of humanity. If war was in that country soon to be proclaimed on the castle, but peace to the cottage, was it not because the virtues, driven from the habitation of the noble still found refuge with the peasant. Driven to the extreme of destitution, Latude writes,—

"I had but two alternatives, either to beg or feed on grass. The first was revolting to my feelings, and I decided on the second; but I relied on my courage, and forgot my bodily faculties. Necessity had reduced me to the condition of the brute creation, but nature had denied me their organs, and my stomach rejected the miserable nourishment. I thought to qualify the crudity of the herbs, and diminish the pain they caused me in swallowing, by mixing up with them some pieces of coarse rye bread, called in that country *rockenbrod*, as black and as heavy as peat, and of which I purchased four pounds.

"Such were my provisions for the voyage, and such my situation, when I set out for Amsterdam.

"It will readily be conceived I sought no intercourse with my fellow-travellers. It was too humiliating to exhibit my poverty, and I dreaded their compassion,—thus furnishing another instance that, in the midst of every human privation, pride will often prevail over all other feelings. Nevertheless, my observation was involuntarily attracted towards one of my companions. His aspect was severe, and a harsh demeanour made him equally remarkable and forbidding. This man was called John Teerhorst, a native of Amsterdam, where he kept a sort of tavern or public-house in a cellar. He regarded me attentively, and particularly noticed my frugal repast. When he thought he had sufficiently divined my situation, he addressed me; and with the tone that at first humiliates, but in the end inspires confidence by its air of truth, he said to me in French, 'Good God! what an extraordinary dinner you are making! You seem to have more appetite than money.' I admitted frankly that he was right: he replied nothing, but led me at once to a table where he had spread his own provisions. 'No compliments, Mr. Frenchman,' said he; 'seat yourself there, and eat and drink with me.' We entered into conversation, and I soon found that, under a rough exterior, he concealed the most inestimable qualities: he did good without ostentation, from choice and almost by instinct, and appeared neither to know nor care about it. He seemed also to have learned the delicate art of not wounding the sensibility of the wretch we relieve, and demanded trifling services from me in return, to lessen the weight of obligation. I told him I was from Languedoc, and he said he knew a native of the same country at Amsterdam, who, he was confident, would be delighted to serve him.

"When we arrived, he introduced me to my countryman, whose name was Martin; he proved to be from Picardy, and was altogether the most insensible and disgusting being I had ever known. John Teerhorst, convinced that Martin would receive me with the warmest hospitality, came to congratulate me. My dejection and my tears told him my disappointment, and the utter destitution to which I was reduced—compelled to fly my country, a stranger in a foreign land, more than three hundred leagues from my relations, without money or resources, without friends or protectors.

"The generous Hollander penetrated my feelings at once; he took me by the hand, and said, 'Do not weep; I will never abandon you. I am not rich, it is true, but my heart is good; we will do the best we can for you, and you will be satisfied.' He consulted his wife, and between them they arranged a sleeping place for me, within a large closet, and gave me a mattress from their own bed. This conduct of my kind host was the more generous, as his means were small, and I must of necessity prove a serious addition to his expenses. His dwelling consisted of a cellar, divided by a partition. The first part, called the sitting room, contained his bed, a large table, and a counter; the second part served for a kitchen. The whole family consisted of Teerhorst and his wife, a young girl of twenty, a journeyman jeweller, an apothecary who was always drunk, and myself. Teerhorst was not satisfied with lodging and feeding me; he tried also to divert and occupy my mind. He took me to the public-houses, and other places where he thought I should be amused.

"Every effort he made was an act of disinterested kindness I duly appreciated, but they failed to dissipate my gloom. The remembrance of D'Alegre tormented me incessantly."

The French ambassador, in obedience to the sovereign Pompadour, solicited the permission of the States-General to arrest the prisoner; and by bribery and intimidation effected his purpose. Latude ventured abroad to a bank to receive money for a draft from his father, and was kidnapped in a manner the most base and dastardly. To a man of his spirit—to any man, the insulting conduct of the persons around him must have been more intolerable than all besides. A French Exempt of Police, named St. Marc, said, "I ought to pronounce the name of the Marchioness de Pompadour with the most profound respect; she was anxious only to load me with favours: far from complaining, I ought to kiss the generous hand that struck me, every blow from which was a compliment and an obligation." I regarded him as a common miscreant, too contemptible to excite reply.

The citizens of Amsterdam began to understand the case, and to clamour about the prisoner, who, after suffering great hardship, was once more consigned to the dungeons of the Bastille. No prince opposed the progress of the victim of Pompadour and the French government on Latude's being carried a prisoner through his territory. We shall afterwards notice the fate of D'Alegre. His fortunes were yet more pitiable than those of our hero.

"St. Marc was received as a benevolent divinity;

all the officers of the Castle came out to meet him, to enhance by their attendance the imposing dignity of his arrival. They congratulated and embraced him; he boasted of the difficulties he had encountered, and the brilliant success of his expedition; they sympathized with his fatigues, and every one seemed anxious, by some delicate attention, to reward and distinguish him. For me, I was stripped of my clothes, as on the former occasion,—covered with rags, half rotten,—chained hand and foot,—and then thrown again into a dungeon, with a few handfuls of straw. My jailers were the same whose vigilance I had deceived before, and who had been punished by three months imprisonment, for the crime of not having prevented my escape.

"I shall not harass the imagination of my readers, by a fresh detail of all I underwent, in this frightful situation; they will easily conceive it, without my attempting to weary their sensibility. During three years and five months, I remained in chains, a prey to all the horrors of my fate, and abandoned to the tyranny of my persecutors. I shall detail, in another place, the declaration of a surgeon who was ordered to visit me and report on my condition. His recital of what I had suffered will make the reader shudder.

"I have said enough at present of tortures and executioners; let me now mention the alleviations I found, even in this loathsome dungeon.

TAMING OF RATS.

"For a long time I had enumerated amongst my greatest annoyances the presence of a crowd of rats, who came continually hunting for food and lodging in my straw. Sometimes, when I was asleep, they ran across my face, and more than once, by biting me severely, occasioned the most acute suffering. Unable to get rid of them, and forced to live in their society, I conceived the idea of forming a friendship with them.

"The dungeons of the Bastille are octagonal; the one where I was now confined had a loop-hole, two feet and a half above the floor. On the inside, it was two feet long, and about eighteen inches wide; but it gradually diminished towards the exterior, so that on the outside wall it scarcely exceeded three inches in size. From this loop-hole alone I derived the only light and air I was permitted to enjoy: the stone which formed the base of it served me also for chair and table. When, tired of reclining on a foul and infected pallet, I dragged myself to the loop-hole to imbibe a little fresh air, to lighten the weight of my chains, I rested my elbows and arms on this horizontal stone. Being one day in this attitude, I saw a large rat appear at the other extremity of the loop-hole; I called him to me; he looked at me without showing any fear; I gently threw him a piece of bread, taking care not to frighten him away by a violent action. He approached,—took the bread—went to a little distance to eat it, and appeared to ask for a second piece: I flung him another, but at less distance; a third, nearer still, and so on by degrees. This continued as long as I had bread to give him; for, after satisfying his appetite, he carried off to a hole the fragments he had not devoured. The following day, he came again. I

treated him with the same generosity, and added even a morsel of meat, which he appeared to find more palatable than the bread; for this time he ate in my presence, which before he had not done. The third day he became sufficiently familiar to take what I offered him from my fingers.

"I have no idea where his dwelling-place was before, but he appeared inclined to change it, to approach nearer to me; he discovered, on each side of the window, a hole sufficiently large for his purpose; he examined them both, and fixed his abode in the one to the right, which appeared to him the most convenient. On the fifth day, for the first time, he came to sleep there. The following morning, he paid me a very early visit: I gave him his breakfast; when he had eaten heartily, he left me, and I saw him no more till the next day, when he came according to custom. I saw, as soon as he issued from his hole, that he was not alone. I observed a female rat peeping from it, and apparently watching our proceedings. I tried to entice her out, by throwing her bread and meat; she seemed much more timid than the other, and for some time refused to take them; however, at last she ventured out of the hole by degrees, and seized what I threw halfway towards her. Sometimes she quarrelled with the male, and, when she proved either stronger or more skilful, ran back to the hole, carrying with her what she had taken. When this happened, the male rat crept close up to me for consolation, and, to revenge himself on the other, ate what I gave him too far from the hole for her to venture to dispute it with him, but always pretending to exhibit his prize as if in bravado. He would then seat himself on his haunches, holding the bread or meat between his fore-paws like a monkey, and nibbling it with an air of defiance.

"One day, the pride of the female conquered her shyness. She sprang out, and seized between her teeth the morsel which the other was beginning to munch. Neither would let go, and they rolled over each other to the hole, into which the female, who was the nearest to it, dragged the male after her. This extraordinary spectacle relieved, by contrast, the monotony of my ordinary sufferings and recollections. In the bustle of the world, it is difficult to conceive the pleasure I derived from such a trifling source, but there are sensitive minds who will readily understand it.

"When my dinner was brought in, I called my companions: the male ran to me directly; the female, according to custom, came slowly and timidly, but at length approached close to me, and ventured to take what I offered her from my hand. Some time after, a third appeared, who was much less ceremonious than my first acquaintances. After his second visit, he constituted himself one of the family, and made himself so perfectly at home, that he resolved to introduce his comrades. The next day he came, accompanied by two others, who, in the course of the week, brought five more; and thus, in less than a fortnight, our family circle consisted of ten large rats and myself. I gave each of them names, which they learned to distinguish. When I called them, they came to eat with me, from the

dish, or off the same plate; but I found this unpleasant, and was soon forced to find them a dish for themselves, on account of their slovenly habits. They became so tame that they allowed me to scratch their necks, and appeared pleased when I did so; but they would never permit me to touch them on the back. Sometimes I amused myself with making them play, and joining in their gambols. Occasionally I threw them a piece of meat scalding hot: the most eager ran to seize it, burned themselves, cried out, and left it; whilst the less greedy, who had waited patiently, took it when it was cold, and escaped into a corner, where they divided their prize: sometimes I made them jump up, by holding a piece of bread or meat suspended in the air.

"There was among them a female whom I had christened *Rapino-Hyronnelle*, on account of her agility; I took great pleasure in making her jump, and so confident was she of her superiority over all the others, that she never condescended to take what I held up for them; she placed herself in the attitude of a dog pointing at game,—allowed one of the rats to spring at the morsel offered to him, and, at the moment when he seized it, would dart forward and snatch it out of his mouth. It was unlucky for him if she missed her spring; for then she invariably seized him by the neck, with her teeth as sharp as needles: the other, yelling with pain, would leave his prey at the mercy of *Rapino-Hyronnelle*, and creep into a corner to cure the wounds she had inflicted on him.

"With these simple and innocent occupations I contrived, for two years, to divert my mind from constantly brooding over my miseries; and now and then I surprised myself in a sensation of positive enjoyment. A bountiful Deity had no doubt created this solace for me; and when I gave myself up to it, in those happy moments the world disappeared. I thought no longer of men, and their barbarities, but as a dream. My intellectual horizon was bounded by the walls of my prison; my senses, my reason, my imagination, were centred within that narrow compass. I found myself in the midst of a family who loved and interested me; why then should I wish to transport myself back into another hemisphere, where I had met with nothing but assassins and executioners?

"One day, when my straw had been changed, I observed, among what was newly brought, a piece of elder which had helped to tie it. This discovery caused an emotion I cannot describe. I conceived the idea of converting it into a flageolet, and the thought transported me. Hitherto I had heard no sounds within my dungeon but those of bolts and chains; I could now vary them by a sweet and touching melody, and thus accelerate in some degree the tardy step of time. What a fertile source of consolation! But how could I construct this flageolet? My hands were confined within two iron rings, fixed to a bar of the same metal; I could only move them by a most painful exertion, and I had no instrument whatever to assist me. My jailers would have refused me even a morsel of wood, although I could have offered them treasures in exchange.

"I contrived to take off the buckle which confined the waistband of my small-clothes. I used the irons on my legs to prepare it, and to bend the fork into a kind of small chisel; but it proved so ineffective, that it was with the utmost difficulty I was able to cut the branch of elder, take out the pith, and shape it as I required. At last, after many attempts, and several months' labour, I had the happiness to succeed. I call it a happiness, for it truly was one: I enjoy it to this hour with increasing interest. Thirty-four years have elapsed since I constructed this little instrument, and during that time it has never been a moment out of my possession. It formerly served to dissipate my cares,—it now enhances my enjoyments. I will give directions, after it has consoled the latest hours of my existence, that it shall be placed in the hands of some true apostle of liberty, and fixed in one of her temples, to record, with similar memorials, the attempts of despotism.

"The time occupied by these important labours in some degree distracted me from my domestic cares, and I neglected my little family: during this interval it had considerably augmented, and in less than a year amounted to twenty-six. I was certain there were no strangers among them; those who attempted to obtain admittance were received with hostility, and compelled to fight with the first who encountered them. These battles afforded me a most amusing spectacle. As soon as the two champions placed themselves in position, they appeared at once to estimate their respective force before a blow was struck. The stronger gnashed his teeth, while the weaker uttered cries, and retreated slowly without turning his back, as if fearful lest his adversary should spring upon and devour him. On the other hand, the stronger never attacks in front, which would expose him to the danger of having his eyes torn out: the method he adopts is ingenious and amusing: he places his head between his fore-paws, and rolls head over heels two or three times, until the middle of his back comes in contact with his enemy's nose. The latter attempts to fly; the former selects that moment to seize him; he grasps him at once, and sometimes they fight most furiously; if any other rats are present, they remain passive spectators of the combat, and never join two against one.

"I was very anxious to tame some spiders, but in this I was less skilful than the unfortunate *Pelisson*. The method I employed to take them was singular. I tied a fly to a hair of my head, and suspended it thus over a hole where I knew there was a spider; the spider came out and seized it: I could then carry it where I pleased; for the spider, not being able to climb along the hair, or detach himself from the fly, remained in my power. I then tied the hair to the grating of the loop-hole, and put a goblet of water under it. The spider let down a thread, by which he could descend: as soon as he touched the water, he went back again to the fly, and in this manner I could keep him a long time: but I tried in vain: for I was never able to familiarize a single one."

Cowper, the friend of freedom, has made us familiar with the unhappy prisoner alluded to above. *Compelled*

To fly for refuge from distracting thought
To such amusements as ingenious wo
Contrives, hard-shifting and without her tools;
To read, engraven on the mouldy walls,
In staggering types, his predecessor's tale,
A sad memorial, and subjoin his own;
To turn purveyor to an overgorged
And bloated spider, till the pampered pest
Is made familiar, watches his approach,
Comes at his call, and serves him as a friend;
To wear out time in numbering to and fro
The studs that thick emboss his iron door,
Now downward, and then upward, then aslant,
And then alternate; with a sickly hope,
By dint of chance, to give his tasteless task
Some relish; till, the sum exactly told,
In all directions, he begins again.
Oh, comfortless existence! hemmed around
With woes which who that suffers would not kneel
And beg for exile, or the pangs of death?
That man should thus encroach on fellow man,
Abridge him of his just and native rights,
Eradicate him, tear him from his hold
Upon the endearments of domestic life
And social; nip his fruitfulness and use,
And doom him, for perhaps a heedless word,
To barrenness, and solitude, and tears,—
Moves indignation—makes the name of king
(Of king whom such prerogative could please)
As dreadful as the Manichean god,
Adored through fear—strong only to destroy.
'Tis Liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it.

This extract will be pardoned us. It is far from out of place. The state prisons of France and Austria are not yet tenantless.

Sartine was now at the head of the police department—a minister very different in character from Berryer. To him a report was sent by a surgeon of the state of the prisoner Latude, which is almost too shocking to be read. The medical report met with no attention; but the swelling of the Seine having flooded his dungeon, he was removed to an open cell in a different tower, as the turnkey complained of wetting his feet when attending the prisoner. Once more Latude beheld and blessed the face of heaven; but he had lost his strange companions.

"I was unable to remove with me my little family, which I bitterly regretted; but a happy chance supplied me with the means of replacing them.

"There were some pigeons in the constant habit of perching on my window. I conceived the idea of taming them. If I succeeded, they would more than console me for the loss of my rats: how much more sweet and touching would be their caresses and their friendship! My mind being intent on this project, I endeavoured to put it in execution. With some threads that I drew out from my shirts and sheets, I constructed a noose, which I hung out from my window, and caught a beautiful male pigeon. I soon caught the female also, who seemed voluntarily to partake the captivity of her mate. I tried every means to console them for the loss of liberty; I assisted them to make their nest and to feed their young; my cares and attention equalled their own. They seemed sensible of this, and repaid me by every possible mark of affection. As soon as we had established this reciprocal understanding, I occupied

myself entirely with them. How I watched their actions, and enjoyed their expressions of tenderness! I lost myself entirely whilst with them, and in my dreams continued the enjoyment.

"All the officers of the Bastille, surprised at my address, came to witness the exhibition of it. It gratified me to astonish them by describing the pleasure it afforded me; but they had no such feelings, and could not even conceive their existence. Daragon became jealous of my happiness, and resolved to interrupt it: he was angry that a single emotion of my heart should be unaccompanied by pain. He was upheld by some of the superior officers, whose creature he was, and who winked at all his proceedings; whatever he did was approved of: he resolved, therefore, to deprive me of my pigeons, or make me pay dearly for permission to keep them. I was in the habit of giving him, every Sunday, one of the seven bottles of wine allowed me for the week: he had the insolence to demand four. I pointed out to him how impossible it was for me, in the weak state to which I was reduced, to give up what was so necessary to restore my health: he replied, that, unless I consented, he would buy no more grain for my pigeons, although I paid him four times the value. Exasperated by his insolence, I replied with some asperity; he went out foaming with rage, and returned some time after, announcing that he came, in obedience to the Governor's orders, to kill my pigeons. My despair at this exceeded all bounds, and absolutely unsettled my reason; I could have willingly sacrificed my life to satisfy my just vengeance on this monster. I saw him make a motion towards the innocent victims of my misfortunes; I sprang forward to prevent him; I seized them, and, in my agony, I crushed them myself. This was perhaps the most miserable moment of my whole existence. I never recall the memory of it without the bitterest pangs. I remained several days without taking any nourishment; grief and indignation divided my soul; my sighs were imprecations, and I held all mankind in mortal horror."

Fortunately for the unhappy prisoners, the new Governor of the Bastille, Count de Jumilhac, was compassionate and generous. He procured for Latude the indulgence of walking on the flat roof of the Bastille for two hours a-day. The prisoner now employed himself in forming schemes of reform in the army and finance departments, which he transmitted to Sartine. He hoped his plans might entitle him to his freedom. From causes not properly explained in the first instance, and afterwards by intemperate expressions of complaint wrung from the persecuted prisoner, Sartine, servile beyond every other minister to the royal favourite, became his confirmed and relentless enemy.

From the platform of the Bastille he still enjoyed the pleasure of viewing Paris and the country, and connecting himself in idea with busy life.

One day a sentinel, who had been in his father's regiment, told him of the death of his parent. To his family he, like all the state prisoners, was dead. A report had, indeed, been spread that he had escaped from Holland to the West Indies, and been drowned at sea. It was long before this, on his first arrest, that his mother had written to Pompadour.

"My son, Madam, has long groaned in the dungeons of the Bastille, for having had the misfortune to offend you. My grief surpasses his; day and night his sad fate torments my imagination. I share all the agony of his sufferings, without having participated in his fault. What do I say? Alas! I know not how he has displeased you. He was young, and has been led away by others. How differently must he reason now! The reflections of a prison are very opposite to the vain thoughts of unbridled youth. If he, Madam, is unworthy of your pardon, extend your indulgence to me in his stead; feel for my situation; have compassion on an afflicted mother; let your heart be softened by my tears. Death will soon close my eyes; do not wait till I am in the grave to show compassion to my son. He is my only child, the sole shoot of the stock, the last scion of his family, the only prop of my age. Restore him to me, Madam, *you who are so good!* (O, my mother, you speak to her of her goodness! you degrade yourself even to that! Can maternal tenderness extend so far?) Do not refuse me my son, Madam, the only consolation of my declining years; give him up to my affliction, restore him to my entreaties, my sighs, my tears!"

And yet this monster in the human form remained inflexible. Many other persons joined in soliciting my deliverance. My relations and my friends, in more than one instance, engaged in my behalf some of the satellites of the Marchioness, and of Monsieur de Sartine. They were invariably repulsed with these appalling words:—"Beware how you solicit the pardon of that miscreant. You would shudder if you knew the crimes he has committed."

In going into the Bastille a fictitious name was given to all prisoners, that when inquired for by powerful friends, it could be said no such person was confined there. No advocate was permitted to plead for a prisoner confined by a *Lettre de cachet*, or to publish any statement about him.

On the platform Latude was always attended by guards; but he conceived the project of so far eluding them as to throw a packet into the street, St. Antoine, if he could find writing materials, which were now strictly forbidden him. This idea engaged all his thoughts. He says, "From the top of the platform I could see perfectly into the different apartments of the houses that surrounded the Bastille; I endeavoured to distinguish the persons that occupied them; and above all, for the execution of my project, I sought for women, and I wished to find them young and pretty. Their gentle souls are then more susceptible of pity, more easily touched by misfortunes. Their sensibility is more active, and more capable of generous efforts. Nature impresses these truths upon us; I felt their power, but I had not then learned them from experience. How deeply have they since been engraved upon my heart, and how much am I indebted to the heroic woman who burst the chains that had so long encircled me; who, without knowing me, and upon the mere recital of my injuries, herself without friends, protectors, fortune, or any guide but her heart, succeeded in defeating my enemies, and hesitated not to brave their utmost vengeance."

"A fortunate chance assisted me even beyond my

hopes. I remarked two young women at work, in a room by themselves; their countenances appeared gentle and attractive, and I was not deceived. One of them happening to look towards me, I saluted her respectfully with my hand; she apprized her sister, who also turned round; I then saluted them both in the same manner, which they answered immediately with an air of interest and good nature. From this moment, we commenced a regular correspondence. Every day I repeated my visit."

He resolved to address his memorial to a well-known character La Beaumelle. On a former occasion he had used the bones of carp for a pen, and his own blood as ink, but this time by beating out a half-penny to the thinness of paper, he contrived to fold it up and form a metal pen. To make ink was his greatest difficulty, for wounding his fingers to procure the substitute had been attended with bad consequences.

The Memoir was drawn up. Instructions and hints for their guidance given to friends, and from the leathern linings of a pair of breeches, packets were made, but his fair neighbours were yet to be apprized of his design.

"For several days," says he, "I endeavoured, by signs, to explain to my friendly neighbours, that I wished them to come into the street, and receive a packet from me; they appeared not to understand me. At length, on the 21st of September, 1763, I perceived that one of them obeyed my signal; I took advantage of a moment when my keepers had their backs turned, and flung the packet towards her with all my strength; it fell close to her feet; I saw her take it up, and return quickly to her chamber, where her sister was expecting her. In less than a quarter of an hour, they went out together, having previously given me to understand, by the most expressive gestures, that their intention was to carry the packet to the address of the parties I had named to them.

"I had mentioned, in my letter to themselves, that my first duty, and equally my pleasure, on obtaining my deliverance, would be to recompense them for their generous interference. For nearly thirty years, this sacred debt has weighed heavily on my heart. One of these amiable sisters is dead; the other is still in existence, and her circumstances are far from comfortable. My heart has never ceased to feel the deepest gratitude for her services, but my evil destiny has denied me the means of proving it."

A joyful day at last dawned for Latude. His friends one day appeared at their window and made many signs.

"On the 18th of April, 1764, at a quarter past nine in the morning, I saw them approach the window, and display a roll of paper, on which I read distinctly the following words in large characters:—*The Marchioness de Pompadour died yesterday, April the 17th, 1764.*

"I thought I saw the heavens expand themselves.

"I wrote immediately to Monsieur de Sartine; I reminded him that I had committed no crime, and had never been in the presence either of accuser or judge; that I had been detained in the Bastille by the orders of the Marchioness de Pompadour alone, and as her death had terminated her vengeance, it ought equally to put a period to my captivity.

"All the officers of the Bastille, the turnkeys, and every one attached to the establishment, had received the most rigorous orders to conceal from the prisoners the death of the Marchioness; the Lieutenant of Police, therefore, was surprised beyond measure when he read my letter. He hastened instantly to the prison, ordered me to be brought before him, and demanded with severity from whom, and through what channel, I had received my intelligence. This question, and the tone in which it was put, convinced me at once that I should bring danger on those who had informed me, if I were weak enough to name them. I replied to Monsieur de Sartine, that the importance he attached to the matter, enabled me to perceive the motives he was actuated by; and, well knowing what would be the consequences of my confession, he should tear out my entrails before he extracted it from me. He persevered, and had the baseness to say, 'This avowal is the price of your liberty.' I could no longer contain my indignation but retorted,—'That I thought I saw before me Mahomet II., who ripped open twelve pages, to discover which among them had swallowed five cyphers.' He stammered in confusion, blushed, and went away, promising to *take care of me.*"

It was insinuated to Latude, that the heirs of the Marchioness de Pompadour, dreading the claims of her victims, had prevailed with the Minister to keep them still in prison; and after an agonizing period of suspense, he in a state of furious exasperation wrote to Sartine, in the style which few men in power ever will forgive.

"Prudent men will condemn me for this act of passion, and find in it, perhaps, a justification of the atrocious cruelties I groaned under; or they will probably account themselves generous, if, appealing to their sensibility, they excuse me on the ground of compassion. Let these cold calculators learn to estimate the effect of bodily and mental suffering nourished by despair alone; let them remember that he who kisses with respect the hand of the tyrant that oppresses him, is a dastard undeserving pity, and that Socrates appears greater because he dared to brave Anitus.

"It was on the 27th of July, 1764, that I forwarded this letter. A generous tyrant (and even tyrants sometimes can be generous) would have been struck on reading it; he would have blushed for himself, and pardoned the writer. Monsieur de Sartine ordered me to be thrown again into a common dungeon. This was his only answer, and it was worthy of him. I remained on bread and water till the 14th of August following. He began to reflect that the officers of the Bastille, aware of the promises he had formerly made me, and witnesses of his present conduct, would easily divine his motives; and in imitation of other despots, who, while they practise vices, assume the semblance of virtue, he circulated through the Castle the report that he was disposed to restore me to liberty; but, to accustom me by degrees to a change of air, he was going to place me for a few months in a convent of monks. In consequence of this, I was taken out of my dungeon during the night of the 14th or 15th of August, 1764; I was loaded with irons of every description, and under the custody of an exempt named Rouillier, attended by two

stants, was conveyed into a hackney coach. A sense of cold, reflecting cruelty, was now preparing for me, surpassing in atrocity any I have yet detailed.

"My keepers fastened an iron chain round my neck, the end of which they passed under the bend of my knees; one of them placed one hand upon my mouth, and the other behind my head, whilst his companion pulled the chain with all his might, and thus completely bent me double. The pain I suffered was so intense that I thought my loins and spine were crushed; I have no doubt it equalled that endured by the wretch who is broken on the wheel. In this state I was conveyed from the Bastille to Vincennes."

Sartine was an odious specimen of the genus French Minister. His malignity and meanness were evinced on many occasions; but from this epoch, his hatred of Latude, who had the indiscreet courage to save him, became a passion.

To transfer the prisoner from the Bastille to Vincennes, it was necessary to obtain an order from the Governor of Paris, which office was then filled by L. de Saint-Florentin. To him Sartine, as head of the police, presented the following memorial, worthy of those tyrants who seek to "Crush out life by little secret ways."

"The longer Dauri (the fictitious name given to Latude to conceal his true one) continues a prisoner, the more his malignity and ferocious temper increase. It is easy to perceive that he is capable of almost any crime, and would commit some desperate outrage if he were restored to liberty. Since the 1st of July and the 13th of August last, when I caused him to be informed that he must still exercise patience, and that the period of his restoration to liberty, which was approaching, was not yet fixed, there is no description of excess, brutality, violence, and menaces, which he has not constantly put in practice to render himself formidable. The memory of the Marchioness de Pompadour is a perpetual scourge to him. He wishes on her the most opprobrious epithets, because he himself has become an abandoned miscreant in prison.* If she had lived, he says, he would have played her a fatal turn. See page 7 of his letter of the 27th July. The King himself is not safe from his fury and his insolent jests. After this letter of the 27th July, in which he loads me with the most atrocious insults, and is prodigal of threats, I continued still to treat him with humanity. I have despised his impotent fury, and I have even given him hopes, through the Major, to whom I wrote on the subject, that the duration of his captivity would be bridged: he replied by insolent letters, so that I was compelled to remove him to a dungeon, which everity he treats with ridicule. This man, who is desperate and enterprising beyond what can be easily believed, occasions great trouble and annoyance in the duty of the Bastille."

Latude protests in the strongest and most passionate terms against these charges, and no one can dis-

* The names given by Latude to this favourite could not be worse than those bestowed on her by the grandsons of her royal paramour, the present ex-King of France, and his mild and well-disposed brother Louis XVI.—*E. J. M.*

believe that the voice of truth, indignant truth, outraged justice, speaks through him. The order, as we have seen, was given. The unfortunate prisoner now lost all hope. The order solicited was one under which he might be confined in an *oubliette*, a place, as the name imports, of utter oblivion, a subterranean cell where the wretched prisoner was heard of no more, and perished either of hunger, disease, or by the more merciful mode of secret assassination. The English translator of Latude's Memoirs mentions, that when the Duc d'Enghien was led into the fosse at Vincennes previous to his execution (murder), he inquired "Am I then to be confined in an *oubliette*?" Napoleon and Fouché were not so diabolical in cruelty as the Bourbons. He was only shot.

The Governor of Vincennes at this period was not a fitting instrument for Sartine. He removed the despairing prisoner, who had fallen sick, from his dungeon, and allowed him to walk in the garden two hours a day. Escape was again his hope. This unhappy man had now been a prisoner for above fifteen years! He was still in the prime of life; and he appears to have been of a spirit which no degree of oppression could quell. When he had been upwards of a year in this fortress, he again escaped.

"On the 23d of November, 1765, I was walking in the garden, about four o'clock in the afternoon; the weather had been clear, but suddenly a dense fog came on; the idea that it might favour my escape instantly presented itself to my imagination; I seized upon it with transport; but how could I get rid of my constant keepers, and evade the sentries who guarded every passage? I had two jailers and a sergeant at my side, who never quitted me for a single second. I could not engage with them; their arms, their number, and their physical strength, rendered them too great an overmatch for me; neither could I glide away by stealth, and get to a distance from them: their duties were to accompany me, and watch sedulously my most trifling motions. I had no chance but by a bold stroke, which might throw them off their guard, and give me a momentary start while they recovered their surprise. I addressed the sergeant with confidence, and made him remark the thick fog which had so suddenly risen. 'How do you find this weather?' said I. 'Very bad, sir,' replied he. I rejoined on the instant, in a simple and collected tone, 'And I—I find it most excellent for an escape.' Whilst speaking these words, I threw off with each of my elbows the two sentries who were by my side; I pushed the sergeant violently, and he fell.

"I passed close to a third sentry, who only perceived me when I had got beyond him; the four were joined by others, and cried out lustily, 'Seize him! seize him!' At these words the guards turned out, the windows flew open, the officers ran here and there, and every one repeated, 'Seize him! seize him!' It was impossible to escape. On the instant I conceived the idea of profiting by this circumstance to force a passage through the crowd who were hastening to arrest me. I shouted out louder than the rest, 'Seize him! seize him!' I made a motion with my hands conformable to my words: all were deceived by this trick, and by the fog which

favoured it; they imitated me, and ran and pursued with me the fugitive I appeared to point out. I got considerably in advance of the rest, and had only a single pace further to pass over. I was already at the extremity of the court; one sentinel only remained, but it was difficult to deceive him; for obviously the first person who presented himself would appear suspicious, and it was his duty to arrest him. My calculation was too just; at the first cries of 'Seize him!' he placed himself in the middle of the passage, which in that spot was very narrow; and to complete my ill luck, he knew me perfectly. His name was Chenu. As soon as I approached his post, he intercepted my passage, calling out to me to stop, or he would run his bayonet through my body. 'My dear Chenu,' said I, 'you are incapable of such an action; your orders are to arrest, but not to kill me.' I had slackened my pace, and came up to him slowly; as soon as I was close to him, I sprang upon his musket—I wrenched it from him with such violence that he was thrown down in the struggle; I jumped over his body, flinging the musket to a distance of ten paces, lest he should fire it after me, and once more I achieved my liberty."

Latude succeeded in reaching the dwelling of the girls with whom he had made acquaintance from the leads of the Bastille. They were the daughters of a poor hair-dresser: need we say how much nobler creatures than the Pompadours. It enables one's heart to bear up against a hundred of the ills of life here recorded, to come upon "good creatures" like the Demoiselles Lebrun.

"They were very cautious not to disclose to their father who I was, or the efforts they had made in my behalf, fearing lest his prudent experience should oppose proceedings which might lead to consequences prejudicial to his family; they contrived to introduce me to him; and furnished me with some of his linen, an apartment, and fifteen livres which they had in their possession. They supplied me with food from all their own meals, and lavished attentions on me with such anxiety as fully proved the warmth and benevolence of their hearts. What motive could have animated them, but the desire of doing a good action!"

We cannot follow the varied fortunes of the doomed Latude, while concealing himself in Paris, before he fell once more into the harpy fangs of Sartine, and the brother of Madame de Pompadour, and was plunged into a dungeon of Vincennes. His most agonizing torture at this time was being falsely informed that the sergeant who had formerly the charge of watching him, had been shot for his escape.

"I forgot my woes and my miserable situation; the dreadful spectacle of this man's punishment, the cries and curses of his wife and children, were perpetually before my ears, during the appalling night that succeeded.

"A prey to all the agonies of despair, I gnashed my teeth, I howled with anguish, I gnawed the earth, and invoked to my relief all the furies of the infernal regions. I wanted only to revenge this unfortunate victim and die. Such a paroxysm of fury could only be of short duration, and my mind began to give way under it."

A sentinel, in pity of his sufferings, one day in-

formed him that he had been basely deceived. The sergeant had been imprisoned for a time, but was not shot. Still the Governor was kind and consoling, though he could give his unhappy prisoner no hope of release.

Among the documents afterwards recovered by Latude, from the public registers, which shew, by-the-way, that he was very different from the "*ferocious miscreant*" his persecutors represented him, were two letters, addressed by this generous man, to Sartine, in behalf of his prisoner. His bodily sufferings became extreme after this period, and the surgeon procured his removal to a habitable chamber, where he recovered health, and with vigour came the irrepressible desire of freedom and society! By the indefatigable labour of twenty-six months, he contrived to perforate the five feet wall of the Keep, in which was his apartment. It opened into the garden, where the prisoners, one at a time, were permitted to walk, for the benefit of fresh air. Through the aperture so patiently bored, by pushing a long stick, he communicated with his fellow-prisoners, several of whom were, like himself, originally the victims of the insatiable Pompadour, immured by her, for some slighting or contumelious expression, or for naming her by the name she merited. Some of these gentlemen had published pamphlets, decrying her pernicious influence in the state. One old gentleman, for repeating in a company four satirical lines, of which he was not the author, had been imprisoned, at this time, for *eleven years*; another nineteen years! and a third for seventeen, who was only *suspected* of having spoken ill!—"He was very ill and weak, and could scarcely hold himself upright, but he appeared delighted at our conversation, and promised me to attend at the rendezvous as often as his bad health would allow. I never saw him again; and I know not whether he died shortly after, or was prevented by weakness from leaving his chamber, or had been restored to liberty. The latter was very improbable; for it appeared as if he also had been sent to Vincennes *to be forgotten*."

Among the prisoners was M. Tiercelin, against whom his own daughter, one of the numerous harem of the hoary debauchee on the throne, had obtained a *Lettre de cachet*. From the Fortress of St. You at Rouen, this unhappy father escaped, and, on a *second Lettre de cachet*, was consigned to Vincennes. From the minister, the Duke de la Vrilliere, "She," says Latude, "might have obtained a thousand such orders in so legitimate a cause."

Through his hole in the wall, the other prisoners supplied Latude with paper, by rolling a sheet round his stick, and they soaked cotton in ink, which, when moistened with water, gave out tincture, which enabled him to correspond with them, and them to correspond with each other.—"They were totally unacquainted, and never met,—one at a time only being suffered to walk in the garden. They were thus enabled to write to each other, and my apartment became a sort of general post-office. I received their letters and despatched them. My time was fully occupied in this manner, and I was no longer condemned, as my sole employment, to count the hours and moments of my miserable existence."

A vile minion of Sartine, and of the Prime Min-

ter, who was himself the ally or creature of Pomadour, succeeded Guyonnet, and renewed the misery of the prisoners. This was Rougemont, afterwards described by Mirabeau. Latude says, with perfect justice, and how applicable his remarks could have been to England and to Scotland at no distant period, and to Ireland at one still later, we need not tell:—"It is seldom on the great theatre of their actions that the characters of despots can be justly estimated. There the brilliancy which surrounds them imposes on the world, and invests tyranny with an air of grandeur, which too often induces the obedient vassal to kiss with respect the august hand that binds his chains. To know a tyrant thoroughly, is to examine the secret engines of his power, and to study the conduct of his inferior agents: these satellites adopt the principles of their superiors without the imposing dignity which sometimes conceals their inherent baseness."

Among the other vices of Rougemont was starving his prisoners, for whose maintenance he was liberally allowed. His servants, who were all his creditors, profited by these abuses:—"Their usual answer to my complaint was, '*It is even too good for prisoners.*'" M. de Mirabeau has related the speech of a monk in M. de Rougemont's establishment, who had the audacity to say, *that, if the prisoners were ordered to be fed on straw, he would give them stable litter.* It is impossible to add any thing to facts like these; every one who reads them will consult his own feelings and form his own conclusions."

It was the duty of the head of the police to visit the prisons, and converse with the prisoners, and hear their complaints. For seven years Latude had not seen his persecutor; nor now, when Sartine appeared surrounded by his satellites, durst he prefer complaint against Rougemont. "Nevertheless," says he, "I recovered composure enough to state, that, for twenty-six years, I had suffered every accumulated misery which privation and captivity could inflict, without knowing my crime, without being confronted either with witness or accuser, and without ever hearing the name of justice pronounced. His sole answer was, that he would speak to the king! Infamous and degrading subterfuge of all ministers who dare to blaspheme the sacred name of royalty!"

Louis XVI. was now King of France, and Malesherbes was minister. He visited the State Prison, listened to the tale of Latude, and promised relief. "Twenty-six years!" he repeated several times, stamping the ground with his foot. The enemies of Latude, who dreaded his release as a signal for the exposure of their infamy, persuaded Malesherbes that he was a lunatic, and all that was obtained was his transference from Vincennes to Charenton, a monastery, half state prison, and half bedlam. The cruel disappointment of finding himself here when he expected freedom, almost qualified the unfortunate man for being an inmate of this asylum, where many individuals were immured at the request of powerful friends, though they were not lunatics. If a young man wished to contract what his family called a *resistance*, a *Lettre de cache*: was easily obtained, and he was sequestered in the Bastille or Charenton. He yielded to their wishes. One gentleman was

confined for having, while under the influence of wine, broke into the royal deer park,* and profaned that sanctuary of royal purity. The good offices and importunities of his fellow-captives procured Latude, after a considerable time, the indulgence of fire, and of society for a few hours in the day. We touch now upon a most affecting event in the record of Latude's unhappy story. His friend D'Alegre, the inmate of his cell so many years before, the companion of his escape, whose failure to meet him at Brussels, and arrest, and subsequent fate, had occasioned him so much sorrow and regret, was discovered to be a confirmed maniac in Charenton, conducted from the Bastille thither ten years before, naked, and chained in a cage in raving madness! Latude implored to see him, and after a time his importunities prevailed with the monks. Let us hope that while we see, even down to this period, elaborate chronicles of the atrocities of the Reign of Terror,—and it is not easy to paint them black enough,—we may have exhibited on the opposite page some of the worse scenes of the Reign of Despotism, the interior of the state dungeons, and the condition of the tortured and maddened victims of irresponsible power.

"I was," says Latude, "pale and breathless with grief and impatience; the monk, seeing the state I was in, requested me to wait some days. 'No,' replied I, 'I will never quit you till you have taken me to him. I wish to see, to weep with him, to moisten his chains with my tears.' Notwithstanding my pressing importunity, I was obliged to wait several hours, the monk, under various pretexts, refusing to accompany me till the evening: I am convinced he employed the interval in clothing my unhappy friend. Madmen, in the condition to which he was reduced, tear, and devour their garments; they are often left in a state of complete nudity, and he was unwilling to exhibit D'Alegre in that melancholy situation.

"At last, I was allowed to see him. I trembled as I passed into his miserable den. I expected to find my former friend, I saw only a squalid spectre; his hair matted and in disorder, his eyes sunken and haggard, his whole figure so worn and attenuated, that it was scarcely possible to recognise him. The appalling spectacle pursues me still, and is ever present to my imagination. I threw myself on his neck to embrace him; he repulsed me with aversion. I endeavoured to recall him to himself: 'Do you not remember your old friend?' said I. 'I am Latude, who assisted you to escape from the Bastille; have you no recollection of me?' He turned on me a petrifying look, and in a stifled tone exclaimed, '*I know you not—begone—I am God!*' I could extract nothing further from him. I groaned in utter agony at my disappointment: some of the pensioners who had accompanied me, in their anxiety to terminate this painful interview, dragged me away, and forced me back to my chamber.

"My readers will be affected by this incident; they

* The translator, who appears to have executed his task very well, might have supplied a few more explanatory notes. This royal deer park must, we apprehend, mean the infamous *Parc aux cerfs*, the polluted scene of the debaucheries of the venerable king, and not an ordinary chase; though the *Parc aux cerfs* was both in one sense.

will be more shocked when I tell them this unfortunate being is still in existence.* At the time I speak of, he had been ten years in that dreadful situation; at present, he has endured it for double that period. Death has refused to terminate his punishment, and no one has been found sufficiently humane to anticipate the final blow and relieve the wretched victim from his misery. I forget my own misfortunes when my mind reverts to those of D'Alegre; I become inflamed with a holy indignation, which drives me beyond the bounds of endurance. This amiable young man possessed both virtue and talents; he might have become a valuable citizen, an estimable member of society; and behold the state to which he was reduced by the pride of a prostitute, and the infamous complaisance of a minister!"

One of the boarders in the establishment, a youth confined by his relations for having drawn his sword upon his own brother, was liberated. He was a native of Latude's province, and a young man of a very ancient family. His mother became interested in the fate of the fellow-prisoner of her son. She had interest in the household of the Queen, and through her means the release of Latude was at length ordered, on condition that he should exile himself to his native town of Montagnac. A man who had been for twenty-eight years immured in dungeons, and believed dead, has, we fear, few friends in the world. He came out of his prison in rags, without a hat or coat, wearing, in 1776, the great-coat he had bought in Brussels, on his first escape, so many years before. He was without a penny—but he was free! He applied to a gentleman from his own city, a stranger, whom he knew only by name, who kindly lent him twenty-five louis to procure clothes. "Fortune then has at length," says the weary reader, "tired of persecuting Latude." Alas, no! He forgot the condition of his release. He lingered in Paris—began to write memorials,—to tell powerful men the tale of his injuries. A month appears to have been spent thus, when he perceived symptoms of the gathering storm, and fled, but was arrested at St. Brezi, in the King's name, by the emissaries the Paris police sent after him. Stripped of his money and papers, he was carried back to be consigned to the horrid *Bicetre*, the Newgate of Paris, and as much worse than Newgate, as the worst French felon-jail, fifty years since, might be presumed than the worst English one. He was accused of having broken into the house of a lady, and, by threats, compelled her to give him a sum of money. There is no doubt in the world that the persecutors of Latude would, in Paris, at that period, have found fifty ladies to make such a charge, but they never dared to confront the miserable prisoner with any accuser. To his demand for trial, no answer was ever given. He was mad, and that was enough. The details of his sufferings, mental and bodily, in this horrible place, we cannot enter upon. He contrived to transmit letters to those friends in the royal household who had so lately procured his release. They expressed, and very probably felt, great sympathy with his condition,—but they were cowardly, and made courtiers' promises. His very relations, their selfishness wearied out with the mis-

ries of the man so singled out for misfortune, became indifferent, and would help him no farther. Hunger, cold, filth, and sufferings in the most squalid shape, were among the evils the wretched prisoner had now to contend with: and there was another privation, in which probably a few of our readers may sympathize:—

"One of the greatest privations I suffered was the absence of snuff. Those who are in the habit of taking it will easily comprehend how distressing it is to be without this consolation. I had no resource, but sometimes to accept a pinch from the filthy keepers, but I was obliged to indulge myself very sparingly, or my stock would soon have been exhausted; I therefore retained it in my box, and contented myself with the odour; I had only the means of gratifying a single sense, and even that one I was compelled to deceive.

"Setting aside the fleas, the rats, M. de Sartine, and M. Le Noir, I had still other enemies to struggle with, of which the cold and damp were the most formidable. In rainy weather, and in winter during the thaws, the water streamed down the sides of my dungeon, and I became a martyr to rheumatism. The pain I suffered completely deprived me of the use of my limbs, and I remained for whole weeks without moving from my pallet; the keeper, during this time, gave me no soup, for I was unable to approach the wicket; he flung my allowance of bread to me, and I was left alone, a prey to my bodily and mental agonies.

"My sufferings increased as the cold weather set in. The window of my cell, defended by a strong iron grating, looked out on the corridor, in the wall of which was an aperture about ten feet high, exactly opposite. This opening was also protected by iron bars, and through it I received the scanty portion of air and light I was allowed to enjoy; but the wind, the rain, and the snow, penetrated in the same manner, and I had nothing to protect me from their effects. I was without fire or candle-light; my clothes consisted of an old cap, an under-waistcoat without sleeves, and a coat, all of coarse woollen cloth; a pair of sabôts, and stockings full of holes, which scarcely reached to the calf of my leg. The frost was as severe within my cell as in the open air, and, throughout the winter, I was compelled to break the ice in my water-bucket with my sabôt, and dissolve it in my mouth to slake my thirst. To diminish the excessive cold, which during one of the winters was intense beyond precedent, I had no resource, but to close up my window, which proved the worst alternative of the two. The mephitic odours which exhaled from the gutters and sewers that completely enveloped my dungeon, almost suffocated me; this infected air, having no escape, condensed and violently affected my eyes, my mouth, and my lungs. During thirty-eight months I remained in this deplorable situation, a prey to hunger, cold, damp, and rheumatism, and given up to the most cruel despair, unenlivened by a ray of hope. Hitherto I had borne all with a constancy almost superhuman, but I succumbed at last. I was now attacked by scurvy; the symptoms displayed themselves in a general lassitude, and unintermitting pain in all my limbs, which rendered it equally intolerable to sit up or lie down. In

* In 1790.—E. J. M.

less than ten days, my legs and thighs swelled to a frightful extent; the lower part of my body became black, my gums inflamed, my teeth loosened, and I was no longer capable of chewing my bread. For some time I had been unable to drag myself to my wicket, to receive my proportion of soup; for three entire days I had taken no sustenance whatever; I was stretched on my pallet, of straw, without strength, incapable of motion, and almost senseless: I was abandoned in this fearful extremity, and none of the keepers inquired whether I was alive or dead. Some of my neighbours spoke to me, but I was unable to answer them; they concluded I was dead, and called out for assistance; the keepers hurried to the spot, and found me expiring. The surgeon ordered me to be placed on a litter, and carried to the infirmary of St. Roch."

This loathsome hospital was worthy of the prison. We have said that the memoirs of Latude account for, and go far to extenuate many of the horrors of the subsequent revolution. It was in 1790, when alluding to the abuses and peculation of the superintendent of the hospital, that he cries,—

"Surely I have acquired a precious right to the vengeance I meditate, which will be as terrible as it is just. It is time the world should see, in their true features, the false idols they so long have worshipped; let me hasten to tear away the veil that has hid them, and expose the endless register of their enormities. But why need I step beyond the history of my own misfortunes? Are they not sufficient to devote these monsters in the human form to the execration of their fellow-creatures and the punishment of the laws?"

"And what, after all, was the crime I had committed? At the age of twenty-three years, led away by a ridiculous ambition, I had offended the Marchioness de Pompadour. At forty, after having exhausted seventeen years in tears and captivity, cruelly persecuted and vilified by M. de Sartine, I addressed that Minister with the indignation of conscious innocence. Many persons have designated as cowardice the constancy and patience with which I have supported my misfortunes. I could say much in reply, but I shall confine myself to a few words. I was accused and vilified; my relations, my friends, my acquaintances, were all disposed to deem me guilty. Ought I to have justified their suspicions by yielding to my destiny, and dying without confounding my enemies? Ought I not rather to live for vengeance, and survive my punishment? The hope of finally triumphing over my persecutors, the secret expectation of beholding them, at last, condemned to expiate their long series of enormity, this thought alone sustained my courage, and enabled me to outlive privations and tortures, the twentieth part of which, in ordinary cases, would have destroyed the firmest mind and broken down the strongest constitution.

"On entering Bicetre, I had assumed the name of *Jedor*, in allusion to a dog, the figure of which I had seen on the gates of a citadel, with a bone between his paws, and the following motto underneath: '*I gnaw my bone, expecting the day when I may bite him who has bitten me.*'"

At the end of five months he was able to rise and walk on crutches. Instead of being sent back to his

cell, he now obtained a tolerable chamber, clean and well aired. This unexpected indulgence he soon forfeited. He was untameable. The prison was often visited from curiosity, by persons who bestowed charity on the inmates, and received their petitions. Latude kept one in readiness, and dropt it in the way of a lady of high rank. It was picked up by the comptroller of the prison.

"Two days afterwards, a sergeant and four soldiers conducted me to a dungeon, even more desolate than any I had hitherto inhabited. I now became once more a prey to all the horrors from which, for several weeks, I had in some measure escaped. I was again surrounded by miscreants, and doomed to listen to their blasphemous and disgusting ejaculations. I would fain have endeavoured to divert my mind by writing, but I was without a farthing to purchase a sheet of paper, to procure which, with a pen and ink, I sold my black bread, and was again reduced to dispute with the pigs of la Voiron, the crusts which were swept up from the galleries.

"A short time after this, a fortunate event produced a slight amelioration in the lot of the prisoners, and afforded me a presage of future happiness. Madame Necker came to the Bicetre. This distinguished lady is not indebted either to her rank or her name for the universal homage rendered freely to her virtues alone; the blessings of the wretched accompany her steps, and may well console her for the vain attacks of envy and malice. It was not curiosity, but compassion, that induced her to visit us: she was unable to relieve all our necessities, but she endeavoured to remove the most intolerable. Being informed by the prisoners that the small quantity of bread allowed them was inadequate to their support, she immediately bestowed a donation sufficient to add one quarter to the daily proportion of each. It was through her generous sensibility, that the cries of famine ceased to be heard within the walls of the Bicetre."

This was the least service rendered by the estimable wife of Necker to Latude. The President de Gourgue visited the prison. "Father Jedor," cried the prisoners, who pitied a man still more unfortunate than themselves, "there is the President in the court,—excellent, glorious news." This worthy magistrate listened with attention and interest. He could not credit the sum of horrors which ran through the tale of the prisoner, but he requested him to make out a memorial. One of the guards,—and many of them, in all his places of confinement, commiserated Latude, and spared him,—had seen M. Gourgue shed tears while listening to his story. The assurance of this good man's sympathy fell, he says, "like balm into my lacerated heart; my own tears fell in torrents, and, for the first time during many years, I passed a tranquil night."

It is but now that we approach the most affecting epoch of Latude's life, and an instance of the most devoted and truly heroic female virtue of which history affords any record. We are afraid it is something greater than any British woman would have dared. With the same good heart, the same pure, warm, and disinterested benevolence, the difference of manners would have chilled her feelings, and repressed her efforts by the continual recurrence of the

idea—'But what is my concern with this man?—what will the world say?—he is neither father, nor husband, nor brother of mine.' The same objection would have met her at every door where she perseveringly knocked. We come to the story.

MADAME LEGROS, THE DELIVERER OF LATUDE.

Latude bribed a man with a pair of silk stockings which he had carefully preserved from the time of his last arrest, to carry his memorial to M. Gourgue. Either the man got drunk, or, as Latude says, his good genius for once prevailed. The packet was dropt on the streets of Paris, and picked up by a young married woman, named Legros. The envelope had come off with the wet. The seal had given way. The signature was "*MASERS DE LATUDE, a prisoner for thirty-two years at the Bastille, at Vincennes, and now at the Bicetre, where he is confined in a dungeon ten feet under ground, and fed on bread and water.*" This young woman kept a little shop. Her husband gave lessons to private pupils. Her father had died, and she had charged herself with his debts. Her mother appears to have lived in her family. They were, if not absolutely poor people, yet in very straitened circumstances. We must use the exact words of him, her unwearied philanthropy delivered, in speaking of her character and her rare virtues.

"She immediately repaired home, and read through, with intense anxiety, the circumstantial detail of my misfortunes; she then took a copy of the memorial, and forwarded the original to its address. Her gentle nature was equally impressed with pity and indignation, but she had a clear and powerful intellect, and subdued the first impulses of feeling: in the course of six months, she formed her plan, possessed herself of all the necessary information, met and overcame a thousand obstacles, and prepared every thing for the final accomplishment of her object.

"Being thoroughly convinced of my innocence, she resolved to attempt my liberation: she succeeded, after occupying three years in unparalleled efforts and unwearied perseverance. Every feeling heart will be deeply moved at the recital of the means she employed, and the difficulties she surmounted. Without relations, friends, fortune, or assistance, she undertook every thing, and shrank from no danger and no fatigue. She penetrated to the levees of the Ministers, and forced her way to the presence of the great; she spoke with the natural eloquence of truth, and falsehood fled before her words. They excited her hopes and extinguished them, received her with kindness and repulsed her rudely; she reiterated her petitions, and returned a hundred times to the attack, emboldened by defeat itself. The friends her virtues had created trembled for her liberty, even for her life. She resisted all their entreaties, disregarded their remonstrances, and continued to plead the cause of humanity. When seven months pregnant, she went on foot to Versailles, in the midst of winter; she returned home, exhausted with fatigue and worn out by disappointment; she worked more than half the night to obtain subsistence for the following day,

and then repaired again to Versailles. At the expiration of eighteen months, she visited me in my dungeon, and communicated her efforts and her hopes. For the first time I saw my generous protectress; I became acquainted with her exertions, and I poured forth my gratitude in her presence. She redoubled her anxiety, and resolved to brave every thing. Often, on the same day, she has gone to Montmartre to visit her infant, which was placed there at nurse, and then come to the Bicetre to console me and inform me of her progress. At last, after three years, she triumphed, and procured my liberty! But such a hasty summary of actions like these is equally unjust and ungrateful."

Until she found the packet, Madame Legros was ignorant of the existence of the prisoner. Her husband shared her generous feelings, though she was the unwearied, the indefatigable instrument of the tardy deliverance of Latude. The President Gourgue assured her the prisoner was a confirmed lunatic, liable, for thirty-four years, to periodical fits of madness—a man to be pitied, but beyond the chance of relief. She was staggered; but there was the memorial in her hands, clear, distinct, temperate. Her reflections ended in the just conclusion, that those who had so persecuted the prisoner now wished to stifle his complaints, and to paralyze the efforts of his friends, by asserting that he was a lunatic. And, again, if he was mad, why keep him in the *Bicetre*—why not at Charenton? Loss of reason was no crime. She resolved to ascertain the fact, and visited the prison under pretence of purchasing the straw toys exposed for sale by the prisoners. The name of Latude was unknown here; but at last she discovered him under the name of *Father Jedor*; and from the chaplain, his confessor, learned that he was no lunatic. He said her attempt was hopeless; but gave her a certificate of the prisoner's sanity. The chaplain, and particularly his predecessor, had shown great compassion for Latude. They gave him bread, wine, and money. This kindness was continued by the first after his connexion with the prison had ceased. "It was," says Latude, "principally owing to his assistance that I had been enabled to survive so many privations. My gratitude is ardent and honest, and I rejoice in thus publicly declaring it."

What a state of society must that be in which, while so many excellent persons knew and pitied this fearfully injured man, not one voice durst be raised in his behalf, and in that of eternal justice, till a poor young woman surmounted all cowardly fears, animated at once by indignation and pity!

"The first wish of Madame Legros was to open a communication with me, to acquaint me with her plans, her hopes, and her intentions; but even this preliminary step was attended with great difficulty. She came frequently to the Bicetre, and always under the pretext of seeing the establishment, or buying the various toys or baskets made by the prisoners: she succeeded at last, through the persuasive medium of three louis, in bribing one of the guards to deliver a letter to me, to which he promised to bring an answer within two days. This compact was made in a small inn near the Bicetre. She penned a hasty epistle, in which she described the accidental man-

ner in which she had found my memorial, the impression she had adopted of my innocence, and the steps she had taken in consequence; and with the feeling which such disinterested virtue alone could inspire, requested my confidence in return, and permission to sacrifice herself in an effort to save me. 'I know,' said she in this letter, 'the extremities to which you have been reduced to satisfy the pangs of hunger; henceforward such privations shall cease: I entreat you to receive, as a loan, the louis d'or which I have enclosed.' Not satisfied with alleviating my misery, she was studious even not to offend my delicacy. I bathed the letter with my tears, and, when I had read it, I threw myself on my knees, to adore the beneficent Power who had created this truly amiable woman in his own image, and endowed her with his own attributes.

"I employed the whole of the next day in writing my answer. I shall not affect a false and hypocritical diffidence, but will candidly avow that I wrote from the dictates of my heart, which prompted me to exhort my generous protectress against the dangers which she was about to expose herself to. I explained to her the character of my enemies, their power, and their unrelenting animosity. She had not mentioned to me either her name or station, and I knew not who she was, or whether she was in a condition to set them at defiance. 'Abandon me to my fate,' said I, 'rather than expose yourself; and remember that you are endeavouring to serve one who can never have it in his power to thank you, but by his gratitude and his tears.'

"Monsieur and Madame Legros were touched by my frankness, and, in a second letter, my benefactress expressed herself so warmly on that point, that, if possible, it increased the respect and veneration with which I regarded her. She sent me also a powder and ointment, which completely delivered me from the loathsome vermin by which I had been so cruelly devoured. On the first night I received considerable relief. I was enabled to sleep; and in less than four days the torment ceased entirely. In the mean time M. Legros prepared several copies of a memorial founded upon the information I had furnished him with, and his wife endeavoured to enlist in the cause some powerful protectors in opposition to our enemies. The names I am about to cite are well known, and the facts connected with them are equally notorious."

The persons in office to whom Madame Legros applied, all believed her *protégé* a lunatic confined at Charenton. They accused him of no crime. His benefactress concealed her name and place of residence, the better to elude the enemies put on the alert by her efforts. By dint of great perseverance, and after many repulses, she made her way to the lady of the Keeper of the Seals, so far as to place a letter in her hands, referring to the prisoner's confession for the truth of the statements it contained. In France every thing was then managed by female intrigue and female influence. The chaplain of the prison had pledged himself to Madame Legros to come forward and testify to the sanity and good conduct of Latude; but when called upon by Madame de Lamoignon, the lady of the Keeper of the Seals, he shrunk from his duty. He waited upon the lady;

but when Madame Legros, who appears to have been, in her own limits, as indefatigable a traveller as Howard or Clarkson, went to learn the result of the conference, she heard that the cowardly ecclesiastic had been totally unable to answer the questions put to him.

"She was struck dumb with astonishment and indignation, but she thanked him nevertheless, and even expressed her gratitude—a painful effort for a noble and ardent disposition, but a sacrifice she was compelled to make at every step, in compliance with the lukewarm spirits she was doomed to humour, and who, while they possessed the desire of doing good, wanted the energy to pursue their object. She had now no resource but to see M. de Lamoignon himself, and the only way of accomplishing this was by instructing me to demand the interview for her. She contrived to send me the substance of a letter I was to write, and which she thought would touch him to the soul. The plan succeeded: she took the letter, and told the porter who received it to say to his master that she waited for the answer. She was introduced; and M. de Lamoignon, visibly affected by her disinterested anxiety, promised to assist her views, but at the same time frankly owned that he almost despaired of success. He saw M. Le Noir several times on the subject; he referred him to the Minister, and the Minister referred him back again to the Lieutenant of Police; this game was carried on for nine months. M. Anelot, the Minister, declared that he saw no obstacles to my liberation, but the continual efforts of M. Le Noir.

"Thanks to the generous care of my benevolent friend, I was no longer reduced to the necessity of selling my wretched pittance of coarse bread, to purchase the paper which these letters and memorials rendered necessary. Madame Legros acquainted me with the favourable disposition of the Minister, and dictated to me the form of a fresh memorial, which, she thought, would still further excite his interest. My indignation almost overcomes me, when I state that this memorial remained unnoticed, and that, from that moment, all those who had appeared to feel for me, at once abandoned Madame Legros; she then addressed herself by turns to above two hundred persons, who, either by their rank or situation, possessed the means of assisting her, and from all she received either cold repulses or empty promises. Her funds were exhausted in bribing my jailers; her friends incessantly urged her to consult her own safety, by abandoning me to my fate; her health was impaired by her exertions, and her family and affairs entirely neglected; yet still this generous woman persevered in her object, and remained equally proof against remonstrance and disappointment.

"She happened to hear that one of the ladies of the chamber to *Madame*,* named Duchesne, possessed an unbounded influence over that Princess, which she never exercised but for purposes of charity and benevolence. She made many ineffectual attempts to see her at Versailles, and also at

* The translator imagines this to have been the wife of the elder brother of the King, or of the late Louis XVIII. It must have been Madame Elizabeth, the sister of the King.

Santeny, a country residence about seven leagues from Paris. At last she succeeded; but on the way she fell, and sprained her foot so violently that she could scarcely proceed. Madame Duchesne received her with affability, and appeared to sympathize in my misfortunes; but she hesitated to mention the affair to the Princess, fearful of opposing two powerful Ministers. Madame Legros and her husband persevered, and at length prevailed on her to receive a memorial, and to promise her urgent intercession. My benefactress, who had been hitherto sustained by her generous energy, now yielded to the pain of the injury she had received; and when she returned home, was confined to the bed for six entire weeks.

"As soon as she recovered, she repaired once more to Versailles, and was again admitted to the presence of Madame Duchesne, who informed her that, on the day after she had received the memorial, while she was reading it, a priest named the Abbé Chausart, preceptor of the Queen's pages, entered her apartment, and took the paper from her hands, at the same time affirming that Latude was a lunatic, whose cause it was impossible to espouse without running the utmost personal risk. Madame Duchesne was humane and compassionate; she pitied me, but feared to interfere further, and dismissed Madame Legros, almost in a state of despair.

"My zealous protector had continued with unremitting perseverance her efforts in my favour, for the space of eighteen months, during which time she had never seen the unhappy object of her solicitude. She was most anxious to behold me, and at last discovered a method of surmounting the difficulties which opposed her wish. She ascertained that the good Abbé Legal [the first chaplain], my former friend, could easily obtain permission to visit the prisoners at the Bicetre. She immediately called upon him, and communicated her object. He was equally solicitous; and they arranged a day, on which he requested an order to be admitted to speak with me. The order was granted, but for himself alone, and my attached protectress could only gratify herself by seeing me cross the court, as they conducted me to the Abbé, who was ushered into the hall by himself. She acquainted me by letter with these particulars, and informed me that I should know her, as I passed, by a branch of box, which she should carry in her hand. She cautioned me at the same time to suppress all emotion, and not to betray to the observers the mutual intelligence of our souls.

"The anticipated hour arrived; two keepers, armed with huge clubs, opened the wicket of my cell, and ordered me to follow them. My feelings overpowered the feeble remains of my strength, my knees trembled, and I could scarcely drag myself along, supported by my attendant guards. And what was the situation of my friend, my more than mother? Pale and breathless with anxiety, she awaited my approach; she saw me, and averted her eyes with involuntary horror. She beheld a loathsome spectre, with haggard eyes, wrinkled features, livid lips, and a long-neglected beard, which nearly concealed his face and descended to his waist; she saw me tottering with palsied steps, and scantily

covered with foul and wretched tatters. I arrived near the spot where she was standing. At first my feeble sight dazzled by the unwonted brilliancy of daylight, refused to aid my wishes, and I was unable to distinguish her, but my heart soon guided my imperfect organs; I saw, I flew towards her, I found myself pressed in her arms, and our tears mingled copiously together. It is vain to attempt a description of this ecstatic moment, which almost balanced the amount of my sufferings during thirty-four years of despair and persecution.

"I was compelled to tear myself from my generous friend, to enter the hall where the Abbé Legal expected me."

The Dauphin was born, an event which filled France with joy as intoxicating as the subsequent birth of the King of Rome, the son of "the Corsican adventurer." The birth of an heir to the throne had usually been a time for the release of state prisoners, which was managed by the Grand Almoner and a Commission, that selected the fit objects for the royal clemency. The Commission visited the Bicetre. The Grand Almoner, the Cardinal de Rohan, accompanied them.

"The Cardinal appeared to dictate something to one of his colleagues; I felt convinced that it had a favourable relation to myself, and I was not mistaken. I gazed on my judges with tranquillity; they seemed calm and dispassionate, and expressed in their countenances, not the horror which my wretched appearance would so naturally excite, but the pleasing emotion of preparing to restore an unfortunate wretch to happiness; I was on the point of retiring with consolation at my heart, when my eyes fell on M. de Sartine: I shuddered, and, at once, read my fate in the sinister wrinkles of his countenance. Resolved, at least, to discompose his plans, I addressed myself to the Governor of the Bicetre, M. Tristan, who was present, and said to him, "I have convinced my judges of my innocence, and I have, in their presence, defied my accusers, whoever they may be. For six years I have been in the dungeons of the prison under your inspection, and I call upon you to say, if, during that time, I have given you the slightest cause of complaint." He answered at once in the negative; I made a profound obeisance, and retired.

"Two days after, whilst, in the solitude of my cell, I was calculating on the result of the conflict between my enemies and my judges, a secretary of the Grand Almoner demanded to see me, and informed me that he was charged by the Cardinal to encourage my hopes, to assure me that he would not forget my misfortunes, and to offer me also a supply of money. For several months I awaited patiently the result of all these favourable circumstances. Emboldened by the kindness of the Cardinal, I ventured to write to him, and reminded him of his benevolent intentions.

"In the mean time, Madame Legros was not inactive; apprized by me of the interest which the Cardinal had evinced, and the kindness of the secretary, she determined to attach herself to the latter and arrange measures with him. For ten months she went to the Hotel de Rohan several times a day, but was unable to pass beyond the

porter's lodge. She then tried to obtain an interest with the porter's wife."

Madame Legros applied to the celebrated advocate, De la Croix, and gained that eminent person. Next a lady came over to the party,—a generous woman, who supplied Madame Legros with clothes, and went to the Bicetre, and listened to the prisoner's tale. It was soon the conversation of Paris. De la Croix went to Sartine, who denied all knowledge whatever of the prisoner! The advocate accordingly entertained him with the history of Latude, the victim of Pompadour and other unknown enemies. This must have been a delightful conversation.

"He informed him that many persons of the first rank and consequence had resolved to procure my liberty, and expose the tyranny under which I had so long and so innocently suffered; he apprized him that details containing every particular connected with his conduct towards me were prepared for publication, and that it was only by at once liberating me that he could purchase their suppression. He concluded by saying, that, if M. de Sartine hesitated for a moment to perform this act of tardy justice, my friends would obtain it from the Commission of Pardons, which was still sitting, in spite of his opposition and in defiance of his malice. De Sartine was paralyzed, he turned pale, trembled, and had the baseness at last to stammer out, '*But, if this prisoner obtain his liberty, he will take refuge in a foreign country, and will write against me whatever he pleases.*' M. de la Croix replied, 'You know little of this unfortunate man, who has been most basely calumniated; he is generous and forgiving, and, if he owes his liberty to you, he will remember the benefit alone, and forget all former injuries. He is, moreover, an insulated being on the surface of the earth, and will be obliged to accept the asylum prepared for him by some honourable persons in Paris, who will become responsible for his conduct.'"

Sartine went to the country, and on his return wrote a letter of barefaced impudence, describing his endeavours to procure the prisoner's release, and his hopes of prevailing with Le Noir, the head of the police, his own tool, the very man whom he had instigated against Latude,—*if good security* could be found for the future good conduct of the lunatic. This scheme was devised to ascertain who the real friends of the prisoner were, or if the danger from "persons of rank and fashion," which De la Croix threatened, was real. Madame Legros was still unknown to the enemies of Latude. She saw there was no chance of having him included among the prisoners to be pardoned by the recommendation of the Commission.

"An open attack was the only resource that promised the least chance of success, and she resolved boldly to go to the Hotel of the Police, and demand an audience of the Minister. Her friends unanimously opposed this desperate measure, and implored her to desist. 'You will destroy yourself,' said they, 'and will not save your protégé.' But she was immovably fixed in her resolution, and put it in execution accordingly.

"She repaired to the Hotel of the Police, and

entered the hall of audience. M. Le Noir, as soon as he perceived, approached and led her into his cabinet. The following minutes of the conversation that ensued, I have copied from her own dictation.

"*Le Noir.*—The man for whom you interest yourself so warmly, Madam, is a lunatic, and you run a great risk in endeavouring to procure his liberty.

"*Madame Legros.*—You are mistaken, Sir; he is not a lunatic, nor do I conceive I encounter any danger in trying to serve an honest man.

"*Le Noir.*—Do you know him?

"*Madame Legros.*—For two entire years, Sir, I have endeavoured to effect his deliverance. I did not attempt to defend him, until, by the most convincing evidence, I was satisfied of his innocence.

"*Le Noir.*—But, Madam, the proof that he is mad is, that he escaped from Vincennes.

"*Madame Legros.*—Twice, certainly; but I see no traces of madness in such an achievement.

"*Le Noir.*—A prisoner should never attempt to escape.

"*Madame Legros.*—Nevertheless, Sir, if you were in his situation, I have no doubt you would be happy to imitate his example.

"*Le Noir.*—I restored Latude to liberty in 1777, and even at the short distance of twenty-two leagues from hence, it became necessary to arrest him again; he committed nothing but extravagancies along the road.

"*Madame Legros.*—You are misinformed, Sir. He was arrested forty-three leagues from Paris; while he travelled by the passage-boat to Auxerre, an Exempt was despatched by post from Paris, who anticipated his arrival, and arrested him on his leaving the boat; he was taken to the Bicetre, and confined in a dungeon on bread and water, without hearing the cause of such rigorous treatment. If he is mad, a dungeon is not the place for him; there are proper houses for the reception of lunatics.

"*Le Noir.*—How have you obtained for him so many protectors?

"*Madame Legros.*—Courage and perseverance, Sir, can surmount many difficulties.

"*Le Noir.*—How did you become acquainted with him, and obtain his papers?

"*Madame Legros.*—On that point, Sir, you must allow me to preserve silence."

We need not go on with this history. Numerous attempts were made, different functionaries applied to. The Cardinal de Rohan recommended obtaining interest with the Queen. A memorial was prepared, and begun to be read at one of her audiences; but an officious courtier, M. de Conflans, interfered, and it was stopt short, and Madame Legros received a note from the Minister, saying that the King had considered the papers, and declared Latude a dangerous madman, whom he never could restore to liberty.

Most other women—and certainly every man—would have abandoned the cause of Latude, as hopeless, long before this. The fiat of the King was surely conclusive.

"This was indeed a stunning blow; it shook, but it did not defeat my immovable protectresses. But even this was not all. Up to this period, the courage

and zeal of Madame Legros had been universally admired, but now her character was assailed, and she was accused of a criminal passion for the unhappy object of her charity. My enemies could easily understand the extent to which crime might be carried, but they were unable to conceive that virtue was capable even of a single effort.

"Many of my warmest advocates began to relax in their zeal, and to grow weary of a cause which appeared so hopeless; Madame Legros incessantly laboured to keep up their activity, while Madame D'——, in every society, introduced my misfortunes as the constant topic of conversation. M. de la Croix, also, continued with unabated interest to second their generous efforts."

Another advocate, Comeyras, drew up a memoir for publication. This was illegal, but numerous manuscript copies were, nevertheless, distributed and read, and Latude's adherents daily increased, to the terror of Sartine and Le Noir, who now saw others doing what they feared from him,—namely, writing against them. A letter similar in character to that which he had sent Madame de Pompadour, so many years before, was forged and transmitted to the King in name of Latude, apprizing Louis of a plot to poison him! This is one of the most remarkable incidents in the drama. What a society! What a Government! What Ministers!

"My friends and protectors soon heard the report of this imputed absurdity, which the Ministers sedulously promulgated. Madame Legros hurried on the instant to the Bicetre. The weather was most inclement; she arrived exhausted with fatigue and anxiety, her garments torn and drenched with rain. She looked at me for some time in silence, expecting to find me in a paroxysm of insanity; at length she spoke, and reproached me bitterly for having concealed from my adherents the letter I had been accused of writing. I instantly exclaimed that I should consider such a breach of confidence as a flagrant crime, complained that she for a moment could believe me capable of acting with such mingled folly and duplicity, and offered to make oath that I had never written the letter in question. My tone and manner convinced her; but she was bewildered, and at a loss how to proceed. It was necessary to tax my enemies openly with this new act of baseness, and she could scarcely believe that even they were guilty of it.

"She returned to M. de Comeyras, to consult with him; he came to the Bicetre, saw me, and went away convinced of my innocence. Resolving to give way to his indignation, and to set all consequences at defiance, he published a statement in which he boldly accused my persecutors of the falsehood, called upon them to produce the letter, to confront me openly, face to face, and to allow me at least the opportunity of a defence."

Though Latude had not lost the confidence of his friends, they had nearly lost all hope for him. The King had forbidden his name to be mentioned. Kings, however good-natured, do not like trouble. The Queen believed his sufferings all invention, for in reading the memorial, M. de Conflans had said so. How much misunderstanding might be cleared away, and good done, if there were many advocates

of justice and innocence, with half the courage, address, and energy of Madame Legros; possessing at the same time, like her, the sense and temper which knows and allows that a courtier may have some feeling, and may probably as often do mischief, from thoughtlessness and officious impertinence, as from rooted malignity.

There was a change of Ministry. Necker came into power. An event important to France and Europe was not less interesting to the aged captive in the horrible Bicetre.

Madame Necker at last obtained an order for the release of the prisoner, though trembling lest his violence should involve his friends, and draw blame upon herself. But exile, with an order to leave Paris instantly, was still the condition, though the government allowed the prisoner as compensation for all the injustice and cruelty he had suffered, a pension of about £15 a year, during the remainder of his evil days. It had cost four times more to maintain him in the State dungeons. *Two hundred and seventeen thousand livres* had been spent in torturing him. And whither could the friendless, isolated old man go? Madame Legros and her husband, his sureties, could not follow him, nor yet be responsible for his conduct at a distance from them. Lest Latude might, with his natural impetuosity, break rule, his indefatigable benefactress prevailed with him to remain in prison for a few days.

"My generous friend had employed the entire night in soliciting and obtaining the new order which revoked the mandate for my exile; she returned home at two o'clock in the morning, exhausted with fatigue. She scarcely waited till the first break of day, but sent her husband and M. Girard to communicate to me her final success; she followed them almost immediately, and we found ourselves together. It was the 22d of March, 1784, a day for ever memorable in the history of my life, on which I entered upon my new existence. My friends embraced me by turns; we wept in concert, and our tears at length were unmixed with any fears or apprehensions for the future. The past appeared like a hideous dream; but it was over, and the prospect before us presented nothing but peace and tranquillity. I accompanied them to their humble dwelling, where I found an apartment prepared for me, and every thing arranged, as if I had been long expected. I gazed around me with almost infantine enjoyment; the most trifling object arrested my attention, and I found happiness and gratification in every thing that presented itself."

For a few months Madame Legros and her protégé were among the *Lions* of Paris; but some visitors were attracted by higher motives than idle curiosity. They saw from the household of Madame Legros, that, though exalted in virtue, she was poor in fortune, but too proud to subsist on charity. A gentleman whose name is not told, but who is described as one possessed of every virtue and talent which can dignify human nature, whose feelings had been powerfully touched by hearing the story of Madame Legros' unremitting exertions, raised a private subscription for her and Latude. When we see daily blazoned in the newspapers, obscure names prefixed

a guinea or two, a donation to the family of a man of genius, or a decayed artist, we are compelled to admire the superior delicacy of the friends of Madame L  gros. The subscription amounted to above £400, and with this a joint annuity was purchased. The celebrated Dupaty settled a small annuity on the released prisoner, which he called *the debt of a man of feeling heart to an unfortunate man whose woes he wished to alleviate*. Dupaty was not rich. He died and left a widow with five children. Latude, with true nobility of spirit, wished then to surrender the title to his pension to the widow, but she resolutely refused to cancel the obligation under which her husband had generously come. There is true pleasure in recording traits of character like these. Latude found other generous friends; and the yearly revenue of the family, for they seem to have made but one household, was increased to seventeen hundred livres. Apartments in one of the palaces were given to Madame Legros, and she had conferred upon her, in 1784, the gold medal of the French Academy,—THE PRIZE OF VIRTUE.

At the breaking out of the Revolution, Latude constituted a claim against the heirs of the Marchioness de Pompadour, and recovered, by law, a compensation, which enabled him to spend his latter days in comfort and peace. He died in 1805, at the venerable age of eighty-one, a remarkable instance of what degree of torture the mind and body of a man may suffer, and survive unimpaired. In vindicating his right to make his sufferings known, Latude thus concludes his most interesting narrative: "My enemies are the common foes of the State, and my rights and injuries are become a portion of the public property. Every one owes a sacred debt to his country; it is thus I shall endeavour to discharge mine. I am now proud of all I have suffered, and will exhibit to my fellow-citizens, with just feelings of indignation, the marks of the chains I bore for so many years. I will say to them, 'Behold what our common enemies have done! Watch them well, and be convinced that, if they had the power, they would do the same again.'"

If by this abstract we have been able to inspire our readers with any portion of the feeling and interest with which we have perused the Memoir, they will not rest content with our report, but judge for themselves. The book, which may be bought for six shillings, contains a great deal. It possesses more interest than even the cleverest novel: it is full of noble feeling; and, to a reflective mind, it is brimful of moral and political instruction. One of the best uses of this cheap Magazine is to make good books, of a popular character, known to the people, and to draw attention to them. It may be said,—it is said,—"Your periodical is more like a Review than a Magazine." Be it so; in making generally known such books as the Memoirs of Clarke, Latude, &c. &c., giving some idea of their spirit, and inciting to their perusal, we are persuaded, that we perform a far more beneficial office to society, than by publishing only what are called

crack original articles; and one which, as we know it is better, we doubt not to see, in good time, become more acceptable."

From *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*.

LETTER TO THE DEAF.

By Harriet Martineau.

MY DEAR COMPANIONS,

The deafness under which I have now for some years past suffered, has become, from being an almost intolerable grievance, so much less of one to myself and my friends, than such a deprivation usually is, that I have often of late longed to communicate with my fellow-sufferers, in the hope of benefiting, by my experience, some to whom the discipline is newer than to myself.

I have for some time done what I could in private conversation; but it never occurred to me to print what I had to say, till it was lately not only suggested to me, but urged upon me as a duty. I adopt this method as the only means of reaching you all; and I am writing with the freedom which I should use in a private letter to each of you. It does not matter what may be thought of any thing I now say, or of my saying it in this manner, by those who do not belong to our fraternity. I write merely for those who are deeply concerned in the subject of my letter. The time may come when I shall tell the public some of our secrets, for other purposes than those which are now before me. At present I address only you; and as there is no need for us to tell our secrets to one another, there may be little here to interest any but ourselves. I am afraid I have nothing to offer to those of you who have been deaf from early childhood. Your case is very different from mine, as I have reason to know through my intimacy with a friend who became deaf at five years old. Before I was so myself, I had so prodigious a respect for this lady, (which she well deserves,) that if she could have heard the lightest whisper in which a timid girl ever spoke, I should not have dared to address her. Circumstances directed her attention towards me, and she began a correspondence, by letter, which flattered me, and gave me courage to converse with her when we met, and our acquaintance grew into an intimacy which enabled me at last to take a very bold step; to send her a sonnet, in allusion to our common infirmity; my deafness being then new, and the uppermost thing in my mind day and night. I was surprised and mortified at her not seeming to enter into what I had no doubt in the world must touch her very nearly; but I soon understood the reason. When we came to compare our experiences, we were amused to find how differently we felt, and had always felt, about our privation. Neither of us, I believe, much envies the other, though neither of us pretends to strike the balance of evil. She has suffered the most privation, and I the most pain.

Nothing can be more different than the two cases necessarily are. Nine-tenths of my miseries arose from false shame; and, instead of that false shame,

the early deaf entertain themselves with a sort of pride of singularity, and usually contrive to make their account of this, as of other infirmities, by obtaining privileges, and indulgences, for which they care much more than for advantages which they have never known and cannot appreciate. My friend and I have principles, major and minor, on which our methods of managing our infirmity are founded; but some of the minor principles, and all the methods, are as different as might be expected from the diversity of the experience which has given rise to them. Nothing can be better for her than her own management, and, of course, I think the same of my own for myself, or I should change it. Before I dismiss this lady, I must mention that I am acquainted with several deaf ladies; so that no one but herself and our two families can know whom I have been referring to.

I am afraid some of you may be rather surprised at the mention of plans, and methods, and management,—for, alas! we are but too apt to shrink from regularly taking in hand our own case. We are left to our own weakness in this respect. We can have but little help,—and we usually have none, but much hinderance. I do not mean by this, to find any fault with our neighbours. I have met with too much sympathy, (as far as sympathy is possible), with too much care, and generosity, and tenderness, to have the least inclination to complain of any body connected with me. I only mean that this very tenderness is hurtful to us, in as far as it encourages us to evade our enemy, instead of grappling with it; to forget our infirmity, from hour to hour, if we can, and to get over the present occasion somehow, without thinking of the next. This would be considered a strange way of meeting any other kind of evil; and its consequences in our case are most deplorable. If we see that the partially deaf are often unscrupulous about truth, inquisitive, irritable, or morose, suspicious, low-spirited, or ill-mannered, it is owing to this. It is impossible for us to deny that if principles are ever needed, if methods are ever of use as supports and guides, it must be in a case where each of us must stand alone in the midst of temptations and irritations which beset us every hour, and against which no defence of habit has been set up, and no bond of companionship can strengthen us. What these temptations and irritations are, we all know:—the almost impossibility of not seeming to hear when we do not,—the persuasion that people are taking advantage of us in what they say,—that they are discussing us, or laughing at us,—that they do not care for us as long as they are merry,—that the friend who takes the pains to talk to us might make us less conspicuous if he would,—the vehement desire that we might be let alone, and the sense of neglect if too long let alone; all these, absurd and wicked fancies as they are seen to be when fairly set down, have beset us all in our time; have they not? For my own part, though I am never troubled with them now, I have so vivid a remembrance of them all, that I believe a thousand years would not weaken the impression. Surely that degree of suffering which lashes us into a temporary misanthropy when our neighbours are happiest, which makes us fly to *our chambers*, and lock ourselves in, to hide the burn-

ing tears which spring at the mirth of those we love best, which seduces us into falsehood or thanklessness to God and man, is enough to justify and require the most careful fixing of principles, and framing methods. We might as well let our hearts and minds—our happiness—take their chance without discipline in all cases whatever, as neglect our own discipline in this.

The first thing to be done is to fix upon our principle. This is easy enough. To give the least possible pain to others is the right principle: how to apply it requires more consideration. Let me just observe, that we are more inexcusable in forsaking our principle here than in any other case, and than the generality of people are in the generality of cases. Principles are usually forsaken from being forgotten—from the occasion for them not being perceived. We have no such excuse while beginning to act upon our principle. We cannot forget,—we cannot fail to perceive the occasion, for five minutes together that we spend in society. By the time that we become sufficiently at ease to be careless, habit may if we choose, have grown up to support our principle and we may be safe.

Our principle requires that we should boldly review our case, and calmly determine for ourselves what we will give up, and what struggle to retain. It is a miserable thing to get on without a plan from day to day, nervously watching whether our infirmity lessens or increases, or choosing to take it for granted that we shall be rid of it; or hopelessly and indolently giving up every thing but a few selfish gratifications, or weakly refusing to resign what we can no longer enjoy. We must ascertain the probability for the future, if we can find physicians humane enough to tell us the truth: and where it cannot be ascertained, we must not delay making provision for the present. The greatest difficulty here arises from the mistaken kindness of friends. The physician had rather not say, as mine said to me, “consider yours a bad case.” The parent entreats to be questioned about any thing that passes; brothers and sisters wish that music should be kept up; and what is remarkable, every body has a vast deal of advice to give, if the subject be fairly mentioned though every body helps, by false tenderness, to make the subject too sacred an one to be touched upon. We sufferers are the persons to put an end to all this delusion and mismanagement. Advice must go for nothing with us in a case where nobody is qualified to advise. We must cross-question our physician, and hold him to it till he has told us all. We must destroy the sacredness of the subject, by speaking of it ourselves; not perpetually and sentimentally, but, when occasion arises, boldly, cheerfully, and as a plain matter of fact. When every body about us gets to treat it as a matter of fact, our daily difficulties are almost gone; and when we have to do with strangers, the simple, cheerful declaration “I am very deaf,” removes almost all trouble. Whether there was ever as much reluctance to acknowledge defective sight as there now is defective hearing,—whether the mention of spectacles was ever as hateful as that of a trumpet is now, I do not know; but I was full as much grieved as am now lately at what was said to me in a shop where I went

to try a new kind of trumpet: "I assure you, Ma'am," said the shopkeeper, "I dread to see a deaf person come into my shop. They all expect me to find them some little thing that they may put into their ears, that will make them hear every thing, without any body finding out what is the matter with them."

Well, what must be given up, and what may be struggled for?

The first thing which we are disposed to give up is the very last which we ought to relinquish—society. How many good reasons we are apt to see,—are we not?—why we should not dine out; why it is absurd to go into an evening party; why we ought to be allowed to remain quiet up-stairs when visitors are below! This will not do. Social communication must be kept up through all its pains, for the sake of our friends as well as for our own. It can never be for the interest of our friends that we should grow selfish, or absorbed in what does not concern our day and generation, or nervous, dependant, and helpless in common affairs. The less able we become to pick up tidings of man and circumstance, the more diligently we must go in search of the information. The more our sympathies are in danger of contraction, the more must we put ourselves in the way of being interested by what is happening all about us. Society is the very last thing to be given up; but it must be sought (and I say it with deep sympathy for those of you to whom the effort is new) under a bondage of self-denial, which annihilates for a time almost all the pleasure. Whatever may be our fate, —whether we may be set down at the end of a half circle, where nobody comes to address us, or whether we may be placed beside a lady who cannot speak above her breath, or a gentleman who shouts till every body turns to see what is the matter; whether one well-meaning friend says across the room, in our behalf, "do tell that joke over again to —," and all look to see how we laugh when they have done; or another kind person says, "how I wish you could hear that song,"—or "that harp in the next room," or "those sweet nightingales," if we happen to be out of doors,—whether any or all these doings and sayings befall us, we must bravely go on taking our place in society.

Taking our place, I say. What is our place? It is difficult to decide. Certainly, not that of chief talker any more than that of chief listener. We must make up our minds for a time to hold the place that we may chance to be put into,—to depend on the tact and kindness of those near us. This is not very pleasant; but if we cannot submit to it for a while, we cannot boast much of our humility, nor of our patience. We must submit to be usually insignificant, and sometimes ridiculous. Do not be dismayed, dear companions. This necessity will not last long, and it is well worth while undergoing it. Those who have strength of mind to seek society under this humiliation, and to keep their tempers through it, cannot long remain insignificant there. They must rise to their proper place, if they do but abstain from pressing beyond it. It is astonishing how every thing brightens sooner or later. The nightingales and the harp will be still out of the question, but they will be given up almost without pain, because it is a settled matter to every body present that they are out of the

question. Friends will have discovered that jokes are not the things to be repeated; and that which is repeated will be taken as coming in due course, and will at length consist of all that has been really worth hearing of what has been said. Other people may laugh without occasioning a nervous distortion in your countenance; and it is quite certain that if your temper have stood your trial, you will never pass an evening without meeting with some attention which will touch, some frank kindness which will elevate your feelings, and send you home wiser and happier than you came forth.

This can only be, however, if you have stood your trial well, if you bring an open temper and an open countenance. It is a matter of wonder that we are addressed so much as we are; and if, in addition to the difficulty of making us hear, we offer the disagreeableness of (not a constrained, that will be pitied, but) a frowning countenance, we may betake ourselves to the books of prints on the table, but may as well give up all hope of conversation. As a general rule, nothing can be worse than for people to think at all about their countenances; but in our case it is worth while, for a time, and to a certain extent. I was kindly told, a few years ago, that many people wished to converse with me, but that I looked as if I had rather not be spoken to. Well I might; for I then discovered that in trying to check one bad habit, I had fallen into another. I had a trick of sighing, to cover which I used to twist my fingers almost out of joint (and so do you, I dare say,) and the pain of this process very naturally made me frown. My friend's hint put me on my guard. Instead of twisting my fingers, I recalled my vow of patience, and this made me smile; and the world has been a different place to me since. Some such little rule as turning every sigh into a smile will help you over a multitude of difficulties, and save you, at length, the trouble of thinking about either smiling or sighing.

It has always been my rule *never* to ask what is going forward; and the consequence has well compensated all I had to go through from the reproaches of kind friends, who were very anxious that I should trouble them in that way. Our principle plainly forbids the practice; and nothing can therefore justify it. There is at first no temptation, for we had then rather miss the sayings of the wise men of Greece, than obtain them by such means; but the practice once begun, there is no telling where it will stop. Have we not seen—it sickens me to think of it—restless, inquisitive, deaf people, who will have every insignificant thing repeated to them, to their own incessant disappointment, and the suffering of every body about them, whom they make, by their appeals, almost as ridiculous as themselves. I never could tolerate the idea of any approach to the condition of one of these. I felt, besides, that it was impossible for me to judge of what might fairly be asked for, and what had better be let pass. I therefore obstinately adhered to my rule; and I believe that no one whom I have met in any society (and I have seen a great deal) has been enabled to carry away more that is valuable, or to enjoy it more thoroughly than myself. I was sure that I might trust to the kindness of my neighbours, if I was but careful not to vex and weary it; and my confidence has been fully justified.

The duty extends to not looking as if you wanted to be amused. Your friends can have little satisfaction in your presence, if they believe that when you are not conversing you are no longer amused. "I wonder every day," said a young friend to me, when I was staying in a large well-filled country house, "what you do with yourself during our long dinners, when we none of us talk with you, because we have talked so much more comfortably on the lawn all the morning. I cannot think how you help going to sleep."—"I watch how you help the soup," was my inconsiderate reply—I was not aware how inconsiderate, till I saw how she blushed every day after on taking up the ladle. I mentioned the soup only as a specimen of my occupations during dinner. There were also the sunset lights and shadows on the lawn to be watched, and the never-ceasing play of human countenances,—our grand resource when we have once gained ease enough to enjoy them at leisure. There were graceful and light-headed girls, and there was an originality of action in the whole family, which amused me from morning till night. The very apparatus of the table, and the various dexterities of the servants, are matters worth observing when we have nothing else to do. I never yet found a dinner too long, whether or not my next neighbour might be disposed for a tête-à-tête—never, I mean, since the time when every social occupation was to me full of weariness and constraint.

Another rule which I should recommend is always to wait to be addressed, except in our own houses, where the exception must be made with our guests. Some, I know, adopt a contrary rule, for this reason, that if we ask a question to which we can anticipate the answer, the awkwardness of a failure at the outset is prevented. But my own feeling is against obliging any one to undertake the trouble of conversing with us. It is perfectly easy to show, at the moment of being addressed, that we are socially disposed, and grateful for being made companions; and I, at least, feel the pleasure to be greater for its having been offered me.

I think it best for us to give up also all undertakings and occupations in which we cannot mark and check our own failures;—teaching any thing which requires ear, preaching, and lecturing, and music. I gave up music, in opposition to much entreaty, some reproach, and strong secret inclination; because I knew that my friends would rather put up with a wrong bass in my playing, and false time in my singing, than deprive me of a resource. Our principle clearly forbids this kind of indulgence; therefore, however confident we may be of our musical ear, let us be quite sure that we shall never again be judges of our own music, or our own oratory, and avoid all wish of making others suffer needlessly by our privations. Listen to no persuasions, dear companions, if you are convinced that what I have said is right. No one *can* judge for you. Be thankful for the kind intentions of your friends; but propose to enjoy their private eloquence, instead of offering your own in public; and please yourselves with their music, as long as you can, without attempting to rival it. These are matters in which we have a right to be obstinate, if we are sure of the *principle we go upon*; for we are certainly much

better able to judge what will be for the happiness of our friends, in their common circumstances, than they can be of ours, in our uncommon ones.

How much less pain there is in calmly estimating the enjoyments from which we must separate ourselves, of bravely saying, for once and for ever, "Let them go," than in feeling them waste and dwindle, till their very shadows escape from our grasp! With the best management, there is quite enough, for some of us, of this wasting and dwindling, when we find, at the close of each season, that we are finally parting with something, and at the beginning of each that we have lost something since the last. We miss first the song of the skylark, and then the distant nightingale, and then one bird after another, till the loud thrush itself seems to have vanished; and we go in the way of every twittering under the eaves, because we know that that will soon be silenced too. But I need not enlarge upon this to you. I only mean to point out the prudence of lessening this kind of pain to the utmost, by making a considerable effort at first; and the most calculating prudence becomes a virtue, when it is certain that as much must at best be gone through as will afflict our friends, and may possibly overpower ourselves, our temper and deportment, if not our principles and our affections. I do not know how sufficiently to enforce these sacrifices being made with frankness and simplicity; and nothing so much needs enforcing. If our friends were but aware how cruel an injury is the false delicacy which is so common, they would not encourage our false shame as they do. If they have known any thing of the bondage of ordinary false shame, they may imagine something of our suffering in circumstances of irremediable singularity. Instead of putting the singularity out of sight, they should lead us to acknowledge it in words, prepare for it in habits, and act upon it in social intercourse. If they will not assist us here, we must do it for ourselves. Our principle, again, requires this. Thus only can we save others from being uneasy in our presence, and sad when they think of us. That we can thus alone make ourselves sought and beloved is an inferior consideration, though an important one to us, to whom warmth and kindness are as peculiarly animating as sunshine to the caged bird. This frankness, simplicity, and cheerfulness can only grow out of a perfect acquiescence in our circumstances. Submission is not enough. Pride fails at the most critical moment. Nothing short of acquiescence will preserve the united consistency and cheerfulness of our acknowledgment of infirmity. Submission will bemoan it while making it. Pride will put on indifference while making it. But hearty acquiescence cannot fail to bring forth cheerfulness. The thrill of delight which arises during the ready agreement to profit by pain—(emphatically the joy with which no stranger intermeddled)—must subside like all other emotions; but it does not depart without leaving the spirit lightened and cheered; and every visitation leaves it in a more genial state than the last.

And now, what may we struggle for? I dare say the words of the moralist lie as deep down in your hearts as in my own: "We must not repine, but we may lawfully struggle!" I go further, and say that

we are bound to struggle, our principle requires it. We must struggle for whatever may be had, without encroaching on the comfort of others. With this limitation, we must hear all we can, for as long as we can. Yet how few of us will use the helps we might have! How seldom is a deaf person to be seen with a trumpet! I should have been diverted, if I had not been too much vexed, at the variety of excuses that I have heard on this head since I have been much in society. The trumpet makes the sound disagreeable; or is of no use; or is not wanted in a noise, because we hear better in a noise; nor in quiet, because we hear very fairly in quiet; or we think our friends do not like it; or we ourselves do not care for it, if it does not enable us to hear general conversation; or—a hundred other reasons just as good. Now, dear friends, believe me, these are but excuses. I have tried them all in turn, and I know them to be so. The sound soon becomes any thing but disagreeable; and the relief to the nerves, arising from the use of such a help, is indescribable. None but the totally deaf can fail to find some kind of trumpet that will be of use to them, if they choose to look for it properly, and give it a fair trial. That it is not wanted in a noise is usually true; but we are seldom in a noise; and quiet is our greatest enemy (next to darkness, when the play of the countenance is lost to us.) To reject a tête-à-tête in comfort because the same means will not afford us the pleasure of general conversation, is not very wise. Is it? As for the fancy, that our friends do not like it, it is a mistake, and a serious mistake. I can speak confidently of this. By means of galvanism (which I do not, from my own experience, recommend) I once nearly recovered my hearing for a few weeks. It was well worth while being in a sort of nervous fever during those weeks, and more deaf than ever afterwards, for the enlightenment which I gained during the interval on various subjects, of which the one that concerns us now, is,—the toil that our friends undergo on our account. This is the last topic on which I should speak to you, but for the prevalent unwillingness in our fraternity to use such helps as may ease the lungs of all around them as much as their own nerves. Of course, my friends could not suddenly accommodate their speech to my improved hearing; and I was absolutely shocked when I found what efforts they had been making for my sake. I vowed that I would never again bestow an unkind thought on their natural mistakes, or be restive under their inapplicable instructions; and, as for carrying a trumpet, I liked it no better than my brethren till then; but now, if it would in any degree ease my friends that I should wear a fool's cap and bells, I would do it. Any of you who may have had this kind of experience, are, I should think, using trumpets. I entreat those of you who have not been so made aware of your state, to take my word for what you are obliging your friends to undergo. You know that we can be no judges of the degree of effort necessary to make us hear. We might as well try to echo the skylark. I speak plainly, it may seem harshly; but I am sure you would thank me ere long if I could persuade you to encounter this one struggle to make the most of your remnant of one of God's prime blessings.

Another struggle must be to seize or make opportunities for preserving or rectifying our associations, as far as they are connected with the sense which is imperfect. Hunger and thirst after all sounds that you can obtain, without trouble to others, and without disturbing your own temper; and do it the more strenuously and cheerfully, the more reason you have to apprehend the increase of your infirmity. The natural desire to obtain as much pleasure as we can, while we can, would prompt us to this; but my appetite was much sharpened during the interval I spoke of; as yours would be, if you had such an interval. I was dismayed to find, not only what absurd notions I had formed on some small points, but how materially some very important processes of association had been modified by the failure of the sense of hearing. In consequence of the return and increase of the infirmity, I have now no distinct notion of what these intellectual faults are: but the certainty then impressed that they exist, has taught me more than one lesson. I carry about with me the consciousness of an intellectual perversion which I can never remedy in this world, and of which neither I nor any one else can ascertain the extent, nor even the nature. This does not afflict me, because it would be as unreasonable to wish it otherwise, as to pray for wings which should carry us up to the milky-way; but it has stimulated me to devise every possible means of checking and delaying the perversion. We ought all to do so; losing no opportunity of associating sounds with other objects of sense, and of catching every breath of sound that passes us. We should note street cries; we should entice children to talk to us; we should linger in the neighbourhood of barrel organs, and go out of our way to walk by a dashing stream. We cannot tell how much wisdom we may at last find ourselves to have gained, by running out among the trees, when the quick coming and going of the sunshine tells us that the winds are abroad. Some day will show us from how much folly the chirp of an infant's voice may have saved us. I go so far as to recommend, certainly not any places of worship for purposes of experiment, but the theatre and the House of Commons, even when "the sough of words without the sense" is all that can be had. The human voice is music, and carries sense, even then; and every tone is worth treasuring, when tones are likely to become scarce, or to cease. You will understand that it is only to those who can rule their own spirits that I recommend such an exercise as this last. If you cannot bear to enjoy less than the people about you, and in a different manner; or if you neglect what you came for, in mourning what you have lost, you are better at home. Nothing is worth the sacrifice of your repose of mind.

What else may we struggle for? For far more in the way of knowledge than I can now even intimate. I am not going to make out, as some would have me, that we lose nothing after all; that what we lose in one way we gain in another, and so on; pursuing a line of argument equally insulting to our own understandings, and to the wisdom and benignity of Him who framed that curious instrument, the ear, and strung the chords of its nerves, and keeps up the perpetual harmonies of the atmosphere for its

gratification. The ear was not made that men should be happier without it. To attempt to persuade *you* so, would above all be folly. But, in some sense, there is a compensation to us, if we choose to accept it; and it is to improve this to the utmost that I would urge you and stimulate myself. We *have* some accomplishments which we may gratefully acknowledge, while the means by which we gain them must prevent our being proud of them. We are good physiognomists—good perceivers in every way, and have (if we are not idle) rather the advantage over others in the power of abstract reasoning. This union of two kinds of power, which in common cases are often cultivated at the expense of each other, puts a considerable amount of accurate knowledge within easier reach of us than of most other people. We must never forget what a vast quantity we must forego, but neither must we lose sight of whatever is peculiarly within our power. We have more time, too, than any body else: more than the laziest lordling, who does nothing but let his ears be filled with nonsense from morning till night. The very busiest of our fraternity has, I should think, time every day for as much thought as is good for him, between the hours of rising and of rest.

These advantages make it incumbent upon us to struggle for such compensation as is placed before us. We must set ourselves to gather knowledge from whatever we see and touch, and to digest it into wisdom during the extra time which is our privilege. What the sage goes out into the field at eventide to seek, we can have at table, or in the thronged streets at noon-day,—opportunity for meditation, one of the chief means of wisdom. If to us the objects of sight are more vivid in their beauty, and more distinct in their suggestions than to others,—if to us there is granted more leisure, and stronger inducement to study the movements of the mind within, from us may be expected a degree of certain kinds of attainment, in which it is as much of a sin as a misfortune for us to be deficient.

Finally, we, like all who are placed in uncommon circumstances, are so situated that our mental and moral constitution can scarcely fail of being either very weak or very strong. If we are dull and slow of observation, and indolent in thought, there is little chance of our being much wiser than infants; whereas, if we are acute and quick of observation (and for us there is no medium) and disposed for thought, nothing is likely to prevent our going on to be wiser continually. In like manner, there is an awful alternative as to our morals. If we cannot stand our trial, we must become selfish in principle, sour in temper, and disagreeable in manners. If we are strong enough for our discipline, we cannot fail to come out of it with principles strengthened, affections expanded, temper under control, and manners graced by the permanent cheerfulness of a settled mind and a heart at ease. If you can make this last your lot, you have little more to fear. If you have stood this proof, you can probably stand any which comes in the shape of affliction. If you have brought vigour out of this conflict, you are not likely to be unnerved. If, in your enforced solitude, you have cultivated instead of losing your sympathies, you can scarcely afterwards grow selfish. If, as your enjoy-

ments were failing you, you have improved your serenity, your cheerfulness will probably be beyond the reach of circumstance. The principal check which must be put upon those happy anticipations, is the fear that while the privations cannot be lessened, the pain of it may disappear too soon and too entirely. I now suffer little or no pain from my privation, (except at moments when comparisons are forced upon me before I am ready for them;) and I cannot help dreading a self-deception, to avoid which I would gladly endure over again all I have suffered. I had infinitely rather bear the perpetual sense of privation than become unaware of any thing that is true,—of my intellectual deficiencies, of my disqualifications for society, of my errors in matters of fact, and of the burdens which I necessarily impose on those who surround me. My dependence for being reminded of these things is, not on those who incur trouble and sacrifice for my sake, but on the few occasional mortifications which I still meet with, and which are always welcomed for the sake of their office. We can never get beyond the necessity of keeping in full view the worst and the best that can be made of our lot. The worst is, either to sink under the trial, or to be made callous by it. The best is, to be as wise as is possible under a great disability, and as happy as is possible under a great privation. Believe me, with deep respect,

Your affectionate sister,

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

March 16, 1834.

From Tail's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE DUCHESS D'ABRANTES AND THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

WE cannot but regard the contemporaneous appearance of the Duchess d'Abrantès and Lady Blessington in the literary annals of England and France, as affording a very singular coincidence. Both ladies have been elevated from an inferior grade of life to the highest dignity of the aristocracy; both have been eminently remarkable for their personal charms; both, on becoming "fat, fair, and fifty," renounced their title as beauties, only to take out a diploma of *bel-esprit*; and both have suddenly attained renown or notoriety by appearing in the literary firmament under shelter of an eagle's wing—the former as the historian of Napoleon, the latter of Byron. Considerable analogy, moreover, may be traced in the character of their minds and manners; a retentiveness of memory scarcely less than miraculous; a faculty (like that of Esop's human painter of the vanquished lion) of giving to *themselves* the best of the argument, in all their recorded conversations with the first men of the age; great plausibility in the common-places of moral philosophy; and a specious and amiable tone of candour, which might have perhaps imposed upon unsuspecting critics like ourselves, had not Sheridan's inimitable matron in the "School for Scandal," held a mirror up to nature, worthy to enlighten the most unwary.

Madame d'Abrantès (we give due precedence to the Duchess) is the widow of one of the most distin-

guished of Bonaparte's Marshals,—at one time Generalissimo of the Peninsular armies;—at another, Governor of Paris; and, at all epochs of the empire, a brave soldier and energetic man. But not content with these distinctions,—with having occupied a rank secondary only to that of Josephine and Maria Louisa,—the Duchess must needs proclaim herself to the world a descendant from the Emperors of the East—a Comnena of pure race; and a considerable portion of this lady's "Memoirs of Napoleon" is occupied by affirmations of this absurd pretension. Since the death of Junot (who threw himself out of a window* in the paroxysm of a brain-fever, after the disastrous issue of the Russian campaign) his widow has experienced strange vicissitudes of fortune; and having been at length persuaded to turn to account the valuable resources afforded by her personal reminiscences of one of the most eventful epochs of universal history, she has wisely called to her aid the recollections of a large circle of friends, both literary and political; and in this manner were the *soi-disant* "Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantès" collated. It is understood in Paris, that the nominal authoress has done little more than furnish notes for the work; the compilation of which is attributed to two or three eminent French *littérateurs*. But the very notes must have been copious and circumstantial; for certain traits of vanity and egotism—certain *feminallties*, (as my Uncle Toby would have thought,) peep through every page; feminallties such as the joint efforts of Messrs. De la Croix, St. Berrve, Janin, and Balzac, would never have availed to produce. But amid all this waste of frivolity, and parade of personal consequence, the work is highly amusing, and has been completely successful; and without a single qualification to uphold the pretension, the Duchess d'Abrantès claims, upon the strength of its circulation, a distinguished place among the literary celebrities of France; presides over a *bureau d'esprit*; collects around her all the editors of periodicals, and newspaper critics of the day; feeds, flatters, and fudges them into allegiance; and, although an object of derision to the discerning few, has contrived to attain a degree of press notoriety, which, with the many, supplies the place of literary fame.

Within the last few months, however, the clever and still handsome Duchess has ventured beyond her depth. Finding her contributions eagerly sought after by the editors of periodicals, she at length insisted upon writing her own articles, and profiting to the utmost by her factitious reputation; and the results have been unfortunate for herself, and highly diverting to the critical satirist of Paris. Accused by the voice of scandal and an ill-distributed ardour of complexion, of a tendency to the worship of Bacchus, fatal to the interests of Venus, the lady recently took occasion, in a little moral tale inserted in the *Journal des Dames*, to enter an earnest manifesto of personal sobriety; calling the gods to witness, that "she has never, from her youth upwards, tasted wine; nor will, under any circumstances, to her dying day," a peculiarity of temperance very improbable in a

Frenchwoman of any class,—impossible in one who has been a customary guest at royal and imperial tables. In the same tone of Joseph Surfacism are certain prudish protestations contained in the Memoirs, to which half the population of Paris is ready with a rejoinder; protestations the more superfluous, that the liberal portion of the world was prepared to expect that Junot's wife, like Madame de Staël (of the regency) would, in her memoirs, paint her own portrait *en buste*. The Duchess's success as a portrait-painter, meanwhile, has induced her to undertake, or lend her name to the editorship of a work of some magnitude, entitled, "Memoirs of Eminent Women of all Nations," which we presume is in process of publication in England. But the bubble of her authoress-ship has burst, as regards the literature of her own country. So long as she contented herself with relating what she (and perhaps *she alone*) had seen and heard, so long as "*chaque jour de sa vie composait un page de son livre*," the volumes of the Duchess d'Abrantès were likely to be greedily read; but to become a universal historian, something more than this is indispensable; such as a tolerable education, habits of study, and a cultivated understanding,—requisites not to be acquired by sitting, evening after evening, in a well-lighted drawing-room, prattling with poets, novelists, critics, and politicians,—bribing their commendations by quotations of the commendations of still greater men, mingled with delicate flatteries upon their own works and pretensions. Temporary reputation, or, as we have said before, literary notoriety, may perhaps be attained by these and similar manœuvres; but where the stamp of genius and originality is wanting, no modern work can be puffed by partisans or hirelings into lasting fame.

Lady Blessington, on the other hand, the female Bozzy of the unfortunate Byron, has recently obtained a degree of celebrity somewhat similar in extent and quality to that of the Duchess d'Abrantès. That such was the lady's object in seeking the acquaintance of the noble poet is sufficiently demonstrated by her own records of the connexion. The very first line of the "stanzas inscribed to Lady B." by his Lordship, and inserted in Moore's Life, avouch the fact:

You have ASKED for a verse,—a request
In a rhymet 'twere vain to deny.

But although it is probable that Byron anticipated the publication of his lines, it is certain that he very little suspected his fair flatterer of "taking notes, and, faith! to prent 'em," of their familiar colloquies. He saw in Lady Blessington a beautiful woman, who had undergone the most singular vicissitudes of fortune, rejected by the Pharisees of her own sex—a sex with which he was just then so little in charity; and, looking upon her as completely estranged from the gossip of the coteries, felt no scruple in amazing her with opinions, and amusing her with scandal, which he believed her to be devoid of the means of putting into circulation. It never entered into his Lordship's head, (*"que les gens d'esprit sont bêtes!"*) that he was being mystified in his turn; and that his rhodomontade was laid up in lavender, after every successive interview, to be sold at length to a specu-

*It is remarkable, that a similar end is said to have befallen Mr. Farmer, the first husband of Lady Blessington.

lating bookseller, strongly impregnated with the odours of the sanctuary, in which, for so many years, it remained ensconced. Poor Byron! What would have been the temperature of his fiery indignation—(he who was apt to blaze forth at even the attacks of one, whom he turned “that *animalcule*, the editor of the *Literary Gazette*,” and who was never known to forgive an adverse criticism!)—could he have suspected the figure he was about to cut in the pages of the beauty of Clonmel! could he have dreamed that he was to be set up like a ninepin in argument, only to be overthrown by the bright and shining pellets of one of Lady Blessington’s cut-and-dry phrases of vulgar morality! could he have fancied that the sceptre of criticism was being slyly filched from his hands, only to knock him hereafter on the head! Evident must it be to every man of sense, that our Juan,

“Who had been ill brought up and was born bilious,”

would have sickened even to nausea, at the first word of any one of those plausibilities of cant, which her ladyship represents herself as having inflicted upon him as a quotidian homily. No one, in fact, at all acquainted with the respective characters of the parties, can believe for a moment that their interviews were employed in the prosy manner suggested by the lovely colloquialist. Lady B. probably arrested Byron’s attention with one of the pungent epigrams she is still in the habit of reciting for the amusement of her morning visitors; such as her well-known lines on Miss Landon,—her satire on the *Court Magazine*, and her lampoon on Roger’s Italy; and Byron doubtless returned the favour with the gift of those treacherous verses upon Rogers or others of his bosom friends, which Lady Blessington boasts of still holding in her possession. These congenial reciprocations, however, the noble dupe little dreamed would ever be revealed to the world. Lady B. was then only known to the literary world by a silly volume of “*Travelling Sketches in Belgium*,” the style of which is said to have suggested to Theodore Hook his inimitable Ramsbottom Letters. Childe Harold treated her accordingly only as a courteous reader; and lady B., who records in her *Reminiscences* her opinion, that Byron was a Janus to *all* his intimate associates, might readily verify the fact by reference to the terms in which his intimacy with herself is described in his private, and, at present, unpublished correspondence. In this respect never were a pair, literary or illiterate,

“So justly formed to meet by nature.”

Had the countess been content, however, to rest her claims to literary reputation upon the publication of her “*Conversations*,” whatever stigma her candour might have incurred, her name as a writer was established. Some portions of the *Reminiscences* are, in fact, admirably composed; so admirably, that the style of the editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, her ladyship’s friend, Mr. Lytton Bulwer, (under whose auspices they saw the light,) is never for a moment absent from the mind of the reader. But “*The Repealers*” subsequently appeared, and the charm was broken; nay, the mere page of preface appended to the volume of “*Conversations*,” after Mr. Bulwer’s departure for Italy, contain more in-

stances of false grammar, and of that memorable form of rhetoric commonly called Irish Bulls, than we ever saw collected in the same number of lines. The novel, the absurdities of which were too ably exposed by the *Westminster Review* to require any castigation at our hands, contains, moreover, a chapter which every person, prepared to form their judgment of Byron’s disposition upon the showing of the Right Honourable Countess, ought to condemn himself to peruse; we allude to the fulsome and most disgusting flatteries lavished upon all her ladyship’s female contemporaries, who are supposed to be contributors, or to be connected with contributors to the critical press,—Mrs. Lytton Bulwer, Mrs. Norton, Miss Landon, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mrs. Gore, Lady E. S. Wortley, and others, some of whom have been especially honoured; as we have already stated, by the epigrams destined by Lady B. for private circulation. In the same taste are those flourishes in praise of moral excellence, thrown, like handfuls of dust, in the eyes of society, which sit so uneasily upon the fair writer’s general style. Lady Blessington has a diction of her own, fifty-fold more captivating and more original. Let her but dare to write her Irish stories, as she tells them to her select circle; let her describe in print, as she so racily describes in conversation, her literary circles of St. James’s Square, Rome, or Paris, and her less refined coteries of Clonmel Barracks or Curzon Street, and we shall be ready to rank her pages in ripeness of humour with those of Smollett or Peter Simple, and to admit that the expression which sparkles in the eyes of Lawrence’s exquisite portrait is far more truly attested than by the morbid morality of “*The Repealer*,” or the namby-pambyisms of the “*Book of Beauty*.”

From the *Edinburgh Review*.

Journal of a West India Proprietor. By the late MATTHEW G. LEWIS. 8vo. London, 1834.

THIS book possesses three recommendations: its subject, its writer, and its intrinsic agreeableness—recommendations not very powerful separately, but sufficient when conjoined to make us feel that it is one of those works which we would not willingly suffer to pass unnoticed. The subject is undoubtedly interesting; but then the latest date in this journal is May 2, 1818. We require more recent information, or at least more full and important information, than Mr. Lewis’s journal either gives or teaches us to expect. As for the name of the writer, it excites a feeling for which *interest* is perhaps too strong a term, and for which *curiosity* is more appropriate. We may naturally feel curious to see the recorded impressions of such a person, without any expectation of being enlightened by his knowledge or swayed by his opinions. Mr. Lewis owes much of whatever celebrity his name enjoys to the barrenness of the period in which he appeared. He first gained a name during that dark interregnum of our poetical literature when Hayley and Darwin were supreme—when Cowper had ceased to write—and Scott, Byron, Moore, and Southey had scarcely emerged above the literary horizon. It was exactly the moment for a man like Lewis to obtain

popularity; and he did obtain it, but not in a manner which entitled his popularity to be very long-lived. He startled by an eccentricity which was called original, and pampered a morbid appetite for strong excitement. Our literature had then its "Reign of Terror." We know not whether *Monk Lewis* or *Mrs. Radcliffe* is most entitled to be considered the harmless Robespierre of this gloomy time, and the palm of pre-eminence is not worth settling. To whichever it might be due, we owe them little thanks for their endeavours to inspire adult readers with the half-forgotten terms of their nursery days; and for staking their success so largely upon the excitement of no nobler passion of the mind than fear. Of the lady, however, it is but justice to say, that her writings were free from those impurities with which Lewis's "wonder-working" system was mixed up. As for him, he too often wrote in a style which might have befitted the amorous Goule of Arabian fiction, who supped with the sorceress by the side of a grave—if that Goule could have turned author. It had not even the merit of being original, for the source of these horrors was German. Lewis was familiar with the language of Germany, but he turned his knowledge to poor account. In that temporary dearth of native originality, we would gladly have received some invigorating contributions from so fertile a source. But whilst some were culling the mawkish sentimentalities of German fiction, Lewis was transplanting nothing but its horrors. *Diablerie* and exaggerated sentiment became inextricably associated (in the minds of all save a discerning few) with the rich literature of that land: the lash of the "Anti-Jacobin" was deservedly incurred, and the study of German literature as undeservedly retarded. Lewis, however, certainly was a popular writer. He is mentioned in the titlepage of this posthumous work as author of "The Monk," "The Castle Spectre," "Tales of Wonder," &c.—poor passports to fame, if this were all. But it is only justice to say, that his works, not here named, deserve more praise than the three which are: the "Bravo of Venice," (for instance, though it is not original,) a tragedy, and some of his poems. "The Monk," with all its notoriety, was a poor book, which, like persecuted sedition, was perhaps rather raised than depressed by its demerits; and never could have been regarded as dangerously seductive, if it had not been banished from decent drawing-rooms.

As a member of Parliament, Lewis seems to have been a cipher; and, if we may judge by the testimony of his friends, he was little more important as a member of society. The good nature of Sir Walter Scott endeavoured to treat it as a matter of congratulation that he was one "whose faults are only ridiculous;" while Lord Byron, on hearing of his death, poured forth his friendship in the coarse assertions that he was "a d—d bore: tedious, as well as contradictory, to every thing and every body;" and concluded this tribute with the consistent couplet, which, separated from the context, has been thought worthy of insertion as a motto in the titlepage of this work:

"I would give many a sugar cane,
Monk Lewis were alive again!"

Lewis appears to have been regarded as thoroughly

kind-hearted, boyish in character as in appearance, and alive to all the generous impulses of amiable childhood—as one for whom even his cleverness could not obtain respect, but whose goodness of disposition made it difficult not to like him.

In no more imposing light than this stood the name of Lewis, in the eye of the world, previous to the publication of the present work. But its position is now improved. It is not easy to believe that the writer of this agreeable Journal could have been "tedious" and "contradictory." It seems to afford evidence which it is difficult to resist, that the writer was not only a pleasant companion, but a sensible and practical man—keen-sighted, without bitterness—a good-natured noter of passing absurdities, without any cynical disposition to censure—seeing things through no discoloured medium of sentimentality or romance, but taking a plain, correct, man-of-the-world's view of all that passed around him. This Journal also tends to raise his literary reputation. We believe it to have been an unstudied production, never intended for publication; but whether this was strictly the case or not, it stands high among works of a similar kind, for grace, lightness, pleasantry, descriptive power, felicity of expression, and conversational fluency and freedom. We will give a few extracts in support of our praise. Most of those who have had experience complain of the tedium and monotony of a sea voyage. Yet the recital of a rather tedious and unprosperous voyage by no means partakes of this quality in Mr. Lewis's Journal: and though fifty pages are occupied in relating it, we are not impatient to get on shore. His "miseries" are made amusing in the same vein of humour with which various minor miseries were rendered mirthful in Mr. Beresford's pleasant book. He thus bewails the perversities of the weather:

"The weather continues intolerable. Boisterous waves running mountains high, with no wind, or a foul one. Dead calms by day, which prevent our making any progress; and violent storms by night, which prevent our getting any sleep.

"Every thing is in a state of perpetual motion. '*Nulla quies intus* (nor *outus* indeed for the matter of that) *nullaque silentia parte.*' We drink our tea exactly as Tantalus did in the infernal regions; we keep bobbing at the basin for half an hour together, without being able to get a drop; and certainly nobody on ship-board can doubt the truth of the proverb, 'Many things fall out between the cup and the lip.'

"The wind continues contrary, and the weather is as disagreeable and perverse as it can well be; indeed, I understand that in these latitudes nothing can be expected but heavy gales or dead calms, which make them particularly pleasant for sailing, especially as the calms are by far the most disagreeable of the two: the wind steadies the ship; but when she creeps as slowly as she does at present, (scarcely going a mile in four hours,) she feels the whole effect of the sea breaking against her, and rolls backwards and forwards with every billow as it rises and falls. In the meanwhile, every thing seems to be in a state of the most active motion, except the ship; while we are carrying a spoonful of soup to our mouths, the remainder takes the 'glorious golden opportunity' to empty itself into our laps, and the glasses and salt-cellars

ry on a perpetual domestic warfare during the

whole time of dinner, like the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. Nothing is so common as to see a roast goose suddenly jump out of its dish in the middle of dinner, and make a frisk from one end of the table to the other; and we are quite in the habit of laying wagers which of the two boiled fowls will arrive at the bottom first.

"N. B. To-day the fowl without the liver-wing was the favourite, but the knowing ones were taken in: the uncarved one carried it hollow."

A storm is thus described:

"At one this morning a violent gust of wind came on; and, at the rate of ten miles an hour, carried us through the Chops of the Channel, formed by the Scilly Rocks and the Isle of Ushant. But I thought that the advance was dearly purchased by the terrible night which the storm made us pass. The wind roaring, the waves dashing against the stern, till at last they beat in the quarter gallery; the ship, too, rolling from side to side, as if every moment she were going to roll over and over! Mr. J—— was heaved off one of the sofas, and rolled along till he was stopped by the table. He then took his seat upon the floor, as the more secure position; and half an hour afterwards, another heave chucked him back again upon the sofa. The captain snuffed out one of the candles, and both being tied to the table, could not relight it with the other: so the steward came to do it; when a sudden heel of the ship made him extinguish the second candle, tumbled him upon the sofa on which I was lying, and made the candle which he had brought with him fly out of the candlestick through a cabin window at his elbow, and thus we were all left in the dark. Then the intolerable noise! the cracking of bulkheads! the sawing of ropes! the screeching of the tiller! the trampling of the sailors! the clattering of the crockery! Every thing above deck and below deck all in motion at once! Chairs, writing-desks, books, boxes, bundles, fire-irons, and fenders flying to one end of the room; and the next moment (as if they had made a mistake) flying back again to the other with the same hurry and confusion. 'Confusion worse confounded!' Of all the inconveniences attached to a vessel, the incessant noise appears to me the most insupportable! As to our live stock, they seem to have made up their minds on the subject, and say, with one of Ariosto's knights (when he was cloven from the head to the chine,) '*Or conven morire!*' Our fowls and ducks are screaming and quacking their last by dozens; and by Tuesday morning, it is supposed, that we shall not have an animal alive in the ship, except the black terrier and my friend the squeaking pig, whose vocal powers are still audible, maugre the storm and the sailors, and who (I verily believe) only continues to survive out of spite, because he can join in the general chorus, and help to increase the number of abominable sounds.

"We are now tossing about in the Bay of Biscay: I shall remember it as long as I live. The 'beef-eater's front' could never have 'beamed more terrible' upon Don Ferolo Whiskerando, 'in Biscay's Bay, when he took him prisoner,' than Biscay's Bay itself will appear to me the next time that I approach it."

By way of contrast, take the annoyances of a calm, which seem equally unable to disturb his e

"Our wind is like Lady Townley's separate allowance: 'that little has been made less;' or, rather, it has dwindled away to nothing. We are now so absolutely becalmed, that I begin seriously to suspect all the crew of being Phæacians; and that at this identical moment Neptune is amusing himself by making the ship take root in the ocean,—a trick which he played once before to a vessel (they say) in the days of Ulysses. I have got some locust plants on board in pots: if we continue to sail as slowly as we have done for the last week, before we reach Jamaica my plants will be forest trees; little Jem, the cabin-boy, will have been obliged to shave, and the black terrier will have died of old age long ago."

The following is an amusing sketch of the intellectual occupations of the crew:

"On this day, from a sense of propriety, no doubt, as well as from having nothing else to do, all the crew in the morning betook themselves to their studies. The carpenter was very seriously spelling a comedy; Edward was engaged with 'The Six Princesses of Babylon;' a third was amusing himself with a tract 'On the Management of Bees;' another had borrowed the cabin-boy's 'Sorrows of Werter,' and was reading it aloud to a large circle, some whistling, and others yawning; and Werter's abrupt transitions, and exclamations, and raptures, and refinements, read in the same loud monotonous tone, and without the slightest respect paid to stops, had the oddest effect possible. 'She did not look at me; I thought my heart would burst: the coach drove off; she looked out of the window; was that look meant for me? yes, it was; perhaps it might be; do not tell me that it was not meant for me. Oh, my friend, my friend! am I not a fool—a madman!' ('This part is rather stupid, or so, you see; but no matter for that. Where was I? Oh!') 'I am now sure Charlotte loves me: I prest my hand on my heart; I said, 'Klopstock;' 'yes, Charlotte loves me! What! does Charlotte love me? oh, rapturous thought! my brain turns round! Immortal powers! how! what! Oh, my friend, my friend,' &c. &c. &c. I was surprised to find that (except Edward's Fairy Tale) none of them were reading works that were at all likely to amuse them, (Smollet or Fielding, for instance,) or any which might interest them as relating to their profession, such as voyages and travels; much less any which had the slightest reference to the particular day. However, as most of them were reading what they could not possibly understand, they might mistake them for books of devotion, for any thing they knew to the contrary; or, perhaps, they might have so much reverence for all books in print, as to think that, provided they did but read something, it was doing a good work, and it did not much matter what. So one of Congreve's fine ladies swears Mrs. Mincing, the waiting maid, to secrecy, 'upon an odd volume of Messalina's Poems.' Sir Dudley North, too, informs us (or is it his brother Roger? but I mean the Turkey merchant) that at Constantinople the respect for printed books is so great, that when people are sick, they fancy that they can be read into health again; and if the Koran should not be in the way, they will make a shift with a few verses of the Bible, or a chapter or two of the Talmud, or of any other book that comes hand, rather than not read something. I think

Sir Dudley says, that he himself cured an old Turk of the toothach, by administering a few pages of 'Ovid's Metamorphoses;' and in an old receipt-book, we are directed for the cure of a double tertian fever, 'to drink plentifully of cock-broth, and sleep with the Second Book of the Iliad under the pillow.' If, instead of sleeping with it under the pillow, the doctor had desired us to read the Second Book of the Iliad, in order that we *might* sleep, I should have had some faith in his prescription myself."

Though amused during the voyage, the reader will be most interested by the accounts of negro life in the West Indies. These are abundant; for Lewis seems to have been very observant, to have lived much among his negroes, and to have evinced an amiable desire to render himself conversant with their habits and feelings—to learn their wants, and ameliorate their condition. Whatever may have been the errors of his head, it is impossible not to esteem the man who has shown such genuine benevolence of heart. Nevertheless, this Journal does not afford much that can be called information, and it is difficult to draw from it any general inferences. It is an evil commonly attendant upon journals that, recording as they do the impressions of the moment, they are not unfrequently contradictory in their tone, do not generalize and abstract, and do not give us the conclusion at which the writer arrives upon a reconsideration of all that he has witnessed. This is more especially the case when the work is one emanating from a sensitive and imaginative mind, easily wrought upon, and deriving its colour from the passing events.

There was much of this chameleon-like quality in the mind of Lewis; and he was disposed by nature rather to observe what played upon the surface than to attempt to penetrate beneath. In his estimate of the condition and happiness of the West India negro, he was perhaps too much inclined to accept as a criterion that light-hearted gaiety in moments of relaxation, and that noisy exhibition of child-like mirth, which is not incompatible with degradation and oppression, and is greatly the result of natural temperament. That negro slaves seem very happy, a great deal of concurrent testimony compels us to believe; but to use this appearance as a serious argument in defence of their condition, is as little reasonable as it would be to cite the gambols of May-day chimney-sweepers as a proof of the humanity with which climbing-boys are treated. It is highly creditable to Lewis's feelings, that even the noisy gaiety which his arrival and the subsequent holiday created, could not blind and reconcile him to the sight and sound of slavery.

"Soon after my reaching the lodging-house at Sarannah la Mar, a remarkably clean-looking negro lad presented himself with some water and a towel: I concluded him to belong to the inn; and on my returning the towel, as he found that I took no notice of him, he at length ventured to introduce himself by saying, 'Masse not know me; *me your slave!*'—and really the sound made me feel a pang at the heart. The lad appeared all gaiety and good humour, and his whole countenance expressed anxiety to recommend himself to my notice; but the word 'slave' seemed to imply that, although he did feel pleasure in serving me, if he had detested me he must

have served me still. I really felt quite humiliated at the moment, and was tempted to tell him, 'Do not say that again; say that you are my negro, but do not call yourself my slave.'"

His presence and indulgence produced in these excitable people an expression of pleasure which delighted him.

"Certainly," he says, "they at least play their parts with such an air of truth, and warmth, and enthusiasm, that, after the cold hearts and repulsive manners of England, the contrast is infinitely agreeable.

'Je ne vois que des yeux toujours prêts à sourire.'

"I find it quite impossible to resist the fascination of the conscious pleasure of pleasing; and my own heart, which I have so long been obliged to keep closed, seems to expand itself again in the sunshine of the kind looks and words which meet me at every turn, and seem to wait for mine as anxiously as if they were so many diamonds."

The kind-hearted proprietor seems, however, to have relaxed discipline a little too suddenly; and to have unwisely imagined that his slaves, having tasted the charms of indulgence, ought to work the harder afterwards, and be more orderly and obedient, out of gratitude to him.

"Since my arrival in Jamaica, I am not conscious of having omitted any means of satisfying my negroes, and rendering them happy and secure from oppression. I have suffered no person to be punished, except the two female demons who almost bit a girl's hands off (for which they received a slight switching), and the most worthless rascal on the estate, whom, for manifold offences, I was compelled for the sake of discipline to allow to pass two days in the bilboes. I have never refused a favour that I could possibly grant. I have listened patiently to all complaints. I have increased the number of negro holidays, and have given away money and presents of all kinds incessantly. Now for my reward. On Saturday morning there were no fewer than forty-five persons (not including children) in the hospital, which makes nearly a fifth of my whole gang. Of these the medical people assured me that not above seven had any thing whatever the matter with them; the rest were only feigning sickness out of mere idleness, and in order to sit doing nothing, while their companions were forced to perform their part of the estate duty. And sure enough, on Sunday morning they all walked away from the hospital to amuse themselves, except about seven or eight: they will, perhaps, go to the field for a couple of days; and on Wednesday we may expect to have them all back again, complaining of pains, which (not existing) it is not possible to remove. Jenny (the girl whose hands were bitten) was told by the doctress, that having been in the hospital all the week, she ought not, for very shame, to go out on Sunday. She answered 'she wanted to go to the mountains, and go she would.' 'Then,' said the doctress, 'you must not come back again on Monday at least.' 'Yes,' Jenny said, 'she *should* come back;' and back this morning Jenny came. But as her wounds were almost completely well, she had tied packthread round them, so as to cut deep into the flesh; had rubbed dirt into them; and, in short, had played such

tricks as nearly to produce a mortification in one of her fingers."

Again he says, but in a tone of perfect good humour,

"The negroes certainly are perverse beings. They had been praying for a sight of their master year after year: they were in raptures at my arrival. I have suffered no one to be punished, and shown them every possible indulgence during my residence amongst them; and, one and all, they declare themselves perfectly happy and well treated. Yet, previous to my arrival, they made thirty-three hogsheads a-week; in a fortnight after my landing, their product dwindled to twenty-three; during this last week they have managed to make but thirteen. Still, they are not ungrateful; they are only selfish: they love me very well, but they love themselves a great deal better; and, to do them justice, I verily believe that every negro on the estate is extremely anxious that all should do their full duty, except himself. My censure, although accompanied with the certainty of their not being punished, is by no means a matter of indifference. If I express myself to be displeased, the whole property is in an uproar: every body is finding fault with every body; nobody that does not represent the shame of neglecting my work, and the ingratitude of vexing me by their ill conduct; and then each individual—having said so much, and said it so strongly, that he is convinced of its having its full effect in making the others do their duty—thinks himself quite safe and snug in skulking away from his own."

Experience, however, made him wiser; not less benevolent, but more judicious in his benevolence. The foregoing passage was written in the spring of 1816. He visited Jamaica again the following year; and, on the 14th of July, 1818, we find the following gratifying entry:

"I think that I really may now venture to hope that my plans for the management of my estate have succeeded beyond even my most sanguine expectations. I have now passed three weeks with my negroes, the doors of my house open all day long, and full liberty allowed to every person to come and speak to me without witnesses or restraint; yet not one man or woman has come to me with a single complaint. On the contrary, all my inquiries have been answered by an assurance that during the two years of my absence my regulations were adhered to most implicitly, and that, 'except for the pleasure of seeing massa,' there was no more difference in treatment than if I had remained upon the estate. Many of them have come to tell me instances of kindness which they have received from one or other of their superintendents; others to describe some severe fit of illness, in which they must have died but for the care taken of them in the hospital; some who were weakly and low-spirited on my former visit, to show me how much they are improved in health, and tell me 'how they keep up heart now, because since massa come upon the property, nobody put upon them, and all go well;' and some who had formerly complained of one trifle or other, to take back their complaints, and say that they wanted no change, and were willing to be employed in any way that might be thought most for the good of the estate; but although I have now

at least seen every one of them, and have conversed with numbers, I have not yet been able to find one person who had so much as even an imaginary grievance to lay before me. Yet I find that it has been found necessary to punish with the lash, although only in a very few instances; but then this only took place on the commission of absolute crimes, and in cases where its necessity and justice were so universally felt, not only by others, but by the sufferers themselves, that instead of complaining, they seem only to be afraid of their offence coming to my knowledge; to prevent which, they affect to be more satisfied and happy than all the rest; and now, when I see a mouth grinning from ear to ear, with a more than ordinary expansion of jaw, I never fail to find on inquiry that its proprietor is one of those who have been punished during my absence. I then take care to give them an opportunity of making a complaint, if they should have any to make; but no, not a word comes; 'every thing has gone on perfectly well, and just as it ought to have done.' Upon this, I drop a slight hint of the offence in question, and instantly away goes the grin, and down falls the negro to kiss my feet, confess his fault, and 'beg massa forgib, and them never do so bad thing more to fret massa, and them beg massa pardon, hard, quite hard!' But not one of them has denied the justice of his punishment, or complained of undue severity on the part of his superintendents. On the other hand, although the lash has thus been in a manner utterly abolished, except in cases where a much severer punishment would have been inflicted by the police, and although they are aware of this unwillingness to chastise, my trustees acknowledge that during my absence the negroes have been quiet and tractable, and have not only laboured as well as they used to do, but have done much more work than the negroes on an adjoining property, where there are forty more negroes, and where moreover a considerable sum is paid for hired assistance."

In spite of the alleged necessity of the lash, we find the following satisfactory statement of the successful substitution of another species of punishment:

"During the whole three weeks of my absence only two negroes have been complained of for committing fault. The first was a domestic quarrel between two Africans: Hazard stole Frank's calabash of sugar, which Frank had previously stolen out of my boiling-house: so Frank broke Hazard's head, which in my opinion settled the matter so properly that declined spoiling it by any interference of my own. The other complaint was more serious: Toby being ordered to load the cart with canes, answered 'won't!' and Toby was as good as his word; in consequence of which the mill stopped for want of canes and the boiling-house stopped for want of liquor. I found on my return that for this offence Toby had received six lashes, which Toby did not mind three straws. But as his fault amounted to an act of downright rebellion, I thought that it ought not by any means to be passed over so lightly, and that Toby ought to be made to mind. I took no notice for some days; but the Easter holidays had been deferred till my return, and only began here on Friday last. On that day, as soon as the head governor had blown the shell, and dismissed the negroes till Monday morning, he requested the pleasure of Mr. Toby's company to

the hospital, where he locked him up in a room by himself. All Saturday and Sunday the estate rang with laughing, dancing, singing, and huzzaing. Salt fish was given away in the morning; the children played at nine-pins for jackets and petticoats in the evening; rum and sugar was denied to no one. The gumbys thundered; the kitty-katties clattered; all was noise and festivity; and all this while, 'qualis moriens Philomela,' sat solitary Toby, gazing at his four white walls! Toby had not minded the lashes; but the loss of his amusement, and the disgrace of his exclusion from the fête, operated on his mind so forcibly, that when on the Monday morning his door was unlocked, and the chief governor called him to his work, not a word would he deign to utter; let who would speak, there he sat motionless, silent, and sulky. However, upon my going down to him myself, his voice thought proper to return, and he began at once to complain of his seclusion, and justify his conduct: but he no sooner opened his lips than the whole hospital opened theirs to censure his folly, asking him how he could presume to justify himself when he knew that he had done wrong, and advising him to humble himself and beg my pardon; and their clamours were so loud and so general (Mrs. Sappho, his wife, being one of the loudest, who not only 'gave it him on both sides of his ears,' but enforced her arguments by a knock on the pate now and then,) that they fairly drove the evil spirit out of him: he confessed his fault with great penitence, engaged solemnly never to commit such another, and set off to his work full of gratitude for my granting him forgiveness. I am more and more convinced every day that the best and easiest mode of governing negroes (and governed by some mode or other they must be,) is not by the detestable lash, but by confinement, solitary or otherwise: they cannot bear it, and the memory of it seems to make a lasting impression upon their minds, while the lash makes none but upon their skins, and lasts no longer than the mark. The order at my hospital is, that no negro should be denied admittance: even if no symptoms of illness appear, he is allowed one day to rest and take physic, if he choose it. On the second morning, if the physician declares the man to be shamming, and the plea of illness is still alleged against going to work, then the negro is locked up in a room with others similarly circumstanced, where care is taken to supply him with food, water, physic, &c., and no restraint is imposed, except that of not going out. Here he is suffered to remain unmolested as long as he pleases, and he is only allowed to leave the hospital upon his own declaration that he is well enough to go to work: when the door is opened, and he walks away unreprouched and unpunished, however evident his deception may have been. Before I adopted this regulation, the number of patients used to vary from thirty to forty-five, not more than a dozen of whom perhaps had any thing the matter with them. The number at this moment is but fourteen, and all are sores, burns, or complaints, the reality of which speaks for itself. Some few persevering tricksters will still submit to be locked up for a day or two; but their patience never fails to be wearied out by the fourth morning; and I have not yet met with an instance of a patient who had once been locked up with a fictitious illness, returning to the hospital except with

a real one. In general they offer to take a day's rest and physic, promising to go out to work the next day, and on these occasions they have uniformly kept their word. Indeed, my hospital is now in such good order that the physician told the trustee the other day that 'mine gave him less trouble than any hospital in the parish.' My boilers, too, who used to make sugar the colour of mahogany, are now making excellent; and certainly, if appearances may be trusted, and things will but last, I may flatter myself with the complete success of my system of management, as far as the time elapsed is sufficient to warrant an opinion. I only wish from my soul that I were but half as certain of the good treatment and good behaviour of the negroes at Hordley."

We are happy to think that the humane conviction, expressed more than fifteen years ago by Mr. Lewis, "*that the best and easiest mode of governing negroes is not by the detestable lash,*" should have so far spread, and should have produced such fruits, as to enable Mr. Stanley in the House of Commons, on the 17th of March, in the present year, to make the following gratifying statement: "That the Court of Policy of Demerara, composed in a great measure, as to one moiety at least, of colonial planters, utterly unconnected by any tie with government, and not very sparing, in the course of the last few years, in venting their feelings of disgust at some of their measures, had unanimously passed an ordinance, without one dissentient voice, *abolishing*, from the first of March, 1834, *the power of the masters to inflict corporal punishment to any extent and for any cause whatever*; thus, by five months, *anticipating* one of the principal enactments of the British legislature."

Other highly agreeable communications were made in the same speech. It was stated, on the authority of two despatches from the Governor of Demerara, that the total number of punishments awarded in two districts of that colony during the month of December, 1833, amounted only to thirteen; "no one of them being of a corporal nature, and varying from one to three weeks' imprisonment;" and further, that the total number of complaints laid before the Slave Protector, during the same time, from eighty thousand slaves against their masters, amounted also to thirteen—while all of them were of the most trivial and insignificant nature." It was besides stated, on the authority of the same despatches, that there had been an increased quantity of colonial produce during the last year, though the season had not been peculiarly favourable; which increased quantity "*is solely attributable to the increased goodwill and diligence of the slaves*; and this goodwill and diligence of the slaves are the consequences of the milder treatment they now experience, and the cheering prospect they have before them."

May we presume to ask the prompt advertiser of this volume, in a certain quarterly journal, how, supposing he had not been in such haste to announce it to the public before the public could read it, he would have contrived to reconcile the above statements with those views of the late great measure in which he indulges? Here we have it proclaimed officially that the colonists of Demerara had themselves "*anticipated* one of the principal enactments of our legislature;" one of the principal provisions of a measure

which, according to this candid gentleman, was the unfortunate result of the ministry having "succumbed to pertinacity, ignorance, rashness, blind audacity, mean shuffling and intrigue, and hot, heavy, dogged stupidity!"

Before we close our notice of this work, we must extract the following specimen of slavery in the "good old times,"—times long anterior to those "last ten years," on the history of which, as the enlightened philanthropist above alluded to assures us, "future times will pause with mingled wonder, contempt, and pity."

"There is a popular negro song, the burden of which is,

'Take him to the Gulley! take him to the Gulley!
But bringee back the frock and board.'

'Oh! massa, massa! me no deadee yet!'

'Take him to the Gulley! take him to the Gulley!
Carry him along!'

"This alludes to a transaction which took place some thirty years ago, on an estate in this neighbourhood, called Spring Garden, the owner of which (I think the name was Bedward) is quoted as the cruelest proprietor that ever disgraced Jamaica. It was his constant practice, whenever a sick negro was pronounced incurable, to order the poor wretch to be carried to a solitary vale upon his estate, called the Gulley, where he was thrown down, and abandoned to his fate, which fate was generally to be half-devoured by the john-crows before death had put an end to his sufferings. By this proceeding the avaricious owner avoided the expense of maintaining the slave during his last illness; and in order that he might be as little a loser as possible, he always enjoined the negro bearers of the dying man to strip him naked before leaving the Gulley, and not to forget to bring back his frock and the board on which he had been carried down. One poor creature, while in the act of being removed, screamed out most piteously 'that he was not dead yet,' and implored not to be left to perish in the Gulley in a manner so horrible. His cries had no effect upon his master, but operated so forcibly on the less marble hearts of his fellow-slaves, that in the night some of them removed him back to the negro village privately, and nursed him there with so much care, that he recovered, and left the estate unquestioned and undiscovered. Unluckily, one day the master was passing through Kingston, when, on turning the corner of a street suddenly, he found himself face to face with the negro, whom he had supposed long ago to have been picked to the bones in the Gulley of Spring Garden. He immediately seized him, claimed him as his slave, and ordered his attendants to convey him to his house; but the fellow's cries attracted a crowd round them before he could be dragged away. He related his melancholy story, and the singular manner in which he had recovered his life and liberty; and the public indignation was so forcibly excited by the shocking tale, that Mr. Bedward was glad to save himself from being torn to pieces by a precipitate retreat from Kingston, and never ventured to advance his claim to the negro a second time."

There is a good deal of pleasing poetry interspersed throughout this volume, of which the following stanzas

of a song forming part of a metrical tale, called *Isle of Devils*, may serve as an example:

1.

"When summer smiled on Goa's bowers,
They seemed so fair;
All light the skies, all bloom the flowers,
All balm the air!
The mock-bird swelled his amorous lay,
Soft, sweet, and clear;
And all was beauteous, all was gay,
For she was near.

2.

"But now the skies in vain are bright
With summer's glow;
The pea-dove's call to Love's delight
Augments my wo;
And blushing roses vainly bloom;
Their charms are fled;
And all is sadness, all is gloom,
For she is dead!"

In conclusion, we must add, that the pleasure which this work has produced, makes us desire to learn more respecting Mr. Lewis. A man who left so good a journal must have been an agreeable correspondent. He had moreover distinguished literary friends. Did he correspond with them? and are any of his letters preserved? If so, they would probably be interesting. We should be glad, too, to see something of the nature of a memoir; and hope we may draw a favourable augury with respect to the appearance of some such production, even from the laconic brevity of the "advertisement" to this journal. For, assuredly, it cannot be supposed that the world will be quite satisfied with being informed merely, that "the following Journals of two residences in Jamaica, in 1815-16 and in 1817, are now preserved from the MS. of Mr. Lewis, who died at sea on his voyage homewards from the West Indies, in the 1818."

From the Athenæum.

JOHN MARTIN.

The following anecdote is from the last number of the *Booksellers' Advertiser* of New York:

"John Martin, the justly celebrated self-taught artist, has, without solicitation, been elected a member of the Belgic Academy; and the government have purchased, at his own price, his noble and astonishing picture of 'The Fall of Nineveh.' By his own talents alone, Martin has risen from obscurity to an enviable distinction in his profession. We have not seen the following anecdote in print, but we have it from a friend of the parties. Some time ago, an American artist, on a visit to London, noticed in an exhibition of paintings, a small piece, of evident merit as induced him to inquire for the painter. 'His name is John Martin,—a young man in extreme poverty; he supports himself at present by making baskets.' The American found his miserable apartment thus employed; he gave him a small sum of money, and advised and encouraged him to pursue the study of the more congenial

The American visited Italy; and on his return, two or three years after, found the once poor basket-maker, now independent, married, occupying a handsome dwelling, and already famed for his extraordinary powers in the 'divine art.' 'To you,' he said to the American, 'I am indebted for this prosperity. With the money you gave me I purchased materials, and executed several pictures, which met with ready sale. I persevered, in the face of many difficulties, and, as you see, I did not persevere in vain.' The American was Washington Allston, now of Boston. It is remarkable that though Martin has received many honours from foreign institutions, he has never even been admitted as a member of the London Academy of Arts, founded for the encouragement of native talent. Besides the 'Fall of Nineveh,' his 'Belshazzar's Feast,' and his 'Illustrations of Milton' are universally admired."

Now the anecdote is a good anecdote, and, if true, would reflect credit on all parties. As, however, we had a strong suspicion that it was not true, and as it was likely to be copied into the English papers, and circulated all over the country, we thought it well to address a note to the painter and enclose the paper. His answer confirms our suspicions, and, as it contains much matter of interest, we shall take the liberty of making a copious extract:

"There is not a particle of truth in the anecdote; indeed I had not the pleasure of knowing my friend Allston until I was, in some degree, known as an artist; but I will give you a slight sketch, a mere outline, of my early career, and also of my first introduction to Allston, which, as it relates to more than myself, may not be uninteresting to you. I was not seventeen when I first arrived in London, where I was to be under the protection of Boniface Muss, or Musso, a clever master, the father of Charles Muss, the celebrated enamel painter. My first resolve on leaving my parents was, never more to receive that pecuniary assistance which I knew could not be spared, and by perseverance I was enabled to keep this resolution. Some months after my arrival in London, finding I was not so comfortable as I could wish in Mr. C. Muss's family, I removed to a room in Adam Street West, Cumberland Place, and it was there that, by the closest application till two and three o'clock in the morning, in the depth of winter, I obtained that knowledge of perspective and architecture which has since been so valuable to me. I was at this time, during the day, employed by Mr. C. Muss's firm, painting on china and glass, by which, and making water-colour drawings, and teaching, I supported myself; in fact, mine was a struggling artist's life, when I married, which, I believe you know, I did at nineteen. It was now indeed necessary for me to work, and as I was ambitious of fame, I determined on painting a large picture. I therefore, in 1812, produced my first work, 'Sadak in search of the Waters of Oblivion,' which was executed in a month. You may easily guess my anxiety, when I overheard the men who were to place it in the frame disputing as to which was the top of the picture! Hope almost forsook me, for much depended on this work. It was, however, sold to the late Mr. Manning, the bank director, for fifty guineas, and well do I remember the inexpressible

delight my wife and I experienced at the time. My next works were 'Paradise,' which was sold to a Mr. Spong for seventy guineas, and 'The Expulsion,' which is in my own possession. My next painting, 'Clytie,' 1814, was sent to Mr. West, the President, for his inspection, and it was on this occasion that I first met Leslie, now so deservedly celebrated. I shall never forget the urbane manner with which West introduced us, saying, 'that we must become acquainted, as young artists who, he prophesied, would reflect honour on their respective countries.' Leslie immediately informed Allston, who resided in the same house with him, that he had met me—Allston requested to be introduced, as he had felt a strong desire to know me from the time he had seen my 'Sadak,' but a sort of reserve had prevented his introducing himself, although he had several times taken up his pen to do so. Thus, twenty years ago, commenced a friendship which caused me deeply to regret Allston's departure for his native country, for I have rarely met a man whose cultivated and refined taste, combined with a mild, yet enthusiastic temper and honourable mind, more excited my admiration and esteem. It is somewhat singular, that my picture of 'Belshazzar's Feast,' originated in an argument with Allston. He was himself going to paint the subject, and was explaining his ideas, which appeared to me altogether wrong, and I gave him my conception; he then told me that there was a prize poem at Cambridge, written by Mr. T. S. Hughes, which exactly tallied with my notions, and advised me to read it. I did so, and determined on painting the picture. I was strongly dissuaded from this by many, among others Leslie, who so entirely differed from my notions of the treatment, that he called on purpose, and spent part of a morning, in the vain endeavour of preventing my committing myself, and so injuring the reputation I was obtaining. This opposition only confirmed my intentions, and in 1821 I exhibited my picture. Allston has never seen it, but he sent from America to say, 'that he would not mind a walk of ten miles, over a quickset hedge, before breakfast, to see it.' This is something from a bad walker and worse riser. His own 'Belshazzar' was not completed for many years, not till very lately, I think."

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

In a former number* we presented to our readers some very interesting fragments and extracts of these Memoirs. We now intend to impart such other passages as have since transpired. These have been sent direct from Monsieur Chateaubriand himself to two Parisian periodical works, and there can be therefore no doubt of their entire authenticity. M. de Chateaubriand, it appears, was so well satisfied with the notice of the *Revue de Paris*, from which we borrowed our former communication, that he has, in token of his satisfaction, sent to it, and to another work of the same description, the passages which we have now to lay before our readers. We

* See Museum for August.

are happy to have this testimony of the faithfulness, if not in word in spirit, of our former article to the sense of the illustrious author. What we have now to furnish comes directly from himself. We have already said that these Memoirs are not written consecutively, according to a chronological order of events. Sometimes late events will be found in the early pages, and again scenes of boyhood and of youth will be inserted at the period of gray-haired experience. Every part seems to have been written according as the actual impression of the moment dictated. By this means every incident and reflection comes bright and burning from the brain, with the stamp of the instant's impulse upon it; and the whole is connected together, not by a plodding series of order, but by those vivid links of recollection and anticipation which blend and harmonize distant facts together much more happily, and give to a work of biography more real unity of effect, than the artificial help of chronology (which often abruptly interrupts, instead of aiding the natural association of parts) can ever do. The passage we subjoin may probably be an illustration of this remark. Though written whilst the author is engaged in the scenes of the first Revolution, his mind is hurried from their contemplation to thoughts with which they are intimately allied—thoughts which perceive the events of the actual moment in their seeds which were then sown and scattered so profusely in blood, and which project the mind into speculations on the future, when the consequences of that dire revolution will be finally and fully developed and consummated. The passage is a pregnant one—a fine weaved-up skein of conjectures and poetic reasonings, bearing such a weight of truth, that a little time, we fear, only is necessary to turn its anticipations (in part at least) into prophecies. It is as follows:

"Europe is hastening to a democracy. France is nothing else than a republic clogged by a director. Nations have grown out of their pagehood. Arrived at their majority, they pretend to have no longer need of tutors. From the time of David to our own times, kings have been called—nations appear now to be called in their turn. The brief and unimportant exceptions of the Grecian, Carthaginian, and Roman republics, do not alter the general political fact of antiquity, that the state of society was monarchical all over the globe. But now society is quitting monarchy, at least monarchy such as it has been understood till now."

"The symptoms of social transformation abound. It is in vain that efforts are made to re-organize a party for the absolute government of a single man—the elementary principles of this government no longer exist—men are changed as much as principles. Although facts seem to be sometimes in collision, they concur nevertheless in the same result; as in a machine, wheels which turn in opposite directions produce a common action."

"But sovereigns, submitting themselves gradually to the necessary popular liberties—detaching themselves without violence and without shock from their pedestals, may yet transmit to their sons, for a period more or less extended, their hereditary sceptres, reduced to proportions measured by the law. France would have done better for her happiness and inde-

pendence had she preserved a child who could have turned the days of July into a shameful dition; but no one comprehended the event. I are bent obstinately on guarding that which cannot retain. Instead of descending gently on an inclined plane, they expose themselves to fall in a gulf—instead of dying gloriously, full of hope and days, monarchy runs the risk of being found alive—a tragic mausoleum at Venice contains the skin of an illustrious general."

"Even countries the least prepared for liberal institutions, such as Spain and Portugal, are forward by constitutional movements. In these countries, ideas have outgrown the men whom they influence. France and England, like two enormous battering-rams, strike with redoubled strokes on the crumbling ramparts of the ancient society. The boldest doctrines on property, equality, and liberty are proclaimed from morning to evening in the ears of monarchs trembling behind a triple hedge of expected soldiers. The deluge of democracy is coming on them. They mount from floor to floor, the ground floor to the top of their palaces, while they will throw themselves struggling into the sea which will overwhelm them."

"The discovery of printing has changed all the conditions—the press, a machine which can no longer be broken, will continue to destroy the old world it has formed a new one. Its voice is calculated to be the general forum of all people. The press is a thing else than the word, the first of all powers; the word created the universe. Unhappily the human mind participates of the human infirmity—it mixes evil with good, till our fallen nature has vered its original purity."

"Thus the transformation brought about by the age of the world will have place. All is calculated in this plan. Nothing is possible now except the natural death of society, from whence will come the regeneration. It is impiety to struggle against the angel of God, to believe that we can arrest providence. Perceived from this height, the French revolution is only a point of the general revolution. All impatience should cease—all the axioms of ancient politics become inapplicable."

"Louis Philippe has ripened the democratic half a century. The Bourgeois soil in which Epietism has been planted, being less worked than military and popular soil, furnishes still some nutriment to the vegetation of the government of the 7th August; but it will be soon exhausted."

"There are some religious men who are repelled at the bare idea of the actual state of things here on any duration. 'There are,' say they, 'inevitable actions, moral reactions, instructive, magisterial, avenging. If the monarch who first gave us liberty paid for the despotism of Louis XIV. and the execution of Louis XV., can it be believed that the man contracted by *Egalité* at the scaffold of the infidel King is not to be acquitted? *Egalité*, by losing life, expiated nothing. The tear shed at that moment redeems no one—the tears of fear, which moisten merely the bosom, fall not upon the altar of science. What! shall the race of Orleans regret the right of the vices and crimes of their ancestors? Where, then, is Providence? Never could a

frightful temptation come to unseat virtue, to accuse eternal justice, or insult the existence of God, than such a supposition !"

"I have heard these reasonings made, but must we thence conclude that the sceptre of the 9th August is to be broken immediately? No. Raising our view to universal order, the reign of Louis Philippe is but an apparent anomaly, but an unreal infraction of the laws of morals and equity: they are violated, these laws, in a limited and relative sense, but they are observed in a sense unlimited and general. From an enormity consented to by God, I shall deduce a consequence still weightier—I shall deduce the Christian proof of the abolition of royalty in France. It will be this abolition itself, and not an individual chastisement, which will be the expiation of the death of Louis XVI. None shall be admitted, after this just one, to cincture his brow solidly with the diadem—from the forehead of Napoleon it fell in spite of his victories, and from that of Charles X. in spite of his piety! *To finish the disgrace of the crown in the eyes of the people, it has been permitted to the son of the regicide to sleep for a moment in mock kingship in the bloody bed of the martyr.*

"Another reason, taken from the category of human considerations, may also prolong, for a short time more, the duration of the sophism government struck out of the shock of paving stones.

"For forty years every government in France has perished by its own fault: Louis XVI. could twenty times have saved his crown and his life; the republic succumbed only by the excess of its crimes. Bonaparte could have established his dynasty, but he threw himself down from the pinnacle of his glory; but for the ordinances of July, the legitimate throne would be still standing. But the actual government will not apparently commit the error which destroys—its power will never be suicidal—all its skill is exclusively employed in its conservation—it is too intelligent to die of folly, and it has not that in it which can render it guilty of the mistakes of genius, or the weaknesses of virtue.

"But, after all, it must perish. What are, then, four, six, ten, or twenty years in the life of a people? The ancient society perished with the Christian policy from whence it sprung. At Rome, the reign of a man was substituted for that of the law by Caesar; from the republic was the passage to the empire. Revolution, at present, takes a contrary direction; the law dethrones the man: from royalty the transition is to a republic. The era of the people is returned—it remains to be seen how it will be filled.

"But first Europe must be levelled in one same system. A representative government cannot be supposed in France, with absolute monarchies around it. To arrive at this point, it is but too probable that foreign wars must be undergone, and that, in the interior, a double anarchy, moral and physical, must be traversed.

"If property alone were in question, would it not be touched? would it remain distributed as it is? A society, or individuals, have two millions of revenue, whilst others are reduced to fill bags with heaps of putrefaction, and to collect the worms from them—which worms, sold to fishermen, are the only means of existence to their families, themselves aborigines

of the dunghill: can such a society remain stationary on such foundations, in the midst of the progress of ideas?

"But if property is touched, immense disorder will result, which will not be accomplished without the effusion of blood; the law of sacrifice and of blood is every where: God delivered up his Son to the nails of the cross, to renew the order of the universe. Before a new right shall spring from this chaos, the stars will often have risen and set. Eighteen hundred years since the promulgation of Christianity have not sufficed for the abolition of slavery; there is still but a small part of the evangelic mission accomplished.

"These calculations go not quick enough for the impatience of Frenchmen. Never, in the revolutions they have made, have they admitted the element of time; this is why they will always be disappointed by results contrary to their hopes. Whilst they are disordering, time is ordering; it puts order into their disorder—rejects the green fruit—detaches the ripe—and sifts and examines men, manners, and ideas.

"What will the new society be? I am ignorant. Its laws are to me unknown. I cannot conceive it, any more than the ancients could conceive the society without slaves produced by Christianity. How will fortunes become levelled? how will labour be balanced by recompense? how will the woman arrive at her complete emancipation? I know not. Till now, society has proceeded by *aggregation* and by *families*; what aspect will it offer, when it shall be merely *individual*, as it tends to become, and as we see it already forming itself in the United States? Probably *the human race* will be aggrandized, but it is to be feared that *man* will diminish—that the eminent faculties of genius will be lost—that the imagination, poetry, the arts, will die in the narrow cavities of a bee-hive society, in which every individual will be no more than a bee—a wheel in a machine—an atom of organized matter. If the Christian religion should become extinct, man would arrive, by liberty, at that social petrification which China has arrived at by slavery.

"Modern society has taken ten centuries to arrive at its consistency. At present, it is in a state of decomposition. The generations of the middle age were vigorous, because they were in a state of progressive ascendancy; we are feeble, because we are in progressive descent. This descending world will not resume its vigour till it has attained the lowest grade, whence it will commence to reascend towards a new life. I see, indeed, a population in agitation, which proclaims its power, exclaiming,—'I will—I am; the future belongs to me—I have discovered the universe. Before me nothing was known—the world was waiting for me—I am incomparable—my ancestors were children and idiots.'

"But have facts answered to these magnificent words? How many hopes in talents and characters have failed! If you except about thirty men of real merit, what a throng have we—libertine, abortive—without convictions, without faith, political or religious, and scrambling for money and place like mendicants for a gratuitous distribution: a flock which acknowledges no shepherd—which runs from the mountain to the plain, from the plain to the mountain

disdaining the experience of their aged pastors—hardened to the wind and to the sun! We, the pastors, are only generations of passage—intermediate generations—obscure—devoted to oblivion—forming the chain reaching only to those hands which will pluck the future.

* * * * *

“Respecting misfortune, and respecting myself—respecting the cause which I have served, and which I shall continue to serve at the sacrifice of the repose due to my age, I fear to pronounce, living, a word which may wound the unfortunate, or even destroy their chimeras. But when I shall be no more, my sacrifices will give to my tomb the privilege of speaking the truth; my duties will be changed—the interest of my country will prevail over the engagements of honour from which I shall be freed. To the Bourbons belongs my life—to my country belongs my death. A prophet, in quitting the world, I trace my predictions on my declining hours—light withering leaves, which the breath of eternity will soon have blown away.

“If it be true that the lofty races of kings, refusing enlightenment, approach the term of their power, were it not better, and more in their historic interest, that they should, by an end worthy of their grandeur, retire into the sacred night of the past with bygone ages? To prolong life beyond its brilliant illustration is worth nothing. The world wearies of you and of your noise. It owes you a grudge for being there to hear it. Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, have all disappeared according to the rules of glory. To die gloriously, one must die young. Let it not be said to the children of the spring,—‘What; is there still that name of past renown, that person, that race, at whom the world clapped its hands, and for whom one would have paid for a smile, for a look, for a hair, the sacrifice of a life!’ How sad it is to see Louis XIV., in his old age, a stranger to the rising generation, and having none about him to speak to of his own age, but the aged Duke de Villeroi! It was the last victory of the great Condé in his second childhood, to have met Bossuet on the borders of his grave; the orator reanimated the mute waters of Chantilly—the superannuation of the old man he impregnated with his adolescence—he re-embrowned the locks on the front of the conqueror of Rocroi, by bidding an immortal adieu to his gray hairs. Men who love glory, be careful for your tomb—lay yourselves gracefully down in it—try there to make a good figure, for you will remain there!”

The above passage opens certainly a fearful vision of the present state and future prospects of France. We cannot, we confess, include the entire of Europe so unreservedly in its prophetic anticipations. The *tendency*, however, of the democratic principle goes fully to the length of their complete realization; but its universal triumph is what we have yet heart and hope enough to disbelieve in. With respect to France, it is true, we see nothing but her foreign relations which would prevent its triumphing completely to-morrow. In fact, it does at this moment, *in theory*, triumph; and there is no antagonist national theory, which deserves the name, which could even in semblance be opposed to it. The legitimists, according to M. Chateaubriand’s own confession, are

in spirit defunct. They talk, we see, of opposing the angel of God, and would sit in supineness, and see the work of disorganization completed. The Philippists are simply the ministry, and their *employés*; and all the rest, excepting the inert mass which is ready to take any shape, so that it may repose in its inertness, are republicans. In truth, a very first glance over the political landscape in France, will show that monarchy is there out of its place. Monarchy is in itself the feeblest of things. It requires support strong and natural, not artificial and temporary, all around it. An aristocracy, a clergy, great landed interests, great commercial bodies, these are its visible outward bulwarks, and through these are its roots spread, and its sympathies diffused throughout a population. But in France none of these things, better than in mockery, exist. The monarchy is isolated. It exists only individually, not nationally. It is, therefore, the butt for every shaft, the object of all scorn, and all malice, a gorgeous useless thing, set up only to be hated for its eminence, and its inevitable want of sympathy with the people, decked in purple and regal attire, and placed upon a height, only to whet envious passions, and to glut them by its ultimate downfall and destruction. To this consummation, which the sagacity of M. de Chateaubriand has foreseen, are things rapidly tending in France. What is there, save physical force—which will be found ineffectual, for the spirit of Evil as well as of Good, bloweth where it listeth, and is not to be controlled or limited by material violence—what is there, we repeat, which can avert this catastrophe? Nothing. Religion and morals, those great *conservatives*, those great safety-valves of a state, went to wreck with every thing else at the first revolution (perhaps before,) and went into more complete wreck than any thing else, as they have never been in any degree re-established. While these remain, disorganization, however violent, can never be of any long continuance, for they naturally seek, and will find, stability in the organs by which they are to be exercised. The spirit of disorganization, which is nothing but their absence, can never, whilst they survive, be propagated from system to system, from revolution to revolution, from dynasty to dynasty, from change to change, carrying the principle of decomposition through its every transition. But this has been, and will apparently continue to be, the case in France, till a moral revolution, which is the *real* want, and not a political one, takes place. To create such a revolution, out of which alone stability for any form of government can grow, is *humanly* impossible. The want, however, is felt—and this is the only saving sign we have perceived in the nation—by all classes and all parties. A moral *citizen* education, it is supposed by the Republicans, would work the wonder; but even the Pagans had religious principles, which inspired their civic virtues—the object and model for emulation—and which, therefore, cannot be imitated, though they may be shammed and burlesqued. Others insist upon reviving a respect for Christianity, but Catholicism, its only form in France, has been degraded so thoroughly, so pierced through and through, and so utterly disabled, that it can never again raise its head in that country. And what are morals without reli-

gion (supposing them :?) Merely the excogitation of human wisdom for human convenience, and therefore always subject to be questioned and disputed. How loose does such a notion—for it is nothing more—leave man of all obligations, and how utterly does it annihilate all moral convictions; for how can there be convictions, when the very foundations on which they should rest are merely opinions? According to this doctrine, there is nothing within the veil: his erect form was given to man in vain, for he is forbidden to look up to heaven! Truly with these sentiments, and they are nearly universal in France, it is only natural to look forward to a new era of experiments on human nature in that country. We believe not, however, with Monsieur de Chateaubriand, (if his supposition be anything more than bitter irony,) that these experiments will ever attain to any practical consistency. We believe the disorganizing principle to be inconsistent with any stable society, even the bee-hive society, the materializing animalizing society, which he has anticipated. We would anticipate rather that Providence will leave those wicked men, to whom our remarks point, in their wickedness, and make them the scourges of its judgments on the earth, till, by a renewed, not a new, moral revolution, order and progress be again restored, and a new era dawn upon the world.

We have dwelt, perhaps somewhat too much at length, on the moral condition of France, because we regard the state of the human heart in any country to be a much more unerring criterion of its future destinies, than any external political events whatever.

The lines from the above extract, which we have printed in italics, terrible and blasting as they are to the Orleans dynasty, have not been taken any public notice of by the government. What! does it fear to prosecute Monsieur de Chateaubriand? Yes, truly. Discretion is with it the better part of valour, and Monsieur de Chateaubriand is allowed an unlimited impunity, whilst poor journalists and printers are hunted and persecuted to ruin and beggary, in violation of the *charte*, and by all the arts of despotism. But Monsieur de Chateaubriand's name is not good to conjure with. It might raise a spirit which might tear the conjuror to pieces.

We now hasten to our concluding extract. Having presented, from Monsieur de Chateaubriand, a distracting picture of human politics and miseries, we have now the pleasure of contrasting it with one from nature, which may calm and elevate the troubled thoughts his prophetic vision has raised up.

"It was twenty-two years ago, as I have just said, that I sketched, in London, the *Natchez* and *Atala*. I am precisely now, in my Memoirs, at the epoch of my voyage to America. This conjunction happens admirably. Let us suppress these twenty-two years, as they are in fact suppressed in my life, and let us depart for the forests of the new world. The recital of my embassy will come in its place. Should I remain here a few months, I shall have leisure to arrive at the cataract of Niagara, the army of the princes in Germany, and from the army of the princes to my retreat in England. The ambassador of the King of France can relate the history of the French emigrant, in the place itself to which he was

exiled. But I must first speak of seas and of ships; and am I not well placed in London to speak of those things?

"You have seen that I embarked at St. Malo. We left the channel, and the immense billows coming from the west announced our entrance on the Atlantic.

"It is difficult for those who have never been at sea to form an idea of the sentiments experienced when from the deck of the vessel one sees on all sides nothing but the serious and menacing face of the abyss. There is in the perilous life of a sailor an independence which springs from his absence from the land. The passions of men are left upon the shore. Between the world quitted and the world sought for, there is neither love nor country, but on the element which bears us. No more duties to fulfil, no more visits to make, no more journals, no more politics. Even the language of a sailor is not the ordinary language. It is a language such as the ocean and the heavens, the calm and the tempest speak. One inhabits a universe on the waters, among creatures whose clothing, whose tastes, whose manners and aspects, resemble not the people of the earth; they have the roughness of the sea-wolf, and the lightness of the bird. Their fronts are marked by none of the cares of society. The wrinkles which traverse them resemble the foldings of a diminutive sail, and they are less chiselled by age than by the wind and by the waves. The skin of these creatures, impregnated by salt, is red and rigid, like the surface of the rock beaten by the billows.

"Sailors have a passion for their vessel. They weep with regret on quitting it, and with tenderness on returning to it. They cannot remain with their families. After having sworn a hundred times to expose themselves no more to the sea, they find it impossible to live away from it, like a young lover who cannot tear himself from the arms of a faithless and stormy mistress. In the docks of London and Plymouth it is not rare to find sailors born on board ship; from their infancy to their old age they have never been on shore, and have never seen the land but from the deck of their floating cradle; spectators of the world they have never entered. Within this life, narrowed to so small a space under the clouds and over the abyss, every thing is animated for the mariner: an anchor, a sail, a mast, a cannon, are the creatures of his affections, and have each their history—'That sail was shivered on the coast of Labrador; the master sailman mended it with the piece you see—that anchor saved the vessel, when all the other anchors were lost in the midst of the coral rocks of the Sandwich Isles—that mast was broken by a hurricane off the Cape of Good Hope; it was but one single piece, but it is much stronger now that it is composed of two pieces—the cannon which you see is the only one which was not dismantled at the battle of the Chesapeake.' Then the most interesting news a-board—'The log has just been thrown, the vessel is going ten knots an hour, the sky is clear at noon; an observation has been taken; they are at such a latitude; so many leagues have been made in the right direction; the needle declines, it is at such a degree, the sand of the sand-glass passes badly, it threatens rain; flying fish have been seen towards the south, the weather will become calm, the water

has changed its colour; pieces of wood have been seen floating by; sea-gulls and wild-ducks have been seen; a little bird has perched upon the yards; it is necessary to stand out to sea, for they are nearing the land, and it is dangerous to approach it during the night. Among the poultry is a favourite sacred cock which has survived all the others; it is famous for having crowed during a battle, as if in a farm-yard in the midst of its hens. Under the decks lives a cat of tortoise-coloured skin, bushy tail, long stiff mustaches, firm on its feet, and caring not for the rolling of the vessel: it has twice made the voyage round the world, and saved itself from a wreck, on a cask. The cabin boys give to the cock biscuits soaked in wine; and the cat has the privilege of sleeping, when it likes, in the hammock of the first lieutenant.

"The aged sailor resembles the aged labourer. Their harvests are different, it is true; the sailor has led a wandering life, the labourer has never quitted his field, but they both consult the stars, and predict the future in ploughing their furrows; to the one the lark, the redbreast, and the nightingale; to the other, the albatross, the curlew, and the kingfisher, are prophets. They retire in the evening, the one into his cabin, the other into his cottage: frail tenements, but where the hurricane which shakes them, does not agitate their tranquil consciences.

'In the wind tempestuous blowing,
Still no danger they descry;
The guiltless heart, its boon bestowing,
Soothes them with its lullaby.
Lullaby, &c. &c.'

"The sailor knows not where death will surprise him, or on what coast he will leave his life. Perhaps he will mingle his last sigh with the wind, attached to a raft to continue his voyage; perhaps he will sleep interred on a desert island, which one may never light upon again, as he slept alone in his hammock in the middle of the ocean. The vessel is itself a spectacle. Sensible to the slightest movement of the helm, an hippogriff or winged courser, it obeys the hand of the pilot, as a horse the hand of its rider. The elegance of the masts and cordages, the agility of the sailors who cluster about the yards, the different aspects in which the ship presents itself, whether it advances leaning upon the water by a contrary wind, or flies straight forward before a favourable breeze, makes this scientific machine one of the wonders of the genius of man. Sometimes the waves break against its sides, and dash up their spray; sometimes the tranquil water divides without resistance before its prow. The flags, the lights, the sails, complete the beauty of this palace of Neptune. The main-sails, unfurled in all their breadth, belly out like vast cylinders; the top-sails, reefed in the midst, resemble the breasts of a mermaid. Animated by impetuous wind, the vessel with its keel, as with the share of the plough, furrows with a mighty noise the fields of the ocean.

"On these vast paths of the deep, along which are seen neither trees, nor villages, nor cities, nor towers, nor spires, nor tombs; on this causeway without columns, without mile-stones, which has no boundaries but the waves, no relays but the winds, no lights but

the stars; the most thoughtful of adventures one is not in quest of: lands and seas unknown meeting of two vessels. The mutual discovery place along the horizon by the help of a telescope then they make sail towards each other. The ships approach, hoist their flags, brail half the sails, and lay themselves alongside of each other. All is silence; the two captains, from the poop, speak each other with speaking-trumpets: 'The name of the vessel—from what port—the name of the captain—where he comes from—where he is bound for—how many days his passage has lasted, and what observations on the longitude and latitude.' These are the questions; 'Good voyage.' The sails are unbrailed, and belly to the wind. The sailors and passengers of the two vessels follow each other with their eyes, without saying a word; these seek the sun of Asia, those the sun of Europe. Time carries apart separates travellers upon the earth more slowly than the wind separates those upon the sea. They also make signs of adieu from afar; good-bye; the common port is Eternity.

"The boatswain of the vessel I was embarked in was an ancient supercargo, named Pierre Villeneuve. His name alone pleased me, for it recalled my father. He had served in India under the Count D'Estaing, and in America under the Count D'Estaing; he had been engaged in a multitude of affairs. Let me describe to you the forepart of the vessel, near the bowsprit, a veteran seated on the bank of his little garden, the fosse of the Invalides, Pierre, whilst chewing of tobacco, which swelled his cheek like a balloon. He described to me the effect of detonations of powder on the decks during a combat, the ravage then made in rebounding against the gun frames, the masts, and the timbers. I made him talk of the Indians, the negroes, the colonists; I asked him how the people were dressed, how the trees were of what colour was the earth and sky, what was the taste of the fruits; if the manna were better than peaches, the palm-tree finer than the oak. He related to me all this by comparisons taken from things which I knew. The palm-tree was a great tree; the dress of an Indian was like the dress of a mother; all the people of the East, and even the Chinese, were cowards and robbers. Villeneuve was from Brittany, and we did not fail to sing the praises of the incomparable beauty of his own country.

"The bell interrupted our conversation. It related the hours of dressing, of mustering the crew, and of meals. In the morning, at a given signal, the crew ranged upon the deck to take off their shirts to change them for others hanging in shrouds. The shirts taken off are immediately put in tubs, in which the mariners all wash their faces and tarry hands. At the midday meal, the sailors, sitting in a circle around wooden bowls, plunge one after the other, and fairly, their pewter spoons into their soup, relating to the rolling of the vessel. Those who are not hungry sell to their comrades their biscuit and meat for tobacco or a glass of rum. The passengers eat in the captain's cuddy.

fine weather, a sail was often spread over the aft of the vessel, and we dined in view of the blue sea, enlivened here and there by the foam of the breaking waves. Enveloped in my cloak, I slept during the night on the deck. My looks turned towards the sky above my head. The swelling sail sent to me the freshness of the breeze, which rocked me under the heavenly dome; dozing, and impelled by the wind, my sky changed with my dream.

The passengers on board a vessel offer a society different from the crew; they belong to another element; their destinies are on the earth. Some are seeking fortune, others repose; some returning to their country, others quitting it; and others are voyaging to study the manners of foreign nations, and to instruct themselves in the sciences and the arts. There is leisure enough in this moving *hotellerie*, in these voyages with its voyagers, to learn many adventures, to form acquaintances, to conceive anticipations, and to contract friendships; and when those young women, of English and Indian blood, joining the beauty of Clarissa with the delicacy of Saccon, appear and disappear, then are formed those scenes which the perfumed winds of Ceylon, soft and sweet as they are, bend and unloose."

* * * * *

St. PETER'S ISLAND, NEWFOUNDLAND.—"The Governor lodged in a fort at the extremity of the city. I met two or three times with this officer, who was extremely polite and obliging. He cultivated, under the arctic sky, some of the vegetables of Europe. After dinner, he shewed me what he called his garden. A delicate soft odour exhaled from a little plot of beans and flowers. It was not wafted to us by a breeze from the country, or by a zephyr of love, but by a wild wind of Newfoundland, without relations with the garden plant, without sympathies of reminiscence or delight. In this perfume, which had changed its nature, its culture, and its world, were the melancholy and regrets of absence and youth.

We then went conversing to under the mast on which the flag floated, which was planted on the right of the fort, whilst like the women of Virgil, I looked upon the sea, which separated us from our native land—*flentes*. The governor was agitated. He yielded to the vanquished opinion; he was weary of his rock; a retreat suitable to a dreamer like me, a rude abode for a man occupied with affairs, and having in himself that passion which absorbs all other, and makes the rest of the world disappear. He then inquired about the revolution, and I informed him about the north-west passage. He was at the advanced guard of the desert, but he knew nothing of the Esquimaux, and received nothing from Canada partridges.

"I was alone one morning, to behold the rising of the sun in the direction of France. I sat down on a projecting rock, my feet hanging over the waves, which were unfurling themselves below on the steep shore. A young female appeared on the higher declivities; her legs were bare, though it was cold, and she walked amidst the dew. Her black hair was wound in knots under an Indian handkerchief, which was arranged round her head; above the handkerchief she wore a hat of straw, or rather of the reeds of the country, in the shape of a cradle. A

bouquet of heath lilac peeped from her bosom, which contrasted with her white chemisette. From time to time she stooped to pluck some leaves of an aromatic plant, which is called in the island *natural tea*. With one hand she put these leaves into a paper, which she held in the other hand. She perceived me, and without the least timidity, came and sat by my side, put her basket near her, placed herself like me, her legs hanging over the sea, and looked up at the sun.

"We remained a few minutes without speaking, and without daring to turn our faces towards each other. At last I became more courageous, and addressed her, 'what have you been gathering?' She raised her large black eyes, timid and proud, towards me, and replied, 'I have been gathering tea.' She presented to me her basket. 'Are you carrying this tea to your father or to your mother?' 'My father is fishing with Guillaumy.' 'How do you pass the winter in the island?' 'We make nets; on a Sunday we go to mass and to vespers; we sing the canticles, then we play upon the snow, and we see the young men hunt the white bear.' 'Will your father soon return?' 'Oh no, the captain will take the vessel to Genoa with Guillaumy.' 'But will Guillaumy return?' 'Oh yes, next season, at the return of the fishermen. He will bring me in his venture, a silk corset, a muslin petticoat, and a black necklace.' 'And then you will be dressed for the wind, the mountain, and the sea. Shall I send you a corset, a petticoat, and a necklace from America?' 'Oh no.'

"She got up, took her basket, and hurried by a steep path along a grove of fir-trees. She sung with a shrill voice the canticle of the missions.

Tout brulant d'une ardeur immortelle.
C'est vers Dieu qui tendent mes desirs.

"As she went swiftly along, sea-gulls, and beautiful marine birds, called egrets, from their tufts of feathers on their heads, flew up before her. She seemed to belong to their flock. Having reached the sea, she sprang into a boat, unfurled the sail, and sat at the helm. One might have taken her for the goddess Fortune. She was soon out of sight.

Vider picciola nave; e in poppa quella
Che guida gli doveva fatal donzella.

"Oh no! Oh yes, Guillaumy. The image of the young sailor on the yardarm in the midst of the winds, changed to her the frightful rock of St. Peter into a land of delights:

"L'isole di Fortuna, ora vedete."

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE ENGLISH BOY.

By Mrs. Hemans.

'Go, call thy sons; instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
To pay it, by transmitting down entire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were born."
AKENSIDE.

Look from the ancient mountains down,
My noble English Boy!
Thy country's fields around thee gleam
In sunlight and in joy.

Ages have roll'd since foeman's march
 Pass'd o'er that old firm sod;
 For well the land hath fealty held
 To Freedom and to God!

Gaze proudly on, my English Boy!
 And let thy kindling mind
 Drink in the spirit of high thought
 From every chainless wind!

There, in the shadow of old Time,
 The halls beneath thee lie,
 Which pour'd forth to the fields of yore
 Our England's chivalry.

How bravely and how solemnly
 They stand, 'midst oak and yew!
 Whence Cressy's yeomen haply framed
 The bow, in battle true.

And round their walls the good swords hang
 Whose faith knew no alloy,
 And shields of knighthood, pure from stain—
 Gaze on, my English Boy!

Gaze where the hamlet's ivied church
 Gleams by the antique elm,
 Or where the minster lifts the cross
 High through the air's blue realm.

Martyrs have shower'd their free hearts' blood,
 That England's prayer might rise,
 From those grey fanes of thoughtful years,
 Unfetter'd, to the skies.

Along their aisles, beneath their trees,
 'This earth's most glorious dust,
 Once fired with valour, wisdom, song,
 Is laid in holy trust.

Gaze on—gaze farther, farther yet—
 My gallant English Boy!
 Yon blue sea bears thy country's flag,
 The billows' pride and joy!

Those waves in many a fight have closed
 Above her faithful dead;
 That red-cross flag victoriously
 Hath floated o'er their bed.

They perish'd—this green turf to keep
 By hostile tread unstain'd;
 These knightly halls inviolate,
 Those churches unprofaned.

And high and clear, their memory's light
 Along our shore is set,
 And many an answering beacon-fire
 Shall there be kindled yet!

Lift up thy heart, my English Boy!
 And pray, like *them*, to stand,
 Should God so summon *thee*, to guard
 The altars of the land.

From the Metropolitan Magazine

JACOB FAITHFUL.*

By the author of "Newton Foster," "Peter"

"Bound 'prentice to a waterman,
 I learnt a bit to row;
 And, bless your heart, I always wa

It was on the Sunday after the pic-nic feeling I had neglected Captain Turnbull he would think it unkind of me not to that after having accompanied Mary to off on foot to his villa near Brentford. porter's lodge, and asked whether he was "Yes, sir," replied the old woman at the was very communicative, and very friendly to me, "and missus be at home too." I went in a carriage drive of one hundred yards, to the entrance door, and when I rang, it was answered by a servant I had not seen before as the service. "Where is Mr. Turnbull?" "He is in his own room, sir," replied the servant. "You must send up your name, if you please, as one is not admitted." I must observe that I was not dressed in jacket and trousers, but the money I earned was more than sufficient to cover all my expenses, and I had fitted on when I was at sea, and on the river, *long togs*; i. e. as most people are on shore. The servant then took me for a gentleman; and as my dress went, I was entitled to that. Many people are received as such in the country, less claims than I had. I gave my name, and he left me at the door, and soon returned, saying he would follow him. I must say that I was astonished; where were Mr. Mortimer and his family in flaunting liveries, and long cotton top hats, things like little marling spikes hanging from the corners of them? Even the livery was changed, and I saw a brown coat, with light blue collar and cuffs, and however, soon made acquainted with my place on my entering the apartment of Mr. Turnbull (his study, as Mrs. T. called it,) although the butler insisted upon calling it his cabin, certainly more appropriate, as it contained long shelves of books, the remainder of the room was filled up with favourite harpoons, porpoise, shark's jaws, corals, several bears' skin, white, and one or two models of the vessel which had belonged to his brother and himself. He had been employed in the Greenland fishery, and in fact, a sort of museum of all he had collected on his voyages. Esquimaux implements, or dresses, were lying about in corners; rare animals killed by himself, such as walrus, &c. were scattered about the carpet. A large table, full of various articles, was also one of the features of the room, much to the annoyance of Mrs. T. who had frequently exerted her influence to get it removed, but in vain. The only articles of furniture were sofas, a large table in the centre, and a few heavy chairs. The only attempt at decoration consisted in a dozen coloured engravings, glazed, of walrus shooting, &c., taken from the works of Captains Cook and Mulgrave;

* Continued from page 161.

two by his brother, such as the state of the William pressed by an iceberg on the morning of the 15th of January, lat. —, long. —.

Captain T. was in his morning gown, evidently not very well, at least he appeared harassed and pale. My dear Jacob, this is very kind of you. I did mean to scold you for not coming before; but I'm too glad to see you to find the heart now. But why have you kept away so long?"

"I have really been very well employed, sir. Station has given me up the wherry, and I could not neglect his interests, even if I did my own."

"Always right, boy; and how are you getting on?"

"I am very happy, sir; very happy indeed."

"I'm glad to hear it, Jacob. May you always be so. Now take the other sofa, and let us have a long talk, as the Indians say. I have something to tell you. I suppose you observed a change—heh?"

"Yes, sir; I observed that Mr. Mortimer was not visible."

"Exactly. Well, Mr. Mortimer, or John Snobbs, the rascal, is at present in Newgate for trial; and I mean to send him out on a voyage for the good of his health. I caught the scoundrel at last, and I'll show him no more mercy than I would to a shark that has taken the bait. But that's not all. We have had a regular mutiny, and attempt to take the ship from me; but I have them all in irons, and ordered for punishment. Jacob, money is but too often a curse, depend upon it."

"You'll not find many of your opinion, sir," replied Jacob, laughing.

"Perhaps not; because those who have it are content with the importance which it gives to them, and won't allow the damnable fact; and because those who have it not, are always sighing after it, as if it were the only thing worth looking after in this world. But now I will just tell you what has happened since I last saw you, and then you shall judge."

As, however, Captain T.'s narrative ran to a length of nearly three hours, I shall condense the matter for the information of the reader. It appeared that Mrs. T. had continued to increase the lengths of her drives in her carriage, the number of her acquaintances, and her manifold expenses, until Mr. T. had remonstrated in very strong terms. His remonstrances did not, however, meet with the attention which he had expected; and he found out by accident, moreover, that the money with which he had constantly supplied Mrs. T. to defray her weekly bills, had been otherwise appropriated; and that the bills for the last two quarters had none of them been paid. This produced an altercation, and a desire on his part to know in what manner these sums had been disbursed. At first, the only reply from Mrs. T., who considered it advisable to brazen it out, and, if possible, gain the ascendancy which was necessary, was a contemptuous toss of her head, which indulged the three yellow ostrich feathers in her bonnet, as she walked out of the room and entered her carriage. This, to Mr. T., who was a matter-of-fact man, was not very satisfactory: he waited perforce until the carriage returned, and then demanded an explicit answer. Mrs. T. assumed the highest tone, talked about fashionable expenses, her know-

ledge of what was due to his character, &c. Mr. T. rejoined about necessary expenses, and that it was due to his character to pay his tradesmen's bills. Mrs. T. then talked of good breeding, best society, and her *many plaisers*, as she termed them. Mr. T. did not know what *many pleasures* meant in French; but he thought she had been indulged in as many as most women since they had come down to this establishment. But to the question; why were not the bills paid, and what had she done with the money. Spent it in *pin money*. *Pin money*! thirty pounds a week in *pins*! it would have bought harpoons enough for a three years' voyage. She must tell the truth. She wouldn't tell any thing, but called for her salts, and called him a *brute*. At all events, he wouldn't be called a *fool*. He gave her till the next morning to consider of it. The next morning the bills were all sent in as requested, and amounted to six hundred pounds. They were paid and receipted. "Now, Mrs. T., will you oblige me by letting me know what you have done with this six hundred pounds?" Mrs. T. would not, she was not to be treated in that manner. Mr. T. was not on board a whaler now to bully and frighten as he pleased. She would have justice done her. Have a separation, *halimony*, and a divorce. She might have them all if she pleased, but she should have no more money, that was certain. Then she would have a fit of hysterics. So she did, and lay the whole of the day on the sofa, expecting Mr. T. would pick her up. But the idea never came into Mr. T.'s head. He went to bed: feeling restless, he had risen very early; had seen out of his window a cart drive up to the wall, and the parties who came with it, leap over and enter the house, and return carrying to it two large hampers. He snatched up one of his harpoons, walked out the other way, and arrived at the cart just as the hampers had been put in, and they were about to drive off; challenged them, and instead of being answered, the horse was flogged, and he nearly run over. He then let fly his harpoon into the horse, which dropped, and pitched out the two men on their heads insensible; secured them, called to the lodge for assistance, sent for constables, and gave them in charge. They proved to be hampers forwarded by Mr. Mortimer, who had been in the habit of so doing for some time. These hampers contained his best wine, and various other articles, which also proved that Mr. Mortimer must have had false keys. Leaving the culprits and property in charge of two constables, Mr. T. returned to the house in company with the third constable; the door was opened by Mr. Mortimer, who followed him into his study, told him he should leave the house directly, had always lived with *gentlemen* before, and requested that he might have what was due to him. Mr. T. thought the request unreasonable, and therefore gave him in charge of the constable. Mr. Snobbs, rather confounded at such ungentlemanly behaviour, was with the others marched off to Bow Street. Mr. T. sends for the other two servants in livery, and assures them that he has no longer any occasion for their services, having the excessive vulgar idea that this speculation must have been known to them. Pays them their wages, requests they will take off their liveries, and leave the house. Both willing. They also had always lived with *gentlemen*

before. Mr. T. takes the key of the butler's pantry, that the plate may not consider him too vulgar to remain in his house, and then walks to the stables. Horses neigh, as if to say, they are all ready for their breakfasts, but the door locked. Hails the coachman, no answer. Returning from the stables, perceives coachman rather dusty coming in at the lodge gate; requests to know why he did not sleep at home, and take care of his horses. He was missus's coachman, not master's, and could satisfy her, but could not satisfy Mr. T.; who paid him his wages, and deducting his liveries, sent him after the others. Coachman also very glad to go; had always lived with gentlemen before. Meets the lady's maid, who tells him Mrs. T. is much too ill to come down to breakfast. Rather fortunate, as there was no breakfast to be had. Dresses himself, gets into a pair-horse coach, arrives at the White Horse Cellar, swallows his breakfast, goes to Bow Street, commits Mr. Mortimer alias Snobbs, and his confederates, for trial. Hires a job man to bring the horses up for sale, and leaves his carriage at the coachmaker's. Obtains a temporary footman, and then Mr. T. returns to his villa. A very good morning's work. Finds Mrs. T. up and in the parlour, very much surprised and shocked at his conduct; at no Mr. Mortimer, at no servants, and indebted to her own maid for a cup of tea. More recriminations, more violence, another threat of matrimony, and the carriage ordered that she may seek counsel. No coachman, no carriage, no horses, no nothing, as her maid declares. Mrs. T. locks herself in her room, and another day is passed with as little matrimonial comfort as can be expected.

In the mean time the news flies in every direction. Brentford is full of it. Mr. T. had been living too fast; is done up; had been had up to Bow Street; creditors had poured in with bills; servants discharged; carriage and horses seized. Mrs. T., poor creature, in hysterics, and nobody surprised at it; indeed, everybody expected it. The Peters, of Petercomb Hall, heard, and shook their heads at the many upstarts there were in the world. Mr. Smith requested the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Babbleton never to mention to his father the Right Honourable Marquis of Springguns, that he had ever been taken to see the Turnbells, or that he, Mr. Smith, would infallibly lose his situation in *esse*, and his living in *posse*; and Monsieur and Madame Tagliabue were even more astounded; but they felt deeply, and resolved to pay a visit the next morning, at least Monsieur Tagliabue did, and Madame acknowledged to the propriety.

The next morning some little order had been restored; the footman hired had been given in charge of a sufficient quantity of plate, the rest had been locked up. The cook was to stay her month; the housemaid had no wish to leave; and as for the lady's maid, she would remain as long as she could, to console her poor mistress, and accept what she was inclined to give her in return, in the way of clothes, dresses, &c. although, of course, she could not hurt her character by remaining too long in a family where there was no carriage, or gentleman out of livery. Still Mrs. T. did obtain some breakfast, and had just finished it when Monsieur Tagliabue was announced, and was received.

"Ah! Monsieur T., I hope madame is better. Madame Tagliabue did nothing but cry all last night when she heard the very bad news about de debt, and all dat."

"Very much obliged to madame," replied Turnbull, gruffly; "and now, pray, sir, what may be your pleasure?"

"Ah! Monsieur Turnbull, I feel very much for you; but suppose a gentleman no lose his honour, what matter de money?" (Mr. Turnbull started.) "You see, Monsieur Turnbull, honour be every thing to a gentleman. If a gentleman owe money to one rascally tradesfellow, and not pay him, dat no great matter; but he always pay de debt of honour. Every gentleman pay dat. Here, Monsieur Turnbull," (and the little Frenchman pulled out a piece of paper from his pocket,) "be a leetle note of madame Turnbull, which she give to Madame Tagliabue, in which she acknowledged she owe two hundred pounds for money lost at *écarté*. Dat you see, Monsieur Turnbull, be what gentlemen call debt of honour, which every gentleman pay, or else he lose de character, and be called one blackguard by all de world. Madame Tagliabue and I too much fond of you and Madame Turnbull not to save your character, and so I come by her wish to beg you to settle this leetle note, this leetle debt of honour;" and Monsieur Tagliabue laid the note on the table, with a very polite bow.

Mr. Turnbull examined the note, it was as described by Monsieur Tagliabue. So, thought he, now's the whole story out; she has been swindled out of her money by this rascally French couple. "Now Monsieur Tagliabue," said he, "allow me to put a question or two, before I pay this money; and if you answer me sincerely, I shall raise no objection. I think Mrs. T. has already lost about six hundred pounds at *écarté* before?" (Monsieur T., who presumed that Mrs. Turnbull had made him acquainted with the fact, answered in the affirmative.) "And I think that two months ago she never knew what *écarté* was."

"Dat is true; but the ladies are very quick to learn."

"Well, but now, do you think that, as she knew nothing about the game, and you and your wife are well acquainted with it, it was honourable on your part to allow her to lose so much money?"

"Ah! Monsieur, when a lady say she will play, *comment faire*, what can you do?"

"But why did you never play at this house, Monsieur Tagliabue?"

"Ah! Monsieur Turnbull, it is for de lady of de house to propose de game."

"Very true," replied Mr. Turnbull, writing a cheque for the two hundred pounds; "there is your money, Mr. Tagliabue, and now that you are paid, allow me to observe that I consider you and your wife a couple of swindlers; and beg that you will never enter my doors again."

"Vat you say, sar? *Swind-lare*! God dam! Sar, I will have satisfaction."

"You've got your money, is that sufficient; or do you want any thing else?" replied Mr. T., rising from his chair.

"Yes, sar, I do want more—I will have more."

“So you shall then,” replied Mr. Turnbull, kicking him out of the room, along the passage, and out of the front door.

Monsieur Tagliabue turned round every now and then, and threatened, and then tried to escape, as he perceived the upraised boot of Mr. Turnbull. When fairly out of the house, he turned round, “Monsieur Turnbull, I will have de satisfaction, de terrible satisfaction for this. You shall pay. By God, sar, you shall pay—de money for this.” That evening Mr. Turnbull was summoned to appear at Bow Street on the following morning for the assault. He met Monsieur Tagliabue with his lawyer, and acknowledged that he had kicked him out of his house for swindling his wife, refused all accommodation, and was prepared with his bail. Monsieur Tagliabue stormed and blustered, talked about his acquaintance with the nobility; but the magistrate had seen too much of foreigners to place much reliance on their conversations. “Who are you, monsieur?”

“Sar, I am a gentleman.”
 “What profession are you, sir?”
 “Sar, a gentleman has no profession.”
 “But how do you live, Monsieur Tagliabue?”
 “As a gentleman always does, sar.”
 “You mentioned Lord Scrope just now as your particular friend, I think!”

“Yes, sar, me very intimate with Lord Scrope; me spend three months at Scrope Castle with m. Ladi Scrope; mi Ladi Scrope very fond of Madame Tagliabue.”

“Very well, Monsieur Tagliabue; we must proceed with another case until Mr. Turnbull’s bail arrives. Sit down for a little while, if you please.”

Another case was then heard, which lasted about half an hour; but previous to hearing it, the magistrate, who knew that Lord Scrope was in town, had despatched a runner with a note to his lordship, and the answer was now brought back. The magistrate read it and smiled; went on with the other case, and when it was finished, said, “Now, M. Tagliabue, you have said that you were very intimate with Lord Scrope.”

“Yes, sar, very intimate.”

“Well, Lord Scrope I have the pleasure of knowing, and as he is in town, I wrote a note to him, and here is his answer. I will read it.” M. Tagliabue turned pale as the magistrate read the following:

“DEAR SIR,—A fellow of the name you mention came from Russia with me as my valet. I discharged him for dishonesty; after he left, Lady Scrope’s attendant, who it appeared was, unknown to us, married to him, left also, and then I discovered their speculations to have been so extensive, that had we known, where to have laid hold of them, I should certainly have brought them before you. Now the affair is forgotten; but a greater scoundrel never existed.

“Yours, SCROPE.”

“Now, sir, what have you to say for yourself?” continued the magistrate, in a severe tone. M. Tagliabue fell on his knees, and begged for mercy from the magistrate, from Lord Scrope, and lastly from Mr. Turnbull, to whom he proffered the draft for £300. The magistrate seeing that Mr. Turnbull

did not take it, said to him, “Make no ceremony of taking your money back again, Mr. Turnbull; the very offer of it proves that he has gained it dishonestly; and £600 is quite enough to have lost.” Mr. Turnbull then took the cheque and tore it in pieces, and the magistrate ordered M. Tagliabue to be taken to the alien office, and he was sent to the other side of the channel, in company with his wife, to play *écarté* with whomever he pleased; thus ended this episode of Monsieur Tagliabue.

“And now you see, Jacob, what a revolution has taken place; not very pleasant, I grant, but still it was very necessary. I have since been paying all my bills, for the report of my being in difficulty has brought them in fast enough; and I find that in these last five months my wife has spent a whole year’s income, so it was quite time to stop.”

“I agree with you, sir; but what does Mrs. Turnbull say now—has she come to her senses?”

“Pretty well, I expect, although she does not quite choose to acknowledge it. I have told her that she must dispense with a carriage in future; and so she shall, till I think she deserves it. She knows that she must either have my company in the house, or none at all. She knows that the Peterses, of Petercomb Hall, have cut her, for they did not answer a note of hers, sent by the gardener; and Mr. Smith has written a very violent answer to another of her notes, wondering at her attempting to push herself into the company of the aristocracy. But what has brought her to her senses more than all, is the affair of Monsieur Tagliabue. The magistrate, at my request, gave me the note of Lord Scrope, and I have taken good care that she should read the police report as well; but the fact is, she is so much mortified, that I say nothing to her. She has been following the advice of these French swindlers, who have led her wrong, to be able to cheat her of her money. I expect she will ask me to sell this place, and go elsewhere; but at present, we hardly exchange a word during the whole day.”

“I feel very sorry for her, sir, for I believe her to be really a very good, kind-hearted person.”

“Like you, Jacob—and so she is. At present she is in a state to be pitied. She would throw a share of the blame upon other people, and cannot—she feels it is all herself. All her bubbles of grandeur have burst, and she finds herself not half so respectable as she was before her vanity induced her to cut her former acquaintance, and try to get into the society of those who laughed at her, and at the same time were not half so creditable. But it’s that cursed money which has proved her unhappiness—and I may add, mine.”

“Well, sir, I see no chance of its ever adding to my misfortunes, at all events.”

“Perhaps not, Jacob, even if you ever should get any; but at all events, you may take a little to-morrow, if you please. I cannot ask you to dine here, it would not be pleasant to you, and show a want of feeling to my wife; but I should like you to come up with the wherry to-morrow, and we’ll take a cruise.”

“Very well, I shall be at your orders—at what time?”

“Say ten o’clock, if the weather is fine; if not, the next day.”

"Then, sir, I'll now wish you good-by, as I must go and see the Domine."

Mr. Turnbull shook my hand, and we parted. I was soon at Brentford, and was continuing my course through the long, main street, when I met Mr. and Mrs. Tomkins, the former head clerk, who had charge of the Brentford wharf. "I was intending to call upon you, sir, after I had paid a visit to my old master."

"Very well, Jacob; and recollect, we dine at half-past three—fillet of veal and bacon—don't be too late for dinner."

I promised that I would not, and in a few minutes more arrived at the Grammar School. I looked at its peaked, antiquated front, and called to mind my feelings, when, years back, I had first entered its porch. What a difference between the little, uncouth, ignorant, savage, tricked out like a harlequin, and now tall, athletic, well-dressed youth, happy in his independence, and conscious, although not vain, of his acquirements; and I mentally blessed the founders. But I had to talk to the Domine, and to keep my appointment with the veal and bacon at half-past three, so I could not spare any time for meditation. I therefore unfolded my arms, and making use of my legs, entered the wicket, and proceeded to the Domine's room. The door was ajar, and I entered without being perceived. I have often been reminded by Flemish paintings which I have seen since, of the picture which presented itself. The room was not large, but lofty. It had but one window, fitted with small, diamond-shaped panes, in heavy wood-work, through which poured a broad, but subdued stream of light. On one side of the window was an ancient armoire, containing the Domine's library, not gilt and lettered, but well thumbed and worn. On the other his huge chest of drawers, on which lay, alas! for the benefit of the rising generation, a new birch rod, of large dimensions. The table was in the centre of the room, and the Domine sat at it, with his back to the window, in a dressing-gown, once black, having been a surplice, but now brown with age. He was on his high and narrow-backed chair, leaning forwards, with both elbows on the table, his spectacles on his luxuriant nose, and his hands nearly meeting on the top of his bald crown, earnestly poring over the contents of a book. A large bible, which he constantly made use of, was also on the table, and had apparently been shoved from him to give place to the present object of his meditations. His pipe lay on the floor, in two pieces, having evidently been thrown off without his perceiving it. On one side of him was a sheet of paper, on which he evidently had been writing extracts. I passed by him without his perceiving me, and, gaining the back of his chair, looked over his shoulder. The work he was so intent upon was "Ovid's Remedy of Love."

It appeared that he had nearly finished reading through the whole, for in less than a minute he closed the book, and laying his spectacles down, threw himself back in his chair. "Strange," soliloquized the Domine. "Yet verily, is some of his advice important, and I should imagine recommendable, yet do I not find my remedy therein. 'Avoid idleness,'—yes, that is sage counsel—and employment to one that

hath not employment; but I have not been idle, and mine hath not been love in idleness. I must do; yet what shall I do? I present herself to mine imagination, and I doubt whether the tangible reality could be more clearly perceptible. Even now doth she stand before me in all her beauty. 'Read not Propertius and Tibullus,'—that is easily refuted from; but read what I will, in a minute the type passeth from my eyes, and I see but her image hovering from the page. Nay, cast my eyes in what direction I may wish, it is the same. If I look at the stained wall, the indistinct lines gradually form themselves into her profile; if I look at the clouds, they will assume some of the redundant outlines of her form; if I cast mine eyes upon the fire in the kitchen grate, the coals will glow and cool until I see her face; nay, but yesterday, the shoulder of mutton upon the spit, gyrated until it at last assumed the decapitated head of Mary. 'Think of her faults, and magnify them,'—nay, that were unjust and unchristian. Let me rather correct mine own. I fear me, that when Ovid wrote his picture, he intended it for the use of young men, and not for an old fool like me. Behold! I have again broken my pipe—the fourth pipe that I have destroyed this week. What will the dame say! already hath she declared me demented, and God knows she is not very far from the truth;" and the Domine covered up his face in his hands. I took this opportunity to step to the door, and appear to enter it, dropping the latch, and rousing the Domine by the noise, who extended to me his hand. "Welcome, my son—welcome to thine old preceptor, and to the walls which first received thee, when thou wert cast on shore as a tangled weed from the river. Sit, Jacob; I was thinking of thee and thine."

"What, sir! of old Stapleton and his daughter, I suppose."

"Even so; ye were all in my thoughts at the moment that thou madest thy appearance. They are well?"

"Yes, sir," replied I. "I see but little of them; the old man is always smoking, and as for the girl—why, the less one sees of her, the better, I should say."

"Nay, Jacob, this is new to me; yet is she most pleasant."

I knew the Domine's character, and that if any thing could cure his unfortunate passion, it would be a supposition on his part, that the girl was not correct. I determined at all events to depreciate her, as I knew that what I said would never be mentioned by him, and would therefore do her no harm. Still I felt that I had to play a difficult game, as I was determined not to state what was not the fact. "Pleasant, sir; yes, pleasant to every body; the fact is, I don't like such girls as she is."

"Indeed, Jacob; what, is she light?" I smiled, and made no answer. "Yet I perceived it not," replied the Domine.

"She is just like her mother, sir," observed I.

"And what was her mother?"

I gave a brief account of her mother, and how she met with her death in trying to escape from her husband. The Domine mused. "Little skilled am I in women, Jacob; yet what thou sayest not only con-

but grieveth me. She is fair to look
some is that handsome does, sir. She'll
ny a man's heart ache yet, I expect."
ed, Jacob, I am full of marvel at what thou
dy told me."
e seen more of her, sir."
y thee tell me more."
ir, I had rather not. You may now imagine
ease."
she is young, Jacob; when she becometh a
would alter."
t is my firm opinion, (and so it was,) that if
to marry her to-morrow, she would run
n you in a week."
at thy candid opinion, Jacob?"
ld stake my life upon her so doing."
I thank thee—thank thee much: thou hast
ine eyes; thou hast done me more good than
es, boy; even the ancients, whom I have
l, have not done me so kind an act as thou,
g whom I have fostered. Thou hast repaid
; thou hast rewarded me, Jacob; thou hast
me, Jacob; thou hast saved me, Jacob—hast
both from myself and from her: for know,
ow that mine heart did yearn toward that
and I thought her even to be perfection.
ank thee; now leave me, Jacob, that I may
with myself, and search out my own heart,
awakened—awakened as from a dream, and
ain be quite alone."
ot sorry to leave the Domine, for I also felt
uld fain be in company with the fillet of veal
n: so I shook hands, and thus ended my
orning call. I was in good time at Mr.
s, who received me with great kindness.
vell pleased with his new situation, which
f respectability and consequence, independ-
fit; and I met at his table one or two people
y knowledge, would have considered it de-
o have visited him when only head clerk to
mond. We talked over old affairs, not for-
ie ball, and the illuminations, and Mr. Turn-
-not about Paradise; and after a very plea-
ing, I took my leave, with the intention of
ack to Fulham, but I found old Tom waiting
n the look out for me.
my boy, I want you to come down to my
one of these days. What day will you be
ne? The lighter will be here for a fortnight
find from Mr. Tomkins, as she waits for a
ring by canal, and there is no other craft
above bridge; so tell me what day will you
l see the old woman, and spend the whole
us. I wants to talk a bit with you, and ax
ion about a good many little things."
d!" replied I, smiling. "What, are you
uild a new house?"
o—not that; but you see, Jacob, as I told
vinter, it was time for me to give up night-
and down the river. I'm not so young as I
t fifty years ago, and there's a time for all
I do mean to give up the craft in the autumn,
shore for a *full due*; but at the same time
e how I can make matters out: so tell me
you will come."

XV.—No. 147.

"Well, then, shall we say Wednesday?"
"Wednesday's as good a day as any other day;
come to breakfast, and you shall go away after supper,
if you like; if not, the old woman will sling a ham-
mock for you."
"Agreed, then; but where's Tom?"
"Tom? I don't know; but I think he's gone after
that daughter of Stapleton's. He begins to think of
the girls now, Jacob; but as the old buffer her
father says, 'its all human natur.' Howsomever, I
never interferes in these matters: they seems to be
pretty well matched, I think."
"How do you mean?"
"Why, as for good looks, they be well enough
matched, that's sure; but I don't mean that—I mean
he is quite as knowing as she is, and will shift his
helm as she shifts hers. 'Twill be a long running-
fight, and when one strikes, t'other won't have much
to boast of. Perhaps they may sheer off, after all—
perhaps they may sail as consorts. God only knows;
but this I knows, that Tom's sweetheart may be as
tricky as she pleases, but Tom's wife won't be—
'cause why, he'll keep her in order. Well, good
night; I have a long walk."
When I returned home, I found Mary alone. "Has
Tom been here?" inquired I.
"What makes you ask that question?" replied
Mary.
"To have it answered—if you have no objection."
"O no! Well, then, Mr. Jacob, Tom has been
here, and very amusing he has been."
"So he always is," replied I.
"And where may you have been?" I told her.
"So you saw the old Domine. Now, tell me, what
did he say about me?"
"That I shall not tell," replied I; "but I will tell
you this, that he will never think about you any more,
and you must not expect ever to see him again."
"But you recollect that he promised."
"He kept his promise, Mary."
"O, he told you so, did he? Did he tell you all
that passed?"
"No, Mary; he never told me that he had been
here; neither did he tell me what had passed; but I
happen to know all."
"I cannot understand that."
"Still it is true; and I think, on the whole, you
behaved pretty well, although I cannot understand
why you gave him a kiss at parting."
"Good heavens! where were you? you must have
been in the room. And you heard every word that
passed?"
"Every word," replied I.
"Well," said Mary, "I could not have believed that
you could have done so mean a thing."
"Mary, rather accuse your own imprudence: what
I heard was to be heard by every one in the street as
well as by me. If you choose to have love scenes in
a room not eight feet from the ground, with the win-
dow wide open, you must not be surprised at every
passer-by hearing what you say."
"Well, that's true; I never thought of the window
being open: not that I would have cared if all the
world had heard me, if you had not."
It never occurred to me till then why Mary was
annoyed at my having overheard her, but at once I

Q

recollected what she had said about me. I made no answer. Mary sat down, leaned her forehead against her hands, and was also silent; I therefore took my candle and retired. It appeared that Mary's pride was much mortified at my having heard her confession of being partial to me—a confession which certainly made very little impression on me, as I considered that she might a month afterwards confess the same relative to Tom, or any other individual who took her fancy; but in this I did not do her justice. Her manners were afterwards much changed towards me; she always appeared to avoid, rather than seek further intimacy. As for myself, I continued as before, very good friends, kind towards her, but nothing more. The next morning I was up to Mr. Turnbull's by the time agreed; but before I set off, rather a singular occurrence took place. I had just finished cleaning my boat, and had resumed my jacket, when a dark man, from some foreign country, came to the hard with a bundle under his arm.

"How much for to go to the other side of the river—how much pence?"

"Two-pence," replied I; but not caring to take him, I continued, "but you only pay one penny to cross the bridge."

"I know very well; but suppose you take me?"

He was a well-looking, not very dark man; his turban was of coloured cloth; his trowsers not very wide; and I could not comprehend whether he was a Turk or not: I afterwards found out that he was a Parsee, from the East Indies. He spoke very plain English. As he decided upon crossing, I received him, and shoved off. When we were in the middle of the stream, he requested me to pull a little way up. "That will do," said he, opening his bundle, and spreading a carpet on the stern flooring of the wherry. He then rose, looking at the sun, which was then rising in all its majesty—bowed to it, with his hands raised, three times—then knelt on the carpet, and touched it several times with his forehead—again rose on his feet, took some common field-flowers from his vest, and cast them into the stream—bowed again, folded up his carpet, and begged me to pull on shore.

"I say my prayers," said the man, looking at me with his dark, piercing eye.

"Very proper. Who did you say them to?"

"To my God."

"But why don't you say them on shore?"

"Can't see sun in house: suppose I go out, little boys laugh and throw mud. Where no am seen, river very proper place."

We landed, and he took out three-pence, and offered it to me. "No, no," said I; "I don't want you to pay for saying your prayers."

"No, take money?"

"Yes, take money to cross river, but not take money for saying prayers. If you want to say them any other morning come down, and if I am here, I'll always pull you into the stream."

"You very good man—I thank you."

The Parsee made me a low salaam, and walked away. I may here observe, that the man generally came down at sunrise two or three days in the week, and I invariably gave him a pull off into the stream, that he might pursue his religious ceremony. We often conversed, and at last became very intimate.

Mr. Turnbull was at the house of the lawn, which extended from his house to the banks of the river, looking out for me, when I pulled up. The basket with our dinner, &c. was brought by him on the gravel-walk.

"This is a lovely morning, Jacob; but it will be rather a warm day, I expect," said he; "come, let us be off at once, lay in your sculls, and let us get the oars to pass."

"How is Mrs. Turnbull, sir?"

"Pretty well, Jacob; more like the Molly than that I married than she has been for some years. Perhaps, after all, this affair may turn out one of the best things that ever happened. It may bring her to her senses—bring happiness back to our hearth; and if so, Jacob, the money is well spent."

We pulled leisurely up stream, talking, and every now and then resting on our oars to take breath; for, as the old captain said, "Why should we make a tail of pleasure? I like the upper part of the river best, Jacob, because the water is clear; and I love clear water. How many hours have I, when a boy on board ship, hung over the gunnel of a boat, lowered down in a calm, and watched the little floating objects on the dark blue, unfathomable water beneath me—objects of all sizes, of all colours, and of all shapes—all of them beautiful and to be admired; yet of them, perhaps, not one in hundreds of millions ever met the eye of man! You know, Jacob, that the North Seas are full of these animals; you cannot imagine the quantity of them; the sailors call them bladders, because they are composed of a sort of transparent jelly, but the real name, I am told, is Medusa, that is the learned name. The whale feeds on them, and that is the reason why the whale is found where they are."

"I should like very much to go a voyage to the whale fishery," replied I; "I've heard so much about it from you."

"It is a stirring life, and a hard life, Jacob; still it is an exciting one. Some voyages will turn out very well, but others are dreadful, from their anxiety. If the weather continues fine, it is all very well; but sometimes, when there is continuance of bad weather, it is dreadful. I recollect one voyage which made me show more gray hairs than all the others, and I think I have been twenty-two in all. We were in the drift-ice, forcing our way to the northward, when it came on to blow: the sea rose, and after a week's gale it was tremendous. We had little daylight, and when it was daylight, the fog was so thick that we could see but little: there we were tossing among the large drift-ice, meeting immense icebergs which bore down all with the force of the gale, and each time we narrowly escaped perishing: the rigging was loaded with ice: the bows of the ship were covered in a sheet; the men were more than half-frozen, and we could not move a rope through a rope-block without pouring boiling water through it first, to clear it out. But then the long, dreary, dreadful nights, when we were rising on the mountain wave and then pitching down into the trough, not knowing but that but at each send we might strike upon the ice-bank, and go to the bottom immediately afterwards. All pitchy dark; the wind howling, and as it struck you, cutting you to the back-bone with its cold, searching

power, the waves dancing all black around you, and every now and then perceiving by its white colour and the foam encircling it, a huge mass of ice borne upon you, and hurled against you as if there were a demon who was using it as an engine for your destruction. I never shall forget the *turning* of an iceberg during that dreadful gale, which lasted for a month and three days."

"I don't know what that means, sir."

"Why, you must know, Jacob, that the icebergs are all fresh water, and are supposed to have been detached from the land by the force of the weather and other causes. Now, although ice floats, yet it floats deep; that is, if an iceberg is five hundred feet high above the water, it is generally six times as deep below the water. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Now, Jacob, the water is much warmer than the air, and in consequence the ice under the water melts away much faster; so that if an iceberg has been some time afloat, at last the part that is below is not so heavy as that which is above; then it turns; that is, it upsets, and floats in another position."

"I understand you, sir."

"Well, we were close to an iceberg, which was to windward of us, a very tall one indeed, and we reckoned that we should get clear of it, for we were carrying a press of sail to effect it. Still, all hands were eagerly watching the iceberg, as it came down very fast before the storm. All of a sudden it blew twice as hard as before, and then one of the men shouted out, '*Turning, turning!*' and sure enough it was. There was its towering summit gradually bowing towards us, until it almost appeared as if the peak was over our heads. Our fate appeared inevitable: the whole mountain of ice was descending on the vessel, and would of course have crushed us into atoms. We all fell on our knees, praying mentally, and watching its awful descent: even the man at the helm did the same, although he did not let go the spokes of the wheel. It had nearly half turned over, right for us, when the ice below being heavier on one side than on the other, gave it a more slanting direction, and it shifted the direction of its fall, and plunged to the sea about a cable's-length astern of us, throwing up the water to the heavens in foam, and blinding all with the violence with which it was dashed to our faces. For a minute the run of the waves was checked, and the sea appeared to boil and dance, rowing up peaked pointed masses of water in all directions, one sinking, another rising; the ship rocked and reeled as if she were drunk; even the current of the gale was checked for a moment, and the heavy sails flapped and cleared themselves of their icy varnish—then all was over. There was an iceberg of another shape astern of us. The gale recommenced, the waves pressed each other on as before, and we felt the return of the gale, awful as it was, as a reprieve. That was a dreadful voyage, Jacob, and I need one-third of my hair gray; and what made it worse was, that we only had three fish on board on our return. However, we had reason to be thankful, for eighteen of our vessels were lost altogether, and it was the mercy of God that we were not among the number."

"Well, I suppose you told me that story to prevent my going a voyage?"

"Not a bit, Jacob; if it should chance that you find it your interest to go to the North Pole, or anywhere else, I should say go by all means; let neither difficulty nor danger deter you; but do not go merely from curiosity, that I consider foolish. It's all very well for those who come back, to have the satisfaction to talk of such things, and it is but fair that they should have it; but when you consider how many there are who never come back at all, why then it's very foolish to push yourself into needless danger and privation. You are amused with my recollections of arctic voyages, but just call to mind how many years of hardship, of danger, cold, and starvation, I have undergone to collect all these anecdotes, and then judge whether it is worth any man's while to go for the sake of mere curiosity."

I then amused Mr. Turnbull with the description of the picnic party, which lasted until we had pulled far beyond Kew Bridge. We thrust the bow of the wherry into a bunch of sedges, and then we sat down to our meal, surrounded by hundreds of blue dragonflies, that flitted about as if to inquire what we meant by intruding upon their domiciles. We continued there, chatting and amusing ourselves, till it was late, and then shoved off, and pulled down with the stream. The sun was down, and we had yet six or seven miles to return to Mr. Turnbull's house, when we perceived a slight, handsome young man, in a small skiff, who pulled towards us.

"I say, my lads," said he, taking us both for watermen, "have you a mind to earn a couple of guineas with very little trouble?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Turnbull, "if you can show us how. A fine chance for you, Jacob," continued he, aside.

"Well, then, I shall want your services, perhaps, for not more than an hour—it may be a little longer, as there is a lady in the question, and we may have to wait. All I ask is, that you pull well and do your best. Are you agreed?"

We consented; and he requested us to follow him, and then pulled for the shore.

"This is to be an adventure, sir," said I.

"So it seems," replied Mr. Turnbull; "all the better. I'm old now, but I'm fond of a spree."

The gentleman pulled into a little boat-house by the river's side, belonging to one of the villas on the bank, made fast his boat, and then stepped into ours.

"Now, we've plenty of time; just pull quietly for the present." We continued down the river, and after we had passed Kew Bridge, he directed us inshore, on the right side, till we came to a garden sweeping down to the river from a cottage *ornée*, of large dimensions, about fifty yards from the bank. The water was up to the brick wall, which rose from the river about four or five feet. "That will do, stop—! not a word," said he, rising in the stern-sheets, and looking over. After a minute or two reconnoitring, he climbed from the boat on to the parapet of the wall, and whistled two bars of an air which I had never heard before. All was silent. He crouched behind a lilac bush, and in a minute he repeated the same air in a whistle as before; still there was no

appearance of movement at the cottage. He continued at intervals to whistle the portion of the air, and at last a light appeared at an upper window; it was removed and reappeared three times. "Be ready now, my lady," said he. In about two minutes afterwards a female, in a cloak, appeared, coming down the lawn with a box in her hand, panting with excitement.

"Oh, Edward! I heard your first signal, but I could not get into my uncle's room for the box; at last he went out, and here it is."

The gentleman seized the box from her, and handed it to us in the boat.

"Take great care of that, my lady," said he; "and now, Cecilia, we have no time to lose: the sooner you are in the boat the better."

"How am I to get down there, Edward?" replied she.

"O, nothing more easy. Stop; throw your cloak into the boat, and then all you have to do is, first to get upon the top of the wall, and then trust to the watermen below and to me above for helping you."

It was not, however, quite so easy a matter; the wall was four feet high above the boat, and moreover there was a trellised work of iron, about a foot high, which ran along the wall. Still, she made every effort on her own part, and we considered that we had arranged so as to conquer the difficulty, when the young lady gave a scream. We looked up, and beheld a third party on the wall. It was a stout, tall, elderly man, as far as we could perceive in the dark, who immediately seized hold of the lady by the arm, and was dragging her away. This was resisted by the young gentleman, and the lady was relinquished by the other to defend himself, at the same time that he called out,

"Help, help! Thieves, thieves!"

"Shall I go to his assistance?" said I to Mr. Turnbull; "one of us must stay in the boat."

"Jump up, then, Jacob; for I never could get up that wall."

I was up in a moment; and gaining my feet, was about to spring to the help of the young man, when four servants with lights and with arms in their hands made their appearance, hastening down the lawn. The lady had fainted on the grass; the elderly gentleman and his antagonist were down together, but the elderly gentleman had the mastery, for he was uppermost. Perceiving the assistance coming, he called out, "Look to the watermen—secure them!" I perceived that not a moment was to be lost. I could be of no service, and Mr. Turnbull might be in an awkward scrape. I sprang into the boat, shoved off, and we were in the stream, and at thirty yards distance before they looked over the wall to see where we were.

"Stop, in that boat! stop," they cried.

"Fire, if they don't," cried their master.

We pulled as hard as we could. A musketoon was discharged, but the shot fell short; the only person who fell was the man who fired it. To see us, he had stood upon the coping bricks of the wall, and the recoil tumbled him over into the river: we saw him fall, and heard the splash; but we pulled on as hard as we could, and in a few minutes the scene of

action was far behind us.

the other side of the river,

close to the shore, we th

"Well," said Mr. T

old looked for; to have a

after me."

"No," replied I, laughing,

joke rather too far on the river Thames."

"Well, but what a pretty mess we are in! how

we have property belonging to God knows whom;

and what are we to do with it?"

"I think, sir, the best thing we can do is, for you

to land at your own house with the property, and

take care of it until we find out what all this is about;

and I will continue on with the sculls to the boat.

We shall hear or find out something about it in

day or two, they may still follow up the pursuit and

trace us."

"The advice is good," replied Mr. Turnbull, "and

the sooner we cut over again the better, for we are

nearly abreast of my place."

We did so; Mr. Turnbull landed in his garden,

taking with him the tin-box, (it was what they called

deed box,) and the lady's cloak. I did not wait, but

boasting the oars, took my sculls, and pulled down to

Fulham as fast as I could. I had arrived, and was

pulling gently in, not to injure the other boat, when

a man with a lantern came into the wherry.

"Have you any thing in your boat, my man?"

said he.

"Nothing, sir," replied I. The man examined the

boat, and was satisfied.

"Tell me, did you see a boat with two men in it

you came along?"

"No, sir," replied I; "nothing has passed me."

"Where do you come from now?"

"From a gentleman's place near Brentford."

"Brentford! Oh, then you were far below them.

They are not down yet."

"Have you a job for me, sir?" said I, not wishing

to appear anxious to go away.

"No, my man, no; nothing to-night. We were

the look-out; but we have two boats in the stream,

and a man at each landing-place."

I made fast my boat, shouldered my oars and sculls,

and departed, not at all sorry to get away. It appeared

that as soon as it was ascertained that we were not

to be stopped by being fired at, they paddled home,

and the distance by the road being so much shorter,

had, by galloping as hard as they could, arrived at

Fulham some ten minutes before me. It was therefore

most fortunate that the box had been landed, or

I should have been discovered. That the contents

were of value was evident from the anxiety to secure

them; but the mystery was still to be solved. I was

quite tired with exertion and excitement when I ar-

rived at Stapleton's. Mary was there to give me my

supper, which I ate in silence, complaining of a head-

ache, and went to bed. That night I dreamed of

nothing but the scene over and over again, and the

two bars of music were constantly ringing in my ears.

As soon as I had breakfasted the next morning, I set

off to Mr. Turnbull's, and told him what had occurred.

"It was indeed fortunate that the box was landed,"

said he; "or you might have now been in prison."

then struck across

when we had gained

th.

"this is a case I

had looked for; to have a

after me."

"No," replied I, laughing,

joke rather too far on the river Thames."

"Well, but what a pretty mess we are in! how

we have property belonging to God knows whom;

and what are we to do with it?"

"I think, sir, the best thing we can do is, for you

to land at your own house with the property, and

take care of it until we find out what all this is about;

and I will continue on with the sculls to the boat.

We shall hear or find out something about it in

day or two, they may still follow up the pursuit and

trace us."

"The advice is good," replied Mr. Turnbull, "and

the sooner we cut over again the better, for we are

nearly abreast of my place."

We did so; Mr. Turnbull landed in his garden,

taking with him the tin-box, (it was what they called

deed box,) and the lady's cloak. I did not wait, but

boasting the oars, took my sculls, and pulled down to

Fulham as fast as I could. I had arrived, and was

pulling gently in, not to injure the other boat, when

a man with a lantern came into the wherry.

"Have you any thing in your boat, my man?"

said he.

"Nothing, sir," replied I. The man examined the

boat, and was satisfied.

"Tell me, did you see a boat with two men in it

you came along?"

"No, sir," replied I; "nothing has passed me."

"Where do you come from now?"

"From a gentleman's place near Brentford."

"Brentford! Oh, then you were far below them.

They are not down yet."

"Have you a job for me, sir?" said I, not wishing

to appear anxious to go away.

"No, my man, no; nothing to-night. We were

the look-out; but we have two boats in the stream,

and a man at each landing-place."

I made fast my boat, shouldered my oars and sculls,

and departed, not at all sorry to get away. It appeared

that as soon as it was ascertained that we were not

to be stopped by being fired at, they paddled home,

and the distance by the road being so much shorter,

had, by galloping as hard as they could, arrived at

Fulham some ten minutes before me. It was therefore

most fortunate that the box had been landed, or

I should have been discovered. That the contents

were of value was evident from the anxiety to secure

them; but the mystery was still to be solved. I was

quite tired with exertion and excitement when I ar-

rived at Stapleton's. Mary was there to give me my

supper, which I ate in silence, complaining of a head-

ache, and went to bed. That night I dreamed of

nothing but the scene over and over again, and the

two bars of music were constantly ringing in my ears.

As soon as I had breakfasted the next morning, I set

off to Mr. Turnbull's, and told him what had occurred.

"It was indeed fortunate that the box was landed,"

said he; "or you might have now been in prison."

risk I had had nothing to do with it: but as you say, what's done can't be helped.' I will not give up the box, at all events, until I know which party is entitled to it, and I cannot help thinking that the lady is. But, Jacob, you will have to reconnoitre, and find out what this story is. Tell me, do you think you could remember the tune, which he whistled so often?"

"It has been running in my head the whole night, and I have been trying it all the way as I pulled here. I think I have it exact. Hear, sir." I whistled the two bars.

"Quite correct, Jacob; quite correct; well, take care not to forget them. Where are you going to-day?"

"Nowhere, sir."

"Suppose then you pull up the river, and find out the place where we landed, and when you have ascertained that, you may go on and see whether the young man is with his skiff: at all events, you may find out something; but pray be cautious."

I promised to be very careful, and departed on my errand, which I undertook with much pleasure, for I was delighted with any thing like adventure. I pulled up the river, and in about an hour and a quarter came abreast of the spot. I recognised the cottage *ornée*, the parapet wall, even the spot where we lay, and perceived that several bricks were detached, and had fallen in the river. There appeared to be no one stirring in the house; yet I continued to pull up and down, looking at the windows. At last, one opened, and a young lady looked out, who, I was persuaded, was the same that we had seen the night before. There was no wind, and all was quiet around. She sat at the window, leaning her head on her hand. I whistled the two bars of the air. At the first bar, she started up, and looked earnestly at me as I completed the second. I looked up: she waved her handkerchief once, and then shut the window. In a few seconds she made her appearance on the lawn, walking down towards the river. I immediately pulled in under the wall. I laid in my sculls, and held on, standing up in the boat.

"Who are you? and who sent you?" said she, looking down on me, and discovering one of the most beautiful faces I had ever witnessed.

"No one sent me, ma'am," replied I; "but I was in the boat last night. I'm sorry you were so unfortunate; but your box and cloak are quite safe."

"You were one of the men in the boat? I trust no one was hurt when they fired at you."

"No, ma'am."

"And where is the box?"

"In the house of the person who was with me."

"Can he be trusted? for they will offer large rewards for it."

"I should think so, ma'am," replied I, smiling; "the person who was with me is a gentleman of large fortune, who was amusing himself on the river. He desires me to say that he will not give up the box until he knows to whom the contents legally belong."

"Good heavens, how fortunate! Am I to believe you?"

"I should hope so, ma'am."

"And what are you then? You are not a water-man?"

"Yes, ma'am, I am."

She paused, looking earnestly at me for a little while, and then continued, "How did you learn the air you whistled?"

"The young gentleman whistled it six or seven times last night before you came. I tried it this morning coming up, as I thought it would be the means of attracting your attention. Can I be of any service to you, ma'am?"

"Service—yes, if I could be sure you were to be trusted—of the greatest service. I am confined here—cannot send a letter—watched as I move—only allowed the garden, and even watched while I walk here. They are most of them in quest of the tin-box to-day, or I should not be able to talk to you so long." She looked round at the house anxiously, and then said, "Stop here a minute, while I walk a little." She then retreated, and paced up and down the garden walk. I still remained under the wall, so as not to be perceived from the house. In about three or four minutes, she returned and said, "It would be very cruel—it would be more than cruel—it would be very wicked of you to deceive me, for I am very unfortunate and very unhappy." The tears started in her eyes. "You do not look as if you would. What is your name?"

"Jacob Faithful, ma'am, and I will be true to my name, if you will put your trust in me. I never deceived any one that I can recollect; and I'm sure I would not you—now that I've seen you."

"Yes, but money will seduce every body."

"Not me, ma'am; I've as much as I wish for."

"Well, then, I will trust you, and think you sent from heaven to my aid; but how am I to see you? To-morrow my uncle will be back, and then I shall not be able to speak to you one moment, and if seen to speak to you, you will be laid in wait for, and perhaps shot."

"Well, ma'am," replied I, after a pause, "if you cannot speak, you can write. You see that the bricks on the parapet are loose here. Put your letter under this brick—I can take it away, even in day-time, without being noticed, and can put the answer in the same place, so that you can secure it, when you come out."

"How very clever! Good heavens, what an excellent idea!"

"Was the young gentleman hurt, ma'am, in the scuffle last night?" inquired I.

"No, I believe not much, but I wish to know where he is, to write to him; could you find out?" I told her where we had met him, and what had passed. "That was Lady Auburn's," replied she, "he is often there—she is our cousin; but I don't know where he lives, and how to find him I know not. His name is Henry Talbot. Do you think you could find him out?"

"Yes, ma'am, with a little trouble it might be done. They ought to know where he is at Lady Auburn's."

"Yes, some of the servants might—but how will you get to them?"

"That, ma'am, I must find out. It may not be done in one day, or two days, but if you will look every morning under this brick, if there is any thing to communicate you will find it there."

"You can write and read then?"

"I should hope so, ma'am," replied I, laughing.

"I don't know what to make of you. Are you really a waterman?"

"Really and——" She turned her head round at a noise of a window opening.

"You must go—don't forget the brick;" and she disappeared.

I shoved my wherry along by the side of the wall, so as to remain unperceived until I was clear of the frontage attached to the cottage; and then taking my sculls, pulled into the stream; and as I was resolved to see if I could obtain any information at Lady Auburn's, I had to pass the garden again, having shoved my boat down the river instead of up, when I was under the wall. I perceived the young lady walking with a tall man by her side; he speaking very energetically, and using much gesticulation, she holding down her head. In another minute they were shut out from my sight. I was so much stricken with the beauty and sweetness of expression in the young lady's countenance, that I was resolved to use my best exertions to be of service to her. In about an hour and a half, I had arrived at the villa, abreast of which we had met the young gentleman, and which the young lady had told me belonged to Lady Auburn. I could see no one in the grounds, nor indeed in the house. After watching a few minutes, I landed as near to the villa as I could, made fast the wherry, and walked round to the entrance. There was no lodge, but a servant's door at one side. I pulled the bell, having made up my mind how to proceed as I was walking up. The bell was answered by an old woman, who, in a snarling tone, asked me, what did I want?

"I am waiting below, with my boat, for Mr. Talbot; has he come yet?"

"Mr. Talbot. No—he's not come; nor did he say that he would come; when did you see him?"

"Yesterday. Is Lady Auburn at home."

"Lady Auburn—no; she went to town this morning; every body goes to London now, that they may not see the flowers and green trees, I suppose."

"But I suppose Mr. Talbot will come," continued I, "so I must wait for him."

"You can do just as you like," replied the old woman, about to shut the gate in my face.

"May I request a favour of you, ma'am, before you shut the gate—which is, to bring me a little water to drink, for the sun is hot, and I have had a long pull up here:" and I took out my handkerchief and wiped my face.

"Yes, I'll fetch you some," replied she, shutting the gate, and going away.

"This don't seem to answer very well," thought I to myself. The old woman returned, opened the gate, and handed me a mug of water. I drank some, thanked her, and returned it.

"I am very tired," said I, "I should like to sit down and wait for the gentleman."

"Don't you sit when you pull?" inquired the old woman.

"Yes," replied I.

"Then you must be tired of sitting, I should think, not of standing; at all events, if you want to sit, you can sit in your boat, and mind it at the same time."

With this observati

and left me without more moment.

After this decided repulse on the part of the woman, I had nothing to do but to take her advice, viz. to go and look after my boat. I pulled down Mr. Turnbull's, and told him my good and bad fortune. It being late, he ordered me some dinner at his study, and we sat there canvassing over the matter. "Well," said he, as we finished, "you must allow me to consider this as my affair, Jacob, as I was the occasion of our getting mixed up in it. You must do all you can to find this young man, and I shall hire Stapleton's boat by the day until we succeed; you need not tell him so, or he may be anxious to know why. To-morrow you go down to old Beazeley's."

"Yes, sir; you cannot hire me to-morrow."

"Still I shall, as I want to see you to-morrow morning before I go. Here's Stapleton's money for yesterday and to-day, and now good night."

I was at Mr. Turnbull's early the next morning, and found him with the newspaper before him. "I expected this, Jacob," said he; "read that advertisement." I read as follows: "Whereas, on Friday night last, between the hours of nine and ten, a tin box, containing deeds and papers, was handed into a wherry, from the grounds of a villa between Brentford and Kew; and the parties who owned it were prevented from accompanying the same, This is to give notice, that a reward of twenty pounds will be paid to the watermen upon their delivering up the same to Messrs. James and John White, of No. 14, Lincoln's Inn Fields. As no other parties are authorized to receive the said tin box of papers, all other applications for it must be disregarded. An early attention to this advertisement will oblige." "There must be papers of no little consequence in that box, Jacob, depend upon it," said Mr. Turnbull; "however, here they are, and here they shall remain until I know more about it, that's certain. I intend to try what I can do myself with the old woman, for I perceive the villa is to be let for three months—here is the advertisement in the last column, I shall go to town to-day, and obtain a ticket from the agent, and it is hard but I'll ferret out something. I shall see you to-morrow. Now you may go, Jacob." I hastened away, as I had promised to be down to old Tom's to breakfast; an hour's smart pulling brought me to the landing place opposite to his house.

The house of old Tom Beazeley was situated on the verge of Battersea Fields, about a mile and a half from the bridge bearing the same name; the river about twenty yards before it—the green grass behind it, and not a tree within half a mile of it. There was nothing picturesque in it but its utter loneliness; it was not only lonely, but isolated, for it was fixed upon a delta of about half an acre, between two creeks, which joined at about forty yards from the river, and ran up through the fields, so that the house was, at high water, upon an island, and at low water was defended by a more impassable barrier of mud, so that the only advances to it could be made from the river, where a small hard, edged with posts worn down to the conformation of decayed double teeth, offered the only means of access. The house itself was one story high; dark red bricks, and darker tiles upon the roof; windows very scarce and very

all, although built long before the damnable tax on light, for it was probably built in the time of Elizabeth, to judge by the peculiarity of the style of architecture observable in the chimneys; but it matters very little at what epoch was built a tenement which was rented at only ten pounds per annum. The major part of the said island was stocked with cabbage plants; but on one side, there was half an acre set upright, with a patch of green before it. At the time that old Beazeley hired it, there was a bridge, lately constructed of old ship plank, by which you could gain a path which led across the Battersea fields; but as all the communications of old Tom were by water, and Mrs. Beazeley never ventured over the bridge, it was gradually knocked away for fire-wood, and when it was low water, one old post, bolted of mud, marked the spot where the bridge had been. The interior was far more inviting; Mrs. Beazeley was a clean person and frugal housewife, and every article in the kitchen, which was the first room you entered, was as clean and as bright as industry could make them. There was a parlour also, seldom used; both of the inmates, when they did meet, which was not above a day or two in three weeks, during the time that old Beazeley was in charge of the lighter, preferring comfort to grandeur. In this isolated house, upon this isolated spot, did Mrs. Beazeley pass a life of almost isolation. And yet perhaps there never was a more lively or more happy woman than Mrs. Beazeley, for she was strong, in good health, and always employed. She knew that her husband was following up his employment on the river, and laying by a provision for their future age, while she herself was adding considerably to it by her own exertions. She had married old Tom long before he had lost his legs, at a time that he was a prime active sailor, and the best man of the ship. She was a net-maker's daughter, and had been brought up to the business, at which she was very expert. The most difficult part of the art, is that of making large seines for taking sea fish; and when she had no order for those to complete, the making of casting-nets beguiled away her time as soon as her household cares had been disposed of. She made money and husbanded it, not only for herself and her partner, but for her son, young Tom, on whom she doated. So accustomed was she to work hard and be alone, that it was difficult to say whether she was most pleased or most annoyed when her husband and son made their appearance for a day or two, and the latter was alternately fondled and scolded during the whole of his sojourn; Tom, as a reader may suppose from a knowledge of his character, caring about as much for the one as the other.

I pulled into the *hard*, and made fast my boat. There was no one outside the door when I landed; on entering, I found them all seated at the table, and a grand display of fragments in the shape of herring-bones, &c. "Well, Jacob, come at last—thought we had forgot us; piped to breakfast at eight bells—always do, you know," said old Tom, on my making my appearance.

"Have you had your breakfast, boy?" said Mrs. Beazeley.

"No," replied I, "I was obliged to go up to Mr. Turnbull's, and that detained me."

"No more sodgers, Jacob," said Tom, "father and I eat them all."

"Have you," replied Mrs. Beazeley, taking two more red herrings out of the cupboard and putting them on the fire to grill; "no, no, master Tom, there's some for Jacob yet."

"Well, mother, you make nets to some purpose, for you've always a fish when it's wanted."

I despatched my breakfast, and as soon as all had been cleared away by his wife, old Tom, crossing his two timber legs, commenced business, for it appeared, what I was not aware of, that we had met on a sort of council of war.

"Jacob, sit down by me; old woman, bring yourself to an anchor in the high chair. Tom, sit anywhere, so you sit still."—"And leave my net alone, Tom," cried his mother, in parenthesis.—"You see, Jacob, the whole long and short of it is this, I feel my toes more and more, and flannel's no longer warm. I can't tide it any longer, and I think it high time to lie up in ordinary and moor abreast of the old woman. Now, there's Tom, in the first place, what's to do with he? I think that I'll build him a wherry, and as I'm free of the river, he can finish his apprenticeship with my name on the boat; but to build him a wherry will be rather a heavy pull for me."

"If you mean to build it yourself, I think it will prove a *heavy pull* for me," replied Tom.

"Silence, Tom; I built you, and God knows you're light enough."

"And Tom, leave my net alone," cried his mother.

"Father made me light-fingered, mother."

"Aye, and light-hearted too, boy," rejoined the dame, looking fondly at the son.

"Well," continued old Tom, "supposing that Tom be provided for in that way; then now I comes to myself. I've an idea that I can do a good bit of work in patching up boats, for you see I always was a bit of a carpenter, and I know how the builders extortionate the poor waterman when there's a trifle amiss. Now, if they knew I could do it, they'd all come to me fast enough; but then there's a puzzle; I've been thinking this week how I can make them know it. I can't put out a board and say, Beazeley, *Boat-builder*, because I'm no boat-builder, but still I want a sign."

"Lord, father, hav'nt you got one already," interrupted young Tom, "you've half a boat stuck up there, and that means you're half a boat-builder."

"Silence, Tom, with your frippery; what do you think, Jacob?"

"Could not you say, 'Boats repair'd here?'"

"Yes, but that won't exactly do; they like to employ a builder—and there's the puzzle."

"Not half so puzzling as this net," observed Tom, who had taken up the needle, unobserved by his mother, and began to work; "I've made only ten stitches, and six of them are long ones."

"Tom, Tom, you good for nothing—why don't you let my net alone?" cried Mrs. Beazeley, "now 'twill take me as much time to undo ten stitches as to have made fifty."

"All right, mother."

"No, Tom, all's wrong; look at these meshes!"

"Well, then, all's fair, mother."

"No, all's foul, boy; look how it's tangled."

"Still, I say, all's fair, mother, for it is but fair to give the fish one or two chances to get away, and that's just what I've done; and now, father, I'll settle your affair to your own satisfaction, as I have mother's."

"That will be queer satisfaction, Tom, I guess, but let's hear what you have to say."

"Why, then, father, it seems, that you're no boat-builder, but you want people to fancy that you are—~~isn't~~ that the question?"

"Why, 'tis something like it, Tom—but I do nobody no harm."

"Certainly not; it's only the boats which will suffer. Now, get a large board, with 'Boats built to order, and boats repaired, by Tom Beazeley.' You know if any man is fool enough to order a boat, that's his concern, you didn't say you're a boat-builder, although you've no objection to try your hand."

"What do you say, Jacob," said old Tom, appealing to me.

"I think that Tom has given very good advice, and I would follow it."

"Ah! Tom has a head," said Mrs. Beazeley, fondly. "Tom, let go my net again, will you? what a boy you are! Now, touch it again if you dare," and Mrs. Beazeley took up a little poker from the fire-place and shook it at him.

"Tom has a head, indeed," said young Tom, "but as he has no wish to have it broken, Jacob, lend me your wherry for half an hour, and I'll be off."

I assented, and Tom, first tossing the cat upon his mother's back, made his escape, crying

"Lord, Molly, what a fish!"

as the animal fixed in its claws to save herself from falling, making Mrs. Beazeley roar out and vow vengeance, while old Tom and I could not refrain from laughter.

After Tom's departure, the conversation was renewed, and every thing was finally arranged between old Tom and his wife, except the building of the wherry, at which the old woman shook her head. It would be too long, and not sufficiently interesting to detail; one part, however, I must make the reader acquainted with. After entering into all the arrangements of the house, Mrs. Beazeley took me up-stairs to show me the rooms, which were very neat and clean. I came down with her, and old Tom said, "Did the old woman show you the room with the white curtains, Jacob?"

"Yes," replied I, "and a very nice one it is."

"Well, Jacob, there's nothing sure in this world. You're well off at present, and 'leave well alone' is a good motto; but recollect this, that room is for you when you want it, and every thing else we can share with you. It's offered freely, and you will accept it the same. Is it not, old lady?"

"Yes, that it is, Jacob; but may you do better—if not, I'll be your mother for want of a better."

I was moved with the kindness of the old couple; the more so, as I did not know what I had done to

deserve it. Old Tom gave me a hearty squeeze of the hand, and then continued: "But about this wherry—what do you say, old woman?"

"What will it cost?" rejoined she gravely.

"Cost; let me see,—a good wherry with sculls and oars will be a matter of thirty pounds."

The old woman screwed up her mouth, shook her head, and then walked away to prepare for dinner.

"I think she could muster the blunt, Jacob, but she don't like to part with it. Tom must coax her. I wish he hadn't abied the cat at her. He's too full of fun."

As old Beazeley finished, I perceived a wherry pulling in with some ladies. I looked attentively, and recognised my own boat, and Tom pulling. In a minute more they were at the *hard*, and who, to my astonishment, were there seated, but Mrs. Drummond and Sarah. As Tom got out of the boat and held it steady against the *hard*, he called to me; I could not do otherwise than go and assist them out; and once more did I touch the hands of those whom I never thought to meet again. Mrs. Drummond retained my hand a short time after she landed, saying, "We are friends, Jacob, are we not?"

"Oh, yes, madam," replied I, much moved, in a faltering voice.

"I shall not ask that question," said Sarah, gayly, "for we parted friends."

And as I recalled to mind her affectionate behaviour, I pressed her hand, and the tears glistened in my eyes as I looked into her sweet face. As I afterwards discovered, this was an arranged plan with old and young Tom, to meet me, without my knowledge. Mrs. Beazeley curtsied and stroked her apron—smiled at the ladies, looked very cat-like at Tom, showed the ladies into the house, where old Tom assisted to do the honours after his own fashion, by asking Mrs. Drummond if she would like to *take her whistle* after her *pull*. Mrs. Drummond looked round to me for explanation, but young Tom thought proper to be interpreter. "Father wants to know, if you please, ma'am, whether, after your *pull* in the boat, you wouldn't like to have a *pull* at the brandy bottle?"

"No," replied Mrs. Drummond, smiling, "but I should be obliged for a glass of water. Will you get me one, Jacob?"

I hastened to comply, and Mrs. Drummond entered into conversation with Mrs. Beazeley. Sarah looked at me, and went to the door, turning back as inviting me to follow. I did so, and we soon found ourselves seated on the bench in the old boat.

"Jacob," said she, looking earnestly at me, "you surely will be friends with my father?"

I think I should have shaken my head, but she laid an emphasis on *my*, which the little gipsy knew would have its effect. All my resolutions, all my pride, all my sense of injury vanished before the mild beautiful eyes of Sarah, and I replied hastily, "Yes, Miss Sarah, I can refuse you nothing."

"Why Miss, Jacob?"

"I am a waterman, and you are much above me."

"That is your own fault; but say no more about it."

"I must say something more, which is this, do not

attempt to induce me to leave my present employment; I am happy, because I am independent; and that I will, if possible, be for the future."

"Any one can pull an oar, Jacob."

"Very true, Miss Sarah; and is under no obligation to any one by so earning his livelihood. He works for all, and is paid for all."

"Will you come and see us, Jacob? Come to-morrow—now do—promise me. Will you refuse your old playmate, Jacob?"

"I wish you would not ask that."

"How then can you say that you are friends with my father? I will not believe you unless you promise to come."

"Sarah," replied I, earnestly, "I will come; and to prove to you that I am friends, I will ask a favour of him."

"O, Jacob, this is kind indeed," cried Sarah, with her eyes swimming with tears. "You have made me so—so very happy!"

The meeting with Sarah humanized me, and every feeling of revenge was chased from my memory. Mrs. Drummond joined us soon after, and proposed to return. "And Jacob will pull us back," cried Sarah. "Come, sir, look after your fare, in both senses. Since you will be a waterman, you shall work." I laughed, and handed them into the boat. Tom took the other oar, and we were soon at the steps close to Mr. Drummond's house.

"Mamma, we ought to give these poor fellows something to drink, they've worked very hard," said Sarah, mocking. "Come up, my good men." I hesitated. "Nay, Jacob, if to-morrow, why not to-day? the sooner these things are over the better."

I felt the truth of this observation, and followed her. In a few minutes I was again in that parlour in which I had been dismissed, and in which the affectionate girl burst into tears on my shoulder, as I held the handle of the door. I looked at it, and looked at Sarah. Mrs. Drummond had gone out of the room to let Mr. Drummond know that I had come. "How kind you were, Sarah!" said I.

"Yes, but kind people are cross sometimes, and so am I—and so was——"

Mr. Drummond came in, and stopped her. "Jacob, am glad to see you again in my house; I was deceived by appearances, and did you injustice." How true is the observation of the wise man, that a soft word turneth away wrath; that Mr. Drummond should personally acknowledge that he was wrong to me—that he should confess it—every feeling of resentment was gone, and others crowded in their place. I recollected how he had protected the orphan—how he had provided him with instruction—how he had made his house a home to me—how he had tried to bring me forward under his own protection. I recollected—which, alas! I never should have forgotten—that he had treated me for years with kindness and affection, all of which had been obliterated from my memory by one single act of injustice. I felt that I was a culprit, and burst into tears; and Sarah, as before, cried in sympathy.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Drummond," said I, as soon as I could speak; "I have been very wrong in being so revengeful after so much kindness from you."

"We both have been wrong; but say no more on the subject, Jacob; I have an order to give, and then I will come up to you again," and Mr. Drummond quitted the room.

"You dear, good boy," said Sarah, coming up to me. "Now I really do love you."

What I might have replied was put a stop to, by Mrs. Drummond entering the room. She made a few inquiries about where I at present resided, and Sarah was catechizing me rather inquisitively about Mary Stapleton, when Mr. Drummond re-entered the room, and shook me by the hand with a warmth which made me more ashamed of my conduct towards him. The conversation became general, but still rather embarrassed, when Sarah whispered to me, "What is the favour you would ask of my father?" I had forgotten it at the moment, but I immediately told him that I would be obliged if he would allow me to have a part of the money belonging to me, which he held in his possession.

"That I will, with pleasure, and without asking what you intend to do with it, Jacob. How much do you require?"

"Thirty pounds, if there is so much."

Mr. Drummond went down, and in a few minutes returned with the sum, in notes and guineas. I thanked him, and shortly afterwards took my leave.

"Did not young Beazeley tell you I had something for you, Jacob?" said Sarah, as I wished her good-bye.

"Yes; what is it?"

"You must come and see," replied Sarah, laughing. Thus was a finale to all my revenge, brought about by a little girl of fifteen years old, with large dark eyes.

Tom had taken his glass of grog below, and was waiting for me at the steps. We shoved off, and returned to his father's house, where dinner was just ready. After dinner old Tom recommenced the argument. "The only hitch," says he, "is about the wherry. What do you say, old woman?" The old woman shook her head.

"As that is the only hitch," said I, "I can remove it, for here is the money for the wherry, which I make a present to Tom," and I put the money into young Tom's hand. Tom counted it out before his father and mother, much to their astonishment.

"You're a good fellow, Jacob," said Tom: "but I say, do you recollect Wimbledon Common?"

"What then?" replied I.

"Only Jerry Abershaw, that's all."

"Do not be afraid, Tom, it is honestly mine."

"But how did you get it, Jacob?" said old Tom.

It may appear strange, but impelled by the wish to serve my friends, I had asked for the money which I knew belonged to me, but never thought of the manner in which it had been obtained. The question of old Tom recalled every thing to my memory, and I shuddered when I recollected the circumstances attending it. I was confused, and did not like to reply. "Be satisfied, the money is mine," replied I.

"Yes, Jacob, but how?" replied Mrs. Beazeley; "surely you ought to tell how you got so large a sum."

"Jacob has some reason for not telling, missus,

depend upon it; mayhap Mr. Turnbull, or whoever gave it to him, told him to hold his tongue." But this answer would not satisfy Mrs. Beazeley, who declared she would not allow a farthing to be taken, unless she knew how it was obtained.

"Tom, give back the money directly," said she, looking at me suspiciously.

Tom laid it on the table before me without saying a word. "Take it, Tom," said I, colouring up. "I had it from my mother."

"From your mother, Jacob!" said old Tom. "Nay, that could not well be, if my memory serves me right. Still it may be."

"Deary me, I don't like this at all," cried Mrs. Beazeley, getting up, and wiping her apron with a quick motion. "O Jacob, that must be—not the truth."

I coloured up to the tips of my ears, at being suspected of falsehood. I looked round, and saw that even Tom and his father had a melancholy doubt in their countenances; and certainly, my confused appearance would have caused suspicion in any body. "I little thought," said I, at last, "when I hoped to have so much pleasure in giving, and to find that I had made you happy in receiving the money, that it would have proved a source of so much annoyance. I perceive that I am suspected of having obtained it improperly, and of not having told the truth. That Mrs. Beazeley may think so, who does not know me, is not to be wondered at; but that you," continued I, turning to old Tom, "or you," looking at his son, "should suspect me, is very mortifying; and I did not expect it. I tell you, that the money is mine, honestly mine, and obtained from my mother. I ask you, do you believe me?"

"I, for one, do believe you, Jacob," said young Tom, striking his fist on the table. "I can't understand it, but I know you never told a lie, or did a dishonourable act since I've known you."

"Thank you Tom," said I, taking his proffered hand.

"And I would swear the same, Jacob," said old Tom; "although I have been longer in the world than my boy has, and have therefore seen more, and sorry am I to say, many a good man turned bad, from temptation being too great; but when I looked in your face, and saw the blood up to your forehead, I did feel a little suspicious, I must own; but I beg your pardon, Jacob, no one can look in your face, now, and not see that you are innocent. I believe all you say, in spite of the old woman, and the devil to boot; and there's my hand upon it."

"Why not tell—why not tell?" muttered Mrs. Beazeley, shaking her head, and working at her net faster than ever.

But I had resolved to tell, and did so, narrating distinctly the circumstances by which the money had been obtained. I did it, however, with feelings of mortification which I cannot express. I felt humiliated; I felt that for my own wants that money I never could touch. Still my explanation had the effect of removing the doubts even of Mrs. Beazeley, and harmony was restored. The money was accepted by the old couple, and promised to be applied for the purpose intended.

"As for me, Jacob," said Tom, "when I say I

thank you, you know I mean it. Had I had the money, and you had wanted it, you will believe me when I say that I would have given it to you."

"That I'm sure of, Tom."

"Still, Jacob, it is a great deal of money; and I shall lie by my earnings as fast as I can, that you may have it in case you want it; but it will take many a heavy pull, and many a shirt wet with labour before I can make up a sum like that."

I did not stay much longer after this little fracas; I was hurt; my pride was wounded by suspicion, and fortunate it was that the circumstance had not occurred previous to my meeting with Mrs. Drummond and Sarah, otherwise no reconciliation would have taken place in that quarter. How much are we the sport of circumstances, and how insensibly they mark out our career in this world! With the best intentions, we go wrong; instigated by unworthy motives, we fall upon our feet, and the chapter of accidents has more power over the best regulated mind, than all the chapters in the Bible.

I shook hands with Tom, who, perceiving that I was vexed, had accompanied me down to the boat, with his usual sympathy, and had offered to pull with me to Fulham, and walk back; which offer I declined, as I wished to be alone. It was a fine moonlight night, and the broad light and shadow, with the stillness of all around, were peculiarly adapted to my feelings. I continued my way up the river, revolving in my mind the scenes of the day: the reconciliation with one whom I never intended to have spoken to again; the little quarrel with those whom I never expected to have been at variance with, and that, at the time, that I was only exerting myself to serve them; and then I thought of Sarah, as an oasis of real happiness in this contemplated desert, and dwelt upon the thought of her as the most pleasant and calming to my still agitated mind. Thus did I ruminate till I had passed Putney Bridge, forgetting that I was close to my landing-place, and continuing in my reverie to pull up the river, when my cogitations were disturbed by a noise of men laughing and talking, apparently in a state of intoxication. They were in a four-oared wherry, coming down the river, after a party of pleasure, as it is termed, generally one ending in intoxication. I listened.

"I tell you I can spin an oar with any man in the king's service," said the man in the bow. "Now look."

He threw his oar out of the rollocks, spun it in the air, but unfortunately did not catch it when it fell, and consequently it went through the bottom, starting two of the planks of the fragile built boat, which immediately filled with water.

"Hilloa! waterman," cried another, perceiving me, "quick, or we shall sink." But the boat was nearly up to the thwarts in water, before I could reach her, and just as I was nearly alongside, she filled and turned over.

"Help, waterman; help me first, I'm senior clerk," cried a voice which I well knew. I put out my oar to him, as he struggled in the water, and soon had him clinging to the wherry. I then tried to catch hold of the man who had sunk the boat by his attempt to toss the oar, but he very quietly said,

"No, damn it, there's too many, we shall swamp the

“I’ll swim on shore,” and suiting the action to the word, he made for the shore with perfect self-possession, swimming in his clothes with great ease and safety.

He picked up two more, and thought that all were safe when turning round and looking towards the river.

I saw resplendent in the bright beams of the moon and “round as its orb,” the well remembered the stupid young clerk who had been so in-teresting to me, struggling with all his might. I pulled out my oar over the bow, he rose after rising from his first sink, and was, with the other four, soon clinging to the sides of the boat.

“Pull me in, pull me in, waterman,” cried the clerk, whose voice I had recognised.

“You will swamp the boat.”

“Well, but pull me in, if not the others. I’m the clerk.”

“It won’t help that, you must hold on,” replied I, “I’ll pull you on shore; we shall soon be there.”

I say that I felt a pleasure in allowing him thus to be in the water. I might have taken them all in, although at some risk, from their want of presence of mind and hurry, arising from the want of self-preservation; but I desired them to be safe, and pulled for the landing-place, which we reached. The person who had preferred swimming had arrived before us, and was waiting on the bank.

“Have you got them all, waterman?” said he.

“Yes, sir, I believe so; I have four.”

“That’s tally is right,” replied he, “and four greater ones were never picked up; but never mind that. I’ll give you my nonsense that nearly drowned them; and, besides, I’m very glad you’ve managed so well. The clerk went down in the boat, and I must reward him some other time.”

“Thank you, sir, no occasion for that, it’s not a great fare.”

“Nevertheless give us your name.”

“You may ask Mr. Hodgson, the senior clerk, the full-moon faced fellow; they know my name.”

“Waterman, what do you mean?” replied Mr. Hodgson, shivering with cold.

“A very impudent fellow,” said the junior, of the same name.

“They know your name, they won’t tell it,” said the other.

“Now I’ll first tell you mine, which is Lieutenant Faithful, of the navy; and now let’s have yours, that I may ask for it; and tell me what stairs you ply for.”

“My name is Jacob Faithful, sir,” replied I; “and I’ll ask your friends whether they know it or not. Their teeth don’t chatter quite so much.”

On the mention of my name the senior and junior clerk walked off, and the lieutenant telling me that he would hear from him again, was about to leave. I mean to give me money, sir, I tell you can’t. I shall not take it. I hate these two men for the injuries they have heaped upon me; but I don’t know it is, I feel a degree of pleasure in having them, that I wish no better revenge. So farewell.”

“Spoken as you ought, my lad—that’s glorious

revenge. Well, then, I will not come; but if ever we meet again, I shall not forget this night and Jacob Faithful.” He held out his hand, shook mine warmly, and walked away.

When they were gone, I remained for some little time quite stupefied at the events of the day. The reconciliation, the quarrel, the revenge. I was still in thought, when I heard the sound of a horse’s hoofs. This recalled me, and I was hauling up my boat, intending to go home to Stapleton’s; but with no great eagerness. I felt a sort of dislike to Mary Stapleton, which I could not account for; but the fact was, I had been in company with Sarah Drummond. The horse stopped at the foot of the bridge; and the rider giving it to his servant, who was mounted on another, to hold, came down to where I was hauling up my boat. “My lad, is it too late for you to launch your boat? I will pay you well.”

“Where do you wish to go to, sir? It is now past ten o’clock.”

“I know it is, and I hardly expected to find a waterman here; but I took the chance. Will you take me about two miles up the river?”

I looked at the person who addressed me, and was delighted to recognise in him the young man who had hired Mr. Turnbull and me to take him to the garden, and who had been captured when we escaped with the tin box; but I did not make myself known. “Well, sir, if you wish it, I’ve no objection,” replied I, putting my shoulder to the bow of my wherry, and launching her again into the water. At all events this has been a day of adventure, thought I, as I threw my sculls again into the water, and commenced pulling up the stream. I was some little while in meditation whether I should make myself known to the young man; but I decided that I would not. Let me see, thought I, what sort of a person this is; whether he is as deserving as the young lady appeared to consider. “Which side, sir?” inquired I.

“The left,” was the reply.

I knew that well enough, and I pulled in silence until nearly up to the wall of the garden which ran down to the bank of the river. “Now pull into that wall, and make no noise,” was the injunction, which I obeyed; securing the boat to the very part where the coping bricks had been displaced. He stood up, and whistled the two bars of the tune as before, waited five minutes, repeated it, and watched the windows of the house; but there was no reply, or signs of any body being up or stirring. “It is too late, she is gone to rest.”

“I thought there was a lady in the case, sir,” observed I. “If you wish to communicate with her, I think I could manage it.”

“Could you?” replied he. “Stop a moment, I’ll speak to you by and by.” He whistled the tune once more, and after waiting another ten minutes, dropped himself down on the stern sheets, and told me to pull back again. After a few minutes silence he said to me, “You think you could communicate with her, you say. Pray, how do you propose?”

“If you will write a letter, sir, I’ll try to let it come to her hand.”

“How?”

“That, sir, you must leave me to find out, and

trust to opportunity; but you must tell me what sort of person she is, that I may not give it to another; and also, who there is in the house that I must be careful does not see me."

"Very true," replied he: "I can only say, that if you do succeed, I will reward you handsomely; but she is so strictly watched, that I am afraid it will be impossible; however, a despairing, like a drowning man, will catch at a straw, and I will see whether you will be able to assist me."

He then informed me, that there was no one in the house except her uncle and his servants, all of whom were spies upon her; that my only chance was watching if she were permitted to walk in the garden alone, which might be the case; and perhaps by concealing myself from eight o'clock in the morning till the evening, under the parapet wall, I might find an opportunity. He directed me to be at the foot of the bridge the next morning, at seven o'clock, when he would come with a letter written for me to deliver, if possible. We had then arrived at Fulham; he landed, and putting a guinea in my hand, mounted his horse, which his servant walked up and down, waiting for him, and rode off. I hauled up my boat and went home, tired with the manifold events of the day. Mary Stapleton, who had sat up for me, was very inquisitive to know what had occasioned my coming home so late, but I evaded her questions, and she left me in any thing but good humour; but about that I never felt so indifferent.

The next morning the servant made his appearance with the letter, telling me that he had orders to wait till the evening; and I pulled up the river. I placed it under the loose brick, as agreed upon with the young lady, and then shoved off to the other side of the river, where I had a full view of the garden, and could notice all that passed. In half an hour the young lady came out, accompanied by another female, and sauntered up and down the gravel walk. After a while she stopped, and looked on the river, her companion continuing her promenade. As if without hope of finding any thing there, she moved the brick aside with her foot; perceiving the letter, she snatched it up eagerly, and concealed it in her dress, and then cast her eyes on the river. It was calm, and I whistled the bar of music. She heard it, and turning away, hastened into the house. In about half an hour she returned, and watching her opportunity, stooped down to the brick. I waited a few minutes, when both she and her companion went into the house. I then pulled in under the wall, lifted up the brick, took the letter, and hastened back to Fulham, when I delivered the letter to the servant, who rode off with it as fast as he could, and I returned home quite pleased at the successful issue of my attempt, and not a little curious to learn the real facts of this extraordinary affair.

The next day, being Sunday, as usual, I went to see the Domine and Mr. Turnbull. I arrived at the school just as all the boys were filing off, two and two, for church, the advance led by the usher, and the rear brought up by the Domine in person, and I accompanied them. The Domine appeared melancholy and out of spirits; hardly exchanging a word with me during our walk. When the service was over, he ordered the usher to take the boys home, and

remained with me in the churchyard, surveying the tombstones and occasionally muttering to himself. At last the congregation dispersed, and we were alone.

"Little did I think, Jacob," said he, at last, "that when I bestowed such care upon thee in thy childhood, I should be rewarded as I have been. Little did I think that it would be to the boy who was left destitute, that I should pour out my soul when afflicted, and find in him that sympathy which I have long lost, by the removal of those who were once my friends. Yes, Jacob, those who were known to me in my youth, those few in whom I confided, and ~~lost~~ upon, are now lying here in crumbling dust, and the generation hath passed away, and I now rest upon thee, my son, whom I have directed in the right path, and who hast, by the blessing of God, continued to walk straight in it. Verily thou art a solace to me, Jacob, and though young in years, I feel that in thee I have received a friend, and one that I may confide in. Bless thee, Jacob! bless thee, my boy, and before I am laid with those who have gone before me, may I see thee prosperous and happy. Then I will sing the *Nunc dimittis*—then will I say, 'Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace.'"

"I am happy, sir," replied I, "to hear you say that I am of any comfort to you, for I feel truly grateful for all your kindness to me; but I wish that I did not require comfort."

"Jacob, in what part of a man's life does he not require comfort and consolation; yea, even from the time, when as a child, he buries his weeping face in his mother's lap, till the hour that summons him to his account? Not that I consider this world to be, as many have described it, a 'vale of tears.' No, Jacob, it is a beautiful world, a glorious world, and would be a happy world, if we would only restrain those senses and those passions with which we have been endowed, that we may fully enjoy the beauty, the variety, the inexhaustible bounty of a gracious Heaven. All was made for enjoyment and for happiness, but it is we ourselves who, by excess, defile that which otherwise were pure. Thus, the fainting traveller may drink wholesome and refreshing draughts from the bounteous overflowing spring, but should he rush heedlessly into it, he muddies the source, and the waters are those of bitterness. Thus, Jacob, was wine given to cheer the heart of man, but didst not thou witness me, thy preceptor, debauched by intemperance? Thus, Jacob, were the affections implanted in us as a source of sweetest happiness, such as those which now yearn in my breast towards thee; yet hast thou seen me, thy preceptor, by yielding to the infatuation and imbecility of threescore years, doat, in my folly, upon a maiden, and turn the sweet affections into a source of misery and anguish." I answered not, for the words of the Domine made a strong impression upon me, and I was weighing them in my mind. "Jacob," continued the Domine, after a pause, "next to the book of life, there is no subject of contemplation more salutary than the book of death, of which each stone now around us may be considered as a page, and each page contains a lesson. Read that which is now before us. It would appear hard that an only child should have been torn away from its doting parents, who have thus imper-

expressed their anguish on the tomb; it would have been their delight, their solace, the object of their daily care, of their waking thoughts, of their perfect recollections as they sank into sleep, only dreams, should thus have been taken from them; yet did I know them, and Heaven was merciful. The child had weaned them from the world; they lived but in him, they were without the world. The child alone had their affection; they had lost him, had not He in his mercy sent him. Come this way, Jacob." I followed the child till he stood before another tombstone in a corner of the churchyard. "This stone, Jacob, marks the grave of a man whose remains were taken from the world; where lie the remains of one who was my friend and my dear friend; for in my youth I had known him. He had anticipations, and little thought would have pleased God that I should do my duty at that station to which I have been called. He was a fault, which proved a source of misery to me; and was the cause of an untimely death, of a revolutionary disposition. He never for a moment forgotting, poor sinful mortal! for which he had needed to be forgiven. He quarrelled with his relations; he was shot in a duel with one of them. I mention this, Jacob, as a lesson to thee, that thou mayest be thy preceptor, for I am a sinner, but out of kindness and love towards thee, I might persuade thee to correct that fault in thyself."

"I have already made friends with Mr. Drummond," said I, "but still your admonition shall not be forgotten." "Then is my duty fulfilled, I trust thou wilt no longer stand in mine own way at accepting the offer which is made to thee, to make redress, he may make amends to thee." "No, sir, I cannot promise that, but I will be content to leave my own livelihood to God." "I can hear me, Jacob, for the spirit of prophecy is upon me; the time will come when thou shalt be a great man, Thou hast received an education by worthy endeavours, and hast been blessed with talents far above the average of the world in which thou wouldst so tenaciously adhere; the time will come when thou wilt repeat, yea, bitterly curse the day when thou wast born."

Look at that marble monument with the effigy so lavishly emblazoned upon it. That, Jacob, is the tomb of a proud man, whose career is well known to me. He was in straitened circumstances, a gentle race; but like the steward in the scripture, he could not, to beg he was ashamed. He had prospered in the world, but his pride had ruined him. He might have made friends, but his pride forbade him. He did marry, and entail his children poverty. He died, and the little money was taken from his children's necessities to build this record to his dust. Do not suppose I would check that honest pride, which will be a safeguard from unworthy actions. I only check that undue pride which will mar thy prospects. Jacob, that which thou termest wisdom is naught but pride."

"I do not acknowledge that I agreed with thee, although something in my breast told me

that he was not wrong. I made no answer. The Domine continued to muse—at last he again spoke.

"Yes; it is a beautiful world; for the Spirit of God is on it. At the breaking up of chaos it came over the waters, and hath since remained with us, every where, but invisible. We see his hand in the variety and the beauty of creation, but his Spirit we see not; yet do we feel it in the still small voice of conscience, which would lead us into the right path. Now, Jacob, we must return, for I have the catechism and collects to attend to."

I took leave of the Domine, and went to Mr. Turnbull's, to whom I gave an account of what had passed since I last saw him. He was much pleased with my reconciliation with the Drummonds, and interested about the young lady to whom appertained the tin box in his possession. "I presume, Jacob, we shall now have that mystery cleared up."

"I have not told the gentleman that we have possession of the box," replied I.

"No; but you told the young lady, you silly fellow; and do you think she will keep it a secret from him?"

"Very true, I had forgotten that."

"Jacob, I wish you to go to Mr. Drummond's and see them again; you ought to do so." I hesitated.

"Nay, I shall give you a fair opportunity without wounding that pride of yours, sir," replied Mr. Turnbull; "I owe him some money for some wine he purchased for me, and I shall send the cheque by you."

To this I assented, as I was not sorry of an opportunity of seeing Sarah. I dined with Mr. Turnbull, who was alone, his wife being on a visit to a relation in the country. He again offered me his advice as to giving up the profession of a waterman; but if I did not hear him with so much impatience as before, nor urge so many arguments against it, I did not accede to his wishes, and the subject was dropped. Mr. Turnbull was satisfied that my resistance was weakened, and hoped in time to have the effect which he desired. When I went home, Mary told me that Tom Beazeley had been there, that his wherry was building, that his father had given up the lighter, and was now on shore very busy in getting up his board to attract customers, and obtain work in his new occupation.

I had not launched my wherry the next morning, when down came the young gentleman to whom I had despatched the letter. "Faithful," said he, "come to the tavern with me; I must have some conversation with you." I followed him, and as soon as we were in a room, he said, "First let me pay my debt, for I owe you much;" and he laid five guineas on the table. "I find from Cecilia that you have possession of the tin case of deeds which have been so eagerly sought after by both parties. Why did you not say so? And why did you not tell me that it was you whom I hired on the night when I was so unfortunate?"

"I considered the secret as belonging to the young lady, and having told her, I left it to her discretion to make you acquainted or not, as she pleased."

"It was thoughtful and prudent of you, at all events, although there was no occasion for it. Nevertheless I am pleased that you did so, as it proves

you to be trustworthy. Now tell me, who is the gentleman who was with you in the boat, and who has charge of the box? Observe, Faithful, I do not intend to demand it. I shall tell him the facts of the case in your presence, and then leave him to decide whether he will surrender up the papers to the other party, or to me. Can you take me there now?"

"Yes, sir," replied I, "I can, if you please; I will poll you up in half an hour. The house is at the river's side."

The young gentleman leaped into my wherry, and we were, in less than the time I had mentioned, in the parlour of Mr. Turnbull. I will not repeat the previous conversation, but give the outline of the young man's story.

"The gentleman who prevented my taking off the young lady is uncle to both of us. We are therefore first cousins. Our family name is Wharnccliffe. My father was a major in the army. He died when I was young, and my mother is still alive, and is sister to Lady Auburn. The father and mother of Cecilia are both dead. He went out to India to join his brother, another uncle, of whom I shall speak directly. He has now been dead three years, and out of the four brothers there is only one left, my uncle, with whom Cecilia is living, and whose Christian name is Henry. He was a lawyer by profession, but he purchased a patent place, which he still enjoys. My father, whose name was William, died in very moderate circumstances; but still he left enough for my mother to live upon, and to educate me properly. I was brought up to the law under my uncle Henry, with whom, for some years, I resided. Cecilia's father, whose name was Edward, left nothing; he had ruined himself in England, and had gone out to India at the request of my uncle there, whose name was James, and who had amassed a large fortune. Soon after the death of Cecilia's father, my uncle James came home on furlough, for he held a very high and lucrative situation under the Company. A bachelor from choice, he was still fond of young people; and having but one nephew and one niece to leave his money to, as soon as he arrived with Cecilia, whom he brought with him, he was most anxious to see me. He therefore took up his quarters with my uncle Henry, and remained with him during his sojourn in England; but my uncle James was of a very cold and capricious temper. He liked me best because I was a boy, and one day declared I should be his heir. The next day he would alter his intention, and declare that Cecilia, of whom he was very fond, should inherit every thing. If we affronted him, for at the age of sixteen as a boy, and fourteen as a girl, worldly prospects were little regarded, he would then declare that we should not be a shilling the better for his money. With him, money was every thing; it was his daily theme of conversation, his only passion; and he valued and respected people in proportion to what they were supposed to possess. With these feelings he demanded for himself the greatest deference from Cecilia and me as his expectant heirs. Thus he did not receive; but on the whole he was pleased with us, and after remaining three years in England, he returned to the East Indies. I had heard him mention to my uncle Henry his intention of making his will, and leaving it with

him before he sailed. It was not certain whether it had been done or not. At all events, my uncle Henry took care that I should take the right way; at that time my uncle carried on his profession as a lawyer, and I was worsted in the office. It was not until after my uncle James returned to India that he gave up business, and purchased the patent place, which I mentioned. Cecilia was left with my uncle Henry, and as we lived in the same house, our affections, as we grew up, ripened into love. We used to laugh at the threats of my uncle James, who agreed that whoever might be the fortunate one to whom he left his property, we would go halves, and share it equally.

"In the mean time I still followed up my profession in another house, in which I at present am a partner. Four years after the return of my uncle James to India, news came home of his death; he was also stated that no will could be found, or was supposed that he died intestate. Of course my uncle Henry succeeded as heir-at-law to the property, and thus were the expectations and of Cecilia and of myself dashed to the ground. This was not the worst of it; my uncle, who witnessed our feelings for each other, and had made no comment, as soon as he was in possession of the property, intimated to Cecilia that she should be his heiress, provided that she married according to his wishes; and pointed out to her that a fortune not as she might expect would warrant the alliance of the first gentleman in the kingdom; and he very much insisted that he thought it advisable that I should marry for myself, and not be any longer an inmate in the same house as was my cousin, who good would result from it. Thus, sir, were we not only disappointed in our hopes, but thwarted in our affections, which had for some time been exchanged. Madened at this intimation, I quitted the house; but at the same time the idea of my uncle James having made a will still pressed upon me, as I called to mind what I had heard him say to my uncle Henry previous to his sailing for India. There was a box of deeds and papers, the very box now in your possession, which my uncle invariably kept in his study. I felt convinced that the will, if not destroyed, (and I did not believe my uncle would dare to commit an act of felony,) was in that box. Had I remained in the house, I would have found some means to have opened it; but this was no longer possible. I communicated my suspicions to Cecilia, and begged her to make the attempt, which would be more easy, as my uncle would not suspect her of being bold enough to venture it, even if she had the suspicion. Cecilia promised, and one day my uncle fortunately left his keys upon his dressing-table when he came down to breakfast, and went out without missing them. Cecilia discovered them, and opened the box; and amongst other parchments found a document labelled outside as the will of our uncle James; but women understand little about these things, and she was in such trepidation for fear that my uncle should return, that she could not examine very minutely. As it was, my uncle did return for his keys just as she had locked the box, and placed the keys upon the table. He asked her what she was doing there, and she made an excuse. He saw

on the table, and, whether suspecting her, floured up very much, or afraid that the attempt might be made at my suggestion, he removed and locked it up in a closet, the key of which, he left with his banker in town. When I wrote to me an account of what had passed, I wrote her to find the means of opening the closet, and to gain possession of the box; and this was effected, for the key of another closet locked exactly. I then persuaded her to put herself under my protection, with the determination to marry immediately; and we had so arranged that the tin box was to have accompanied us. I am aware, sir, how unfortunately our plan failed—at least, so far unfortunately, that I lost, not only Cecilia, but the tin box, consequently, I expect, the will of my uncle, of which I am more than ever convinced from the great anxiety by my uncle Henry to recover it. Since then he has been in a state of agitation which has brought him to a shadow. He feels that his only chance is that the waterman employed might have opened the box, expecting to find money in it, and, being disappointed, have destroyed the papers in detection. If such had been the case, and it had been, had it not fallen into such good hands, then would have obtained his only wish, the destruction of the will, although not by me. Now, sir, I have given you a full and true account of the affair, and leave you to decide what to do.

You leave me to decide, I shall do it very well," replied Mr. Turnbull. "A box has fallen into my hands, and I do not know who is the owner. I will open it, take a list of the deeds it contains, and advertise them in the Times and other newspapers. If your dead uncle's will is in it, it will of course be advertised with the others, and, after such a search, your uncle Henry will not venture, I presume, to say a word, but be too glad not to be ex-

Mr. Turnbull ordered a locksmith to be summoned, and the tin box was opened. It contained the document of the uncle's purchase of the patent place in the country, and some other papers, but it also contained a parchment so much looked after—the last testament of James Wharncliffe, Esq., dated some months previous to his quitting England. "I observed Mr. Turnbull, "that in case of my death, it may be as well that this will should be witnessed by three witnesses. You observe, it is witnessed by James Wharncliffe, with two others. Let us take their names."

The will was read by young Wharncliffe, at the house of Mr. Turnbull. Strange to say, the deceased bequeathed the whole of his property to his son, William Wharncliffe, and his niece, Cecilia, if they married; if they did not, they were to receive £10,000 each, and the remainder of the fortune to the first male child born after the marriage of his niece or nephew. To his brother, the sum of £1000 was bequeathed, with a liberal arrangement to be paid out of the estate, as long as he lived with him. The will was read, and read by Mr. Turnbull, who shook hands with Mr. Wharncliffe, and congratulated him.

"I am indebted so much to you, sir, that I can hardly express my gratitude, but I am still more indebted to this intelligent lad, Faithful. You must no longer be a waterman, Faithful," and Mr. Wharncliffe shook my hand. I made no answer to the latter observation, for Mr. Turnbull had fixed his eye upon me. I merely said that I was very happy to have been of use to him.

"You may truly say, Mr. Wharncliffe," observed Mr. Turnbull, "that your future prosperity will be through his means, and, as it appears by the will that you have £25,000 per annum safe in the funds, I think you ought to give a prize wherry, to be rowed for every year."

"And I will take that," replied I, "for a receipt in full for my share in the transaction."

"And now," said Mr. Turnbull, interrupting Mr. Wharncliffe, who was about to answer me, "it appears to me that it may be as well to avoid any exposure—the case is too clear. Call upon your uncle—state in whose hands the documents are—tell him that he must submit to your terms, which are, that he proves the will, and permits the marriage to take place immediately, and that no more will be said on the subject. He, as a lawyer, knows how severely and disgracefully he might be punished for what he has done, and will be too happy now to accede to your terms. In the mean time, I keep possession of the papers, for the will shall never leave my hands, until it is lodged in Doctors' Commons."

Mr. Wharncliffe could not but approve of this judicious arrangement, and we separated; and not to interfere with my narrative, I may as well tell the reader at once, that Mr. Wharncliffe's uncle bowed to the circumstances, pretended to rejoice at the discovery of the will, never mentioned the loss of his tin box, put the hand of Cecilia into that of William, and they were married one month after the meeting at Mr. Turnbull's, which I have now related.

The evening was so far advanced before this council of war was over, that I was obliged to defer the delivery of the cheque to Mr. Drummond until the next day. I left about eleven o'clock and arrived at noon; when I knocked at the door the servant did not know me.

"What did you want?"

"I wanted to speak with Mrs. or Miss Drummond, and my name is Faithful."

He desired me to sit down in the hall, while he went up, "and wipe your shoes, my lad." I cannot say that I was pleased at this command, as I may call it, but he returned, desiring me to walk up, and I followed him.

I found Sarah alone in the drawing-room.

"Jacob, I'm so glad to see you, and I'm sorry that you were made to wait below, but—if people who can be otherwise, will be watermen, it is not our fault. The servants only judge by appearances."

I felt annoyed for a moment, but it was soon over. I sat down by Sarah, and talked with her for some time.

"The present I had to make you was a purse of my own knitting, to put your—earnings in," said she, laughing; and then she held up her finger in mockery, crying, "Boat, sir; boat, sir. Well, Jacob, there's nothing like independence after all, and you must not mind my laughing at you."

"I do not heed it, Sarah," replied I; (but I did mind it very much;) "there is no disgrace."

"None whatever, I grant; but a want of ambition which I cannot understand. However, let us say no more about it."

Mrs. Drummond came into the room, and greeted me kindly. "When can you come and dine with us, Jacob? Will you come on Wednesday?"

"O mamma! he can't come on Wednesday; we have company on that day."

"So we have, my dear, I had forgotten it; but on Thursday we are quite alone: will you come on Thursday, Jacob?"

I hesitated, for I felt that it was because I was a waterman that I was not admitted to the table where I had been accustomed to dine at one time, whoever might be invited.

"Yes, Jacob," said Sarah, coming to me, "it must be Thursday, and you must not deny us; for although we have greater people on Wednesday, the party that day will not be so agreeable to me as your company on Thursday."

The last compliment from Sarah decided me, and I accepted the invitation. Mr. Drummond came in, and I delivered to him Mr. Turnbull's cheque. He was very kind, but said little further than he was glad that I had promised to dine with them on Thursday. The footman came in and announced the carriage at the door, and this was a signal for me to take my leave. Sarah, as she shook hands with me, laughing, asserted that it was not considerate in them to detain me any longer, as I must have lost half a dozen good fares already; "So go down to your boat, pull off your jacket, and make up for lost time," continued she; "one of these days, mamma and I intend to go on the water, just to patronize you." I laughed, and went away, but I was cruelly mortified. I could not be equal to them, because I was a waterman. The sarcasm of Sarah was not lost upon me; still there was so much kindness mixed with it that I could not be angry with her. On the Thursday I went there, as agreed; they were quite alone; friendly and attentive; but still there was a degree of constraint which communicated itself to me. After dinner, Mr. Drummond said very little; there was no renewal of offers to take me into his employ, nor any inquiry as to how I got on in the profession which I had chosen. On the whole, I found myself uncomfortable, and was glad to leave early, nor did I feel at all inclined to renew my visit. I ought to remark, that Mr. Drummond was now moving in a very different sphere than when I first knew him. He was consignee of several large establishments abroad, and was making a rapid fortune. His establishment was also on a very different scale, every department being appointed with luxury and elegance. As I pulled up the river, something within my breast told me that the Domine's prophecy would turn out correct, and that I should one day repent of my having refused the advances of Mr. Drummond—nay, I did not exactly know whether I did not, even at that moment, very much doubt the wisdom of my asserting my independence.

And now, reader, that I may not surfeit you with an uninteresting detail, you must allow more than a year to pass away before I recommence my narra-

tive. The events of that time I shall set up in or two pages. The Domine continued the tenor of his way—blew his nose and belaboured himself with as much effect as ever. I seldom passed a Sunday without paying him a visit and benefiting by his counsel. Mr. Turnbull, always kind and considerate, but gradually declining in health, having never recovered from the effects of his submergence under the ice. Of the Drummonds I saw but little; when we did meet, I was kindly received, but I never volunteered a call, and it was usually from a message through Tom, that I went to pay my respects. Sarah had grown a very beautiful girl, and the well-known fact of Mr. Drummond's wealth, and her being his only daughter, was an introduction to a circle much higher than they had been formerly accustomed to. Every day, therefore, the disparity increased, and I felt less inclined to make my appearance at their house.

Stapleton, as usual, continued to smoke his pipe and descant upon *human nature*. Mary had grown into a splendid woman, but coquettish as ever. Poor Tom Beazeley was fairly entrapped by her charms, and was a constant attendant upon her, but she played him fast and loose—one time encouraging and smiling on him, at another rejecting and flouting him. Still, Tom persevered, for he was fascinated, and having returned me the money advanced for his wherry, he expended all his earnings on dressing himself smartly, and making presents to her. She had completely grown out of any control from me, and appeared to have a pleasure in doing every thing she knew that I disapproved; still, we were on far friendly terms as inmates of the same house.

Old Tom Beazeley's board was up, and he had met with great success; and all day he might be seen hammering at the bottom of boats of every description, and heard at the same time, lightening his labour with his variety of song. I often called there on my way up and down the river, and occasionally passed a few hours, listening to his yarns, which, like his songs, appeared to be inexhaustible.

With respect to myself, it will be more a narrative of feelings than of action. My life glided on as did my wherry—silently and rapidly. One day was but the forerunner of another, with slight variety of incident and customers. My acquaintance, as the reader knows, were but few, and my visits occasional. I again turned to my books during the long summer evenings, in which Mary would walk out, accompanied by Tom, and other admirers. Mr. Turnbull's library was at my service, and I profited much. After a time, reading became almost a passion, and I was seldom without a book in my hand. But although I improved my mind, I did not render myself happier.—On the contrary, I felt more and more that I had committed an act of egregious folly in thus asserting my independence. I felt that I was superior to my station in life, and that I lived with those who were not companions—that I had thrown away, by foolish pride, those prospects of advancement which had offered themselves, and that I was passing my youth unprofitably. All this crowded upon me more and more every day, and I bitterly repented, as the Domine told me that I should, my spirit of independence—now that it was too late. The efforts of Mr.

and were never renewed, and Mr. Turnbull, formed the idea that I was still of the same and who, at the same time, in his afflicted he was a martyr to rheumatism, naturally more of himself and less of others, never proposed that I should quit my employment. I too proud to mention my wishes, and thus continue plying on the river, apathetic almost again, and only happy when, in the pages of or the flowers of poetry, I could dwell upon what were past, or revel in imagination. Thus living, like the snake who is said to contain in a remedy for the poison of its fangs, became, enlarged my mind, a source of discontent at my situation; but at the same time the only in my unhappiness, by diverting my thoughts to the present. Pass, then, nearly two years, taking the above remarks as an outline, and up the picture from the colours of your imagination, with incidents of no peculiar value, and I resume my narrative.

From the Quarterly Review.

of Three Voyages along the Coast of China, 1831, 1832, and 1833; with Notices of Siam, and the Loo-Choo Islands. By Charles Gutzlaff. London: 12mo. 1834.

A little unpretending volume of the honest there is abundance of new and curious material, in the hands of one of our modern travellers would most probably have swollen out into the round and shape of a portly quarto. But Mr. Gutzlaff is as entirely free from the art of amplification or rhetorical, as he is from the ambiguity of writing: avoiding all learned disquisitions and elaborate descriptions, he contents himself with plain and simple statements of facts and occurrences, with brief details of his conversations and intercourse with the people he visited, and among whom he occasionally resided. His extraordinary facility for acquiring not merely a knowledge of the ultra-Gangetic languages, but also of various dialects, enabled him to converse freely with descriptions of persons, from the highest to the lowest ranks: to the former of whom, some proficiency in the healing art gave him a more ready access. Like to those well-intentioned men, who regard it as their paramount duty to abandon their country and their families, as voluntary exiles into foreign lands, to preach the Christian religion to the heathen in the principles and precepts of Christian religion, Gutzlaff never suffered domestic matters to interfere with this duty, which he regarded as the great and primary object of his life; and it appears to have been less scrupulous than his religious brethren in the means he employed to accomplish his ends. The Rev. W. Ellis, in the well-known "Polynesian Researches," tells us, that

Gutzlaff is a native of Stettin, in Prussia. Early in life he gave indications of a spirit of adventure, which was the means of procuring him a situation as interpreter, and patronage, which opened before him the most extensive prospects in his native land; but these

were to him less attractive than the privilege of preaching Christ to the heathen. Before proceeding to his distant field of labour, he visited England, became acquainted with many friends and supporters of missions, and among them Dr. Morrison, then on a visit to his native land, and displayed the most commendable diligence in seeking information likely to be useful in his future labours. The great Head of the Church appears to have endowed him with qualifications peculiarly suited to the important work to which his life is devoted. To a good constitution, and a frame capable of enduring great privations and fatigue, he unites a readiness in the acquisition of languages, a frankness of manner, and a freedom in communicating with the people, a facility in accommodating himself to his circumstances, blending so much of what appeared natural to the Chinese, with what was entirely new, that, while they hailed him in some parts of the coast as 'the child of the Western ocean,' they professed to recognise him as a descendant of one of their countrymen, who had moved with the tide of emigration to some distant settlement."—*Introduction*, pp. lxxxiii., lxxxiv.

Mr. Gutzlaff left Singapore for Siam in the year 1828, and having passed six months there, returned to the former place, where he united himself in marriage with Miss Newell, who had been employed under the London Missionary Society in the superintendence of female schools. This lady appears to have been a second Mrs. Judson, and in all respects suited to be the companion of the joys and toils inseparable from the life of a missionary. In the year 1830, she accompanied him to Siam, where she entered cordially and successfully into all his pleasant pursuits; "studying the languages of the people around them, administering to the sick, translating the Scriptures, and teaching both the rich and poor who came for instruction." But in the course of one short twelvemonth, death removed this amiable woman from the side of her afflicted husband. The great loss he had sustained in the death of his beloved partner, a severe illness, and other circumstances, made him anxious to proceed on an intended voyage along the coast of China.

"The churches (says Mr. Ellis) of Christendom are under lasting obligations to this devoted missionary, for the exertions he has made to enter the empire of China, and to facilitate the more direct and extended communication of the gospel to its inhabitants. The enterprise was perilous in the highest degree; danger, not imaginary, but actual and imminent, threatened; he embarked alone, amidst cold-blooded, treacherous barbarians; he went, emphatically, with his life in his hand, but his aim was noble; his object, in its magnitude and importance, was worthy of the risk; and its results will only be fully realized in eternity. No Christian will read the account of his feelings and views, when entering and pursuing his first voyage, without becoming sensible of the efficacy and the value of the motives which could impel him onward in such a career, and the principles which could support him amidst the trials it imposed."—*Introduction*, p. lxxxvii.

A trade to a considerable extent is carried on in Chinese junks, of about three hundred tons' burden, between the coast of China and Siam, owned chiefly

by Chinese residents at the latter place. In one of these junks, Mr. Gutzlaff took a passage, being the first European, we believe, that ever embarked in such a machine; and the account he gives of the internal management and arrangement of these "ancient craft of the Celestial Empire," is so novel and interesting, that we insert the whole:

"Chinese vessels have generally a captain, who might more properly be styled a supercargo. Whether the owner or not, he has charge of the whole of the cargo, buys and sells as circumstances require; but has no command whatever over the sailing of the ship. This is the business of the *ho-chang*, or pilot. During the whole voyage, to observe the shores and promontories are the principal objects which occupy his attention, day and night. He sits steadily on the side of the ship, and sleeps when standing, just as it suits his convenience. Though he has, nominally, the command over the sailors, yet they obey him only when they find it agreeable to their own wishes; and they scold and brave him, just as if he belonged to their own company. Next to the pilot (or mate) is the *to-kung* (helmsman,) who manages the sailing of the ship; there are a few men under his immediate command. There are, besides, two clerks; one to keep the accounts, and the other to superintend the cargo that is put on board. Also, a comprador, to purchase provisions; and a *heang-kung*, or priest, who attends the idols, and burns, every morning, a certain quantity of incense, and of gold and silver paper. The sailors are divided into two classes; a few, called *tow-muh*, or head men, have charge of the anchor, sails, &c.; and the rest, called *ho-ke*, or comrades, perform the menial work, such as pulling ropes, and heaving the anchor. A cook and some barbers make up the remainder of the crew.

"All these personages, except the second class of sailors, have cabins; long, narrow holes, in which one may stretch oneself; but cannot stand erect. If any person wishes to go as a passenger, he must apply to the *tow-muh*, in order to hire one of their cabins, which they let on such conditions as they please. In fact, the sailors exercise full control over the vessel, and oppose every measure which they think may prove injurious to their own interest; so that even the captain and pilot are frequently obliged, when wearied out with their insolent behaviour, to crave their kind assistance, and to request them to show a better temper.

"The several individuals of the crew form one whole, whose principal object in going to sea is trade, the working of the junk being only a secondary object. Every one is a shareholder, having the liberty of putting a certain quantity of goods on board; with which he trades, wheresoever the vessel may touch, caring very little about how soon she may arrive at the port of destination.

"The common sailors receive from the captain nothing but dry rice, and have to provide for themselves their other fare, which is usually very slender. These sailors are not, usually, men who have been trained up to their occupation; but wretches, who were obliged to flee from their homes; and they frequently engage for a voyage before they have ever been on board a junk. All of them, however stupid,

are commanders; and if any thing of importance to be done, they will bawl out their commands each other, till all is utter confusion. There is subordination, no cleanliness, no mutual regard of interest."—pp. 54–57.

Though the Chinese are in possession of the original compass,—the property of the magnet has been well known to them, as it would appear, before the discovery of it in Europe,—their navigation is still confined to the practice of coasting from one headland to another: they have no sea compass. In contrary winds or stormy weather, their trust is in the goddess of the sea, who is *Ma-tsoo-po*, and with whose image every vessel is furnished. Carefully shut up in a shrine, and before it a lamp perpetually kept burning, cups of tea and other offerings, are daily ministered. The goddess is intrusted to the priest, who never fails to appear before her with his face unwashed. The gross superstitions of the seamen, in which they have been educated, may admit of palliation; but the worthy missionary's account of their immoral character and conduct places them in a most disgusting point of view:

"The Chinese sailors are, generally, from the debased class of people. The major part of them are opium-smokers, gamblers, thieves, and forgers. They will indulge in the drug till all their wages are squandered; they will gamble as long as a farthing remains; they will put off their only debt, and give it to a prostitute. They are poor, and whenever it is possible; and when they have entered a harbour, they have no wish to depart till their money has been wasted, although their families at home be in the utmost want and distress."—p. 61.

Gutzlaff describes his cabin as "a hole only large enough for a person to lie down in, and to rest in a small box." His six fellow-passengers were all gamblers, opium-smokers, and versed in every species of villany. The principal officers of the ship were in a constant state of stupor from inhaling the fumes of opium. It is only surprising that any of these floating machines, considering the ignorance, confusion, and disorder that are said to prevail on board, ever arrive at their place of destination; no wonder that vast numbers of them are wrecked every year. The one in question, however, succeeded in coasting up to the Tartarian gulf of *Leau-tong*, and returned in safety. On reaching *Namoh*, on the coast of Fokien, the following heart-sickening scene was exhibited:

"As soon as we had anchored, numerous females surrounded us, with females on board, some of whom were brought by their parents, husbands, or brothers to address the sailors who remained in the junk, hoping that I had prevailed on them, in some degree, to curb their evil passions. But, alas! no sooner I left the deck, than they threw off all restraint; the disgusting scene which ensued, might well have entitled our vessel to the name of Sodom. The sailors, unmindful of their starving families at home, and distracted, blinded, stupified by sensuality, were ready and willing to give up aught and every thing they possessed, rather than abstain from that crime which entails misery, disease, and death. Having exhausted

l their previous earnings, they become a prey to ~~pleasure~~ remorse and gloomy despair. As their ~~vice~~ partners were opium-smokers and drunkards ~~by~~ custom, it was necessary that strong drink and ~~opium~~ should be provided; and the retailers of these ~~articles~~ were soon present to lend a helping hand. ~~But~~, all these circumstances conspired to nourish ~~the~~, to squander property, and to render the votaries ~~of~~ crime most unhappy."—p. 88.

Mr. Gutzlaff, however, consoles himself, in some ~~measure~~, that, amidst such abominations, the feeble ~~use~~ of exhortation was not entirely disregarded, ~~and~~ that some individuals willingly followed his ~~ad-~~vice; penetrated with a sense of guilt, and covered ~~with~~ shame. His visitors were very numerous; to ~~one~~ he distributed medicines, and to others the word ~~of~~ life. On shore, he observed most of the inhabit- ~~ants~~ in a state of great poverty, and many famishing ~~for~~ want of food, who greedily seized, and were ~~thankful~~ for the smallest quantities of rice. Many, ~~driven~~ urged on by extreme poverty, had no other ~~resource~~ left than to become pirates, with whom the ~~whole~~ coast of China is infested, and who, during ~~the~~ night, frequently rob and plunder the trading ~~ships~~ in the harbour. We could not have imagined ~~that~~ any thing so deplorable could exist in the gene- ~~ral~~ condition of the people in the maritime provinces ~~of~~ this great empire, along such a great extent of ~~coast~~—an empire in which, according to the often ~~quoted~~ eulogy of the Jesuit missionaries, "the hun- ~~dry~~ are fed, the naked clothed, the aged honoured; ~~and~~ wherein all is happiness and harmony, under the ~~best~~ wise and benevolent government on the face of ~~the~~ earth, whose rulers watch over the people com- ~~mitted~~ to their charge with parental solicitude." ~~The~~ authors of the *Encyclopédie des Connoissances* ~~Humaines~~, carried away by the florid and laudatory ~~reports~~ of the Catholic missionaries, persuaded them- ~~selves~~, or wished to persuade the world, that "the ~~Chinese~~, who, by common consent, are superior to all ~~the~~ Asiatic nations in antiquity, in genius, in the ~~progress~~ of the sciences, in wisdom, in govern- ~~ment~~, and in true philosophy, may, moreover, in ~~the~~ opinion of some writers, enter the lists, on all ~~the~~ points, with the most enlightened nations of ~~Europe~~."

~~The~~ sagacious Pauw of Berlin, however, took a ~~very~~ different view of the Chinese character; and ~~the~~ embassy of Lord Macartney stripped it of much ~~of~~ that false glare which had been thrown around ~~the~~ dragon of nations by the Jesuit missionaries at ~~the~~ court of Peking.

~~They~~ tried only by the single test of their conduct ~~and~~ feelings with regard to the softer sex, the Chi- ~~nese~~ on this ground alone, could not be considered ~~in~~ any other light than as barbarians. The higher ~~classes~~ are in the habit of purchasing females, who ~~previously~~ been educated for sale, to serve as ~~concubines~~, and to live under the same roof with ~~legitimate~~ wives; but neither the concubines ~~nor~~ the wives are allowed to sit at the same table ~~with~~, or even to appear in the presence of their lord ~~master~~, either in the company of friends or ~~others~~. Among the lower classes, the females of ~~the~~ most savage nations are not doomed to more de- ~~grading~~ and slavish ~~than~~ are those of the

Chinese. Like the females of savages, they are, moreover, as we have seen, frequently hired out by their fathers and husbands to the seamen of the junks that frequent the ports—so frequently, indeed, that it occurred at almost every place where the vessel that carried Mr. Gutzlaff stopped—one alone excepted—where, he says, "there was not, in the whole place, nor even in the circuit of several English miles, one female to be seen." Being rather surprised at so curious a circumstance, he learned, on inquiry, "that the whole female population had been removed by the civil authorities, with a view to prevent debauchery among the many sailors who annually visited this port." Its name is Kin-chow, in the gulf of Leau-tong, on the coast of Mantchou Tartary.

The Chinese have long been accused of carrying the horrid practice of infanticide to a frightful extent. "At the beach of Amoy," says Gutzlaff, "we were shocked at the spectacle of a pretty new-born babe, which shortly before had been killed. We asked some of the bystanders what this meant; they answered, with indifference, 'It is only a girl.'" He says—

"It is a general custom among them to drown a large proportion of the new-born female children. This unnatural crime is so common among them, that it is perpetrated without any feeling, and even in a laughing mood; and to ask a man of any distinction whether he has daughters, is a mark of great rudeness. Neither the government nor the moral sayings of their sages have put a stop to this nefarious custom."—p. 174.

Mr. Ellis speaks of a Chinese philosopher, who, in writing on the subject of education, and alluding to the ignorance of their women, and the consequent unamiableness of wives, exhorts husbands not to desist from instructing them; for, says he, with a *naïveté* that marks the estimation in which ~~he~~ at least held the intellectual character of the sex, "even monkeys may be taught to play antics—dogs may be taught to tread a mill—rats may be taught to run round a cylinder—and parrots may be taught to recite verses. Since, then, it is manifest that even birds and beasts may be taught to understand human affairs, how much more so may young wives, who, after all, are human beings."

What a concession from a Chinese philosopher! It would seem, however, that there are places in China where the ladies are determined to exercise a freedom of action even beyond the usual privileges of the sex in more enlightened nations. At Ke-shan-so, a port in the province of Shan-tung, Mr. Gutzlaff tells us, "the people seemed fond of horsemanship: and while we were here, the ladies had horse-races, in which they greatly excelled." This is so novel and so refreshing a feature in the female condition generally of China, that we could not forbear wishing the worthy missionary had been less costive in his narrative of so unusual a practice, and entered into some little detail of this branch of female art, such as the mode of training, riding, betting, and other important matters connected with the female turf-club of China.

There are, however, among the lower order of Chinese some redeeming qualities. From a country so overflowing in population, where thousands annu-

ally perish for want, emigration takes place, to a great extent, to the several islands of the Indian Archipelago, to Siam, Malacca, Prince of Wales's Island, and Singapore. The affection of these poor people for their homes and their kindred is as strong as that of the Swiss: neither time nor distance can withdraw their attention from the beloved objects they left behind in their native land. A part of their hard earnings is carefully hoarded, and annually remitted to their kindred left behind. If an emigrant can send but a dollar he will do so, and will fast in order to save it. Every letter he writes must be accompanied by some token, however trifling. These favourable traits are particularly dwelt upon by Mr. Gutzlaff.

On the banks of the river Pei-ho, which leads to the neighbourhood of the capital, Mr. Gutzlaff's attention was drawn to the miserable condition of the trackers of the barges, which is described to be just the same as that in which they were found by the embassies of Lords Macartney and Amherst—ragged, half-naked, and half-famished. "They were very thinly clothed, and seemed to be in great want; some dry rice that was given to them they devoured with inexpressible delight." The houses, whether of the rich or the poor, along the banks of this river, are built of mud: those of the latter are miserable hovels of one apartment, most commonly having no other door but a screen of matting. "I had much conversation," says Gutzlaff, "with these people, who seemed to be rude, but hardy; poor, but cheerful; and lively, but quarrelsome. The number of these wretched beings is very great; and many, it is said, perish annually by the cold of winter." Yet it is under 40° of latitude.

The vessel proceeded up the river as high as Tien-sing, near to which are noticed those large and innumerable *stacks of salt*—an accumulation sufficient to supply the whole empire. While here, our missionary says he had thoughts of proceeding to Peking; and why he did not afterwards at least attempt this is not clearly stated. A visit to the capital of the Chinese empire, he tells us, was an object of no little solicitude; but he seems to be in doubt how this visit might be viewed by the Chinese government. Hitherto, he says, they had taken no notice of him, but it was expected the local authorities would now interfere. "Almost friendless, with small pecuniary resources, without any personal knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, I was forced to prepare for the worst." We soon find him, however, in the Gulf of Petchellee, on the frontiers of Tartary, distributing his tracts and his medicines among the natives, who appear to have been more kind and civilized than in the lower parts of the coast.

On the night of the 9th of November, the wind changed to the north-west, and in a few hours the rivers and creeks were frozen up. The sailors consoled themselves with fighting quails, and smoking opium day and night. At length they bent their course to the southward, and in about three weeks arrived in safety at Canton. The long personal inconveniences and perils, the poverty and scantiness of food, consisting almost entirely of rice and salted vegetables, endured by this honest missionary, and his determined perseverance to spread the Scriptures

among this heathen people, are the strongest test of his sincerity; "it has long been," he tells us "the firm conviction of his heart, that, in these latter days, the glory of the Lord will be revealed to China."

The second voyage of Mr. Gutzlaff was in the ship Amherst, with Mr. Lindsay, some account of which we gave in a former Number,—on "The Free Trade with China." The first voyage brought him chiefly among the lower class of Chinese and Chinese seamen; but the second introduced him more largely into the society of mandarins and merchants. Among the latter there was a strong disposition to encourage commercial intercourse with strangers; while the former used every means, open and concealed, to prevent it, and were generally successful. This aversion, however, did not proceed from any dislike to foreigners, but from the fear of loss of office, or other punishment, should any complaint reach the court of Peking; a circumstance which actually occurred, and the consequence was degradation and loss of place in two or three instances, where the officers did not succeed in "driving away the barbarian ship." Those persons hold their offices, their fortunes, and even their lives, at the mercy of their superiors; and the consequence is, that their whole conduct is but too generally a tissue of falsehood, hypocrisy, and duplicity. Every step they take is marked by timidity and indecision; and, in their negotiations with strangers, they frequently entangle themselves in the most ludicrous embarrassments. Often did Gutzlaff make them ashamed of their conduct, by quoting against themselves the maxims of Confucius and the ancients, which they affect to observe as their rule of conduct, though at the same time acting in direct violation of them. Mr. Lindsay bears testimony to the extraordinary power over the minds of the Chinese, of all ranks, which our author obtained by his thorough acquaintance with the ancient classics, and the copious knowledge which he possessed of the Chinese language. On many occasions, he says, when Mr. Gutzlaff has been surrounded by hundreds of eager listeners, he has been interrupted by loud expressions of the pleasure with which they listened to "his pithy, and indeed elegant language."

At every port the Amherst touched at, along the whole of the eastern coast, tracts, of various kinds in the Chinese language, were eagerly sought after and these were not confined solely to religious subjects, but others on history, geography, and morality containing both instruction and amusement, were copiously diffused. But that which most attracted their attention was a pamphlet, written by the late Mr. Marjoribanks, and translated by Dr. Morrison "Upon the English Nation;" a copy of which is said to have reached the emperor, and to have been carefully perused by him. "Scarcely any means," says Mr. Gutzlaff, "adopted to promote a friendly intercourse, proved so effectual as the circulation of this paper." "Often," he adds, "when I came upon deck, all hands were stretched out to receive it; a scuffle would ensue, and loud complaints were vented by those whose wishes were not satisfied." Mr. Gutzlaff would seem to have provided himself with little treatises on most subjects. At one place he

number of persons in a temple, engaged in "I presented them," he says, "with a troubling, when they started up, astonished expected and unwelcome gift."

Gutzlaff observes how difficult it is to ascertain in what manner this populous empire, of such an extent, can be kept together; but is convinced it can by no means be ascribed to the theoretical laws of the Celestial Empire.

Mr. Pauw tells us, which is partly true, that it is governed by the whip and the bamboo. Not only by a graduated and mitigated system of punishment, accompanied frequently with oppression, but that order is preserved among the mass of human beings congregated on any one spot in any portion of the earth's surface. The emperor tyrannizes over his ministers, his ministers over the governors of provinces, and these over a series of subordinate officers—each acting with an efficient degree of arrogance in his own sphere, and yet all is considered—even personal service—to emanate from a paternal solicitude for the welfare of those committed to their care. But this system could never have held together for any length of time, had not the subjects, of all degrees, been carefully debarred from all intercourse with foreigners, from all knowledge of science, of the literature, or the institutions of other nations. Of all such knowledge they are ignorant. As a time, most innocent; and it was the desire to prevent such a contamination that caused so much trouble to prevail on Lindsay and Gutzlaff to leave their ports.

Mr. Gutzlaff pursued to get rid of the Amherst was in different places—sometimes by offers of provisions, sometimes by putting on a bluff, frequently by coaxing, and now and then by a display of soldiers of the most miserable kind, some of whom, the missionary observes, had the word *valour* written on their backs. On one occasion they were visited by naval officers, who said, that if they failed in their mission, the ship away, they were to be degraded; and when they were in earnest, they unscrewed the buttons on their caps, offering them to the party, no longer of use to themselves; they said they were all implicated, up to the governor and the emperor-in-chief, who were in great tribulation at the delay so long. "One of the mandarins wept, but the tears fell very sparingly; and, in short, this intended tragedy more resembled a farce than any thing else."

On the promontory of Shan-tung, the Amherst proceeded over to the coast of Corea, which is studded with a multitude of islands, that the sovereign styles himself the 'King of Ten Thousand Islands.' The country is thinly inhabited, the land uncultivated, and the people miserably poor. The ten characters are Chinese—their timidity is Chinese—their system of government is Chinese—their religion, such as it is, also Chinese. They are supposed to be independent both of Japan and China, though they do pay a sort of tribute to China; they, however, said to the visitors, in order to rid of them—"Our kingdom is a dependent kingdom; we can do nothing without the im-

perial decree—this is our law. Hitherto we have had no intercourse with foreigners; how could we venture to commence it now?" They have but a few vessels, which are either employed in fishing, or in carrying on a trifling commerce with China, Japan, and Mantchou Tartary.

Leaving the coast of Corea, the Amherst proceeded to the Loo-Choo Islands, and came to an anchor in Napakiang Bay, in the harbour of which were several Japanese vessels. The mandarins spoke the Chinese language fluently; and they were as friendly and courteous as Captain Basil Hall found them—but crafty, deceitful, and lying—which that clever person did not discover them to be; though the late Sir Murray Maxwell, as appears by his Journal, did. The honest missionary says, "They were generally so very complimentary, and so excessive in their professions of friendship, that we were at a loss how to answer all their polite observations." Neither are they such simple, innocent, and inoffensive beings as to be utterly ignorant of the use of money and of arms—a piece of intelligence that utterly confounded two great men, the one a financier, and the other a general. "No money!" exclaimed Vansittart—"No arms!" whispered Buonaparte.

Their corporal punishments, too, are said to be as severe as those of Corea, which exceed even the example of China; and their jealousy of foreigners is fully equal to that of either. The Amherst's people were most politely treated, and closely watched, to prevent their holding communication, as far as could be done, with the natives. Mr. Gutzlaff had plenty of applications for his physic, but he could only distribute his little books by stealth. On the whole, he says, "with all their deceit, we will freely acknowledge that they are the most friendly and hospitable people which we have met during all our voyage."

About a twelvemonth after the return of the Amherst, another vessel, called the Sylph, well manned and armed, set out from Macao on a smuggling and free-trade expedition along the eastern coast of China, as far up as the Gulf of Leau-tung; and Mr. Gutzlaff, true to his predetermined purpose, "rather to perish in the attempt of carrying the Gospel to China, than to wait quietly on the frontiers," embarked in her on his third voyage to circulate among the heathen the "book of life." He found, that at every place where the Amherst had been, a great change had been effected in the conduct of the mandarins: they were less officious, apparently less frightened, and more indifferent—so that the intercourse of the visitors with the people now met with little interruption. The return of Mr. Gutzlaff was hailed with joy by all his old acquaintances, and he circulated tracts and physic to his heart's content. Furious gales and a tremendous sea drove the little vessel along the coast. "Only one Lascar was swept away; we heard his dying groan, but could lend no assistance. It was a dark, dismal night; we were thoroughly drenched with water; horror hovered around us. Many a wave swept over our deck, but those which dashed against our poop were really terrible."

On the 15th November they entered the Gulf of Leau-tung, and encountered a large fleet of junks, laden with Mantchou produce. The people, who were frank and open-hearted, advised them not to

proceed farther to the northward, as they would soon meet with ice. The Mantchou people on shore were civil and intelligent; they appeared less idolatrous than the Chinese; but there was one temple dedicated to the Queen of Heaven, of which we are artlessly told that "a few *blind* men were the *overseers*." This puts us in mind of poor little Holman, the *blind* traveller, being sent out of Russia as a *spy*. They proceeded to the Bay of Kinchow, into which the great wall descends, and grounded on a sand-bank. Their situation is described (in a manuscript journal kept by a son of Captain Jauncey, of the Navy) as horrible; a fierce northerly wind from the ice-fields of Kamtschatka blew down the bay; the depth of water decreased; the ship fell over on her beam-ends; the cold was so piercing that the Lascars were useless and helpless, and their lamentable cries were truly distressing; every spray of the sea froze into a sheet of ice. The land was twenty miles distant, but a party volunteered to go in the boat to seek assistance at the town of Kai-chow, among whom were thirteen helpless Lascars. When arrived within three miles of the shore, the boat grounded in two-and-a-half feet water, and it was some time before they got her off. "Entirely covered with ice, we arrived," says Gutzlaff, "at a headland, and were received most humanely by some fishermen and a priest, but found no mercy among the mandarins." All the hills were covered with snow; the Lascars were not able to walk, and it was found necessary to bathe their feet with rum to prevent them from being frost-bitten. A poor Mantchou fisherman carried them into his hut, and placed the Lascars in beds spread on a bench of brick-work, with fires underneath to warm them. One of these poor seamen died, and others went into fits.

The city of Kai-chow was ten miles off, whither Gutzlaff and a party went on foot, to claim assistance from the mandarins to get the ship afloat; but these unfeeling animals would neither give any themselves nor suffer others to do so: a strong southerly wind, however, set into the gulf, and the water rose to such a height that she floated off. The conduct of the people in general, both on the coast and in the interior, made ample amends for the brutality of the mandarins. "In their habits and behaviour," says Gutzlaff, "they appeared very much like our peasantry; some of their farms were in excellent order, and plenty reigns everywhere." Seeing a large building on a hill, Gutzlaff and his party made towards it. It proved to be a temple of Budha. The *Padré* (a true father Paul,) with about a dozen priests, came out and addressed them in a gruff and inhospitable strain, but Gutzlaff reminded them of the precepts of Confucius concerning benevolence and hospitality, and, having made them acquainted with their true situation, they now became all civility; the *padré* invited them in; a sumptuous dinner was served up, consisting of thirty or forty different dishes; among the delicacies were *biche-da-mar* and bird-nests' soups—such is the luxurious way in which mendicant monks and friars would seem to indulge in whatever part of the world they may be rooted.

Arrived at Kai-chow, the party was received by the mandarins, not merely with coolness, but great insolence; and though they were ultimately prevail-

ed on to promise assistance, they secretly did every thing that was unfriendly. The ship, however, as Mr. Gutzlaff informs us, "got off by the interposition of God, who had ordered the south wind to blow, thus driving up more water upon the bank." Too happy to avail themselves of the fortunate release, they forthwith stood to the southward.

The description of the island of Poo-to, one of the Chusan group, is so curious, and furnishes so strong an instance of the great extent to which the impostors of Buddhism are still enabled to practise on the credulity of the public, that we shall close our brief account of these voyages with a short notice of it. The visitors, passing among large rocks covered with inscriptions, and among numerous temples, came suddenly on one of the latter, of an immense size, covered with yellow tiles. It was filled within with "all the tinsel of idolatry," together with various specimens of Chinese art, and many gigantic statues of Budha:—

"These colossal images were made of clay, and tolerably well gilt. There were great drums and large bells in the temple. We were present at the vespers of the priests, which they chanted in the Pali language, not unlike the Latin service of the Roman church. They held their rosaries in their hands, which rested folded upon their breasts; one of them had a small bell, by the tinkling of which their service was regulated; and they occasionally beat the drum and large bell to rouse Budha to attend to their prayers. The same words were a hundred times repeated."—pp. 441, 442.

Mr. Gutzlaff says there are two large and sixty small temples, on a spot not exceeding twelve square miles, which is the area of the island, and on which two thousand priests were residing; that no females are allowed to live on the island, nor any laymen, except those in the service of the priests; but he observed a number of young fine-looking children, who had been purchased for the purpose of being initiated in the mysteries of Buddhism. This numerous train of idlers have lands assigned for their support, and make up the rest by begging:—

"To every person who visits this island, it appears at first like a fairy land, so romantic is every thing which meets the eye. Those large inscriptions hewn in solid granite, the many temples which appear in every direction, the highly picturesque scenery itself, with its many-peaked, riven, and detached rocks, and above all a stately mausoleum, the largest which I have ever seen, containing the bones and ashes of thousands of priests, quite bewilder the imagination."—p. 444.

We cordially wish every success to the praiseworthy labours of this pious missionary, and that his most sanguine expectations may be realized. He should recollect, however, should disappointment cross his path and damp his ardour, that, although it is now three hundred years since the Catholic missionaries of the different orders entered China, with the view of making proselytes to the tenets of their respective creeds, there probably is not, at this hour, throughout the whole of that extensive empire, a single native Chinese—with the exception of some ten or a dozen educated at the Propaganda of Naples—that has the least knowledge of the Christian re-

r of the language, the civil institutions, or al condition, of any one nation of Europe: so ve their continued labours succeeded. His iver, of circulating not religious works t others calculated to excite and gratify eu n more worldly topics, appears to us a great ment on the system of his Romish predecess d this may pave the way for better things.

From the Quarterly Review.

with Sketches of Spain and Portugal. In a of Letters written during a Residence in Countries. By William Beckford, Esq., Au- f "Vathek." London, 2 vols. 8vo. 1834.

known, it is said, appeared as an author at age of eighteen; but the "Biographical of Extraordinary Painters" would have ex- siderable attention, under whatever circum- they might have been given to the world. s a series of sharp and brilliant satires on the d Flemish schools—the language polished ted—the sarcasm at once deep and delicate rance in which the buoyancy of juvenile sts off the results of already extensive ob- , and the judgments of a refined (though stidious and exclusive) taste. These "Me- ere reprinted about ten years ago, but are believe, very little known. The tale of athek, however, which was originally writ- ewrk, and published before the author had twentieth year, has, for more than half a continued in possession of all the celebrity at once commanded.

correctness of costume," says Lord Byron, of description, and power of imagination, it was all European imitations; and bears rs of originality, that those who have visit- d will find some difficulty in believing it to tion. As an Eastern tale, even "Rasselas" before it: his "Happy Valley" will not parison with the "Hall of Eblia."—*Life s*, vol. viii. p. 25.

is, indeed, without reference to the time of the author penned it, a very remarkable e; but, like most of the works of the who has thus eloquently praised it, it is h some poison spots—its inspiration is too s might have been inhaled in the "Hall We do not allude so much to its audacious s, as to the diabolical levity of its con- nkind. The boy-author appears already ed all the bloom off his heart; and, in his dazzling genius, one trembles to ripling of years so tender should have ol cynicism of a *Candide*. How dif- fect of that Eastern tale of our own d Byron ought not to have forgotten d *Thalaba* realize the ideal demanded ad, of "fulness of erudition, simpli- and purity of manners." But the ed by the purity of that delicious

creation, more than attracted by the erudition which he must have respected, and the diction which he could not but admire:—

"The low sweet voice so musical,
That with such deep and undefined delight
Fills the surrender'd soul."

It has long been known that Mr. Beckford prepar- ed, shortly after the publication of his "Vathek," some other tales in the same vein—the histories, it is supposed, of the princes in his "Hall of Eblia." A rumour had also prevailed, that the author drew up early in life some account of his travels in various parts of the world; nay, that he had printed a few copies of this account, and that its private perusal had been eminently serviceable to more than one of the most popular poets of the present age. But these were only vague reports; and Mr. Beckford, after achieving, on the verge of manhood, a literary reputa- tion, which, however brilliant, could not satisfy the natural ambition of such an intellect—seemed, for more than fifty years, to have wholly withdrawn him- self from the only field of his permanent distinction. The world heard enough of his gorgeous palace at Cintra (described in "Childe Harold,") afterwards of the unsubstantial pageant of his splendour at Fonthill, and latterly of his architectural caprices at Bath. But his literary name seemed to have belonged to another age; and perhaps, in this point of view, it may not have been unnatural for Lord Byron, when comparing "Vathek" with other Eastern tales, to think rather of "Zadig" and "Rasselas," than

"Of Thalaba—the wild and wondrous song."

The preface to the present volumes informs us that they include a reprint of the book of travels, of which a small private edition passed through the press forty years ago, and of the existence of which—though many of our readers must have heard some hints—few could have had any knowledge. Mr. Beckford has at length been induced to publish his letters, in order to vindicate his own original claim to certain thoughts, images, and expressions, which had been adopted by other authors whom he had from time to time received beneath his roof, and indulged with a perusal of his secret lucubrations. The mere fact that such a work has lain for near half a century, printed but unpublished, would be enough to stamp the author's personal character as not less extraor- dinary than his genius. It is, indeed, sufficiently ob- vious that Mr. Rogers had read it before he wrote his "Italy,"—a poem, however, which possesses so many exquisite beauties entirely its own, that it may easily afford to drop the honour of some, perhaps unconsciously, appropriated ones; and we are also satis- fied that this book had passed through Mr. Moore's hands before he gave us his light and graceful "Rhymes on the Road," though the traces of his imitation are rarer than those which must strike every one who is familiar with the "Italy." We are not so sure as to Lord Byron; but, although we have not been able to lay our finger on any one passage in which he has evidently followed Mr. Beckford's vein, it will certainly rather surprise us should it hereafter be made manifest that he had not seen, or at least heard an account of, this performance, before he con- ceived the general plan of his "Childe Harold." Ma-

Beckford's book is entirely unlike any book of travels in prose that exists in any European language; and if we could fancy Lord Byron to have written the "Harold" in the measure of "Don Juan," and to have availed himself of the facilities which the *ottava rima* affords for intermingling high poetry with merriment of all sorts, and especially with sarcastic sketches of living manners, we believe the result would have been a work more nearly akin to that now before us than any other in the library.

Mr. Beckford, like "Harold," passes through various regions of the world, and disdaining to follow the guide-book, presents his reader with a series of detached, or very slenderly connected, sketches of the scenes that had made the deepest impression on himself. He when it suits him, puts the passage of the Alps into a parenthesis. On one occasion, he really treats Rome as if it had been nothing more than a post-station on the road from Florence to Naples; but again, if the scenery or the people strike his fancy, he has a royal reluctance to move on, as his own hero showed when his eye glanced on the "grands caractères rouges, tracés par la main de Carathis?" "Qui me donnera des loix?—s'écria le Caliphe."

"England's wealthiest son" performs his travels, of course, in a style of great external splendour.

"Conspicuus longe cunctisque notabilis intrat—"

courts and palaces, as well as convents and churches' and galleries of all sorts, fly open at his approach: he is caressed in every capital—he is *fêté* in every chateau. But though he appears amidst such accompaniments with all the airiness of a Juan, he has a thread of the blackest of Harold in his texture; and every now and then seems willing to draw a veil between him and the world of vanities. He is a poet, and a great one too, though we know not that he ever wrote a line of verse. His rapture amidst the sublime scenery of mountains and forests—in the Tyrol especially, and in Spain—is that of a spirit cast originally in one of nature's finest moulds; and he fixed it in language which can scarcely be praised beyond its deserts—simple, massive, nervous, apparently little laboured, yet revealing, in its effect, the perfection of art. Some immortal passages in Gray's letters and Byron's diaries, are the only things, in our tongue, that seem to us to come near the profound melancholy, blended with a picturesque of description at once true and startling, of many of these extraordinary pages. Nor is his sense for the *highest* beauties of art less exquisite. He seems to us to describe classical architecture, and the pictures of the great Italian schools, with a most passionate feeling of the grand, and with an inimitable grace of expression. On the other hand, he betrays, in a thousand places, a settled voluptuousness of temperament, and a capricious recklessness of self-indulgence, which will lead the world to identify him henceforth with his Vathek, as inextricably as it has long since connected Harold with the poet that drew him; and then, that there may be no limit to the inconsistencies of such a strange genius, this spirit, at once so capable of the noblest enthusiasm, and so dashed with the gloom of over-pampered luxury, can stoop to chairs and china, *ever and anon*, with the zeal of an auctioneer—revel

in the design of a clock or a candlestick, and be as ecstatic about a fiddler or a soprano as the fools in Hogarth's concert. On such occasions he reminds us, and will, we think, remind every one, of the Lord of Strawberry-hill. But even here all we have is on a grander scale. The oriental prodigality of his magnificence shines out even about trifles. He buys a library where the other would have cheapened a missal. He is at least a male Horace Walpole; as superior to the "silken Baron," as Fonthill, with its York-like tower embosomed among hoary forests, was to that silly band-box which may still be admired on the road to Twickenham.

One great charm of this book is in the date of its delineation. We have of late been surfeited with sketches of things as they are: here all is of the past; and what an impression is left of the magnitude of those changes that have, within the memory of one still vigorous mind, swept over the whole existence of the European nations. Mr. Beckford's first letters are dated at Ghent and Antwerp, in June, 1780—the week after Lord George Gordon's riots. The Netherlands are still the Austrian Netherlands—the prince-bishopricks of the Rhine are still in their entire pomp and dignity of ceremonial sway—Venice is still a republic—no voice of reform has disturbed the "purple" abbots of Spain and Portugal—in France, the pit has indeed been dug, but it is covered with flowers; and as this voluptuous stranger roves from court to court, all he sees about him is the uncalculating magnificence of undoubting security.

We have no discussions of any consequence in these volumes: even the ultra-aristocratical opinions and feelings of the author—who is, we presume, a Whig—are rather hinted than avowed. From a thousand passing sneers, we may doubt whether he has any religion at all; but still he *may* be only thinking of the outward and visible absurdities of popery—therefore we have hardly a pretext for treating these things seriously. In short, this is meant to be, as he says in his preface, nothing but "a book of light reading;" and though no one can read it without having many grave enough feelings roused and agitated within him, there are really no passages to provoke or justify any detailed criticism either as to morals or politics. We shall, therefore, find little more to do on this occasion, than to exemplify the justice of the praises which we have been bestowing on the author's descriptive powers, by a few extracts; and we shall endeavour to be as miscellaneous as possible in the character of our selections.

We begin with a specimen of our traveller's lightest manner: here is his account of a Sunday evening at the court of the Elector of Bavaria—July the 23d, 1780. Nothing can be more lively than it is; and the latter part of the scene is to this hour as perfectly *German* as any thing in Sir Francis Head's "Bubbles:"—

"We were driven in the evening to Nymphenburg, the Elector's country palace, the *bosquets*, *jet d'eau*, and *parterres* of which are the pride of the Bavarians. The principal platform is all of a glitter with gilded Cupids, and shining serpents spouting at every pore; beds of poppies, holyhocks, scarlet lychnis, and other flame-coloured flowers bordered the edge of the walks, which extended till the perspective appears to

and swarmed with ladies and gentlemen in party-
l raiment. The Queen of Golconda's gar-
a French opera, are scarcely more gaudy
ficial. Unluckily, too, the evening was fine,
sun so powerful, that we were half-roasted
e could cross the great avenue and enter the
which barely concealed a very splendid her-

ongst the ladies was Madame la Comtesse, I
who, a production of the venerable Haslang,
r daughter, Madame de Baumgarten, who has
our of leading the Elector in her chains.
goddesses, stepping into a car, vulgarly called
e, the mortals followed, and explored alley
ley, and pavilion after pavilion. Then, hav-
wed Pagodenburg, which is, as they told me,
nese, and Marienburg, which is most assuredly
sel, we paraded by a variety of fountains in
virt; and though (they certainly did their best,
any were set agoing on purpose,) I cannot say
ly admired them.

he ladies were very gaily attired; and the gen-
t, as smart as swords, bags, and pretty clothes
make them, looked exactly like the fine peo-
sees represented on Dresden porcelain. Thus
pt walking genteelly about the orangery till
riage drew up and conveyed us to Mr. Tre-

Immediately after supper, we drove once
ut of town, to a garden and tea-room, where
rees and ages dance jovially together till
g. Whilst one party wheel briskly away in
ltz, another amuse themselves in a corner with
eat and Rhenish. That despatched, out they
amongst the dancers, with an impetuosity and
as I little expected to have found in Bavaria.
urning round and round with a rapidity that is
astounding to an English dancer, the music
s to a slower movement, and then follows a
ion of zigzag minuets, performed by old and
straight and crooked, noble and plebeian, all
e, from one end of the room to the other.
-candles, snuffing and stinking; dishes chang-
the risk of showering down upon you their
contents; heads scratching; and all sorts of
ances going forward at the same moment;
tes, oboes, and bassoons snorting, grunting,
ining with peculiar emphasis—now fast, now
st as variety commands, who seems to rule
emonial of this motley assembly, where every
ion of rank and privilege is totally forgotten.
week—on Sundays, that is to say, the rooms
n, and Monday is generally far advanced be-
y are deserted. If good-humour and coarse
ent are all that people desire, here they are
und in perfection."

contrast, take this rapid glimpse among the
forests; it comes but a few pages after, for on
sent occasion the author made but a short stay
nany; his anxiety was all for Italy.

ere seemed no end to these forests, except
little irregular spots of herbage, fed by cattle,
ned. Whenever we gained an eminence, it
ly to discover more ranges of dark wood, va-
d with meadows and glittering streams. White
and a profusion of sweet-scented flowers,
their banks; above waves the mountain ash,

XXV.—No. 147.

glowing with scarlet berries; and we placing them-
and rocks, and mountains, piled upon e. gathered in
and fringed with fir to their topmost accirving
Perhaps the Norwegian forests alone equal these in
grandeur and extent. Those which cover the Swiss
highlands rarely convey such vast ideas. There the
woods climb only half-way up their ascents, which
then are circumscribed by snows; here no bounda-
ries are set to their progress; and the mountains,
from their basis to their summits, display rich, unbroke-
n masses of vegetation.

"As we were surveying this prospect, a thick
cloud, fraught with thunder, obscured the horizon,
whilst flashes of lightning startled our horses, whose
snorts and stampings resounded through the woods.
The impending tempest gave additional gloom to the
firs, and we travelled several miles almost in total
darkness. One moment the clouds began to fleet,
and a faint gleam promised serener intervals; but
the next, all was blackness and terror; presently, a
deluge of rain poured down upon the valley, and in
a short time, the torrents beginning to swell, raged
with such violence as to be forded with difficulty.
'Twilight drew on just as we had passed the most
terrible; then ascending a mountain, whose pines
and birches rustled with the storm, we saw a little
lake below. A deep azure haze veiled its eastern
shore, and lowering vapours concealed the cliffs to
the south; but over its western extremities hung a
few transparent clouds; the rays of a struggling sun-
set streamed on the surface of the waters, tinging
the brow of a green promontory with tender pink.
I could not help fixing myself on the banks of the
lake for several minutes, till this apparition faded
away."

The first opening of Italy is given with equal
spirit; but we can afford only one or two paragraphs
of a truly splendid chapter.

"The pass is rocky and tremendous, guarded by
the fortress of Covalo, in possession of the Empress
Queen, and only fit, one should think, to be inhabited
by her eagles. There is no attaining this exalted
hold but by the means of a cord, let down many
fathoms by the soldiers, who live in dens and caverns,
which serve also as arsenals and magazines for pow-
der; whose mysteries I declined prying into, their
approach being a little too aërial for my earthly
frame. A black vapour, tinging their entrance, com-
pleted the romance of the prospect, which I never
shall forget.

"For two or three leagues it continued much in
the same style; cliffs nearly perpendicular on both
sides, and the Brenta foaming and thundering below.
Beyond, the rocks began to be mantled with vines
and gardens. Here and there a cottage, shaded with
mulberries, made its appearance; and we often dis-
covered on the banks of the river, ranges of white
buildings with courts and awnings, beneath which,
numbers of women and children were employed in
manufacturing silk. As we advanced, the stream
gradually widened, and the rocks receded; woods
were more frequent, and cottages thicker strown.
About five in the evening, we left the country of
crags and precipices, of mists and cataracts, and
were entering the fertile territory of the Bossanese.
it was now I beheld groves of olives, and vines clus-

tering the summits of the tallest elms; pomegranates in every garden, and vases of citron and orange before almost every door. The softness and transparency of the air soon told me I was arrived in happier climates; and I felt sensations of joy and novelty run through my veins, upon beholding this smiling land of groves and verdure stretched out before me. A few glowing vapours, I can hardly call them clouds, rested upon the extremities of the landscape, and through their medium the sun cast an oblique and dewy ray. Peasants were returning home from the cultivated hillocks and cornfields, singing as they went, and calling to each other over the fields; whilst the women were milking goats before the wickets of the cottage, and preparing their country fare."

The whole journey from hence to Venice is painted with the same easy lightness of colouring: but we must hurry at once to "the glorious city in the sea," and extract the author's description of the view which presented itself to him when fairly established in a hotel on the Great Canal.

"The rooms of our hotel are spacious and cheerful; a lofty hall, or rather gallery, painted with grotesque in a very good style, perfectly clean, floored with a marble stucco, divides the house, and admits a refreshing current of air. Several windows, near the ceiling, look into this vast apartment, which serves in lieu of a court, and is rendered perfectly luminous by a glazed arcade, thrown open to catch the breezes. Through it I passed to a balcony, which impends over the canal, and is twined round with plants, forming a green festoon, springing from two large vases of orange trees, placed at each end. Here I established myself to enjoy the cool, and observe, as well as the dusk would permit, the variety of figures shooting by in their gondolas. As night approached, innumerable tapers glimmered through the awnings before the windows. Every boat had its lantern, and the gondolas, moving rapidly along, were followed by tracks of light, which gleamed and played upon the waters. I was gazing at these dancing fires, when the sounds of music were wafted along the canals, and as they grew louder and louder, an illuminated barge, filled with musicians, issued from the Rialto, and stopping under one of the palaces, began a serenade, which stilled every clamour and suspended all conversation in the galleries and porticoes till, rowing slowly away, it was heard no more. The gondoliers, catching the air, imitated its cadences, and were answered by others at a distance, whose voices, echoed by the arch of the bridge, acquired a plaintive and interesting tone. I retired to rest, full of the sound, and long after I was asleep the melody seemed to vibrate in my ear."

In all great cities the market-place, in the early morning, is a scene of lively attraction; but the market on the great canal of Venice is the most picturesque of them all. This is the author's first morning in Venice:

"It was not five o'clock before I was aroused by a loud din of voices and splashing of water under my balcony. Looking out, I beheld the grand canal so entirely covered with fruits and vegetables, on rafts and in barges, that I could scarcely distinguish a

wave. Loads of grapes, peaches, and melons arrived and disappeared in an instant, for every vessel was in motion; and the crowds of purchasers, hurrying from boat to boat, formed a very lively picture. Amongst the multitudes, I remarked a good many whose dress and carriage announced something above the common rank; and, upon inquiry, I found they were noble Venetians, just come from their casinos, and met to refresh themselves with fruit before they retired to sleep for the day.

"Whilst I was observing them, the sun began to colour the balustrades of the palaces, and the pure exhilarating air of the morning drawing me abroad, I procured a gondola, laid in my provision of bread and grapes, and was rowed under the Rialto, down the grand canal, to the marble steps of S. Maria della Salute, erected by the Senate, in performance of a vow to the Holy Virgin, who begged off a terrible pestilence in 1630. The great bronze portal opened whilst I was standing on the steps which lead to it, and discovered the interior of the dome, where I expatiated in solitude; no mortal appearing, except one old priest, who trimmed the lamps, and muttered a prayer before the high altar, still wrapped in shadows. The sunbeams began to strike against the windows of the cupula just as I left the church, and was wafted across the waves to the spacious platform in front of St. Giorgio Maggiore, one of the most celebrated works of Palladio. When my first transport was a little subsided, and I had examined the graceful design of each particular ornament, and united the just proportion and grand effect of the whole in my mind, I planted my umbrella on the margin of the sea, and viewed at my leisure the vast range of palaces, of porticoes, of towers, opening on every side, and extending out of sight. The doge's palace, and the tall columns at the entrance of the piazza of St. Mark, form, together with the arcades of the public library, the lofty Campanile, and the cupolas of the ducal church, one of the most striking groups of buildings that art can boast of. To behold at one glance these stately fabrics, so illustrious in the records of former ages, before which, in the flourishing times of the republic, so many valiant chiefs and princes have landed, loaded with oriental spoils, was a spectacle I had long and ardently desired. I thought of the days of Frederick Barbarossa, when looking up the piazza of St. Mark, along which he marched, in solemn procession, to cast himself at the feet of Alexander III. and pay a tardy homage to St. Peter's successor. Here were no longer those splendid fleets that attended his progress; one solitary galeass was all I beheld, anchored opposite the palace of the doge, and surrounded by crowds of gondolas, whose sable hues contrasted strongly with its vermilion ears and shining ornaments. A party-coloured multitude was continually shifting from one side of the piazza to the other; whilst senators and magistrates, in long black robes, were already arriving to fill their respective offices.

"I contemplated the busy scene from my peaceful platform, where nothing stirred but aged devotees, creeping to their devotions; and whilst I remained thus calm and tranquil, heard the distant buzz of the town. Fortunately, some length of waves rolled between me and its tumults, so that I eat my grapes

and read Metastasio undisturbed by officiousness or curiosity. When the sun became too powerful, I entered the nave.

"After I had admired the masterly structure of the roof and the lightness of its arches, my eyes naturally directed themselves to the pavement of white and ruddy marble, polished, and reflecting like a mirror the columns which rise from it. Over this I walked to a door that admitted me into the principal quadrangle of the convent, surrounded by a cloister, supported on Ionic pillars beautifully proportioned. A flight of stairs opens into the court, adorned with balustrades and pedestals, sculptured with elegance truly Grecian. This brought me to the refectory, where the *chef d'œuvre* of Paul Veronese, representing the marriage of Cana in Galilee, was the first object that presented itself. I never beheld so gorgeous a group of wedding garments before; there is every variety of fold and plait that can possibly be imagined. The attitudes and countenances are more uniform, and the guests appear a very genteel, decent sort of people, well used to the mode of their times, and accustomed to miracles.

"Having examined this fictitious repast, I cast a look on a long range of tables covered with very excellent realities, which the monks were coming to devour with energy, if one might judge from their appearance. Those sons of penitence and mortification possess one of the most spacious islands of the whole cluster; a princely habitation, with gardens and open porticos, that engross every breath of air; and what adds not a little to the charms of their abode, is the facility of making excursions from it whenever they have a mind."

As a pendant to this morning piece, we give an evening one, of the same localities. If the former has all the vivacity of a Canaletti, this will carry every reader back to the comedy of Goldoni.

"At this hour any thing like restraint seems perfectly out of the question; and, however solemn a magistrate or senator may appear in the day, at night he lays up wig, and robe, and gravity, to sleep together, runs intriguing about in his gondola, takes the reigning sultana under his arm, and so rambles half over the town, which grows gayer and gayer as the day declines.

"Many of the noble Venetians have a little suite of apartments, in some out-of-the-way corner, near the Grand Piazza, of which their families are totally ignorant. To these they skulk in the dusk, and revel undisturbed with the companions of their pleasures. Jealousy itself cannot discover the alleys, the winding passages, the unsuspected doors, by which these retreats are accessible. Many an unhappy lover, whose mistress disappears on a sudden with some fortunate rival, has searched for her haunts in vain. The gondoliers themselves, though the prime managers of intrigue, are often unacquainted with these interior cabinets. When a gallant has a mind to pursue his adventures with mystery, he rows to the piazza, orders his bark to wait, meets his goddess in the crowd, and vanishes from all beholders. Surely, Venice is the city in the universe best calculated for giving scope to the observations of a Devil upon Two Sticks. What a variety of lurking-places would one stroke of his cru'ch uncover!

"Whilst the higher ranks were solacing themselves in their casinos, the rabble were gathered in knots round the strollers and mountebanks, singing and scaramouching in the middle of the square. I observed a great number of Orientals amongst the crowd, and heard Turkish and Arabic muttering in every corner. Here the Slavonian dialect predominated; there some Grecian jargon almost unintelligible. Had Saint Mark's church been the wondrous tower, and its piazza the chief square of the city of Babylon, there could scarcely have been a greater confusion of languages. The novelty of the scene afforded me no small share of amusement, and I wandered about from group to group, and from one strange exotic to another, asking and being asked innumerable ridiculous questions, and settling the politics of London and Constantinople almost in the same breath. This instant I found myself in a circle of grave Armenian priests and jewellers; the next, amongst Greeks and Dalmatians, who accosted me with the smoothest compliments, and gave proof that their reputation for pliability and address was not ill-founded.

"I was entering into a grand harum-scarum discourse with some Russian counts or princes, or whatever you please, just landed, with dwarfs, and footmen, and governors, and staring like me about them, when Madame de Rosenberg arrived, to whom I had the happiness of being recommended. She presented me to some of the most distinguished of the Venetian families, at their great casino, which looks into the piazza, and consists of five or six rooms, fitted up in a gay, flimsy taste, neither rich nor elegant; where were a great many lights, and a great many ladies, negligently dressed, their hair falling very freely about them, and *innumerable adventures written in their eyes*. The gentlemen were lolling upon the sofas or lounging about the apartments. The whole assembly seemed upon the verge of gaping, till coffee was carried round. This magic beverage diffused a temporary animation; and, for a moment or two, conversation moved on with a degree of pleasing extravagance; but the flash was soon dissipated, and nothing remained save cards and stupidity."

We close the letters from Venice with this little record of the celebrated editor of Homer, M. de Villoison. Mr. Beckford encounters him while busy in the Ducal Library.

"Whilst I was intent upon my occupation, a little door, I never suspected, flew open, and out popped Monsieur de Villoison, from a place where nothing I believe but broomsticks and certain other utensils were ever before deposited. This gentleman, the most active investigator of Homer since the days of the good bishop of Thessalonica, bespatters you with more learning in a minute than others communicate in half a year; quotes Arabic, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, &c., with formidable fluency, and drove me from one end of the room to the other with a storm of erudition. Syllables fell thicker than hail, and in an instant I found myself so weighed down and covered, that I prayed, for mercy's sake, to be introduced, by way of respite, to a Laplander, whom he leads about as a curiosity; a poor harmless, good sort of a soul, calm and indifferent, who has acquired the

words of several oriental languages to perfection—ideas he has in none.

"We went all together to view a collection of medals in one of the Gradanigo palaces, and two or three inestimable volumes filled with paintings that represent the dress of the ancient Venetians: so that I had an opportunity of observing to perfection all the Lapland nothingness of my companion. What a perfect void! Cold and silent as the Polar regions; not one passion ever throbbed in his bosom; not one bright ray of fancy ever glittered in his mind; without love or anger, pleasure or pain, his days fleet smoothly along: all things considered, I must confess I envied such comfortable apathy."

This poor Laplander had probably had his loves and angers, his pleasures and his pains, just as abundantly as either M. de Villoison or Mr. Beckford; but he was as little likely to be excited by the medals in the Gradanigo palace, or the "inestimable volumes," representing the ancient Venetian costumes, as the French or English virtuoso would have been to partake his enthusiasm in the hunting of a bear, or the devouring of a seal's blubber. What *nonchalance* may be the disguise of intense bigotry!

We now open the first of these volumes, where the author has taken up his residence at Florence. His descriptions of that city, and its almost unrivalled treasures of art, are worthy of all praise; but we are more particularly pleased with an excursion to Vallombrosa, which opens as follows:

"At last, after ascending a tedious while, we began to feel the wind blow sharply from the peaks of the mountains; and to hear the murmur of groves of pine. A paved path leads across them, quite darkened by boughs, which, meeting over our heads, cast a gloom and a chilliness below that would have stopped the proceedings of reasonable mortals, and sent them to bask in the plain; but, being not so easily discomfited, we threw ourselves boldly into the forest. It presented that boundless confusion of tall straight stems I am so fond of, and exhaled a fresh aromatic odour that revived my spirits.

"The cold to be sure was piercing, but setting that at defiance, we galloped on, and entered a vast amphitheatre of lawns and meadows, surrounded by thick woods beautifully green. The steep cliffs and mountains, which guard this retired valley, are clothed with beech to their very summits, and on their slopes, whose smoothness and verdure equal our English pastures, were dispersed large flocks of sheep. The herbage, moistened by streams which fall from the eminences, has never been known to fade; thus, whilst the chief part of Tuscany is parched by the heats of summer, these upland meadows retain the freshness of spring. I regretted not having visited them sooner, as autumn had already made great havoc amongst the foliage. Showers of leaves blew full in our faces as we rode towards the convent, placed at an extremity of the vale, and sheltered by firs and chestnuts, towering one above another.

"Whilst we were alighting before the entrance, two fathers came out and received us into the peace of their retirement. We found a blazing fire, and tables spread very comfortably before it, round which five or six overgrown friars were lounging, who seemed, by the sleekness and rosy hue of their coun-

tenances, not totally to have despised this existence.

"My letters of recommendation soon brought heads of the order about me, fair round figures as a Chinese would have placed in his pagoda; could willingly have dispensed with their attendance yet to avoid this was scarcely within the possibility. All dinner, therefore, we ended in an infinity of nonsensical questions, but as soon as was over, I lost no time in repairing to the lazar forest. The fathers made a shift to waddle fast and as complaisantly as they were able, but soon distanced. Now I found myself at liberty pursued a narrow path overhung by rock, with chestnuts starting from the crevices. This led into wild glens of beech-trees, mostly decayed and covered with moss—several were fallen. Amongst these the holy hermit Gaubertus dwelt in a cell. I rested a moment upon one of the branches, listening to the roar of a waterfall, the wood concealed. The dry leaves chattered other down the steeps on the edge of the precipice with hollow rustlings, whilst the solemn war of forests above most perfectly answered the idea formed of Vallambrosa,

'Where the Etrurian shades
High overarch'd embower.'

This celebrated convent was, when Mr. . . . visited it, entire in its magnificence, and we could hardly pursue our quotation; but, while engaged in this work, another has been laid on our shelves, which we find the same scenery described with hardly inferior power, and with a gentler feeling, to dwell on which for a moment may pass on, may soothe as well as interest our ears. In verse and in prose Lady Charlotte has painted the

"Beautiful gloom of Vallambrosa's bowers
with a skill and a grace which must do honour to her name,

"The pathway narrows as the steps ascend
The boughs, o'erarching, meet in fond embrace
The fragile branches of the birch-tree bend
And with majestic chestnuts interlace;
Boldly the indented leaves, with spiral grace
Come sharply out from the Italian blue
Of heaven's unclouded vault, whose smiling
Shows Florence oft, in clear though distant
Rising from storied vale, in tones of silver l

"The road from Florence to Valle Ombrosa is less sublime of feature than that which leads higher into the Apennines, possesses its own and very great charm. The sudden and frequent breaks of landscape scenery which open to the eye, changing in character from close to expansive, from mild to rugged, can never fail to engage the thought. Here, too, the Arno, untainted by many-coloured earths which tinge its waters in the immediate neighbourhood of Florence, pours its translucent stream, fringed at intervals by reeds and flowers, and overhung at others by gigantic trees, till at length it reaches the Pontefice. There the river bearing that name unites its waters to the *Fiume-Maestro* of Tuscany

ed, crossing an ancient and picturesque bridge, passes under the gateway of the frowning tower which overhangs the torrent, and turning to the east comes more rugged and difficult of access.

"The whole accompaniment of the scene assumes an alpine aspect, a character which the route retains as it proceeds through the pine and chestnut woods, till it opens on the skyey plain, in which is spread out the long line of the Certosa, where one is tempted to fly out with Tasso—

'Ecco apparir Gerusalem si vede!'

When succeeds (what human transport lasts?) a sense of disappointment, when the smooth and grassy level meets the view, and the extensive building stretches out in the distance, with too decorative an aspect to assimilate with the feelings previously brought into play. But as the eye pursues its range, and dwells on the majestic wooded theatre beyond, this sensation in its turn subsides, and others of a far different nature succeed.

"In walking through the long-deserted apartments of the convent, its devastated walls and despoiled measures excite the melancholy interest attached to all mementos of departed greatness: and, without waiting to analyze the justice of regret, it is a sentiment which for the time supersedes all others.

"In former days, the revenue of the Certosa amounted to above forty thousand crowns annually; its farms were in a high state of cultivation, and its mantry wealthy and prosperous.

"The beneficence of the monks was proverbial: during the rigours of winter, the poor received liberal charities; and in the summer season, the Foresteira of the Certosa (the Cloistral Inn, so to speak) was full of pilgrims and travellers, who were munificently entertained, whatever might be their religion or their rank. Doubtless this profuse distribution of the riches of the community obtained for them a reciprocity of advantages; but their liberality ought not to be churlishly referred to selfish motives alone: the award of omnipotence has pronounced that 'the liberal soul shall be made fat:' and so it generally is, even as regards this life; yet still the generous mind will be ever ready to concede its belief, that there are others of its own stamp, who act from nobler impulse than that of selfishness; and whatever interested motives may have influenced some of the individuals of the community of Valle Ombrosa, in the distribution of their courtesies and wealth, to the greater part may be attributed the higher views of pure Christian charity.

"Many were the persons who contributed to enrich this institution: none endowed it with more wealth than the famed Empress Matilda—and genius paid it the higher tribute of talents and art. When the strife of faction deluged the plains of Tuscany with blood, this peaceful shrine offered an asylum to the humanizing influence of literature and science.

"The treasures of every denomination which had been so long held sacred even by the most lawless bands, were at length plundered by the French during the last period of the revolution—which, indeed, occasioned throughout Italy the dispersion of every thing that the unsparing cupidity of man could remove. It could not, however, plunder the country of its

rocks, and woods, and streams; or the thousand recollections of by-gone ages, attached to its locality. These must ever remain imperishable monuments for future travellers to venerate and to love."—*Three Sanctuaries of Tuscany*, p. 6.*

Since we are among monastic scenes, we may here introduce part of a very striking letter which Mr. Beckford devotes (in a different part of his work) to a visit of some length which he paid in 1787 to the *Grande Chartreuse* itself. We are not aware there is any thing more characteristic of him in his highest and best vein, throughout the whole of these volumes.

"I paced in silence up the path which led to the great portal. When we arrived before it, I rested a moment, and looking against the stout oaken gate, which closed up the entrance to this unknown region, felt at my heart a certain awe, that brought to my mind the sacred terror of those in ancient days going to be admitted into the Eleusinian mysteries. My guide gave two knocks; after a solemn pause, the gate was slowly opened, and all our horses having passed through, it was again carefully closed.

"I now found myself in a narrow dell, surrounded on every side by peaks of the mountains, rising almost beyond my sight, and shelving downwards till their bases were hidden by the foam and spray of the water, over which hung a thousand withered and distorted trees. The rocks seemed crowding upon me, and, by their particular situation, threatened to obstruct every ray of light; but, notwithstanding the menacing appearance of the prospect, I still kept following my guide up a craggy ascent, partly hewn through a rock, and bordered by the trunks of ancient fir-trees, which formed a fantastic barrier, till we came to a dreary and exposed promontory, impending directly over the dell.

"The woods are here clouded with darkness, and the torrents, rushing with additional violence, are lost in the gloom of the caverns below; every object, as I looked downwards from my path, that hung midway between the base and the summit of the cliff, was horrid and woful. The channel of the torrent sunk deep amidst frightful crags, and the pale willows and wreathed roots spreading over it, answered my ideas of those dismal abodes, where, according to the Druidical mythology, the ghost of conquered warriors were bound. I shivered whilst I was regarding these regions of desolation, and quickly lifting up my eyes to vary the scene, I perceived a range of whitish cliffs, glistening with the light of the sun, to emerge from these melancholy forests.

"On a fragment that projected over the chasm, and concealed for a moment its terrors, I saw a cross, on which it was written, VIA COELI. The cliffs being the heaven to which I now aspired, we deserted the edge of the precipice, and ascending, came

* This work, if published in a less expensive form, would, we have little doubt, be as popular as its whole execution is creditable to the fancy and feeling of the authoress. It is accompanied by various exquisite engravings, after the design of the late Rev. John Bury, in whom it now appears the world has lost a truly great artist, though the modesty of his character prevented him from making any public display of his extraordinary accomplishments during his too short life.

to a retired nook of the rocks, in which several copious rills had worn irregular grottoes. Here we reposed an instant, and were enlivened with a few sunbeams piercing the thickets, and gilding the waters that bubbled from the rock; over which hung another cross, inscribed with this short sentence, which the situation rendered wonderfully pathetic, O SPES UNICA! the fervent exclamation of some wretch disgusted with the world, whose only consolation was found in this retirement.

"We quitted this solitary cross to enter a thick forest of beech-trees, that screened, in some measure, the precipices on which they grew, catching however, every instant, terrifying glimpses of the torrent below: streams gushed from every crevice on the cliffs, and falling over the mossy roots and branches of the beech, hastened to join the great torrent, athwart which I, every now and then, remarked certain tottering bridges; and sometimes could distinguish a Carthusian crossing over to his hermitage, that just peeped above the woody labyrinths on the opposite shore.

"Whilst I was proceeding amongst the innumerable trunks of the beech-trees, my guide pointed out to me a peak rising above the others, which he called the Throne of Moses. If that prophet had received his revelation in this desert, no voice need have declared it holy ground, for every part of it is stamped with such a sublimity of character, as would alone be sufficient to impress the idea.

"Having left these woods behind, and crossing a bridge of many lofty arches, I shuddered once more at the impetuosity of the torrent; and, mounting still higher, came at length to a kind of platform, before two cliffs, joined by an arch of rock, under which we were to pursue our road. Below, we beheld again innumerable streams, turbulently precipitating themselves from the woods, and lashing the base of the mountains, mossed over with a dark sea-green.

"In this deep hollow such mists and vapours prevailed, as hindered my prying into its recesses; besides, such was the dampness of the air, that I hastened gladly from its neighbourhood, and, passing under the second portal, beheld with pleasure the sunbeams gilding the Throne of Moses.

"It was now about ten o'clock, and my guide assured me I should soon discover the convent. Upon this information I took new courage, and continued my route on the edge of the rocks, till we struck into another gloomy grove. After turning about it for some time, we entered again into the glare of daylight, and saw a green valley, skirted by ridges of cliffs and sweeps of wood before us. Towards the farther end of this enclosure, on a gentle acclivity, rose the revered turrets of the Carthusians, which extended in a long line on the brow of the hill: beyond them, a woody amphitheatre majestically presents itself, terminated by spires of rock and promontories lost among the clouds. The roar of the torrent was now but faintly distinguishable, and all the scenes of horror and confusion I had passed were succeeded by a sacred and profound calm. I traversed the valley with a thousand sensations I despair of describing, and stood before the gate of the convent with as much awe as some novice or candidate newly arrived to solicit the holy retirement of the order. As ad-

mittance is more readily granted to the English than to almost any other nation, it was not long before the gates opened; and whilst the porter ordered our horses to the stable, we entered a court watered by two fountains, and built round with lofty edifices, characterized by a noble simplicity. The interior portal opening discovered an arched aisle, extending till the perspective nearly met, along which windows, but scantily distributed between the pilasters, admitted a pale, solemn light, just sufficient to distinguish the objects with a picturesque uncertainty.—We had scarcely set our feet on the pavement when the monks began to issue from an arch about half-way down; and passing in a long succession from their chapel, bowed reverently, with much humility and meekness, and dispersed in silence, leaving one of their body alone in the aisle. The Father Coadjutor (for he only remained) advanced toward us with great courtesy, and welcomed us in a manner which gave me far more pleasure than all the frivolous salutations and affected greetings so common in the world beneath. After asking us a few indifferent questions, he called one of the lay brothers, who live in the convent, under less severe restrictions than the fathers, whom they serve, and ordering him to prepare our apartment, conducted us to a large square hall, with casement windows, and what was more comfortable, an enormous chimney, whose hospitable heart blazed with a fire of dry aromatic fir, on each side of which were two doors, that communicated with the neat little cells destined for our bed-chambers.

* * * * *

"We had hardly supped before the gates of the convent were shut; a circumstance which disconcerted me not a little, as the full moon gleamed through the casements, and the stars, sparkling above the forests of pines, invited me to leave my apartment again, and to give myself up entirely to the spectacle they offered. The coadjutor, perceiving that I was often looking earnestly through the windows, guessed my wishes; and, calling the porter, ordered him to open the gates, and wait at them till my return. It was not long before I took advantage of this permission; and, escaping from the courts and cloisters of the monastery, all hushed in death-like stillness, ascended a green knoll, which several ancient pines strongly marked with their shadows; there, leaning against one of their trunks, I lifted up my eyes to the awful barrier of surrounding mountains, discovered by the trembling silver light of the moon, shooting directly on the woods which fringed their acclivities. The lawns, the vast woods, the steep descents, the precipices, the torrents, lay all extended beneath, softened by a pale bluish haze, that alleviated, in some measure, the stern prospect of the rocky promontories above, wrapped in dark shadows. The sky was of the deepest azure: innumerable stars were distinguished with unusual clearness from this elevation, many of which twinkled behind the fir-trees edging the promontories. White, gray, and darkish clouds came marching towards the moon, that shone full against a range of cliffs, which lift themselves far above the others. The hoarse murmur of the torrent, throwing itself from the distant wildernesses into the gloomy vales, was mingled with the

blew from the mountains. It increased; s began to wave; black clouds arose from ; and, as they fled along, approached , whose light they shortly extinguished. A of darkness succeeded; the gust was chill ncholy; it swept along the desert, and then , the vapours began to pass away, and the urned; the grandeur of the scene was re- nd its imposing solemnity was increased by nce. Inspiration was in every wind.

owed some impulse which drove me to the f the mountains before me; and there, cast- k on the whole extent of wild woods and precipices, thought of the days of St. I eagerly contemplated every rock that for- ght have met his eyes; drank of the spring adition says he was wont to drink of; and very pine, whose withered appearance be- : most remote antiquity, and beneath which, the Saint had reposed himself, when worn ls, or possessed with the sacred spirit of his ns. It was midnight before I returned to ent and retired to my quiet chamber, but my ion was too much disturbed, and my spirits tive to allow me any rest for some time. I cely fallen asleep, when I was suddenly d by a furious blast, which drove open my ; for it was a troubled night, and let in the ne tempest. In the intervals of the storm, moments when the wind seemed to pause, sounds of the choir stole upon my ear, but allowed up the next instant by the redoubled he gust, which was still increased by the of the waters."

is magnificent—to return to the early travels —is our author's account of his arrival at om Sienna—and his youthful impressions on olding St. Peter's.

set out in the dark. Morning dawned over di Vico; its waters, of a deep ultra-marine ; its surrounding forests catching the rays of g sun. It was in vain I looked for the cu- lt. Peter's, upon descending the mountains /iterbo. Nothing but a sea of vapours was

length they rolled away, and the spacious gan to show themselves, in which the most of nations reared their seat of empire. On afar off, rises the rugged chain of Apennines, he other side, a shining expanse of ocean es the view. It was upon this vast surface illustrious actions were performed, and I t where a mighty people could have chosen r theatre. Here were space for the march , and verge enough for encampments; levels ial games, and room for that variety of roads eways, that led from the capital to Ostia. ny triumphant legions have trodden these ts! how many captive kings! What throngs nd chariots once glittered on their surface! nimals dragged from the interior of Africa, ambassadors of Indian princes, followed by otic train, hastening to implore the favour of te. During many ages, this eminence com- almost every day such illustrious scenes, but vanished; the splendid tumult is passed

away; silence and desolation remain. Dreary flats, thinly scattered over with ilex, and barren hillocks crowned by solitary towers, were the only objects we perceived for several miles. Now and then, we passed a few black, ill-favoured sheep straggling by the way's side, near a ruined sepulchre, just such animals as an ancient would have sacrificed to the *manes*. Sometimes we crossed a brook, whose ripplings were the only sounds which broke the general stillness, and observed the shepherd's huts on its banks, propped up with broken pedestals and marble friezes. I entered one of them, whose owner was abroad, tending his herd, and began writing upon the sand, and murmuring a melancholy song. Perhaps the dead listened to me from their narrowed cells. The living I can answer for—they were far enough removed.

"You will not be surprised at the dark tone of my musings in so sad a scene; especially as the weather lowered, and you are well acquainted how greatly I depend upon skies and sunshine. To-day I had no blue firmament to revive my spirits, no genial gales, no aromatic plants to irritate my nerves, and lend at least a momentary animation. Heath and a grayish kind of moss are the sole vegetation which covers this endless wilderness. Every slope is strewn with the relics of a happier period; trunks of trees, shattered columns, cedar beams, helmets of bronze, skulla, and coins, are frequently dug up together.

"I cannot boast of having made any discoveries, nor of sending you any novel intelligence. You knew before how perfectly the environs of Rome were desolate, and how completely the papal government contrives to make its subjects miserable. But who knows that they were not just as wretched in those boasted times we are so fond of celebrating? All is doubt and conjecture in this frail existence, and I might as well attempt proving to whom belonged the mouldering bones which lay dispersed around me, as venture to affirm that one age is more fortunate than another. Very likely the poor cottager under whose roof I reposed is happier than the luxurious Roman, upon the remains of whose palace, perhaps, his shed is raised; and yet that Roman flourished in the purple days of the empire, when all was wealth and splendour, triumph and exultation. I could have spent the whole day by the rivulet, lost in dreams and meditations, but recollecting my vow, I ran back to the carriage and drove on. The road not having been mended, I believe, since the days of the Cæsars, would not allow our motions to be very precipitate. 'When you gain the summit of yonder hill, you will discover Rome,' said one of the postillions; up we dragged, no city appeared. 'From the next,' cried out a second, and so on, from height to height, did they amuse my expectations. I thought Rome fled before us, such was my impatience; till, at last, we perceived a cluster of hills with green pastures on their summits, enclosed by thickets, and shaded by flourished ilex. Here and there a white house, built in the antique style, with open porticos, that received a faint gleam of the evening sun, just emerged from the clouds and tinting the meads below. Now domes and towers began to discover themselves in the valley, and St. Peter's to rise above the magnificent roofs of the Vatican. Every step we

advanced the scene extended, till, winding suddenly round the hill, all Rome opened to our view.

"Shall I ever forget the sensations I experienced upon slowly descending the hills, and crossing the bridge over the Tiber? When I entered an avenue between terraces and ornamented gates of villas, which leads to the Porto del Popolo, and beheld the square, the domes, the obelisk, the long perspective of streets and palaces opening beyond, all glowing with the vivid red of sunset, you can imagine how I enjoyed my beloved tint, my favourite hour, surrounded by such objects. You can fancy me ascending Monte Cavallo, leaning against the pedestal which supports Bucephalus; then, spite of time and distance, hurrying to St. Peter's in performance of my duty.

"I met the Holy Father, in all his pomp, returning from vespers—trumpets flourishing, and a troop of guards drawn out upon Ponte St. Angelo. Casting a respectful glance upon the Moles Adriani, I moved on, till the full sweep of St. Peter's colonnade opened upon me. The edifice appears to have been raised within the year, such is its freshness and preservation. I could hardly take my eyes from off the beautiful symmetry of its front, contrasted with the magnificent though irregular courts of the Vatican, towering over the colonnade, till, the sun sinking behind the dome, I ran up the steps, and entered the grand portal, which was on the very point of being closed.

"I knew not where I was, or to what scene transported; a sacred twilight concealing the extremities of the structure, I could not distinguish any particular ornament, but enjoyed the effect of the whole. No damp air or foetid exhalation offended me. The perfume of incense was not yet entirely dissipated. No human being stirred. I heard a door close with the sound of thunder, and thought I distinguished some faint whisperings, but am ignorant whence they came. Several hundred lamps twinkled round the high altar, quite lost in the immensity of the pile. No other light disturbed my reveries, but the dying glow, still visible through the western windows. Imagine how I felt upon finding myself alone in this vast temple, at so late an hour. Do you think I quitted it without some revelation?

"It was almost eight o'clock before I issued forth, and pausing a few minutes under the porticos, listened to the rush of the fountains. Then traversing half the town, I believe, in my way to the Villa Medici, under which I am lodged, fell into a profound repose, which my zeal and exercise may be allowed, I think, to have merited.

"October 30th.—Immediately after breakfast I repaired again to St. Peter's, which even exceeded the height of my expectations. I could hardly quit it. I wished his holiness would allow me to erect a little tabernacle within this glorious temple. I should desire no other prospect during the winter; no other sky than the vast arches glowing with golden ornaments, so lofty as to lose all glitter or gaudiness. But I cannot say I should be perfectly contented, unless I could obtain another tabernacle for you. Thus established, we would take our evening walks on the field of marble; for is not the pavement vast enough for the extravagance of the appli-

cation? Sometimes, instead of climbing a mountain, we should ascend the cupola, and look down at little encampment below. At night I should look for a constellation of lamps dispersed about the tiers, and so contrived as to diffuse a mild and light. Music should not be wanting; at one breathe in the subterraneous chapels, at another echo through the dome."

The future creator of Fonthill is apparent in last paragraphs; or should we not rather call him former creator of the "Palais des Sens?" We now pass on to Mr. Beckford's long and interesting series of letters from his favourite Portugal, as is well known, he for many years fixed his abode:

"Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure
Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow;
But now, as if a thing unblest by man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!"

One of his first visits, on reaching Lisbon, was to the palace of the old Marquis of Marialva, with family he soon formed relations of the most intimate friendship:—

"The court-yard, filled with shabby two-wheeled chaises, put me in mind of the entrance of a Fonthill post-house; a recollection not weakened by the sight of several ample heaps of manure, between which we made the best of our way up the great stair, and had near tumbled over a swarming sow and her numerous progeny, which escaped from under Florn's legs, with bitter squeakings.

"This hubbub announced our arrival, so out came the grand prior, his nephew, the old abate, a troop of domestics. All great Portuguese families are infested with herds of these in general favoured dependants, and none more than the alphas, who dole out every day three hundred rations, at least, of rice and other eatables, to as greedy devourers.

"The grand prior had shed his pontifical garb, and did the honours of the house, and conducted with much agility all over the apartments through the *manège*, where the old marquess brother, though at a very advanced age, displayed of the most consummate horsemanship seems to have a decided taste for clocks, combs, and time-keepers; I counted no less than ten bed-chamber, four or five in full swing, making loud hissing; they were chiming and striking (for it was exactly six) when I followed my companion up and down half-a-dozen staircases, into a room hung with rusty damask.

"A table in the centre of this antiquated apartment was covered with rarities brought forth for inspection: curious shell-work, ivory crucifixes, models of ships, housings embroidered with feathers, the Lord knows what besides, stinking of camellia enough to knock one down.

"Whilst we were staring with all our eyes holding our handkerchiefs to our noses, the Count of V—, Viceroy of Algarve, made his appearance in grand pea-green, and pink and silver gala, doting and making wry faces, as if some disagreeable accident had befallen him. He was, however,

* Father of the first Marquis of Loulé.

acious mood, and received our eulogiums in relation, the new bishop, with much com-
7. Our conversation was limpingly carried
great variety of broken languages—Spanish,
Portuguese, French, and English, had each
n in rapid succession. The subject of all
-glottery was the glories and piety of John
et for the extinction of the Jesuits, and the
for the death of Pombal, whose memory he
something not distinctly removed from exe-

This flood of eloquence was accompanied
strangest, most buffoonical grimaces and
age, I ever beheld; for the Viceroy, having
nial moistness of mouth, drivels at every

must not, however, decide too hastily upon
appearances. This slobbering, canting per-
a distinguished statesman and good officer,
ment amongst the few who have seen service,
n proofs of prowess and capacity.

escape the long-winded narrations which
uring warm into my ear, I took refuge near
chord, where Policarpio, one of the first
the queen's chapel, was singing and accom-
himself. The curtains of the door of an ad-
lark apartment being half drawn, gave me a
glimpse of Donna Henriquetta de L., Don
sister, advancing one moment and retiring
, eager to approach and examine us exotic
not venturing to enter the saloon during
ier's absence. She appeared to me a most
ng girl, with eyes full of graceful languor.
what do I talk?—I only saw her pale and
nt, as one fancies one sees objects in a dream.

of lovely children (her sister's, I believe) sat
et upon the ground, resembling genii, par-
ncealed by folds of drapery, in some grand
al picture by Reubens or Paul Veronese.

it approaching, lights glimmered in the tur-
aces, and every part of the strange huddle
ngs of which this morisco-looking palace is
d. Half the family were engaged in reciting
ies of saints, the other in freaks and frolics
s of no very edifying nature. The mono-
taccato of the guitar, accompanied by the
ling murmur of female voices, singing mo-
formed altogether a strange, though not un-
combination of sounds.

us listening to them with avidity, when a
flambeaux, and the noise of a splashing and
of water, called us out upon the verandas in
vitness a procession scarcely equalled since
of Noah. I doubt whether his ark contain-
e heterogeneous collection of animals than
om a scalera with fifty oars, which had just
he old Marquis of M—— and his son Don
nded by a swarm of musicians, poets, bull-
grooms, monks, dwarfs, and children of both
tastically dressed.

whole party, it seems, were returned from
age to some Saint's nest or other on the op-
ore of the Tagus. First jumped out a
eked dwarf, blowing a little squeaking trum-
s or four inches long—then a pair of led
apparently commanded by a strange old
XV.—No. 147.

swaggering fellow, in a showy uniform, who, I was
told, had acted the part of a sort of brigadier-gene-
ral in some sort of an island. Had it been Barataria,
Sancho would soon have sent him about his business;
for, if we believe the scandalous chronicle of Lisbon,
a more impudent buffoon, parasite, and pilferer, has
seldom existed.

“Close at his heels stalked a savage-looking monk,
as tall as Samson, and two Capuchin friars, heavily
laden, but with what sort of provision I am ignorant:
next came a very slim and sallow-faced apothecary,
in deep sables—completely answering in gait and
costume the figure one fancies to one's self of Senhor
Apuntador in Gil Blas—followed by a half-crazed
improvisatore, spouting verses at us as he passed un-
der the balustrades against which we were leaning.

“He was hardly out of hearing, before a confused
rabble of watermen and servants, with bird-cages,
lanterns, baskets of fruit, and chaplets of flowers,
came gamboling along to the great delight of a bevy
of children, who, to look more like the inhabitants of
heaven than even nature designed, had light flutter-
ing wings attached to their rosy-coloured shoulders.
Some of these little theatrical angels were extremely
beautiful, and had their hair most coquettishly ar-
ranged in ringlets.

“The old Marquis is doatingly fond of them; night
and day they remain with him, imparting all the ad-
vantages that can possibly be derived from fresh and
innocent breath to a declining constitution. The pa-
triarch of the Marialvas has followed this regimen
many years, and also some others which are scarcely
credible. Having a more than Roman facility of
swallowing an immense profusion of dainties, and
making room continually for a fresh supply, he dines
alone every day between two silver canteens of ex-
traordinary magnitude. Nobody in England would
believe me, if I detailed the enormous repast I saw
spread out for him; but let your imagination loose
upon all that was ever conceived in the way of gor-
mandizing, and it will not in this case exceed the
reality.

“As soon as the contents, animal and vegetable,
of the principal scalera, and three or four other
barges in its train, had been deposited in their re-
spective holes, corners, and roosting-places, I received
an invitation from the old Marquis to partake of a
collation in his apartment. Not less, I am certain,
than fifty servants were in waiting; and, exclusive
of half-a-dozen wax torches, which were borne in
state before us, above a hundred tapers of different
sizes were lighted up in the range of rooms, inter-
mingled with silver braziers and cassolettes, diffusing
a very pleasant perfume.

“I found the master of all this magnificence most
courteous, affable, and engaging. There is an ur-
banity and good-humour in his looks, gestures, and
tone of voice, that prepossesses instantaneously in
his favour, and justifies the universal popularity he
enjoys, and the affectionate name of father, by which
the queen and royal family often address him. All
the favours of the crown have been heaped upon
him by the present and preceding sovereigns; a tide
of prosperity uninterrupted even during the Grand-
Vizieriat of Pombal. ‘Act as you judge wisest’ with

the rest of my nobility,' used to say the King Don Joseph to this redoubted minister : 'but beware how you interfere with the Marquis of Marialva !'

"In consequence of this decided predilection, the Marialva palace became a sort of rallying point, an asylum for the oppressed, and its master, in more than one instance, a shield against the thunderbolts of a too powerful minister. The recollections of these times seem still to be kept alive ; for the heart-felt respect, the filial adoration I saw paid the old Marquis, was indeed most remarkable ; his slightest glance was obeyed, and the person on whom they fell, seemed gratified and animated. His sons, the Marquis of Tancos and Don José de Meneses, never approached to offer him any thing, without bending the knee ; and the Conde de Villaverde, the heir of the great house of Anjeja, as well as the Viceroy of Algarve, stood in the circle which was formed around him, receiving a kind or gracious word with the same thankful earnestness as courtiers who hang upon the smile and favour of their sovereign. I shall long remember the grateful sensation with which this scene of reciprocal kindness filled me : it appeared an interchange of amiable sentiments : beneficence diffused without guile or affectation ; and protection received, without sullen or abject servility.

"How preferable is patriarchal government of this nature, to the cold theories pedantic sophists would establish, and which, should success attend their selfish, atheistical ravings, bid fair to undermine the best and surest props of society. When parents cease to be honoured by their children, and the feelings of grateful subordination in those of helpless age or condition are unknown, kings will soon cease to reign, and republics to be governed by the councils of experience. Anarchy, rapine, and massacre, will walk the earth, and the abode of demons be transferred from hell to our unfortunate planet."

Since 1780, our unfortunate planet has verified a good deal of these dark anticipations ; but even as yet we see only the beginning of the end. Our next extract is from an evening walk in Lisbon ; and it includes one of the author's richest displays of Sybarism.

"The night being serene and pleasant, we were tempted to take a ramble in the Great Square, which received a faint gleam from the lights in the apartments of the palace, every window being thrown open to catch the breeze. The archbishop-confessor displayed his goodly person at one of the balconies. From a clown this now most important personage became a common soldier—from a common soldier, a corporal—from a corporal, a monk ; in which station he gave so many proofs of toleration and good humour that Pombal, who happened to stumble upon him by one of those chances which set all calculation at defiance, judged him sufficiently shrewd, jovial, and ignorant, to make a very harmless and comfortable confessor to her Majesty, then Princess of Brazil. Since her accession to the throne, he is become archbishop in partibus, grand inquisitor, and the first spring in the present government of Portugal. I never saw a sturdier fellow. He seems to anoint himself with the oil of gladness, to laugh and grow fat in spite of the critical situation of affairs in this kingdom, and just fears all its true patriots entertain

of seeing it once more relapsed into a Spanish province.

"At a window over his right reverence's forehead we spied out the Lacerdas—two beautiful sisters, maids of honour to the queen, waving hands to us very invitingly. This was eminent enough for us to run up a vast many stairs to their apartment, which was crowded with nephews and nieces, and cousins, clustering round two very elegant young women, who, accompanied by their singing-master, a little square-faced man with greenish eyes, were warbling Brazilian modinhas.

"Those who have never heard this original music must, and will remain ignorant of the bewitching melodies that ever existed since the days of the Sybarites. They consist of languid, interrupted measures, as if the breath was gone in excess of rapture, and the soul panting to kindred soul of some beloved object ; with a careless carelessness they steal into the heart, before time to arm itself against their enervating influence. You fancy you are swallowing milk, and are drinking the poison of voluptuousness into the recesses of your existence. At least such I feel the power of harmonious sounds are doing ; won't answer for hard-eared, phlegmatic animals.

"An hour or two past away almost immersed in the pleasing delirium these siren notes and it was not without regret I saw the company dispersed and the spell dissolve. The ladies of the court, having received a summons to attend the king's supper, curtsied us off very gracefully and vanished.

"In our way home we met the sacrament carried in a glare of light, marching in state to pay a sick person a farewell visit, and that hopeful nobleman, the Conde de Villanova,* preceded by a canopy in a scarlet mantle, and tingling as if with cold. He is always in close attendance upon the king, and passes the flower of his days in this singular state of danglement. No lover was ever more devoted to his mistress than this ingenuous youth of his age ; he cannot endure any other person should give him attention. The parish officers of the extensive district in which his palace is situated respect to his birth and opulence, indulge his caprice, and indeed a more perseverant devotion they could not have chosen. At all hours of the day or night he is ready to perform this holy duty ; the dead of the night, or in the most intense heat of the day, out he issues, and down he dives into the dungeons, to any dungeon or garret where assistance of this nature is demanded.

"It has been again and again observed, that there is no accounting for fancies ; every person has his own, which he follows to the best of his abilities. The old Marialva's delights are divided between his two silver recipiendaries—his son's, in dancing attendance upon the queen, and Villanova's in announcing with his bell the approach of celestial majesty to the present rage of the scribblers of all these

* Afterwards Marquis of Abrantes.

Modenas, and under its prevalence he felt tempted to set sail for the Brazils, the native of these enchanting compositions, to live in such as the Chevalier de Parny describes in his little voyage, and swing in hammocks, or on smooth mats, surrounded by bands of youth-trels, diffusing at every step the perfume of e and roses."

Now pass to Madrid, where our traveller arrived in the winter season of 1787; and made acquaintance with a Turkish ambassador, whom he paints to his eastern *gusto*.

As, most eager to enter upon his office of ambassador, fidgeted to the window, observed we had four or two of daylight, and proposed an excursion to the palace and gardens of the *Buen Retiro*. Entering the court of the palace, which is surrounded by low buildings, with plastered fronts, sadly withered with the wind and weather, I spied some figures, in caftans and turbans, leaning in a doorway. My sparks of orientalism instantly took flame at such a sight. 'Who are those pictures?' said I to our conductor; 'is it proper to approach them?'—'As often as you please,' said Roxas; 'they belong to the Turkish Ambassador, who is lodged, with all his train, at the *Retiro*, in the identical apartment once occupied by Farinelli, where he held his state levees and rehearsals;—drilling ministers one day, and singing sopranis the other: if you have a mind, we will go up stairs and examine the whole menagerie.' 'No sooner said, no sooner done. I cleared four or five steps, and leaped, to the great delight of his sublimity's pages and attendants, and entered a chamber spread with the most sumptuous carpets, and perfumed with the fragrance of the wood of aloes. A seraglio of this magnificent chamber sat the ambassador, Achmet Vasi Effendi, wrapped up in a robe of the most precious sables, playing with a dagger he had in his hand, and every now and then holding it under the noses of some tall and handsome slaves, who were standing in a row before him. The figures, fixed as statues, and, to all appearance, insensible, neither moved hand nor eye. As I was about to make my *salem* to the Grand Signor's representative, who received me with a most graceful nod of the head, his interpreter announced to me that I belonged, and my own individual warm welcome for the Sublime Porte.

As I had taken my seat in a ponderous arm-chair of figured velvet, coffee was carried round on a tray of most delicate china, with gold enamelled

Notwithstanding my predilection for the East and its customs, I could hardly get this beverage down, it was so thick and bitter. Whilst I was drinking a few wry faces in consequence, a low murmur, like that of flutes and dulcimers, accompanied by a sort of tabor, issued from behind a partition which separated us from another apartment. It was a melancholy wildness in the melody, and a continual repetition of the same plaintive cadences, which affected me.

The ambassador kept poring upon my countenance, and appeared much delighted with the effect which seemed to produce upon it. He is a man of considerable talent, deeply skilled in Turkish

literature; a native of Bagdad; rich, munificent, and nobly born, being descended from the house of Barmek; gracious in his address, smooth and plausible in his elocution; but not without something like a spark of despotism in a corner of his eye. Now and then I fancied that the recollection of having recommended the bowstring, and certain doubts whether he might not one day or other be complimented with it in his turn, passed across his venerable and interesting physiognomy.

"My eager questions about Bagdad, the tomb of Zobeida, the vestiges of the *Dhar al Khalifat*, or Palace of the Abassidæ, seemed to excite a thousand remembrances which gave him pleasure; and when I added a few quotations from some of his favourite authors, particularly Mesiki, he became so flowingly communicative, that a shrewd, dapper Greek, called Timoni, who acted as his most confidential interpreter, could hardly keep pace with him. Had not the hour of prayer arrived, our conversation might have lasted till midnight. Rising up with much stateliness, he extended his arms to bid me a good evening, and was assisted along by two good-looking Georgian pages to an adjoining chamber, where his secretaries, dragoman, and attendants were all assembled to perform their devotions, each on his little carpet, as if in a mosque; and it was not unedifying to witness the solemnity and abstractedness with which these devotions were performed."

Our last specimen of this charming book shall be extracted from a letter describing the author's first visit to the Escorial.

"I hate being roused out of bed by candle-light, on a sharp wintry morning; but as I had fixed to-day for visiting the Escorial, and had stationed three relays on the road, in order to perform the journey expeditiously, I thought myself obliged to carry my plan into execution. The weather was cold and threatening; the sky red and deeply-coloured. Roxas was to be of our party, so we drove to his brother, the Marquis of Villanueva's, to take him up. He is one of the best natured and most friendly of human beings, and I would not have gone without him on any account; though in general I abhor turning and twisting about a town in search of any body, let its soul be never so transcendent.

"It was past eight before we issued out of the gates of Madrid, and rattled along an avenue on the banks of the Manzanares, full gallop, which brought us to the Casa del Campo, one of the king's palaces, wrapped up in groves and thickets. We continued a mile or two by the wall of this enclosure, and leaving La Sarsuela, another royal villa, surrounded by shrubby hillocks on the right, traversed three or four leagues of a wild, naked country; and after ascending several considerable eminences, the sun broke out, the clouds partially rolled away, and we discovered the white buildings of this far-famed monastery, with its dome and towers detaching themselves from the bold background of a lofty-irregular mountain.

"We were now about a league off, and the country wore a better aspect than near Madrid. To the right and left of the road, which is of a noble width, and perfectly well made, lie extensive parks of green sward, scattered over with fragments of rock and

stumps of oak and ash trees. Numerous herds of deer were standing stock still, quietly lifting up their innocent noses, and looking us full in the face with their beautiful eyes, secure of remaining unmolested, for the king never permits a gun to be discharged in these enclosures.

"The Escorial, though overhung by melancholy mountains, is placed itself on a very considerable eminence, up which we were full half an hour toiling; the late rains having washed this part of the road into utter confusion. There is something most severely impressive in the façade of this regal convent, which, like the palace of Persepolis, is overshadowed by the adjoining mountain; nor did I pass through a vaulted cloister into the court before the church, solid as if hewn out of a rock, without experiencing a sort of shudder, to which, no doubt, the vivid recollection of the black and blood-stained days of our gloomy Queen Mary's husband not slightly contributed. The sun being again overcast, the porches of the church, surrounded by grim statutes, appeared so dark and cavern-like, that I thought myself about to enter a subterraneous temple set apart for the service of some mysterious and terrible religion; and when I saw the high altar, in all its pomp of jasper steps, ranks of columns one above the other, and paintings filling up every interstice, full before me, I felt completely awed.

"The sides of the recess in which this imposing pile is placed, are formed by lofty chapels almost entirely occupied by catafalcs of gilt enamelled bronze. Here, with their crowns and sceptres humbly prostrate at their feet, bare-headed and unarmed, kneel the figures as large as life, of the Emperor Charles V., and his imperious son, the second Philip, accompanied by those of their unhappy consorts, and ill-fated children. My sensations of dread and dreariness were not diminished upon finding myself alone in such company, for Roxas had left me to deliver some letters to his Right Reverence the Prior, which were to open to us all the arcana of this terrific edifice—at once a temple, a palace, a convent, and a tomb.

"Presently my amiable friend returned, and with him a tall old monk with an ash-coloured forbidding countenance, and staring eyes, the expression of which was the farthest removed possible from any thing like cordiality. This was the mystagogue of the place, the prior in *propria personâ*, the representative of St. Jerome, as far as this monastery and its domain is concerned, and a disciplinarian of celebrated rigidity. He began examining me from head to foot, and, after what I thought rather a strange scrutiny, asked me, in broad Spanish, what I wished particularly to see; then turning to Roxas, said, loud enough for me to hear him, 'He is very young—does he understand what I say to him? But as I am peremptorily commanded to show him about, I suppose I must comply, though I am quite unused to the office of explaining our curiosities. However, if it must be it must, so let us begin and not dally. I have no time to spare, you well know, and I have quite enough to do in the choir and the convent.'

"After this not very gracious exordium, we set forth on our tour. First, we visited some apartments with vaulted roofs, painted in arabesque, in the finest

style of the sixteenth century; and then a vast hall, which had been used for the celebration of mass whilst the great church was building, where I saw the *Perla* in all its purity; the most delicately finished work of Raphael; and the *Pesce*, with its divine angel, graceful infant, and devout young Tobit, breathing the very soul of pious unaffected simplicity. My attention was next attracted by that most profoundly pathetic of pictures—Jacob weeping over the bloody garment of his son—the loftiest proof in existence of the extraordinary powers of Velazquez in the noblest walk of art.

"These three pictures so absorbed my admiration, that I had little left for a host of glorious performances by Titian and the highest masters, which cover the plain, massive walls of these conventual rooms with a paradise of glowing colours. So I passed along, almost as rapidly as my grumbling cicerone could desire, and followed him up several flights of stairs, and through many and many an arched passage and vestibule, all of the sternest Doric, into the choir, which is placed over the grand western entrance, right opposite, at the distance of more than two hundred feet, to the high altar and its solemn accompaniments. No regal chamber I ever beheld can be compared, in point of sober harmonious majesty, to this apartment, which looks more as if it belonged to a palace than a church.

"The series of stalls, designed in a severer taste than was common in the sixteenth century, are carved out of the most precious woods the Indies could furnish. At the extremity of this striking perspective of onyx-coloured seats, columns, and canopies, appears, suspended upon a black velvet pall, that revered image of the crucified Saviour, formed of the purest ivory, which Cellini seems to have sculptured in moments of devout rapture and inspiration. It is by far his finest work: his *Perseus* at Florence is tame and laboured in comparison.

"In a long narrow corridor, which runs behind the stalls pannelled all over like an inlaid cabinet, I was shown a beautiful little organ in a richly chased silver case, which accompanied Charles V. in his African expedition, and must often have gently beguiled the cares of empire; for he played on it, tradition says, almost every evening. That it is worth playing upon even now, I can safely vouch, for I never touched any instrument with a tone of more delicious sweetness; and touch it I did, though my austere conductor, the sour-visaged prior, looked doubly forbidding on the occasion.

"If the stalls I have just mentioned are less exuberantly ornamented than those I have seen at Pavia, and many other monasteries, the space above them, the ceiling, in short, of this noblest of choirs, displays the most gorgeous of spectacles; the heavens and all the powers therein. Imagination can scarcely conceive the pomp and prodigality of pencil with which Luca Giordano has treated this subject, and filled every corner of the vast space it covers with well-rounded forms, that seem actually starting from the glowing clouds with which they are environed. 'Is not this fine?' said the monk; 'you can have nothing like it in your country.'

Here we close our citations, which, though strung together as carelessly as possible, must, we think,

produce altogether a powerful impression of the strength, the grace, and the varied animation of the author's manner. We risk nothing in predicting that Mr. Beckford's *Travels* will henceforth be classed among the most elegant productions of modern literature; they will be forthwith translated into every language of the Continent; and will keep his name alive, centuries after all the brass and marble he ever piled together have ceased to vibrate with the echoes of *Modenhas*.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Helen; a Tale*. By Maria Edgeworth: 3 vols. London, 1834.
2. *Ayesha, the Maid of Kars*. By the author of "Zohrab," "Hajji Baba," &c. 3 vols. London, 1834.

THIS season has been as prolific in novels as any of its predecessors; and, as usual, it has been but a melancholy business to contemplate the rapid succession of these ephemeral productions. One after another is announced with a flourish of penny trumpets: the words, "vivid portraiture"—"keen satire," "high imagination"—"intense passion"—and above all, "genius," and "power," are kept standing in the booksellers' types, and put into unfailing requisition. A week more, and the wonder has been examined and talked of; another, and it is as completely forgotten as any of the nothings of the days of George III. These books are ruining the proprietors of circulating libraries, who alone buy them; and we are greatly mistaken if they be not injuring deeply their publishers. By encouraging the *cacoëthes scribendi* of inferior pens, they may now and then realize an immediate profit to themselves; but they, in the long run, accumulate no *valuable copyrights*; without which no bookselling house can prove the source of ultimate gain on any considerable scale. Are they not aware that at this moment, after all the innumerable editions that have appeared of such a work as "Ivanhoe," or "Old Mortality," its copyright would fetch at least three times more money in the market than the copyright of *all* the novels that were published in London between 1810 and 1830? Well may Sir Egerton Brydges say,

"Let us dismiss the frivolous embarrassments and disappointments of fashion, or the insane hobgoblins of a factitious enthusiasm. It is time to get rid of these epigrammatic, stilted, bandaged, glittering, foaming, lashed-up, frothy, high-seasoned productions of mercenary artists, exciting the appetites of the mob for the purpose of filling their own pockets. But even these stimulant ingredients would not be sufficient without the aid of the puff,—quite as gross and as multiplied as those of the quack-doctors, or the proprietors of Warren's blacking. It is strange that such obviously paid applauses should have any influence on the public favour; but it is clear that they have great influence, for the experience of booksellers would teach them not to throw away so much money in vain. They have so contrary an effect on me, that the moment I read one of those advertise-

ments I take for granted that the book so announced is bad."—*Autobiography*, vol. ii. p. 358.

Sir Egerton's rule is a pretty safe one; it is to us unintelligible how any writer of common sense or delicacy can suffer his work and his name to be dealt with in the fashion here stigmatized; but still there is no denying that indications of real talent have been observable in several of the most disgustingly be-puffed and placarded productions of the present year. We have no doubt that the authors of more than one of them might, if contented with narrower limits, and modest enough to bestow more labour, have turned out works of fiction deserving of lasting favour. It is impossible not to admire, for example, the happily sketched character of an Irish farmer's wife in Lady Blessington's "Repealers," and the variety of shrewd common sense observations which occur every now and then in the midst of that flimsy book. Had her ladyship cut down her three volumes to one, her novel might have had a fair chance of life. And we may say the same thing of Lady Stepney's "New Road to Ruin," for that performance, though still flimsier than the other, has flashes of delicate sentiment, and really feminine perception of the minutiae of character and manners, such as might well have arrested attention, had they not been squandered on an absurd plot, and that wire-drawn to extremity. The author of "Rookwood," again, has shown talents which no doubt might, and, as he is said to be a very young gentleman, will yet, we hope, produce a strong and fervid strain of romance. But he must lop his luxuriancy, and chastise his taste. The odious *slang* with which he has interspersed his third volume is as false as base: and his energetic and animating picture of Turpin's ride to York needed not the setting off of such vulgar and affected ornaments. We expect much from this writer, else we should not have thought it worth our while to use language thus severe. He evidently possesses, in no common degree, the materials of success; a fresh and stirring fancy, and a style which, like that fancy, wants nothing but the bridle. His story, as it is, is one that never flags.

We have named at the head of our article two novels which no one will confound with the million of the tribe; but we have, on former occasions, discussed so largely the peculiar merits of their authors, that we need not at present be tempted into a detailed notice either of *Helen* or of *Ayesha*. If any of our readers had ever listened to the envious whispers, so indefatigably circulated among certain circles, to the effect that Miss Edgeworth's vein of creative fancy had been buried with her father—"Helen" will undeceive them, and vindicate that great and truly modest genius from any such disparaging suspicion. As writers of a reflective and introspective turn advance in the walk of life, they are likely to detach their imagination more and more from the broad and blazing contrasts which delight the eye and heart of youth; and it is no wonder that the interest of this tale, put forth after an interval of, we believe, nearly twenty years, should be of a more sober cast than Miss Edgeworth chose to dwell upon in some earlier works. But the interest is not the less potent on that account: on the contrary, we

venture to say, that if any one will, after reading "Helen," turn to even the best of her old novels, he will feel, that in all the more profound and permanently pleasing beauties of moral delineation the artist has made marked progress. We may point to the skill with which her fable has been framed; the admirable but unobtrusive art with which she has contrived to exhibit what we may call the whole *gamut* of one particular virtue, and its opposite vice, in the different characters of the present novel; and this without producing any impression of a capricious or unnatural selection of *dramatis personæ*; the profusion of terse and pungent *sayings* scattered over its dialogue; and last, not least, the deep piercing pathos of various of its scenes; and ask whether such a combination of excellences is not more than sufficient to make up for the absence of any such quaint, humorous oddities as used to delight the world in Miss Edgeworth's *Irish* romances. We cannot, however, but wish that she had laid the scene of her story in her native country, or, at all events, that she had never brought its heroes and heroines to London. No doubt, Miss Edgeworth represents one particular section of London society with perfect skill; but that section, she must permit us to hint, is one little worthy of engaging such a pen as hers—at least in any thing more serious than an "Essay on Bores." Those who see this great town only in the character of lion or lioness, have little chance of getting out of the *trap* we allude to; but we venture to say, that if Miss Edgeworth had at any time lived here for two or three years on end, she would have found it quite necessary to break its painted barriers, and shake herself free, once for all, from the fry of notoriety hunters, who think the whole business of life consists in sharp talk about authors and artists, and eternal three-cornered notes—"Blue, pink, and green, with all their trumpery."

The main object of *Helen* is told in one ejaculation of a certain spinster who figures in it:—"I wish," says Miss Clarendon, "*fib* were banished from the English language, and that *white lie* were drummed out after it." The construction of the fable, however, appears to have been suggested by Crabbe's tale of the "Confidant," which had already been dramatised by the author of "Elia." But "Miss Edgeworth's Cupid," as Lord Byron once said, "is somewhat of a Presbyterian." The old-fashioned matter-of-fact *love*, that is sinfully gratified and severely punished in Crabbe's homely story, comes wonderfully refined and reformed out of Miss Edgeworth's crucible: in short, the *bastard* of the plain-spoken poet is replaced in the novel by a mis-affiliated *billet-doux*. This is quite as it should be; and the skill with which Miss Edgeworth has transferred the same leading idea, from the downright human beings of the village green to the gauze-curtained world, will be appreciated by any one who compares her elaborate fiction with the rapid sketch of her stern original.

So much for "Helen"—from which, as it is already in every body's hands, we shall not be so superfluous as to make any extracts. We hope, now that Miss Edgeworth has once more condescended to amuse *the public with a new work*, she may be so good-

natured as to repeat the experiment. We remember to have heard it said some years ago, that she had made considerable progress in two novels: one called *White Lies*—the other, *Taking for Granted*. The *White Lies* we have under this no-meaning title of "Helen:" all the world, Miss Edgeworth may take it for granted, will be disappointed if she does not soon favour us with the other book; and we do not think she could re-christen it to any advantage.

Sir Walter Scott, by his own confession, was first led to write novels by observing the success of Miss Edgeworth in availing herself of the peculiarities of Irish manners; and there can be no doubt that his success in intermingling civilized English personages among the wild creatures of the Highlands, in such pieces as "Waverley," and "Rob Roy," has been the source of all that is really good in the romances of Mr. Cooper, and the stimulating guide of Mr. Morier in his "Zohrab," but even more conspicuously in the novel which we have named at the top of this article—"Ayesha, the Maid of Kars."

A young English nobleman, Lord Osmond, is travelling in the Turkish provinces, attended by a kidnapped Swiss turned into a Tartar courier, and a supple Greek, his valet. In the remote inland town of Kars, he sees and falls in love with Ayesha, the angelic daughter, as is supposed, of Soleiman Aga, a wealthy and phlegmatic old Turk, and Zabetta his wife, a daring intriguante from Tenedos, who has long since conformed to the religion of her lord.

In the progress of the story, Osmond's audacity in attempting to gain the affections of the lovely Turkish maiden excites the jealous indignation of the authorities of Kars, and thus a series of highly interesting perplexities and persecutions, dangers and escapes, is naturally enough introduced. The lover is rescued from the prison of the Pacha of Kars by the address of a Khurdish freebooter, to whom he had on a former occasion rendered an important service. This man conducts him to the castle of his captain, Cara Bey, a savage chief whose name inspires terror all over the Armenian frontier between the Turkish and the Russian territories. This robber-chief, on learning the nature of the offence which had consigned Osmond to the Pacha's dungeon, is fired with the reported charms of Ayesha, and, having shut up the Englishman in one of his own *oubliettes*, he makes a midnight foray upon Kars, and succeeds in carrying off the damsel. Osmond, meanwhile, forms a friendship in his new prison with a young Russian, belonging to a regiment stationed on the neighbouring frontier; and they contrive to open a communication with the Muscovite commander—which ends in his being admitted into the Castle of Cara Bey, the seizure of the gang, and the emancipation of all the captives.

In the third volume, the scene passes to the Euxine—to Constantinople—to Rhodes; and the *dénouement* gives the discovery that Ayesha is no Turkish maiden, but the daughter of an English gentleman of rank, who had spent some years in travelling about the Levant—her conversion to Christianity—and her happy union with Lord Osmond.

We merely run over these names and leading features of the narrative, to show that the author has

taken a canvass wide enough to admit of a more extensive group of contrasts than he had ventured upon in the admirable novel of *Zohrab*; and we have every reason to congratulate him on the manner in which he filled up his outline. We have Turkish manners, in all their varieties—from the majestic Padishah himself down to the obscure Dogberries of a sequestered village—their wives, and slaves: we have some lively specimens of the Greek character; we have, in Cara Bey and his gang, a crew of ferocious outlaws, *devil-worshippers*, equally abhorring and abhorred by Mussulman and Christian; we have, finally, all these Orientals in immediate collision with Russians—and, throughout, with a perfect English gentleman. It must be allowed that here is ample room and verge enough for the *picturesque*; and the bold and dashing vigour of the execution lends itself with equal ease to all the multifarious objects of delineation.

We need say nothing about the grand improbabilities of the fable,—but giving him *them* once for all, the rest goes smoothly. A more animated and exciting story could hardly be conceived; and there runs through the whole of it, in the character of Ayesha herself, a strain of pure genial tenderness of conception, such as might be envied by any poet that ever wrote—

“Making a brightness in the shady place.”

At this time, when the Ottoman empire is so obviously on the verge of dissolution, a work portraying, with the graphic vigour of thorough knowledge, the manners and habits of Turks of many different classes, possesses a claim to far more attention than usually belongs to even the cleverest of novels. We have no doubt that *Ayesha* will do more to inform the public mind respecting this strange but most picturesque people, than even our author could have effected by a book of travels. Mr. Morier spent much of the earlier period of his life in the Turkish dominions, and his representations of Ottoman modes of thought and feeling have that nameless quality, which at once conveys to every mind the conviction that they are not only interesting, but *true*. To combine such a variety of materials into a harmonious picture of life and love, is to be a man of genius; and with genius, Mr. Morier unites the—in these days hardly rarer—quality of a classical taste. A manly and generous mind shines through all his pages; and his language has an easy idiomatic elasticity about it, which, as well as the lightness of his humour and the simplicity of his pathos, has often reminded us of Oliver Goldsmith.

We are perhaps not more called upon for extracts from such a work as this than in the case of “*Helen*,” but two or three passages, which may be detached from the narrative of the second volume, without at all interfering with the interest of the novel, present a temptation which we are not disposed to resist. The scene in which Lord Osmond’s baggage is overhauled by the dignitaries of Kars is one of these: it is in the happiest vein of the “*Hajji Baba in England* :”—

“First, the contents of the portmanteau were exhibited. In succession were displayed waistcoats, neckcloths, shirts, drawers, and stockings, which

drew forth the astonishment of all present, for they wondered what one man could possibly want with so many things, the uses of most of which were to them incomprehensible. They admired the glittering beauties of a splendid uniform jacket, which its owner carried about to wear on appearing at courts and in the presence of exalted personages; but when they came to inspect a pair of leather pantaloons, the ingenuity of the most learned amongst them could not devise for what purpose they could possibly be used. For let it be known, that a Turk’s trowsers, when extended, look like the largest of sacks used by millers, with a hole at each corner for the insertion of the legs. Will it, then, be thought extraordinary that the comprehension of the present company was at fault as to the pantaloons? They were turned about in all directions, inside and out, before and behind. The mufti submitted that they might perhaps be an article of dress, and he called upon a bearded chokhadar, who stood by wrapped in doubt and astonishment, to try them on. The view which the mufti took of them was, that they were to be worn as a head-dress, and accordingly, that part which tailors call the seat was fitted over the turban of the chokhadar, whilst the legs fell in serpent-like folds down the grave man’s back and shoulders, making him look like Hercules with the lion’s skin thrown over his head. ‘*Barikallah*—praise be to Allah!’ said the mufti, ‘I have found it: perhaps this is the dress of an English pacha of two tails!’ ‘*Aferin*—well done!’ cried all the adherents of the law. But the pacha was of another opinion; he viewed the pantaloons in a totally different light, inspecting them with the eye of one who thought upon the good things of which he was fond. ‘For what else can this be used,’ exclaimed the chief, his dull eye brightening up as he spoke—‘what else, but for wine? This is perhaps the skin of some European animal. Franks drink wine, and they carry their wine about in skins, as our own infidels do. Is it not so?’ said he, addressing himself to Bogos the Armenian. ‘So it is,’ answered the dyer, ‘it is even as your highness has commanded.’—‘Well then, this skin has contained wine,’ continued the pacha, pleased with the discovery, ‘and, by the blessing of Allah! it shall serve us again.—Here,’ said he to one of his servants, ‘here, take this, let the saka sew up the holes, and let it be well filled: instead of wine, it shall hold water.’ And, true enough, in a few days after, the pantaloons were seen parading the town on a water-carrier’s back, doing the duty of mesheks. But it was secretly reported, that not long after they were converted to the use for which the pacha intended them, and actually were appointed for the conveyance of his highness’s favourite wine.

“In the lid of the portmanteau was discovered a boot-jack, with a pair of steel boot-hooks. These articles put the ingenuity of the Turks to a still greater test. How could they possibly devise that so complicated a piece of machinery could, by any stretch of imagination, have any thing in common with a pair of boots, a part of dress which they pull off and on with as much ease as one inserts and reinserts a mop into a bucket? They thought it might have something to do with necromancy, then with astro-

logy, but at length it struck them that the whole machine must be one for the purposes of torture;—what more convenient than the hinges for squeezing the thumb or cracking the finger joints—what better adapted than the boot-hooks for scooping out eyes? Such they decided it to be; and, in order to confirm the conclusion beyond a doubt, the pacha ordered his favourite scribe to insert his finger between the hinges of the boot-jack, which having done with repugnance, he was rewarded for his complaisance by as efficacious a pinch as he could wish, whilst peals of laughter went round at his expense. The instrument was then made over to the chief executioner, with orders to keep it in readiness upon the first occasion.

“The various contents of the dressing-case were next brought under examination. Every one was on the look-out for something agreeable to the palate, the moment they saw the numerous bottles with which it was studded. One tasted eau-de-Cologne—another lavender-water; both which they thought might or might not be Frank luxuries in the way of cordials. But who can describe the face which was made by the pacha himself, when, attracted by the brilliancy of the colour, he tossed off to his own drinking the greater part of a bottle of tincture of myrrh! The mufti was a man who never laughed, but even he, on seeing the contortions of his colleague, could not suppress his merriment; whilst the menials around were obliged to look down, their feet reminding them of the countenance they ought to keep, if they hoped to keep themselves free from the stick.

“Whilst this was taking place, the iman of the mosque, whose mortified looks belied his love of good things, quietly abstracted from the case a silver-mounted box, which having opened, he there discovered a paste-like substance, the smell of which he thought was too inviting to resist; he therefore inserted therein the end of his forefinger, and, scooping out as much as it could carry, straightway opened wide his mouth and received it with a smack. Soon was he visited by repentance:—he would have roared with nausea, had he not been afraid of exposing himself—he sputtered—he spat. ‘What has happened?’ said one, with a grin. ‘*Bak—see!*’ roared the pacha, who was delighted to have found a fellow-sufferer—‘*Bak—see!* the iman is sick.’ The nature of the substance which he had gulped soon discovered itself by the white foam which was seen to issue from his mouth: then other feelings pervaded the assembly—they apprehended a fit—they feared madness; in short, such was the state to which the unfortunate priest was reduced, that he was obliged to make a rapid escape from the assembly, every one making way for him, as one who is not to be touched. The reader need not be informed that he had swallowed a large dose of Naples soap.

“Many were the mistakes which occurred besides those above mentioned, and which it would perhaps be tedious or trifling to enumerate. They pondered deeply over every article; they turned the books upside down, they spilt the mercury from the artificial horizon, broke the thermometers, displaced the barometer, scattered the mathematical instruments about, so that they never could be reinserted in the

case. A small ivory box attracted their attention: it was so prettily turned, so neat, and so ornamental, that, like children quarrelling for a toy, each of them longed to possess it. At length it was ceded to the mufti. This sapient personage had enjoyed the pleasure of laughing at others, but as yet had not been laughed at himself. Twisting the box in all directions, at length he unscrewed it, much to his satisfaction, and seeing a small tube within, surrounded by a bundle of diminutive sticks, he concluded this must be the Frank’s inkstand; the liquid in the tube being the ink, the sticks the pens. He was not long in inserting one of the sticks into the tube; he drew it out, and instantaneous light burst forth. Who can describe the terror of the Turk? He threw the whole from him, as if he had discovered that he had been dandling the *Shaitan* in person. ‘*Ai Allah!*’ he exclaimed, with eyes starting from his head, his mouth open, his hands clinging to the cushions, his whole body thrown back:—‘Allah, protect me! Allah, Allah, there is but one Allah!’ he exclaimed in terror, looking at the little box and the little sticks, strewn on the ground before him, with an expression of fear that sufficiently spoke his apprehension that it contained some devilry, which might burst out and overwhelm him with destruction. Nor were the surrounding Turks slow in catching his feelings; they had seen the ignition, and had partaken of the shock. Every one drew back from the box and its contents, and made a circle round it; looking at it in silence, and waiting the result with terror,—low ‘Allah, Allahs!’ broke from the audience, and few were inclined to laugh. At length, seeing that it remained stationary, the ludicrous situation of the mufti began to draw attention, and as he was an object of general dislike, every one, who could do so with safety, indulged in laughing at him. The grave Suleiman, who had seen more of Franks than the others, at length ventured to take up the box, though with great wariness: he was entreated, in the name of the Prophet! to put it down again by the pacha, who then ordered Bogos, the Armenian, to take up the whole machine, sticks and all, and at his peril instantly to go and throw it into the river: swearing, by the Koran and by all the imans, that if the devil ever appeared amongst them again, he would put not only him but every Armenian and Christian in Kars to death.

“There only now remained the medicine-chest to be examined, but, seeing what had happened, every one appeared but little anxious to pursue the investigation, fearful of some new disaster. However, when Bogos had explained that it was to this the Frank had recourse when he required medicine, at that moment every Turk present seemed impelled with a desire to take some; and, indeed, they would have proceeded to help themselves, had not the mufti interposed, who, still with the fear of some satanic influence before his eyes, entreated them to refrain. But an expedient occurred to him which he immediately put into practice. He sent for as many Jews as could be found upon the spur of the moment, and ordered them to appear before the pacha. A few of these miserable outcasts lived at Kars, under the severest of tyrannies, and if ever any misery was to be inflicted, were sure to come in for the first share.

Very soon after the order had been given, some half-a-dozen of them were collected, and marshalled in a row at the end of the room. The bottles were taken out separately from the chest, and a certain quantity, *ad libitum*, of every medicine was administered to each of the Jews. They were then conducted into an outer room, where they sat in doleful mood, watching their approaching doom, like men condemned to some severe punishment, bewailing their misfortune, and in their hearts wishing for the destruction of their tyrants. The effects produced were as various as they were effectual: the Turks looked on in horror—the Jews were absorbed in disgust. ‘Allah, Allah!’ was exclaimed by every looker-on; and by the time the whole ceremony had drawn to a close, they became all seriously convinced that their town had been visited by the great Evil One in person; the medicine-chest was put on one side with caution, and every thing which related, directly or indirectly, to Osmond, was treated with becoming suspicion.”—vol. ii. pp. 37—49.

In another style we have been much struck with the description of Osmond’s first encounter with the Khurdish captain, Cara Bey, and his little host of freebooters. The English gentleman has, during the latter part of the day, seen the castle of this redoubted scoundrel perched on a huge crag in the horizon. Night comes before they reach it; their road carries them through that deserted city of *Anni*, which Sir Robert Kerr Porter describes in his travels through Armenia:

“On a sudden, as they turned the abrupt angle of a defile, Osmond’s eye was arrested by the vision of what he supposed was an immense city. Walls, houses, towers, cupolas, and battlements, arose before him in massive groups, exhibiting to his astonished mind, not the small and insignificant structures of a common Asiatic town, but the severe and well-defined masses of ancient times, such as one fond of classic illusions might imagine to have been the residence of Greeks or Romans. Although some of its angles were glanced upon by the moon, its principal outlines were in deep shade; the whole bearing so dark, awful, and mysterious an appearance, that a poet might, without much exaggeration, have called it ‘The Spectre City.’

“It was not long before the travellers, having passed the first broken outskirts, began to wind through the desolate streets. There was not sufficient light to exhibit every detail of ruin, and an ignorant observer might have mistaken what he saw for a flourishing city, the inhabitants of which had suddenly been smitten by the plague, or with one consent had abandoned their homes and fled. The silence which prevailed was fearful, and struck involuntary horror. House succeeded house in sad array, and not a sound was heard. A magnificent structure, looking like a royal palace, lifted up its walls and towers, cutting the clear blue vault of heaven with its angular lines, and lighted up by the moon in its splendour. The travellers paced along at the foot of its walls; the only noise which broke the still air was that of the reverberating hoofs of their horses, heard in echoes throughout the long deserted courts. . . . At length, very distant and indistinct sounds, as if from the beating of a small drum, accompanied by strange screams

of voices of men, either in pain or in frenzy, or in outrageous merriment, stole upon the ear, and broke the silent spell which seemed to have arrested every tongue.

“They had not proceeded far before they caught glimpses here and there of men’s heads darkly peeping from behind the ruins: and occasionally groups of horses, with indications of troops on a march, were seen. These objects increased as they advanced, and it was evident that some predatory excursion was on foot. Men in the picturesque Khurdish costume, some on the watch, armed from head to foot, wielding the characteristic lance of that people—others asleep in recumbent attitudes—others, again, seated around fires, were now plainly seen, and bespoke the vicinity of their chief. A more striking moonlight scene could not well be imagined: overhanging turrets, broken battlements, lengthened walls, arose on all sides. Parts of the fragments, overgrown with wild vegetation, were lighted up by the pale gleaming of the moon, whilst the deepest shade concealed the remainder, and presented a series of outlines which became mysterious from being undefined.

“At length they reached the front of a large building, evidently the remains of a Christian church. Built in the form of a cross, one of its sides, in the centre of which was the principal entrance, was terminated by a lofty pediment, and opened upon the square in which the building was situated. A triangular steeple rose from the summit of the roof, and presented to the eye a form of architecture so like a European place of worship, that Osmond could scarcely believe that he was far away from the blessings of his own Christian country, and in the midst of ruthless barbarians. The whole square was full of armed men, evidently ready, at a moment’s notice, to obey the call of their chief, who was now close at hand. Presently Hassan, with a look of agitation, casting his eyes behind him, and looking at Osmond, said, ‘In the name of Allah! let us dismount: the chief is here.’”

* * * * *

“The great gate of the church, being unenclosed by doors, presented to the sight of Osmond, as he approached it, an immense glare of torchlight, which fell upon the ruined and dilapidated ornaments of its interior, as well as upon a large crowd of variously-dressed people. The scene was as strange as it was impressive. In front was the ancient altar, backed by a ~~rotunda~~ of highly wrought fretwork in stone, in the centre of which stood conspicuous the sacred emblem of the cross: the high ceiling, supported by heavy pillars with grotesque capitals, received the rays of the brilliant light, and disclosed many details of sculpture which would be interesting to the scientific traveller; whilst the walls, broken into heavy compartments, engraved with Armenian inscriptions, and diversified by carved window-frames of stone, showed, by the cracks and fissures which intersected them, that the hand of time was not to be cheated of its slow but certain labour.

“Osmond’s eye could not rest upon objects which at another time would have absorbed his attention—but fell upon a figure recumbent in a half-indolent, half-animated attitude, on carpets spread on the ground, and against cushions which rested upon the

very step of the altar. To describe the countenance of this person, or give an idea of the sensation which his appearance produced in Osmond, would be difficult. His countenance seemed, as it were, the rallying point of every evil passion: he looked the very personification of wickedness. He was rather inclined to be fat and bloated; but his cheeks were pale and livid, his forehead of a marble whiteness, whilst the lower part of the face was dark and blue. The nose was strongly arched, the mouth drawn down and full, with two strong lines on either side, and the cheek-bones broad. But it was the eyes which gave the look of the demon to the whole. Their brilliancy was almost superhuman: it might be said, 'they flashed intolerable day;' they shone through the shade of an overhanging brow, like torches within a cavern. There was an obliquity in their look which produced deformity, and gave a cast of villany to their expression—had they been well matched, they would have been accounted beautiful;—and, withal, the settled tone of the features was a fixed smile. He was remarkable for a scowl on the brow, and a smile on the lip—a smile denoting contempt of every thing good, which did not vanish even at the sight of inflicted tortures and agonizing death. Such was the man before whom Osmond stood—and this was Cara Bey. In his person he was tall and muscular, and the breadth of his shoulders, and the deepness of his chest, spoke for his strength.

"Every object by which he was surrounded, showed him to be a voluptuary. He was waited upon by richly-dressed attendants; dancers, fantastically decked in brocades, velvets, and silks, with flowing ribbands, and a profusion of pendent hair, were doing their utmost, by studied contortions and measured attitudes, to draw forth his approbation; whilst all the ingredients for excess in wine and gluttony were placed before him.

"Osmond was allowed to stand unnoticed for some time, before Cara Bey took heed of him, or seemed to be aware of his presence. At length, Hassan having ventured to announce his arrival, whilst he made his obeisance, the monster cast his eyes upwards, and seeing Osmond and his attendants in silence, scrutinizing them from head to foot, and looking too suspicious not to throw doubt upon the sincerity of his greeting, he said doggedly, '*Khosh geldin*—you are welcome!'"—*Ayesha*, vol. ii. pp. 80—86.

The whole character of this Cara Bey is drawn out with no ordinary skill and vigour; it is not, however, equal to the eunuch-king in *Zohrab*—that, we suspect, will always be considered as Mr. Morier's *chef-d'œuvre*.

From Fraser's Magazine.

EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, ESQ.

HERE we have Bulwer in an appropriate position, viewing his face, and reviewing his beard. With razor far keener than the edge of his *Siamese Twins*, is he delicately mowing his chin; and clothed in a *robe de nuit* far more flowing than the numbers of his *Milton*, a Poem, looks with charmed eyes upon the scene before him, and exclaims, with all the rap-
ture of a satisfied editor, "What a charming article!

Worth any thing per sheet!" We have taken him just on the eve of publication, revising his last proof the moment before coming out.

He has himself, in an autobiography published some time ago in the *New Monthly*, given us an ample history of his seed, breed, and generation. We are sorry to say that we have forgotten the genealogy; but it was related, if we do not wholly misapprehend the matter, pretty much in the style attributed to old *Hardcastle* in *She Stoops to Conquer*: "My grandmother was a major of dragoons, and one of my aunts a justice of the peace." The same history contained many other interesting particulars concerning the curl of his whiskers—which, by our plate it will be seen, are well put on—the peculiarity of his coat, the tournure of his countenance, and other matters, momentous to the general reader. L. E. L., however, in her *Romance and Reality*, which we take shame to ourselves for not having hitherto reviewed, has so completely depicted him (we shall not say *con amore*, lest that purely technical phrase should be construed literally,) as having a high nose, relieved by an open mouth, a forehead of an especial shape, contrasted with a peculiar chin, &c. &c., that it would be useless to go over the concern any more.

His poetry is so-so, or rather very bad; and yet with a strange, but at the same time usual perversity, he prefers it to his prose, which is, or was, readable and pleasant. *Falkland*, to be sure, is no great thing; it being a book the naughtiness of the conception of which is happily neutralized by the dulness of its execution. But *Pelham* was full of smart magazine papers, any one of which would be worth any money to the *New Monthly*; two or three of them might, perhaps, find admission in a dull month into *Fraser*; and it is on this work he should take his stand. The reason is plain: he had, close by, the pattern and exemplar of the hero—"He but looked in the glass and he drew from himself." *Devereux*, *Disoriented*, *Doomed*, &c., are barely unreadable; and *Eugene Aram* has been already celebrated in our pages.

As a statesman, he is chiefly remarkable for his strenuous exertions in the great and vital question of the Majors and Minors. He is bending all the power of his mighty mind to arrange the great and truculent feud between Drury and Davidge, the Garder and the Wells; while his eminent brother is occupied in settling the quarrels between Russia and Poland. In oratory he has not succeeded; which his ill-willers attribute to his injudicious custom of applying too liberal a stimulus of brandy before venturing on the desperate attempt of addressing an assembly so awful and august as that which congregates in St. Stephen's. It is a custom he should give up. By taking a turn or two, with his new theatrical friends in the barns in the country, he will be able to master nerve enough to get on before a promiscuous rabble, without applying to an ally whose aid is often too potent for those who call it in. Of his Magazine, we say nothing. Let him and Tom Campbell squabble it out between them.

Yet we must not so part with Bulwer, after all. If he would give up his "affectations"—and, surely, he is now old enough to do so—and learn to believe, that to be a Garrick Club dandy is not one of the

objects of human ambition; if he would not at the authorship of some three or four flimsy clever novel, is the perfection of literary "he would forswear the use of such words as principles," "enlarged ideas," "progress of behind the age," and other nonsense of the which could be used by a parrot with as much by the rising talent of the day; if he would nothing, and think a little—get to harder d a humbler mind, there is the making of g well worth praising in Bulwer; and when t, nobody will be happier to proclaim it than s.

From the United Service Journal.

TRIPOLI AS IT IS.

1834.

country of Tripoli extends between the regen- Egypt and Tunis, from the Gulf of Cades to the extremity of the Gulf of Syrtis; the boun- the east being Barca, and on the west Bili- d. The southern part extends to Fezzan, a ch and fruitful district. This place, till within few years, was in entire subjection to the but at present the Bey of Fezzan is very in- ent, having a larger tract of land and more s than any other of the Arab chiefs, he being d of a very numerous and warlike tribe. people look up to their chiefs much in the anner as the Scotch Highlanders used to do head of their clans, and are situated much in e manner towards one another.

eel, the Bey of Fezzan, still remains nomi- bject to the Pacha; but he and the other enerally have taken advantage of the dissen- the family of the Pacha, and of the civil war as now lasted upwards of two years. Sup- neither party and endeavouring to obtain from both, they play a sure game for them- and wait to see which of the rival powers is ely to succeed.

population, consisting of Moors, Arabs, and nount to 25,000; they are a very industrious people for that part of the world; most of essing a certain portion of land in the Mes- d around Tajoura, one side of which extends ie sea-coast, and the other borders on the upon which they have made great inroads by n personal perseverance.

chief exports consist of cattle, horses, dates, igs, salt, ostrich feathers, ivory, gold-dust, and uit; some of these articles are produced in ens of the Messiah and Tajoura, the others ght from Fezzan and the interior.

to the town of Tripoli, the chief sea-port is , where we have a Vice-consul. It has a port trade of cattle and horses. The breed ; but the meat of the former is excellent, is an abundant supply for the market in Mal- which it is only 250 miles distant.

own of Tripoli is only 180 miles distant from and so long as that valuable possession affords and protection to British shipping, so long

must the adjoining territory of Tripoli be regarded as a station of peculiar importance and interest to the British government. We need, therefore, make no apologies for drawing out from personal observa- tion and inquiry a brief sketch of its present and past history.

It is now about twenty-five or thirty years since the old Pacha, "Yousseuf Coromanly," obtained the sovereign power by murdering his elder brothers. At that time he was a brave and warlike man, always successful in arms; but as he has grown in years, he has grown in wickedness and every vice, being cruel, oppressive, and regardless of murdering his subjects. Few among them could attain to any affluence with- out living in constant dread of being betrayed into the hands of the executioner; it being his practice to invite them to his castle under the mask of friend- ship, and then poisoning their coffee, or causing them to be killed at the threshold of his door, in order that he might confiscate their property. Another most injurious practice of his was to alter the value of the currency. The dollar being divided into seven pi- astres, and the piastre into forty paras, he would make it pass current for twelve or fifteen piastres, and then reverse the value over again to suit his own purposes. Not satisfied, however, with these enormities, he kept continually levying extra taxes upon his people, and instead of appropriating the money to the service of the state, he used it to satisfy his inordinately lux- urious wants, buying the most costly ornaments for his different wives, none of whom wore less than two or three thousand pounds worth of jewels about their persons. He seldom drank any thing else but cham- pagne—rather contrary to the Mohammedan reli- gion, and squandered his money in buying expensive French ornaments, &c. The latter years of his life were chiefly spent in the harem and the bath, where he used to continue for hours every day of his life. His other amusements was dyeing his old white beard black—rather a tedious operation for an old man between sixty and seventy years of age, which occupied him nearly two or three whole days in the week.

The following anecdote will serve to show how little dependence could be placed upon him in money transactions: After having given one of the mer- chants a teshkerah, or bond, in payment for some goods he had purchased, he sent his prime-minister to follow him into the house where he was going to exchange the same for money, and upon the mer- chant putting the paper on the counter in the shop, this Mahommed d'Ghies snatched up the teshkerah, and ran off with it back to the castle where the Pa- cha lives; but fortunately, he was caught with it in his hands just before he entered the palace, other- wise, no doubt, they would have sworn the merchant out of it.

The Pacha and his family live in a castle which commands the town, and forms one of the strongest parts of the fortifications. No one can have beheld this fortress without horror and disgust; and few can have entered its walls without shuddering as they thought of the many known, and many more un- known people, who have been sacrificed by its pos- sessors.

At the outbreak of the civil war, nearly two years

ago, the Pacha's family consisted of three sons and two grandsons, children of the eldest son, who has long been dead. Of these Ali, the next surviving son, who is about forty years of age, is in most respects the same sort of character as his father, if not worse, and decidedly more unpopular. He is so avaricious that they have given him the name of Ali Para.* His conduct to the army when he was sent against the rebels at Fezzan fully shows his character. Abjaleel, the head of a numerous powerful tribe of Arabs, about four years ago resisted payment, and captured Fezzan from the Pacha's government. Ali was sent against him with a very large force; but, preferring bribes to his father's cause, he sacrificed a great many of his men by intentionally placing them in dangerous positions, where provisions and water were scarce; and thus obliged his old father to recall him and his army, without having reaped any benefit from this expensive expedition. Ali, not content with behaving in this infamous and treacherous manner, took the monopoly of provisioning his army into his own hands, charged a most exorbitant price, and even went so far as to tax the little water that he found for them. This treatment so outraged the feelings of the people that they have never forgiven him; and no wonder, when to all that was treacherous, he added the grossest acts of barbarity that can well be imagined.

The eldest grandson and lineal heir, Emhammed, is a fine young man, about twenty-five years old. For many years past he has always lived with his family at his house in the Messiah, abstaining from any interference with the politics of the country, still in such dread of any disturbances taking place, that he always kept a few followers about him whom he could trust, and horses already saddled by day and night, so as to be able to make his escape out of the country, if requisite. Such was the security he experienced under his grandfather's administration! Emhammed is beloved by every one far and near, and is the faithful and devoted friend of England; whereas, on the other hand, Ali, his uncle, is devoted to the French interest.

After this slight sketch of the Pacha's character, and that of his son and grandson, our readers will easily understand the causes of the civil war and the merits of the respective parties. To support his profuse expenditure, debt after debt was contracted by the aged Pacha with French and English merchants. Tax followed tax; extortion begot extortion; murder succeeded to murder; until at last the people could bear his yoke no longer, and broke out into open rebellion. Their first act was to send a deputation to the grandson, Emhammed, (the right and legitimate heir,) to induce him to become their leader, which he reluctantly consented to; and they promised to place him upon the throne, making him take an oath to a sort of constitution for the better government of the country in future.

Thus, from a state of privacy he was raised, by the unanimous voice of the people, to the highest powers in the state, having an army at his command of upwards of 12,000 men. The Pacha, finding he

could not stem the torrent any longer, abdicated in favour of his son Ali, who is a hundred times less popular than himself; a foolish piece of policy. By these means Ali got possession of the town of Tripoli, having gained over his father's faithful soldiers about 500 blacks. This position he has maintained for the last two years. Emhammed, on the other hand, has nearly entire possession of the country; he is supported by a large army, who regard him as their rightful sovereign; and whether by right of birth as the legitimate heir, or by popular choice as the friend and nominee of the people, he surely ought to succeed to the throne which his grandfather has abdicated.

Ali's treatment of his own father is quite in accordance with the rest of his conduct. He keeps him closely confined to his apartments in the castle, allowing him barely enough subsistence to maintain life; and excludes him from any communication with his wives, from whom he has taken every farthing of money they possessed, besides turning into cash all their jewels and personal effects. By these means he has amassed a great deal of property, and is able to maintain his tottering position by bribery and corruption. His black soldiers support him more out of fear than any other motive, dreading the fate they so well deserve, should they be obliged to yield, as they were the chief instruments through whom the old Pacha was able to follow his nefarious and wicked practices.

Emhammed maintains a strong position among the gardens, each of which is surrounded by a wall—a fortification in itself, around which they have thrown up intrenchments and erected batteries on the sides exposed to the sea and the town. These gardens extend about fifteen miles along the coast, and about ten miles inland, towards the Desert. The people are enthusiastic in his favour; he is beloved by all around him. He is so poor himself that he has not been able to contribute a mite to the exigencies of the war, but carries it on entirely by the voluntary contributions of his people, who all serve him without demanding any payment, keeping a regular guard round their intrenchments both day and night.

One of the chiefs remains at Malta, from whence he obtains a constant supply of arms and ammunition; which they are enabled to land very easily, having a small port at the entrance of the harbour, defended by a battery. There is a custom-house erected at this place, rented by one of the merchants, which brings in the only fixed revenue that can be said to exist. They have lately purchased some merchant-brigs, and have armed them, by which means they are able to cope with Ali's gun-boats, and thus have the complete command of the chief entrance to the harbour.

This magnanimous behaviour of the people must surely reap its reward, especially as their conduct in other respects is so exemplary. Revolt generally engenders crime and the worst of passions, but it is quite otherwise amongst them. There has not been an act of oppression or injustice since the revolution; more protection and greater security is given to all foreigners, than at any one time during the old Pacha's administration. The justness of this remark is fully corroborated by nearly all the foreign consuls

* A para is the lowest denomination of coin, equivalent to the tenth of a penny.

leaving the town to live amongst them, and nearly all the foreign inhabitants. The American Consul remained in the town as long as he was able, till he found security was so bad that, having been insulted, he thought it requisite to strike his flag and embark for Malta many months ago.

During the first year of the war a great many sorties took place—upwards of sixty—which were always repulsed with loss. Since that period there have been very few, owing to the town party being so reduced as to numbers; only a few hundred black soldiers remain to support Ali's cause. With the exception of these black soldiers, the town people, one and all, would willingly make their escape and join the other party, if it was not for the sake of their wives and children. A great many, notwithstanding, have effected it, some by bribing the soldiers, others at the risk of their lives; for if taken, they would be sure of losing their heads.

Nothing is done on Ali's side without consulting the French Consul, who has taken up their cause in a most decided manner, and has gained entire influence over the prime minister, that detestable man Mahommed d'Ghies, who is nearly as bad a character as his infamous brother Hassuna d'Ghies, the accomplice in Major Laing's murder, of which we shall have cause to speak hereafter.

In respect to the British and French claims, it will now be requisite to say a few words. They arose from the extravagancies of the old Pacha, who used to buy goods from the merchants, and, instead of paying for them at the time, gave them teshkerehs payable in one or two years, with interest, which, taking the outside average, never amounted to more than five per cent.—a very moderate charge under such circumstances. These debts have remained unsettled for upwards of ten years. He promised to pay the whole amount in eighteen months, by six monthly instalments, which was granted him; but when the ship arrived to take away the freight, she was obliged to go away again, receiving the same promises. This occurred not only once, but a dozen different times.

After relying so long and putting so much faith in the Pacha, our Consul at last perceived that the French had the entire management of him, and that he was liquidating their debt, (part of which they had got from him four years ago;) so he was obliged to make such a recommendation to his Government as induced them to send three men-of-war there, with orders to demand the necessary payment in forty-eight hours, or to haul down the Consul's flag. The last was the alternative obliged to be pursued. Shortly after this the ships left, and the Consul also embarked with his family.

At this period, Ali promised his father to pay all the claims, if he would abdicate in his favour. This he objected to do,—at the same time levying new taxes and contributions, the proceeds of which he squandered away as before, instead of satisfying his creditors; until at length he was driven from the government. The remainder he made over to the French Government. These extortions brought on the revolution, and finally, the Pacha's abdication.

The Consul, after hearing of the complete revolution, and then of the abdication of the old Pacha, (the

majority of the people acknowledging Embammed as their lawful Sovereign,) he deemed it requisite to return back to his house in the country, to look after the future interests of England, and the affairs, as well as the persons, of British subjects, who were all left there, to the amount of upwards of 2000, most of whom are Maltese. The Consul was also apprized of the French Consul taking a most active part on the side of Ali, nothing being done without his advice. Thus, foreseeing the entire overthrow of our influence, should that party gain the upper hand, he expressed himself in favour of the lawful and popular sovereign, and was promised by the young Pacha, in the country, that if he succeeded, he would attend to the English claims, and manage the affairs of government in a more enlightened and civilized manner.

He consequently wrote to our Government, and explained his reasons for adopting that course, which were fully appreciated—so much so, that he received the flattering testimony of approval from his Majesty. Orders have since been sent out for him to remain neutral, which he has strictly conformed to. The same orders were sent to the French Consul; but from what has been said, our readers may judge for themselves how far they have been obeyed.

Such then, to sum up all in a few words, is the present posture of affairs at Tripoli. In the town, an old tyrant in the hands of his son Ali,—a greater tyrant than himself,—backed by French intrigue, and maintained by the strength of his position only, with the aid of mercenary guards. In the country, a young and popular Prince,—undoubted heir to the throne,—the idol of his subjects,—the faithful partisan of England,—the pledged advocate of improvement, and protector of the oppressed, whatever their creed or country.

Whatever may be the course pursued by the British Government, no one can doubt to which side their sympathies and interests incline them. It is most fortunate that at this critical juncture our representative should be a person so highly esteemed and so trust-worthy as Colonel Warrington—a downright John Bull Englishman at heart, and a perfect gentleman in mind and manners. He unites with this high character, long experience in the politics of the country, and great powers of penetration. Well is it that he should do so, for it requires a man of very acute mind to see through the artful intrigues of the French,—a nation which has always been England's worst enemy, and not less designedly inimical in time of peace than in open war. If other instances were wanting to put us on our guard against their insidious manœuvres, we need only refer to the murder of Major Laing, and to the connexion well-known to have subsisted between their then Consul, M. Rousseau, and the instigator of his murder, Hassuna d'Ghies. The British Consul, on that occasion, as well from a sense of justice as out of regard for our national honour, obliged the old Pacha to obtain all the information requisite. He actually proved to the Pacha, before his own face, through means of several witnesses who swore to the facts, that Major Laing was murdered at the instigation of this same Hassuna d'Ghies. One of the witnesses was the very man whom he had employed to overtake Major

Laing's confidential agent, and to seize the papers with which he was intrusted. These he sold to the French Consul (who is since dead) for part payment of a sum of money that was owing to him as a private debt. It was well known that Rousseau shut himself up for several days in his own house, copying these papers.

The old Pacha was so horrified, and so convinced from the different investigations that were instituted through the zeal and assiduity of our Consul, that he signed documents declaring the truth of the statements of all these witnesses, in presence of the Consul himself. He expressed his great regret, and readiness to punish the offenders if possible. The principal one was nowhere to be found,—he had thrown himself under the protection of our ever faithless friends the French, and had taken his departure for that part of the world in an American frigate. The Pacha said he was extremely sorry that it was out of his power to punish this murderer, but gave full permission to the English Government to hang him whenever they could get hold of him.

In the mean time, what has been the conduct of the French Government? Instead of disavowing all connexion with the man, they pretend to disbelieve the facts; but to disprove them was beyond their power. They then sent a squadron to Tripoli, (a short time after they had taken Algiers,) frightened the old Pacha nearly out of his senses,—demanded payment of the greater part of the French claims, which was immediately forthcoming,—and forbade any of his vessels of war from appearing on the seas. To crown all, we can positively assert that the Admiral commanding the squadron obliged the Pacha to sign a written document, refuting all that he had said and heard about Major Laing's murder and the seizure of his papers, on pain of an instantaneous bombardment. This foolish, weak old man, if we may use such mild terms of him, was so dreadfully alarmed, (especially as the capture of Algiers had just taken place,) that he reluctantly signed this document,—a stain upon his name and character that can never be blotted out. Bad as he is, he confessed himself that it was an act he should regret the remainder of his life; and that only the urgency of the case could have induced him to put his name to such a falsehood.

Having thus presented our readers with a faithful portrait of Tripoli as it is, and having described the conduct of the French, we gladly turn from the heart-sickening picture to contemplate the future prospects of the country and our own national interests.

Should Ali prevail, the French will triumph, and the claims of British merchants be trampled under foot. They side with him,—we are neutral. But why, let us ask, should not we choose our side also, and strive, by every means in our power, to establish the popular, legitimate monarch? The appearance of a British squadron before the town would be quite sufficient to dispossess the usurper Ali,—put an end to the war,—and ensure the ultimate payment of our just claims. In the name then of our national honour which has been outraged by French and native treachery in the affair of Major Laing,—in the name

of common humanity, and for the sake of the suffering inhabitants, two thousand of whom are our own subjects,—we call upon the British government to come forward at once, before it is too late, and secure for ever a faithful and brave ally in the place of a most dangerous enemy. The claims of our merchants

demand rather active interference necessary: and why should not England put forth her power to preserve her national interests in this part of the world, as well as other nations? Already the French have colonized Algiers and adjoining parts of the Barbary coast, in defiance of original promises to our Government, who acquiesced in the invasion solely upon the understanding that the French would waive all rights of conquest, and hold the country subject to the consent and ultimate determination of the Allied Powers in conjunction with them. Not satisfied, however, with this flagrant breach of faith, they are playing the same underhand game at Tripoli; and we need only refer our readers to an extract from the French journal *Le Messager*, to show that French capital and French soldiery are even now at work against us under the auspices of the very Hassuna d'Ghim who has already acquired such infamous notoriety.* Already does Russian influence—all-powerful in Constantinople, and strengthened by the late secret treaty—bid fair to become omnipotent throughout Turkey: and not content with this, the Emperor Nicholas has now begun to interfere with Mohammed Ali, the Pacha of Egypt.

The common hatred of France and Russia to our dominion renders the utmost vigilance requisite in all places where we yet retain a footing; and consequently, the friendship of the native powers is most valuable in every point of view.

The cruelty of the French at Algiers has reminded the Africans of their past cruelties in Egypt, and they are decidedly unpopular in all these countries. The horrible massacre that Marshal Clausel committed upon a whole tribe of Arabs,—not sparing even the women and children,—has been enough to render the very mention of the French name odious. Their intrigues and connexion with murderers, and rebels, and revolutionists, may suit their Machiavelian policy. Let it be for the British government to persevere in that nobler course, which has been so well commenced by Colonel Warrington,—protecting our merchant vessels from the power of the tyrant Ali—annulling his pretended right of search—and rescuing, so far as in us lies, this fine country from him and from French dominion.

* (From the *Times* of 19th May.)—"The reigning Pacha of Tripoli (*Ali Para*) is at this time negotiating a loan with one of the great capitalists of Paris, under the influence of the *Paris and Russia*. The Sheriff Hassuna d'Ghim, Minister and brother-in-law of the Pacha, and furnished with full powers, is soliciting permission of the Government to have this loan quoted at the Exchange at 6 per cent. Count Frederick de Brue, who was one of Napoleon's superior officers, has accepted a chief command in the army of the Pacha!"—*Messenger*.

So much for French neutrality! And shall we, who see and know all this, remain quiescent?—forbid it, honour—forbid it, policy—forbid it, plain common sense.

From the Spectator.

THE NEW SOUTH WALES MAGAZINE.

BOTANY BAY, it would seem, is determined not to be outdone by her younger sister, Van Diemen's Land. We received, some months since, a Magazine from Hobart's Town, and lo! here is one from Sydney. *The New South Wales Magazine* appears to be the more skilfully arranged, and its contributors to have more scientific acquirements, with a more definite aim; though the effect of the whole perhaps wants the freshness of the Tasmanian rival. Several of the papers are, as they ought to be, on Colonial subjects. There is a history of Australian Literature—of the arrival of the first types, and the establishment of the first newspaper, all accomplished by a Creole of St. Kitts, who was first employed in the West Indies, subsequently became a member of the Fourth Estate in London, rising even to the honour of representing the *Times*, and at last (voluntarily) removed to Sydney. The Magazine also contains some slight papers on the Natural History of the Colony, and an account of the Trigonometrical Survey of the country, so far as it has proceeded.

We will take a specimen of the paper on the Transportation System. The opinion put forth in England by some high authorities, that transportation is no punishment, appears to have spread alarm through Australia; and a certain O. P. Q. (not the European) representing the opinions of his compatriots, would paint the condition of the convicts *en noir*. That to rectify the abuses he mentions would be desirable—that the adoption of a better system might render exile a serious punishment—may be very true; and that a London thief, arriving, as the writer describes him, fat and sleek from the leisure of the voyage, and confident in his own dexterity, may be sadly to seek in the bush—is likely enough. But the following picture, though not tempting to a London vagabond, is still perhaps such as to justify Mr. Macqueen's conclusion, that a convict is better off than an English pauper. Besides, there is always a reverse to the medal.

"I will tell Mr. Macqueen what is the general condition of the farming convict labourer in New South Wales. On his arrival, he is assigned to a settler; registers of the applications are kept in the proper office, and the convicts, as they arrive, are given to the applicants in rotation; so that the convict cannot choose his master, as appears to be understood in England. After his arrival at the farm, he is worked from sunrise to sunset for six days in the week, with an interval of one hour for dinner, and, in the summer season, of half an hour for breakfast; but, in many establishments, one hour is given for the latter purpose. The work in this new country is of the most laborious description;—cutting down trees, the wood of which is of such hardness that English-made tools break like glass before the strokes of the workmen; making these trees into fires, and attending them, with the thermometer usually ranging, in the middle of day, from 80° to 100° for eight months in the year; grubbing up the stumps by the roots, the difficulty of which would appal an English woodman; splitting this hard wood into posts and

rails, and erecting them into fences. These are the more common employments which are joined to the usual occupations of an English farm, of which Mr. Macqueen may be fairly supposed to possess some knowledge. This gentleman, like many other dabblers in matters which they do not understand, has heard of the fine climate, the Italian skies, the mild winters. I can inform him that it is not a fine climate for a labourer; and that those who are compelled to brave 'the fervid glories of the mid-day sun,' would willingly exchange the Italian temperature for a Scotch mist or a Bedfordshire fog.

"The convict is not permitted to leave his master's farm without a passport. For neglect of work, insolent words, or any turbulent or insubordinate conduct, he is liable to be taken before a magistrate and flogged, or confined in a solitary cell, or worked in irons on the public roads. He receives from his master, seven pounds of beef and nine pounds of flour per week: the more liberal allow their servants two or three pounds of the latter in addition, with a quart of milk per diem, and two ounces of tobacco weekly. The last mentioned allowances are given only during good behaviour, and are consequently liable to stoppage at the will and pleasure of the master. The above, with two suits of slop clothing and a third shirt and pair of shoes, form the sum total of the superior condition which has given such offence to the moral principle of Mr. Thomas Potter Macqueen. A pound of beef and a pound and a half of flour per diem may sound luxuriously in the ears of a Bedfordshire pauper; but he is unacquainted with the dark side of the picture. I am almost induced to wish that Mr. Macqueen would pay a visit to his Australian property, in order that he might be qualified to impart correct information to his English neighbours. I should like him to behold one of his convict labourers hacking at a tree as hard as mahogany, his skin of a similar colour, with the perspiration running from every pore, and the thermometer at such a height as to make Mr. Macqueen involuntarily sigh for the shady coverts of Bedfordshire. If Mr. Macqueen had seen this, I do not think he would object to the above rate of fare; in fact, the waste of the animal powers occasioned by work in a high temperature is so great that if not sustained by a somewhat liberal diet, disease and death would be the consequence. A Bedfordshire pauper's diet would be unsuitable to our climate, and the scale of food is founded upon knowledge gained by experience, and is no more than adequate to the support of the labourer."

From the Christian Observer.

HYMN TO THE CREATOR, BY LORD CHANCELLOR BROUGHAM.

The following Hymn to the Creator was composed, with appropriate music, by the present Lord Chancellor. As his Lordship can sing so well the perfections of "Nature's Sire Divine," in whom we live and move and have our being, we should rejoice to find him tuning his harp to the still higher descant of the inestimable love of God in the redemption of the

world by our Lord Jesus Christ; without which, if Scripture be true, the ineffable Creator is but "a consuming fire."

"**THERE** is a God," all nature cries:
A thousand tongues proclaim
His Arm almighty, Mind all wise,
And bid each voice in chorus rise
To magnify His name.

Thy name, great Nature's Sire Divine,
Assiduous, we adore;
Rejecting godheads at whose shrine
Benighted nations blood and wine
In vain libations pour.

Yon countless worlds in boundless space—
Myriads of miles each hour
Their mighty orbs as curious trace,
As the blue circle studs the face
Of that enamell'd flower.

But Thou too mad'st that floweret gay
To glitter in the dawn;
The Hand that fired the lamp of day,
The blazing comet launched away,
Painted the velvet lawn.

"As falls a sparrow to the ground,
Obedient to Thy will;"
By the same law those globes wheel round,
Each drawing each, yet all still found
In one eternal system bound
One order to fulfil.*

* There was a poetical Lord Vaux in the days of Queen Elizabeth, whose extinct title we suppose Lord Brougham—whether his descendant we know not—meant to revive. We insert a specimen of his composition, entitled, "Of the Instability of Youth," written Anno 1576.

When I look back and in myself behold
The wand'ring ways that youth could not desroy;
And mark the fearful course that youth did hold,
And mete in mind each step youth strayed awry;
My knees I bow, and from my heart I call,
O Lord, forget these faults and follies all.

For now I see how void youth is of skill,
I see also his prime time and his end:
I do confess my faults and all my ill,
And sorrow sore for that I did offend.
And, with a mind repentant of all crimes,
Pardon I ask for youth ten thousand times.

The humble heart hath daunted the proud mind;
Eke wisdom hath given ignorance a fall;
And wit hath taught that folly could not find,
And age hath youth her subject and her thrall.
Therefore I pray, O Lord of life and truth,
Pardon the faults committed in my youth.

From the Asiatic Journal.

CONFUCIUS'S PREDICTION OF OUR SAVIOUR

THE Jesuit Intorcetta, in his *Life of Confucius*, mentions that this philosopher (who lived five centuries before Christ) often spoke of a saint or hero (*shang*), who existed, or was to exist, in the future. These expressions, however, are not found in the *King*, or classical books, nor in the *Sze-shoo*, or other books; but they are attributed to him in the original Chinese works. M. Rémusat* has given the following curious extract on this subject from *Ching-kean-chin-tseuen*, 'True Interpretation of the Right Law,' a Chinese tract on the Moral Religion, published A.D. 1657, of indubitable authenticity:—

"The minister Pe consulted Confucius: 'Master, are you not a holy man?' He replied: 'Whatever effort I make, my memory cannot retain any one worthy of this title.'—'But,' returned the minister, 'were not the three kings (founders of the early dynasties of Hsia, Shang, and Chow) excellent good men, were filled with enlightenment and invincible force; but I know not that they were saints.' The minister again asked: 'Were the five lords (five emperors who reigned in antecedent to the first dynasty) saints?'—'The emperor,' said Confucius, 'endowed with excellent goodness, exerted a divine charity and an unequalled justice; but I know not that they were saints.' The minister still asked: 'Were not the three august (personages in Chinese mythological history) saints?'—'The three august ones,' replied Confucius, 'have made use of their time (i.e. well-employment of long life); but I am ignorant whether they were saints.' The minister, astonished, said to him: 'If this be the case, who can be called saint?' Confucius, somewhat moved, replied with gentleness: 'I have heard say, that, in the Western countries, has been (or there will be) a holy man, who, by exerting any act of government, will prevent the wicked, without speaking, will inspire spontaneous faith; who, without working any (violent) deed, will produce an ocean of (meritorious) actions. I am not able to tell his name; but I have heard that this was (or will be) the true saint.'"

In the *Chung-yung*, one of the moral books, was written by a grandson of Confucius, it (ch. xxix.): "A good prince lays the basis of conduct in himself; he establishes amongst his subjects the authority of his own example; he regulates himself, though without blind obstinacy, by the force of the first three dynasties; he directs his people unceasingly according to heaven and earth; he governs over minds, and finds no reason for doubt or failure, confidently expecting the holy man, who will appear at the end of ages (*lit. centum secula expectandum sanctum virum et non dementatur*).

* Notices des MSS. du Roi, t. x. b. 407.



John Rops

AT THE END OF VOYAGE TO HAFFIN'S BAY.

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science, and Art.

OCTOBER, 1834.

From the Quarterly Review.

*Biography of Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart.; per
em terræ Lord Chandos of Sudeley, &c. &c.*
ols. 8vo. London: 1834.

is is the *third* attempt which the author has
to convey to the world a detailed account of
personal and literary career; but, whether or not
he designed him for a poet, she certainly never
thought him to be an historian; and vain will be the
hope of any reader to gather from any one of his
biographies a definite notion even of the chief
events in this gentleman's now long life.
Bringing together his *Recollections*, published at
Paris in 1825—his *Autobiographical Memoir*, da-
tated 1826—and the present more copious, if not
elaborate performance, something like an accu-
rate outline might perhaps be formed; but who will
take much trouble to clear up what one who writes
so fluently, and hardly *now* ever writes except about
himself, has, by such unheard-of haste and careless-
ness contrived to leave still in the dark? His style,
however, is always easy, often beautiful: his casual
observations are occasionally admirable; and his own
contributions in whatever beclouded fragments he doles it
as some leading features so pregnant with in-
formation and warning, that we must take this oppor-
tunity of shortly inviting our readers, and more espe-
cially our young readers' attention to them. Though
we have no hope to acquit ourselves of this task
in a manner entirely satisfactory to Sir Egerton
Brydges, we shall begin and conclude it with no
reference towards himself personally, except those of
admiration for his natural talents and rich attain-
ments, and sincere and respectful pity for the misfor-
tunes that have darkened round the evening of his

judgments of society, clear aims, and orderly dili-
gence.

Sir Egerton Brydges was born in the ancient
manor-house of Wootton, near Canterbury, in 1762;
the second son of a country gentleman of honourable
(if not of illustrious) descent, and the possessor, ap-
parently, of an estate sufficient to maintain him in
the rank of his ancestors. Our author's mother was
a lady of the great family of Egerton; whence his
baptismal name, and subsequently a large addition
of property to this branch of the house of Brydges.
He received, of course, the best education, as far as
he was willing to avail himself of the opportunities
placed liberally within his reach; spent several years
at Cambridge; was called to the bar in 1787; and
mingled from early youth in the best society, whether
in Kent or in London. Not attaining rapid success
at the bar, where few, if any, ever do so, he soon
wearied of his profession, retired into a country house
in Hampshire, and there devoted himself to belles-
lettres and English antiquities, until, by the death of
his elder brother, he came into possession of the
family estates, when he removed into Kent. His
love of the scenery of his native country appears to
have been one of the strongest feelings in his breast;
and here he continued all through the prime of his
life, eternally writing and printing; a catalogue of
the productions of his private press at Lee Priory
would indeed fill one of our pages. A short period,
during which he acted as captain of a troop of fenci-
bles; and another, hardly longer, during which he
sat in the House of Commons, but without making
any figure there, hardly deserve to be noticed as
breaking his course of rural retirement in what ought
to be, perhaps, the very happiest of all earthly sta-
tions. Habits of careless, lavish expenditure, how-
ever, gradually crumbled down the very handsome
fortune which he had inherited; and being no longer
able to maintain the style of living to which he had
been accustomed, and moreover thoroughly disgusted
with this country for two specific reasons to be here-
after touched upon, Sir Egerton at length quitted
Kent and England; and has, with rare intervals, re-
sided on the continent for the last sixteen years. His
innumerable publications of this period bear date

almost as numberless—Florence, Rome, Naples, Paris—and latterly, for the most part, that of Geneva. He is now in the seventy-third year of his age; as indefatigable in composition as ever, with all his faculties entire, and with abundance of *leisure*, at all events, to review calmly a long course of experience.

The result may be thus shortly stated. If we were to judge from isolated passages, no one ever reviewed the life of another with more calmness and fairness than Sir Egerton would seem to have carried over the retrospect of his own. There is not a word, perhaps, which any human being would think it right to say of him, in his literary capacity at least, which he has not said of himself somewhere in the course of these two volumes; and we doubt if there be any criticism honestly due to his course of life as an English landlord, which has not in like manner been anticipated in his own nervous and feeling language. But these things are the *panni*; the main texture of the work is throughout that of complaint and repining—a strain of angry invective against individuals and society at large is constantly resumed; and though he over and over again confesses distinctly his own guilt of every imputation that has been laid to his charge, his own perfect desert especially of the comparative neglect with which his literary efforts have been treated by the generality of his contemporaries, he seems to have these admissions extorted from him in moments of lucid vision, only granted to render more palpable the habitual darkness in which it is his pleasure to wrap his reflections. Sir Egerton may be compared to a man who has a good pair of eyes of his own, and now and then condescends to make good use of them; but who, from some fantastic caprice, has so long indulged in the habit of looking at all the world, his own image included, through an artificial tinted lens, that he is never at his ease when the unfortunate toy is in his pocket.

There are, in a word, two circumstances which have poisoned this accomplished man's existence: first, the failure of his family to satisfy the House of Peers, about the beginning of this century, that they had made out a legal claim to the honours of the old barony of *Chandos*; and secondly, his own failure in achieving for himself a *first-rate* name as an English author, by a long lifetime most zealously devoted to the pursuits of literature. With regard to the first of these affairs, we must content ourselves with stating the universal belief of sane mankind, that a tribunal more entirely free from every suspicion than the British House of Lords, acting in its judicial capacity, never existed in this world, and never will exist; and that, whether Sir Egerton Brydges be or be not right in his personal judgment that the claim was made out, no living creature but himself will ever entertain the slightest notion that that claim could have been there disallowed, except in reluctant obedience to the dictates of deliberate conviction. We ourselves incline to believe that the claim was just in itself, but that the evidence was not technically complete; but however this may be, our author's eternal insinuations, that personal pique and spleen were the true motives of opposition on the part of the crown lawyers, are the merest day-dreams of exag-

gerated self-love. The virulent abuse with which, in numberless publications, he has assailed the memory of Mr. Perceval, then solicitor-general, is wholly indefensible. What possible gratification could it afford to such a man as Mr. Perceval to strain the course of justice in order to exclude a respectable, wealthy, and ancient country gentleman from the honours of an English barony to which he was really entitled? The crown officers were bound to fulfil a certain course of duty; so were the judges of the high tribunal before which the case was tried. And Sir Egerton ought, at least, to have the matter tried over again, before he dares to hazard one whisper of the injurious tenor thus shortly alluded to by us—once for all, and not, we must own, without some mixture of indignation in our pity. He now, we see, announces himself on his title-pages, and, we are told, signs his letters, as "*per legem terræ* Lord Chandos of Sudeley." Can this childish vaunt afford even a momentary satisfaction to a high mind?

The other great grievance is Sir Egerton's literary one. With respect to it, we cannot do better than re-quote an emphatic sentence from Mr. Sharp's "Letters;" namely, "A want of harmony between the talents and the temperament is, wherever it is found, the fruitful source of faults and of sufferings. Perhaps few are less happy than those who are ambitious without industry; who pant for the prize, but will not run the race." Sir Egerton has all his days been busy without industry; perpetually panting for the prize, but never sufficiently persevering to make out one real *heat*.

In vain would he console himself with such fond flattery as the following:

"Genuine poetry lies in the thought and sentiment, not in the dress; and these spring from the native powers of the head and heart, which no study, or artifice can give. Memory, artifice, and industry may assist an author in making imitations, but they will want raciness and life. Lord Byron has made a great outcry against pretensions to sensibility; but no one had more intense sensibility than he had; and this outcry was itself an affectation. It is fear to go alone, and frankly to lay open one's own internal movements, which diverts genius from its course, and makes it produce spurious fruit. But I cannot think that any one can so deceive himself as to believe, when he is writing from the memory, that he is writing from the heart. My sensitiveness from childhood was the source of the most morbid sufferings, as well as of the most intense pleasures," &c. &c.—vol. i. p. 5.

Does Sir Egerton seriously believe that Lord Byron ever dreamt of disparaging *sensibility*? He attacks the *professors* of ultra-sensibility, because he had observed mankind sharply, and seen that there were often in fact cold-hearted scoundrels; but the glorious gift of Heaven itself he partook as largely and revered as profoundly as any of his contemporaries. He, no doubt, despised those who set up for poets with no stock in trade but *sensibility*; but this was simply because he himself happened to be a great artist, as well as a man of delicate nervous organization; and he therefore very well knew that he owed to intense study of himself and of the world—to most indefatigable industry—the means

h. Dryden improved to the last; so did Milton; so did Burke. Duly cherished, and kept in due exercise, the mind must improve. When I lose a day of my usual occupation, I lose my spirits, and am filled with regret."—pp. 72, 73.

at a strange mixture of strength and weakness in these passages—what energetic sentences, and inconclusive paragraphs! He might have much added to his list of great minds that improved on to the verge of the grave: it is, indeed, an important fact, that of the *very greatest* works of genius, a large majority have been produced in an advanced period of life. With regard to his list of Scott and Byron, however, as regards the rapidity of *fame*, Sir Egerton appears to us mistaken. Sir Walter's first original publications were those extraordinary ballads, "Glenfinlas," "Rowan Castle," and "the Grey Brother." Did not *it* once raise him to a most eminent station in literature?

we must now give some of our author's striking features of his own existence, as settled in his beautiful manor-house in Kent, and devoted, in utter neglect of his fortune and the duties of his personal position as a country gentleman, to the endless series of literary and antiquarian miscellanies, the most important of which appears to us to be the "Censura Literaria." Of the period from his thirty-fifth to his sixty-fifth year, he says,—

"My thoughts were always on my books and airy. Bailiffs and stewards are very willing to do every thing, and disburse nothing: when nothing is to be paid they always come upon the owner. No receiver of money will be honest unless very sharply looked to; and in making up an account, a cunning man can turn the balance any way in a surprising manner.

an aversion to accounts, and nothing but the pressing necessity can induce me to examine

An agent soon finds out this, and step by step goes on from robbery to robbery, till nothing satisfies the rapacity of his appetite. The difficulty of the task accumulates from day to day, and at last shrinks from examining a month's accounts to undertake those of a year? a life of mingled pleasure and extreme anxiety—loved its quiet scenery, its solitude, its books, literary occupations; but it would have required heroic strength or obduracy of mind to have suffered without the deepest interference of persecutions, without the deepest interference of spirits. Among the most comfortless of human miseries, experience has taught me that literary embarrassment stands prominent. It ensnares and chains the mind; and perhaps the worst of all is in the indignities to which it subjects itself."

"persecutions, and victim! A squire of good estate is to "engage in agriculture on a large scale for amusement" (these are his own words,) and indulges in an "aversion to accounts;" literary embarrassment" is the result—and he himself the "victim of persecutions!" Again—kind always take the ill-natured side, and conclude the expenditure of carelessness and erroneous action with the expenditure of vanity. There is, therefore, more unfortunate, from what-

ever cause it proceeds, than excess of expenditure beyond income. The greater part of the harpies of society live and gorge themselves by taking advantage of this imprudence. Half the population of London live upon it; three-fourths of the ravenous lawyers live upon it; all sorts of agents live upon it; and half the demoralization of society is generated by it."

We quite agree with our author that pecuniary extravagance is the parent of endless and degrading misery; but we should have suggested for this parent another epithet than *unfortunate*. He continues:

"I had much seeming leisure for any great work I might have imposed on myself; but my mind was distracted, and therefore could pursue nothing which had not high excitement: but excitement cannot in its nature be permanent, and, therefore, I could do nothing which required a regular perseverance of labour. Whatever I did was fitful and transitory, and required the stimulus of variety. I often worked to exhaustion while the fit was on; then came on ennui and disgust."

This is said, we presume, of his labours in poetry and romance; of his antiquarian pursuits, in which he really did so much service to literature, he thus speaks:

"The works in which I was engaged for the press occupied much of my time; and the long transcripts necessary were laborious and fatiguing. They were enough to suppress my imagination, and deaden my powers of original thought. It was not the mere love of fame, but the love of literary occupation, which was the spur that led me on—it was to escape from myself and my overwhelming anxieties. Meanwhile, I was not at all satisfied with the way I was making in the literary world: I was pursuing a humble path not suited to my fiery ambition, and this produced a self-abasement which had an evil effect upon my energies."

And yet he says elsewhere—and we wonder he did not remember this, when he was lashing at Porson—

"A man of genius cannot even compile without showing something of his own spirit. Though he may extract and copy, still he will select and combine in a manner which mere labour will never reach."

Justly and truly is this said; and the truth of it is exemplified in some of our author's own antiquarian lucubrations.

The bitterness with which Sir Egerton perpetually rails against his Kentish neighbours is one of the least amiable, or indeed intelligible, features in these Memoirs; yet, from his own showing, they had some little reason not to be too much his admirers.

"I never could bear the talk of country squires; and as they suspected this, my society was a wet sheet upon them. They never forgave me the allusions they thought they perceived in my novel of 'Arthur Fitzalbin.' They were very foolishly sensitive, for no one would have understood them if they had not owned that the cap fitted. There was only one character that came *very close*, and that page was cancelled, at the earnest entreaty of a relation of my own, before publication. The claim to the barony of Chandos was poison to our country neigh-

world by our Lord Jesus Christ; without which, if Scripture be true, the ineffable Creator is but "a consuming fire."

"Thou art a God," all nature cries:
A thousand tongues proclaim
His Arm almighty, Mind all wise,
And bid each voice in chorus rise
To magnify His name.

Thy name, great Nature's Sire Divine,
Assiduous, we adore;
Rejecting godheads at whose shrine
Benighted nations blood and wine
In vain libations pour.

You countless worlds in boundless space—
Myriads of miles each hour
Their mighty orbs as curious trace,
As the blue circle studs the face
Of that enamell'd flower.

But Thou too mad'st that floweret gay
To glitter in the dawn;
The Hand that fired the lamp of day,
The blazing comet launched away,
Painted the velvet lawn.

* As falls a sparrow to the ground—
Obedient to Thy will,"
By the same law those globes wheel round,
Each drawing each, yet all still found
In one eternal system bound
One order to fulfil.*

* There was a poetical Lord Vaux in the days of Queen Elizabeth, whose extinct title we suppose Lord Brougham—whether his descendant we know not—meant to revive. We insert a specimen of his composition, entitled, "Of the Instability of Youth," written Anno 1576.

When I look back and in myself behold
The wand'ring ways that youth could not desrey;
And mark the fearful course that youth did hold,
And mete in mind each step youth strayed awry;
My knees I bow, and from my heart I call,
O Lord, forget these faults and follies all.

For now I see how void youth is of skill,
I see also his prime time and his end:
I do confess my faults and all my ill,
And sorrow sore for that I did offend.
And, with a mind repentant of all crimes,
Pardon I ask for youth ten thousand times.

The humble heart hath daunted the proud mind;
Eke wisdom hath given ignorance a fall;
And wit hath taught that folly could not find,
And age hath youth her subject and her thrall.
Therefore I pray, O Lord of life and truth,
Pardon the faults committed in my youth.

From the Asiatic Journal.

CONFUCIUS'S PREDICTION OF OUR SAVI

THE Jesuit Intorcetta, in his *Life of C* mentions that this philosopher (who lived 11 ries before Christ) often spoke of a saint or (*shing*), who existed, or was to exist, in 1 These expressions, however, are not from King, or classical books, nor in the Sse-shal books; but they are attributed to him original Chinese works. M. Remusat* has following curious extract on this subject: *Ching-keou-chin-tseuen*, i. e. 'True Interpretation of the Right Law,' a Chinese tract on the M Religion, published A.D. 1857, of indubitable

city:—
"The minister Ho consulted Confucius: 'Master, are you not a holy man?' He: 'Whatever effort I make, my memory can any one worthy of this title.'—'But,' retort minister, 'were not the three kings (found early dynasties of Hea, Shang, and Chow: 'These three kings,' replied Confucius, 'and excellent goodness, were filled with enlightenment and invincible force; but I know not were saints.' The minister again asked: 'the five lords (five emperors who reigned antecedent to the first dynasty) saints?'—'emperors,' said Confucius, 'endowed with goodness, exerted a divine charity and an justice; but I know not that they were saint minister still asked: 'Were not the three au (personages in Chinese mythological history: 'The three august ones,' replied Confucius have made use of their time (i.e. well-arranged long life); but I am ignorant whether ti saints.' The minister, astonished, said to this be the case, who can be called saint? cius, somewhat moved, replied with gentl have heard say, that, in the Western countr has been (or there will be) a holy man, who exerting any act of government, will preven who, without speaking, will inspire sp faith; who, without working any (violent) will produce an ocean of (meritorious) ac is able to tell his name; but I have that this was (or will be) the true saint.' "

In the *Chung-yung*, one of the moral boo was written by a grandson of Confucius, (ch. xxix.): "A good prince lays the basis c duct in himself; he establishes amongst i the authority of his own example; he regu self, though without blind obstinacy, by the of the first three dynasties; he directs hi unceasingly according to heaven and earth: over minds, and finds no reason for doubt: tude, confidently expecting the holy man, appear at the end of ages (lit. centum sac: *spectandum sanctum virum et non dementat*

* Notices des MSS. du Roi, t. x. b. 40.

bours, which turned them sick, and they joined in clans to depress and calumniate us.

"I will admit that my own manners were not easy or conciliatory. I was apt to see a little too much in a look or a tone; and the knowledge that whatever I said or did would be misinterpreted, made me suspicious and embarrassed. I could not talk of sheep or bullocks; examine a horse's mouth, or discuss his points. I could not tell what wind would give a good scenting day; nor what course the fox would probably take, when he broke cover. If I attempted a joke, no one felt it; and if I made an observation, every one stared. That happy nonchalance and reckless raillery, which make such agreeable companions, were beyond my reach. I dared not mention a book, or enter into a political argument; if I did, a cant phrase or two of some jolly joker of the company soon put an end to it. If I mentioned some public man, who I thought had risen beyond his merits, there was an instant union of sarcasm, as if I spoke from prejudice and passion.

"The higher classes of aristocratical commoners have commonly some intellectual man among them, who gives a tone to the rest: it was not so in East Kent; they were all of the character and temperament of the squirearchy."—pp. 85, 86.

"They, who have no studious turn, are not merely indifferent to books: they hate them;—the sight of them they feel to be disagreeable. When my neighbours came in, and found my tables loaded with a chaos of volumes, they turned sick. They seemed to say to themselves, 'What a strange, dry, dull life, to be thus enveloped in the dust of old folios and black-letter books! O, what a musty damp they exhale! Give me the fresh air—let me mount my horse again, and scamper over the hedges and ditches.' They came upon me sometimes with my looks abstracted, my visage pale, and my spirits grave. I detested their interruptions: they said to themselves—'He is a mere bookworm; he can tell nothing; he knows nothing; he has a confused mind, and wants common sense!' I felt self-abased to have any communication with persons of such a temperament, and such incomprehensiveness; and grew more and more resolved to discourage acquaintance of this caste."—p. 144.

Our squire-hating Squire escaped, as we mentioned, from this course of life and letters, twice—each time for but a short interval. During the alarm of French invasion, he took the command of a body of fencibles, and for a short while enjoyed the busy existence of a camp on the Kentish downs. He soon, as may be supposed, got quite sick of the whole affair; he gives, however, some amusing reminiscences in this chapter. Then, early in 1812, he was returned to the House of Commons; but here, from the sensitive nervous temperament which our preceding extracts have so often exhibited, he could never have had much chance of distinction—not even if he had begun at an earlier period of life. But some of his sketches of the new world in which he now mingled may probably be to many the chief attractions of these volumes. For example, he says—

"As to the talent of speaking, an over-anxiety and ambition to excel may at first defeat the end; but perseverance and gradual self-possession, which is

the consequence, will gradually prevail. But this is not to be done when we begin late. In parliament great orators are rare; and one may be a very useful speaker in defiance of occasional embarrassment, and imperfect expression or manner. I have seen men gradually gain the attention of the House by mere self-confidence and boldness, who had no one ingredient of oratory. I remember that even Canning used often to hesitate a good deal in the commencement of his speeches. Lord Castlereagh was generally embarrassed even to the last; Vansittart was slow, and could not be heard—his voice was so faint; Grattan, at the period when I knew him, was laboured, tautologous, and energetic on truisms; Whitbread was turgid and foamy; George Ponsonby spoke in snappy sentences, which had the brevity but not the point of epigram; Garrow was *vox et præterea nihil*; Frederick Robinson spoke with vivacity and cleverness and in a most gentlemanly tone, but wanted a sonorous flow. . . . Charles Grant, who rarely rose, poured out when he did rise a florid academical declamation, of which kind indeed Canning's speeches often were; Huskisson was a wretched speaker, with no command of words, with awkward motions, and a most vulgar, uneducated accentuation; Tierney had a manner of his own—very amusing—but entirely colloquial; he seldom attempted argument, but was admirable at raillery and jest. It is difficult to describe the manner of Sir Francis Burdett;—it was generally solemn, equable, and rather artificially laboured, in a sort of tenor voice; but, now and then, when it was animated, it approached for a little while to powerful oratory. I once or twice heard Stephens, the master in Chancery, make a good speech; but the tone was coarse and vulgar. Wilberforce had a shrill, feeble voice, and a low enunciation, as if he was preaching; and his language was of the same character as he used in his writings, with great ingenuity and a constant course of thought out of the common beat; but there was something between the plaintive and the querulous, which was rather fatiguing. Mackintosh was often eloquent, but generally too studied and much too learned for his audience; and he was not sufficiently free from a national accent; his voice too was deficient in strength. Romilly spoke as a patriotic and philosophic lawyer, full of matter and argument, but perhaps a little too slowly and solemnly for such a mixed assembly as the House of Commons. Plunkett was one of the most powerful speakers, but better in the acuteness of his matter than in his manner. Vesey Fitzgerald had a bold, forward, lively flow of words. . . . Of all the men who struck me at once, Lord Lyndhurst's talents made the greatest impression upon me.

"He who has matter to communicate must be singularly deficient in language and delivery, if he can gain no attention, after a little practice, and that command of nerves which a repetition of efforts will secure. At first every sensitive man is frightened at the sound of his own voice."

These little sketches, imperfect as they are, will be curious and valuable hereafter. Mr. Huskisson, however, improved in his style of speaking in his later years, to an extent of which Sir Egerton seems to have had no notion; and we do not believe that Sir J. Mackintosh's Scotch did him any great harm

with the House. His brogue was certainly a mere nothing to the late Lord Melville's, who was always a favourite speaker; nay, it was not in fact broader than Lord Brougham's, or Lord Plunkett's. Perhaps Sir James was too desirous to disguise his native accent, and one glimpse of affectation does more damage, in such a place as St. Stephens' used to be, than the steady undeniable daylight of many a more serious fault; but the real mischief was, that he had a professorial tone, and that never answers out of the chair.

Sir Egerton has a very good passage on the late Lord Liverpool:

"I remember a remark of his when he dined with me, in 1794, from his encampment near Dover, as colonel of the Cinque Ports' Fencible Cavalry, which struck me as a proof that he was a man of sentiment and moral reflection. He seemed to other eyes to be then in the bloom of his successful career. We were talking of the enjoyments of youth: I believe he was at least nine years younger than I was; but he had already had some experience of public life. 'No,' he said, '*youth is not the age of pleasure; we then expect too much, and we are therefore exposed to daily disappointments and mortifications. When we are a little older, and have brought down our wishes to our experience, then we become calm and begin to enjoy ourselves.*'

"I assert that Lord Liverpool's talents were much under-estimated. He had a meek spirit—too meek for a premier,—and Canning's overhearing temper was too much for him; but he was a far wiser statesman than Canning, though not, like him, a splendid rhetorician. He was too much of a Tory in his principles, which had been bred in him; but he was very mild in their applications. Though he had abilities and great knowledge, he had not genius; he could not originate, but he could judge with calmness and correctness on the *data* submitted to him, though perhaps not very quickly. I have no doubt that he meant honestly, and had the interest of his country at heart. After Lord Castlereagh's death he lost himself; his faculties began to wear out—they had been overstretched. Altogether, with many faults arising from his ductility, I consider him to have been an able and wise, though not brilliant, minister.

"Lord Castlereagh appears to me to have had this advantage of him, that he was more bold and decided. His knowledge was not so accurate, nor his judgment so calm; but he also, whatever vulgar clamour and party prejudice may say, was a man of very great abilities and a statesman-like head. The courtesy and elegance of his manners were truly engaging; and as he had more ease and apparent frankness than Lord Liverpool, whose address was repressively cold, he had in these respects a great advantage over him."—pp. 181, 182.

All this is very just. No public man in our recollection had such perfect manners as the late Lord Londonderry. No man inspired those of his own party with such a mixture of confidence and affection—no one, by the mere dignity of his character and aspect, could so effectually overawe the insolence of unprincipled antagonists. Our author has spoken of this high-minded nobleman, and most able statesman, on various other occasions, in the same tone of well-

merited eulogy;—but we must whisper—indeed we believe it is no secret—that Sir Egerton owed his baronetcy to the favour of *Lord Castlereagh*. It is generally very easy to connect this author's opinions with the incidents of his own life. Thus—will he forgive us for suspecting that the key to the greater part of his tirades against Mr. Pitt is to be found in the first six words we are about to quote?—

"*I was never introduced to Pitt: I saw him sometimes in the field, on hunting days, when he came down to Walmer. He seemed to delight in riding hard, with his chin in the air; but I believe had no skill as a sportsman—seeking merely exercise, and thinking, as Dryden says, that it was*

*'Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
'Than see the doctor for his noxious draught.'*"

Was there any harm in this? and for Sir Egerton Brydges, of all men, to sneer at Mr. Pitt for not being a sportsman? He has just been telling us that he himself could never "discuss a horse's points," or give any guess as to the "course the fox would probably take." But alas!

"*Pitt had no poetical ideas or feelings, and for this* want many will say that he was the better statesman—an opinion which I cannot at all admit. Pitt did not see far enough, because he saw nothing by the blaze of imagination. Pitt drew about him a few cunning old placemen; but they were mostly servile minds, and of a secondary class, who submitted without struggle to the ascendancy of his mind."

We need not defend Pitt's memory against these vague sneers. Where was the contemporary mind that did not submit, either with or without struggle, to the ascendancy of his? Have we not had enough, since his days, of people that "see things by the blaze of imagination?" We are more disposed to listen to Sir Egerton when he deals with his own kindred of the literary world. His sketches of some minor poets and authors of various sorts are lively, and we believe, on the whole, true. Thus, of "the Swan of Litchfield," he says:

"Miss Seward had not the art of making friends, except among the little circle whom she flattered, and who flattered her. She both gave offence and provoked ridicule by her affectation, and bad taste, and pompous pretensions. It cannot be denied that she sometimes showed flashes of genius; but never in continuity. She believed that poetry rather lay in the diction than in the thought; and I am not acquainted with any literary letters, which exhibit so much corrupt judgment, and so many false beauties, as hers. Her sentiments are palpably studied, and disguised, and dressed up. Nothing seems to come from the heart, but all to be put on. I understand the Andre family say, that in the '*Monody on Major Andre*,' all about his attachment, and Honora Sneyd, &c., is a nonsensical falsehood, of her own invention. Among her numerous sonnets, there are not above five or six which are good; and I cannot doubt that Dr. Darwin's hand is in many of her early poems. The inequalities of all her compositions are of the nature of patch-work."

To come to higher game—here are his brief and stinging reminiscences of Cumberland:

"He had a vast memory, and a great facility of feeble verbiage; but his vanity, his self-conceit, and his supercilious airs offended everybody. He was a tall, handsome man, with a fair, regular-featured face, and the appearance of good birth. For many years he resided at Tunbridge Wells, where he affected a sort of dominion over the Pantiles, and paid court, a little too servile, to rank and title. He wrote some good comedies, and was a miscellaneous writer of some popularity; but in every department he was of a secondary class—in none had he originality. He was one of Johnson's literary club, and therefore could render himself amusing by speaking of a past age of authors and eminent men. He was a most fulsome and incontinent flatterer of those who courted him."

We think there is a deal of good sound sense in the following passage:

"I never saw a man more humble in manner, without losing his dignity, than Robert Bloomfield; but he was not easy in the company of men born and moving in a rank of society much above him; and I do not think he gained any thing by suffering himself to be drawn into it. . . . The surface of manners will probably be conformable to the station of one's birth and early familiarities; but that is of little importance. Genius is not limited to birth, or to the want of it. The manners of different stations will not bend to one another without servility on one side, and humiliating graciousness on the other. It is better for both that they should keep apart, except upon rare occasions."

Sir Egerton had before written so largely and so nobly on the subject of Lord Byron, that we hardly expected to hear more about him at present: but he recurs to a favourite theme with as much zeal as ever; and here let us call attention to a truly generous feature in Sir Egerton Brydges. He has been bitterly disappointed in his literary career—but there is not the slightest trace of envy in any of his remarks on his more successful contemporaries. To this his mind is wholly superior: he appears to have been all along among the most enthusiastic admirers of all the great poets of his time. He says:

"The spring of the year I came into parliament, Lord Byron's genius began to blaze upon the world. The first canto of 'Childe Harold' was published early in 1812. I was then in London, and well remember the sensation it made. I walked down Bond-street the morning of its publication, and saw it in the windows of all the booksellers' shops. I entered a shop and read a few stanzas, and was not surprised to find something extraordinary in them, because I myself had anticipated much from his 'Hours of Idleness.' Lord Nugent's 'Portugal' was published the same day, but had a very different reception; yet at that time Lord Nugent was considered to be of a much more flourishing family, and moving in a much higher sphere; so that the public does not always judge by mere fashion."

(What an important admission in favour of this wicked and unjust world, that it did not after all prefer "Portugal" to "Childe Harold!")

"This mighty fame was the affair of a day—nay, of an hour—a minute. The train was laid—it

caught fire, and it blazed. If it had missed fire at first, I doubt if there would have been a second chance. It began at noon; before night the flame was strong enough to be everlasting. Did it contribute to his happiness? I believe it did: it went a great way towards his occasional purification; if it had not burst out, it would have burnt sullenly within and consumed him. The triumph at home was, no doubt, transitory; it was scarcely more than three short years—1813, 1814, 1815. But then came Switzerland, and Italy, and Greece. There he had periods of darkness: but also how much splendour! None of these would have been lighted but for that propitious day of the spring of 1812, which set fire to the train of his genius in London!"

Sir Egerton, in his admiration of this said "propitious day in the spring of 1812, in London," appears to forget the many propitious days and nights of labour which Lord Byron had devoted to writing his poem, out of London, in 1809, 1810, and 1811. How can he talk of his "propitious day," as "setting fire to the train" of that genius which had already produced such a work as the two first cantos of *Childe Harold*? The next paragraph is equally just and vigorous—

"There are many who will ask whether all the intense feelings expressed by Byron in these places were not factitious extravagancies in which he was not sincere, and which his life belied? I say, sternly, no! it is a mean and stupid mind which can suspect so; no one can feign such intensities as Byron expresses: when he wrote, he was sincere, but his feelings were capricious, and not always the same. If it can be contended that inconsistency destroys merit, we be to human frailty!"—vol. i. p. 257.

Those who like lively and spirited sketches of men and manners, diversified with short critical digressions, sometimes wise, always clever, will find a large fund of entertainment in these volumes. We have perhaps bestowed more space on them than some readers may think they deserved; but the truth is that Sir Egerton Brydges possesses the *temperament of genius* in as high perfection as any author of our times, and that we believe him to have here painted that temperament more minutely than any writer of loftier rank ever will, being perfectly sane, set himself to do. The book thus acquires a degree of value which we hardly venture to attach to any of the imaginative creations of the same pen. It is a most curious study for the psychologist—it ought to be placed in the hand of every young author. Every susceptible mind will be delighted with a thousand passages; and there are not a few which ought to fix themselves on his memory, chasten his judgment, and control his conduct. How exquisitely beautiful, and, alas! how melancholy, are these paragraphs, with which, for the present, we take our leave of this deep-cutting self-anatomist?—

"Men must work progressively and uninterruptedly,—not by fits,—to find the extent of their own powers; and they who are diffident work only by fits, when some momentary impulse overcomes their fears. Thus I passed at least forty years of my life. How different would have been the effect of a perseverance in a regular, unchecked plan! I wrote no

ong poem; I undertook no great work; I finished very few things, even of those which I began. Yet to have written numerous fictions would have been very easy; and those perhaps would have found a rent. Hayley talks of

'The cold blank bookseller's rhyme-freezing face;—

what would he have said if he had lived now? He would have found the check of the frost increased tenfold."

(When will authors understand that booksellers are *merchants*, and that when they throw cold water on any literary project, it is simply and solely because they do not think it would be a profitable one for themselves! What right has any man to expect that a trade will sacrifice capital merely for the chance of gratifying his literary vanity or ambition! The bookseller who carries into his trade any principle of action but what animates any other tradesman, is a fool—and worthy of publishing for such poets as Hayley. But this *par parenthèse*.)

"After all, there is but one pleasure, which is, to escape from the world, and indulge one's own thoughts uninterrupted. All show and luxury is idle, empty, satiating indulgence: calmness, leisure, and above all, independence, with that humble competence which is necessary for the support of life, are all which are requisite.

"I know not why a cottage, neat and well situated, should not be as pleasant as a castle or a palace. I love solitude, and do not think that I ever should be tired of it: I wish I had never quitted it. I have met with little else but mortification and trouble. My imagination would then have been undamped, and my literary labours undistracted. I have undertaken to tell my feelings; these are among my leading and perpetually renewed regrets. I cannot be sure of other men's feelings; but I never met with one who seemed to have the same overruling passion for literature as I have always had. A thousand others have pursued it with more principle, reason, method, fixed purpose, and effect: mine I admit to have been pure, blind, unregulated love. The fruit has been such as mere passion generally produces—of little use and no fame. Wasted energies have ended in languor, debility, and despondence."

Our author's highest ambition has not been gratified; but he has, after all, secured a very graceful reputation; and he ought not to be discontented. How many in any generation do so much?

Let us be forgiven if we close with one piece of advice. It is tendered with kindness and with respect. Sir Egerton Brydges never has written, never will write, a really great work: the want of logical movement in his mental processes must ever render it impossible for him to do so. But if any one else furnished him with a good plan, we know no author who could fill it up with more grace and liveliness of detail; and we venture to suggest to him, that he might yet earn high distinction by a Dictionary of English Literary History, after the fashion of Bayle. The alphabetical arrangement would supply the place of logical *ordonnance*: and the constant variety of persons and topics, with the perfect liberty of lengthening or shortening every article at pleasure,

would, we think, be found admirably suited to his taste and talents.

We ought to observe, in closing this book, that it contains a highly interesting and beautiful series of letters from Mr. Southey—and some others by the late Lord Tenterden, who was Sir Egerton's constant friend from childhood to the hour of death. That great judge, in point of fact the law-reformer of his age, had, it seems, retained to the last a warm predilection for classical studies of his youth.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE MORAL OF FLOWERS.*

FLOWERS may be safely said to be the sole universal favourites of the human race. Stars seem sometimes too far off—too high up—and, let them shine as sweetly on us as they will, they are felt not to be looking to our world. Our sympathies are surely not separated indeed from their smiles—Heaven forbid! But our hearts need the wings of imagination to bear them through the ether; and, even from that flight, how glad are they to return to earth! The sinking is happier than the soaring; and a small still voice says, "Child of the dust! be contented yet a little while with thine humbler home!"

Forgive us, we implore you, ye bright or dim eyes of Heaven! Not from lack of love spake we so of your blissful beauty! From very gratitude to Him who sprinkled you over infinitude—not unmindful of us—are we often afraid to gaze on the night skies, in unaccepted worship. With them, in holiest moods, our hearts burn to claim kindred; but a sense profound of alienating sinfulness shuts our sight, and the gates of eternity seem closed against us. Then, to the lowliness of our spirits, is comfort given from the fair things of this our natal earth; and the solitude grows cheerful again around us, as the moonlight shows us a constellation of primroses at our feet.

And now it is once more Spring. Flowers, indeed, there are that come and go with Winter. Each season has its own; but, though all the varied year be lovely, sweetest to beings who live to die, and die to live, is the Thought and the Feeling of the Prime. To "budding, fading, faded flowers," there belongs, in every heart, a peculiar world of emotions; yet are they all allied by one common spirit. Sadness we call it, or joy, or peace, or trouble; but it springs still from one and the same source; a source dwelling far within the soul, and by some innate power embittering or sweetening for itself its own waters. How they overflow the earth with beauty and happiness! or deaden it into a blank, barren as the grave!

What hands placed on our table that glorious FLOWER? We think we can guess; but as we muse on one name, three young faces, each sweeter than the other, pass sailing before us; and yet not one of them all is the right one: for the face of her, who did in truth bring the many-coloured fragrance here, is somewhat touched by time; though still unfaded,

* The Moral of Flowers; illustrated by coloured engravings. Longman, Rees, and Co. London: 1833.

and Sorrow, Time's chance companion, not surely her constant attendant, hath somewhat dimmed on her brow the lustre of that once bright black braided hair! And beside the FLOWER, a book; a beautifully bound book in green and gold, flower and book harmonious; and in both is there the same inspiration of the creative breath of Spring.

We fear to open it. How often is such a book like a bubble! But touch it, and the brightness is gone. Poetry and coloured illustrations! *They*, at least, are "beautiful exceedingly," no withered spectres these; as in the sad cemetery of a *Hortus Siccus*. Stalk, leaf, bud, blossom, all alive; and belonging to this bright and breathing world. Here are the pictures, there are the originals; and, but that no faint fine fragrance embalms the many-coloured page, the shadow might be supposed the substance; such the power of art in the hand of genius, when that genius has been inspired by love. Drawn and engraved, so the preface says, by Mr. William Clark, formerly draughtsman and engraver to the London Horticultural Society; and they are worthy to meet the eye even of a Hooker.

If the poetry be such as may be expected from such a Preface, it will do; but many a lady, and we see here lucid manifestations of a female heart and hand—"wanting the accomplishment of verse"—disappoints the hopes awakened by her prose, which glides on with a natural music, without effort, and as if it could not help being clear and melodious, just like a careless stream breaking into many rills, all of them flowing over verdure which they brighten, and all meeting, after no wide separation, in a silvan lake. Pity should this lady, all unknown to us, belong to that class whose feelings and fancies, how delightful soever, fail to embody themselves "in strains that will not die." Even genius itself often lacks the skill to give immortal expression to divine conceptions; as if nature alone were insufficient to kindle into fresh life the Promethean fire, and science had to aid the power, in its productive energy, that comes from heaven.

Poetry there is in her prose, and even if her verses should be failures, her prose proves her to be a poetess. But as our eyes glide over the stanzas, they see a glimmer of lights and shadows, such as, when lying in a forest-glade, we see, nor know whether or not we be dreaming, coming and going through openings among trees, till the shadows disappear, and the lights settle down into a stationary spot of lustre, through which, invested with new beauty, seem to approach nearer to our gaze the grass and the flowers.

The preface has done better than keep the word of promise to our ear—for it made no promise—but meekly gave us hopes, by its pure expression of religious sentiments, which every subsequent page has more than fulfilled—for the truth is, that the volume is full of exquisite poetry—and that there is not a single stanza in it all without either a thought, a feeling, or an image coloured by that dewy light which comes breathing fresh and fair from the font that flows but for the chosen children of sensibility and genius.

Dearest! *read aloud with a low voice*—second paragraph of the Preface. "Flowers are a delight

to every one, to some, perhaps, merely for their beauty and fragrance—to others, independently of these acknowledged charms, for the varied pleasurable associations and thoughts they suggest—and foremost of these is the assurance they afford of the exuberant goodness of God." "The provision which is made of a variety of objects not necessary to life, and ministering only to our pleasures, shows," says an eloquent and learned author, "a farther design than that of giving existence." And who does not feel this when he looks on the Hedgerow and the Mead,

"Full of fresh verdure and unnumbered flowers,
The negligence of nature."

Nor is this the only lesson they impart; they remind us also of the superintending Providence of the Almighty. After contemplating the more stupendous features of creation, "the heavens, the work of His fingers, the moon and the stars, which He has ordained," till overwhelmed with a sense of littleness, we exclaim, almost with feelings of despondency, "Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him!" Has not the sight of a flower, so carefully provided for, so exquisitely wrought, and so lavishly endowed with fragrance, recalled the mind to its proper tone, and given emphasis to the question, "Are ye not much better than they?"

A wise little homily that wins the reader's heart. Her object, the Lady tells us, which it has been her aim to accomplish, is to pursue such a train of reflection, or draw such a moral from each flower that is introduced, as its appearance, habits, or properties might be supposed to suggest. The first piece, however, is intended as introductory; and the specimens which are illustrated in the plate, are only to be considered as the representatives of field-flowers in general. Especial favourites one and all must have among flowers, after the Lily, the Rose, and the Violet; for surely these three surpass all others; but during a continued perusal of this delightful volume from beginning to end, we have often felt sorry and ashamed of our favouritism, as if it were a sin. Each flower, as it comes before us, arrayed in a religious light, seems lovely as the last, and we regard all the families of the field with one affection. Who would exclude the meanest of them all from his love? Meanest! Coleridge says, "in nature there is nothing melancholy," and we know "the old man eloquent" will reward us with a smile of gracious assent, when speaking in the spirit of the same creed, we say, "in nature there is nothing mean." A dew-drop trembling in a happy little floweret's golden eye, is it not "a work magnificent?" There might an atheist—if he hardened not his heart—clearly see God.

The introductory stanzas are very beautiful.

FIELD FLOWERS.

Flowers of the field, how meet ye seem
Man's frailty to portray,
Blooming so fair in morning's beam,
Passing at eve away;
Teach this, and oh! though brief your reign,
Sweet flowers, ye shall not live in vain.

Go, form a monitory wreath
For youth's unthinking brow ;
Go, and to busy manhood breathe
What most he fears to know ;
Go, strew the path where age doth tread,
And tell him of the silent dead.

But whilst to thoughtless ones and gay
Ye breathe these truths severe,
To those who droop in pale decay
Have ye no word of cheer ?
Oh yes, ye weave a double spell,
And death and life betoken well.

Go, then, where wrapt in fear and gloom
Fond hearts and true are sighing,
And deck with emblematic bloom
The pillow of the dying ;
And softly speak, nor speak in vain,
Of your long sleep and broken chain.

And say that He, who from the dust
Recalls the slumbering flower,
Will surely visit those who trust
His mercy and His power ;
Will mark where sleeps their peaceful clay,
And roll, ere long, the stone away.

We blame not the poets who have breathed into
vers the breath of earthly passion ; but why have
poets loved more to make them holier emblems ;
teep bud, leaf, cup, and blossom, in "the beauty
more beauteous," "the consecration of the
um" that is visited by celestial light ? Some have
so, but not the many ; while others, as if
med of life's most solemn thoughts, have played
dallied with these happy purities, as if they were
ges merely of our lighter fancies, and fit, before
faded, but to adorn "the tangles of Næra's
:" Yet are there often touches of natural reli-
gion, in a few words, from the lips of the great poets,
tioning, with some soul-felt epithet, the names of
vers appropriately placed on shrine, altar, or tomb.
names themselves, indeed, always truly, and
n piously, express their characters. In these is
lved an idea or an emotion, and poetry evolves
sad or gay humanities, till they bedim or brighten
ground round their stalks with showers of tender
ladsome leaves all of light. Thus the Pansy—
flower of many names. To Shakspeare—as
rdsworth has pathetically said of himself—it gave
oughts that did often lie too deep for tears," else
he not made poor Ophelia say—

"there is pansies,
That's for thought."

ansy *freaked with jet*," is also one of the flowers
ch Milton culls for the bier of Lycidas. Yet, in
her mood, sweet Willy immortalized it by the
ie of "Love in Idleness," in his *Midsummer
ht's Dream*. It was held sacred to St. Valentine,
he is the saint of the soft-billed birds, and not
he vultures. "Heart-ease" is a familiar house-
word, and we know not—we wish we did—and
ainly ought to have known—who says—

"And thou, so rich in gentle names, appealing
To hearts that own our nature's common lot ;
Thou, styled by sportive Fancy's better feelings,
'A thought,' the Heart-ease."

Perhaps 'tis in the Lyrical Ballads, yet we thought
no leaf there could hold a dewdrop to us unknown.
With all these thoughts and feelings associated with
it and represented by it, it required the sweet assur-
ance of the consciousness of a loving heart to em-
bolden this lady to sing the praises of a flower, dear
alike to humblest and highest spirits.

THE HEART-EASE, OR PANSY VIOLET.

This morn a fairy bower I pass'd,
Where, sheltered from the northern blast,
Grew many a garden gem ;
More lovely sure not Eden graced,
Ere yet the primal curse had traced
Ruin and blight on all, and placed
Thorns on the rose's stem.

But nearer viewed, methought the bloom
Ev'n of this group partook the doom,
Which all things earthly share ;
In one, the gayest of the gay,
A hidden worm insidious lay,
Whilst others borne far, far away,
Pined for their native air.

Onward I sped in musing mood,
Till near my path, now wild and rude,
A flow'ret met my view ;
Unlike to those I left, it chose
A lowly bed, "yet blithe as rose"
That in the king's own garden grows,"
It sipt the morning dew.

I paused, the sky became o'ercast,
And the chill rain fell thick and fast—
How fared that blossom now ?
With head on its light stem inclin'd,
Smiling it met both rain and wind,
As if to teach me it design'd
'Neath sorrow's storm to bow.

Its name I knew, and deemed full well,
From its low home in rugged dell,
It might this hint afford,
That whilst exotics only flower
In cultured soil, and sheltered bower,
Heart-ease may be alike the dower
Of peasant and of lord.

Yea, brows may ache which wear a crown,
And palace walls give back the groan
Of breaking hearts, I ween,
Whilst in the peasant's lowly nest,
That, which fair Eden's shades once blest,
Oft lingers still a cherished guest,
Cheering life's varied scene.

Then let the storm beat o'er my head,
If, while the rugged path I tread,
That "ease of heart" be mine.
Which, when the darkling cloud doth rise,
Not with the passing sunbeam dies,
But all unchanged by frowning skies,
Throughout the storm doth shine.

Aye ! 'tis a pleasant coincidence. Here is a small
packet sent us by one of our American friends—and
we are happy to think we have many—from across
the Atlantic—and what should it contain, among
other welcome volumes, but in binding yellow as a
crocus, "Flora's Interpreter, or the American Bo

of Flowers and Sentiments." The collection and selection has been made, and tastefully, by Mrs. S. J. Hale, a lady who is an honour to Boston. We know not who may be the writer of the following lines to "a Night-blowing Cereus"—we hope the fair Editress herself—but we cannot give them better praise than by gracing our pages with them, among pearls as pure as themselves; here are two of the first water in the same setting; which do you love best, the American or the English?

NIGHT-BLOWING CEREUS.

Strange flower! Oh, beautifully strange!
Why in the lonely night,
And to the quiet watching stars,
Spread'st thou thy petals white?

There's sleep among the breathing flowers,
The folded leaves all rest—
Child, butterfly, and bee are hush'd—
The wood-bird's in its nest;—

Thou wakest alone of earth's bright things,
A silent watch is thine,
Offering thy intense, votive gift!
Unto night's starry shrine.

Morn glows, and thou art gone for aye,
As bow of summer cloud;
Like thy sister flower of Araby,
Thou unto death hast bow'd!

Once flowering, wilt thou never more
Give thy pale beauty back?
O, canst thou not thy fragrance pour
Upon the sunbeam's track?

Thou flower of summer's starlit night,
When whispering farewell,
Bear'st thou a hope, from this dim world,
Mid brighter things to dwell?

Thou hast unseal'd my thoughts' deep fount,
My hope as thine shall be,
And my heart's incense I will breathe
To Heaven, bright flower, with thee.

EVENING PRIMROSE.

"The sun his latest ray has shed,
The wild bird to its nest has sped,
And buds, which to the day-beam spread
Their brightest glow,
Incline their dew-besprinkled head
In slumber now.

"Then why art thou lone vigils keeping,
Pale flower, when all beside are sleeping?
Are not the same soft zephyrs sweeping
Each slender stem,
And the same opiate dewdrops steeping
Both thee and them?"

"Eve is my noon. At this still hour,
When softly sleeps each sister flower,
Sole watcher of the dusky bower
I joy to be;
And, conscious, feel the pale moon shower
Her light on me.

"Soon as meek evening veils the sky,
And wildly fresh her breeze flits by,
And on my breast the dewdrops lie,
I feel to live;
And what of mine is fragrantcy,
I freely give.

"Say thou, who thus dost question me,
Wouldst thou from earth's dull cares be free,
O listen, and I'll counsel thee
Wisely to shun
Tumult, and glare, and vanity,
As I have done.

"Enter thy closet, shut the door,
And heavenward let thy spirit soar;
Then softer dews than bathe the flower
On thee shall rest,
And beams which sun nor moon can pour
Illumine thy breast."

In "Flora's Interpreter," the lines to the Night-blowing Cereus are marked "From the Ladies' Magazine," of which Mrs. S. J. Hale is editress. Are they really American? There is something about them—may we say it without offence—a tone of fine simplicity tempering their earnestness—that almost makes us doubt their being so—and they bring, though dim, yet not unfamiliar recollections to our mind, as if we had heard them before, somewhere or other, years ago. Yet we dare say that we are mistaken, and that the Cereus they celebrate was a Boston flower. Certain we are that the Evening Primrose, so delightfully sung by our fair countrywoman, sprang from English soil—we know not whether in garden—waste ground—or on the dreary sands of the Lancashire coast, where it grows wild in profusion. Equally beautiful are her lines on the "Dark-flowered Stock Gilliflower." Melancholy Gilliflower it is often called, because of the sombre hue of its blossoms, and their exhaling fragrance only in the night. Many of the double varieties are very lovely, and give out their rich odours so freely in the daytime, as fully to deserve the notice of Thomson, who, in his enumeration of flowers, passes his encomium on the whole tribe—

"And lavish stock, which scents the garden round."

"There seems," adds the lady, "a peculiar fragrantcy in the scent of night-blowing flowers; it is something akin to night-music."

THE DARK-FLOWERED STOCK-GILLIFLOWER.

"Long hath the lily closed her silver bells,
And the rose dropp'd 'neath evening's dewy spells;
But thou, still sleep'ess, to the gale dost spread
Sweets which might seem from fairy's censer shed.
What holds thee waking?—not the guilt, or woes,
That oft from human bosoms scare repose.

"Let care and sorrow watch the night-hours through;
Let misers wake to count their hoards anew;
But flowers, sweet flowers, 'which neither spin nor toil,'
Whose little lives are one perpetual smile,
Children of sunshine—ye, with day's last gleam,
Should sink to sleep till roused by morning's beam."

in has cheer'd me through the livelong day,
eze has fann'd me in its gentle play,
s have fed me, and the summer shower
d the fervour of the noontide hour;
t not meet, ere yet I close my eye,
ould yield to Heaven a fragrant sigh?

e the scene—should threat'ning clouds prevail,
d and louder blow the angry gale,
t spare me on my slender stem,
ound me strewn is many a fairer gem,
not then, in meek thanksgiving, shed
cest odours when the danger's fled?"

ethink thee!—If, at close of day,
d and flower their grateful homage pay,
sweet odour, that in tuneful song,
ankful strains should flow from human tongue?
k what nobler mercies crown thy days;—
thy life one ceaseless act of praise!

White Water Lily, again, one of the most
cent of our native flowers, as Sir James
uly says, expands its blossoms in the sunshine
middle of the day only, closing towards
, when they recline on the surface of the
r sink beneath it. The sinking of the flow-
er water at night, he says, has been denied,
ed, and therefore he was careful to verify it.
e circumstance is recorded of the Egyptian
s, from the most remote antiquity. What
e lines Mrs. Hemans has written on water-
Was it in Loughing-Tarn she eyed them?—
e in such profusion do they float, that were
to sink down below the water at night, they
erplex the images of the soft-reflected stars.
e lines which Mrs. Hemans will admire and

THE WATER-LILY.

art day's own flower—for, when he's fled,
g thou dropp'st beneath the wave thy head;
ching, weeping, through the livelong night,
orth impatient for the dawning light;
t brightens into perfect day,
n the inmost fold thy breast display.

I that I, from earth's defilement free,
re my bosom to the light like thee!
I feel within a blighting power
each grace, like hidden worm the flower;
bling, shrinking, gladly would I fly
ght of light," Jehovah's piercing eye.

er can I go?—(Oh, there's a wave,
e who weeps for sin his soul may lave;
uld I plunge—and sad, not hopeless, lie
the first fair day-spring from on high;
ad emerging from the healing stream,
like thee, sweet flower, the dawning beam.

Sigourney has been called by the affectionate
on of her countrymen, "the American He-
and she is rightly so called, inasmuch as she
st of all their Poetesses. We find in Flora's
ter some very striking lines of hers, which
great pleasure in placing by the side of some
inspired by the same sight—or idea of the
ht—in the imagination of her English sister

—(not Mrs. Hemans—but this Lady)—and may
they, through all life long, though sundered by a
wide world of waves, be united in love as they are
in genius—and may that union be known wherever
Maga wins her way.

THE ALPINE FLOWERS. MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Meek dwellers mid yon terror-stricken cliffs!
With brows so pure, and incense-breathing lips,
Whence are ye? Did some wh te-wing'd messenger,
On Mercy's missions, trust your timid germ
To the cold cradle of eternal snows,
Or, breathing on the callous icicles,
Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye?

Tree nor shrub
Dare that drear atmosphere; no polar pine
Upreads a veteran front; yet there ye stand,
Leaning your cheeks against the thick-ribb'd ice,
And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him
Who bids you bloom, unblanch'd, amid the waste
Of desolation. Man, who, panting, toils
O'er slippery steep, or, trembling, treads the verge
Of yawning gulfs, o'er which the headlong plunge
Into eternity, looks shuddering up,
And marks ye in your placid loveliness—
Fearless, yet frail—and, clasping his chill hands,
Blesses your pencill'd beauty. Mid the pomp
Of mountain summits rushing to the sky,
And, chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe,
He bows to bind you drooping to his breast,
Inhales your spirit from the frost-wing'd gale,
And freer dreams of Heaven.

RHODODENDRON.

"Gem of the Alps! 'tis strange to trace
Aught beautiful as thou,
Glad'ring the 'solitary place'
With unexpected glow.
Yet, bright one! cold thy bed must be,
And harsh thy evening-lullaby;
Would thou wert planted in the bower
Which summer weaves for bird and flower!
And rock'd to slumber by the gale
She breathes in yonder sunny vale!"

"Oh tell me not of valley fair,
Where sweeter flow'rets bloom;
I too have sun and healthful air
In this my mountain-home.
Yet, stranger, doth thy sympathy
Demand some poor return from me;
And what if I, frail lowly thing,
Such lesson to thine heart might bring,
That thou, in after hour, shouldst bless
The flow'ret of the wilderness.

"Deem'st thou these snows scarce fitting bower
For aught so fair as I?
O know that One whose will is power
Has shaped my destiny.
He spake me into being; shed
His sunshine on my Alpine bed;
Bade the strong blast, which shook the pine,
Pass harmless o'er this head of mine;
And gently rear'd my early bloom
'Mid snows, which else had been my tomb.

"View in this mountain's frozen breast
An emblem true of thine,
So cold, so hard, till on it rest
A beam of light divine.

Feel'st thou this life-inspiring ray?
 If not—then upward look, and pray,
 That He, who made these mountain snows
 A cradle for the opening rose,
 Would deep within thine heart embower
 A brighter far than earthly flower."

In Britain, and in America, religion lives pure and strong as light in the hearts of all virtuous women. They are all Christians. Intellect does not with them kill Feeling; and the more enlightened they are in all the wisdom of this world, the more free-winged are their soaring flights heavenward to the source of all Love, and all Pity. Genius with them is uniformly inspired by Faith. As it is with the high, so is it with the humble; and who ever heard—not we—of any female denying her Saviour in our mother-tongue? The wives of Deists may be mute in grief or despair; unless, indeed, those lords of creation encourage them to believe in Christianity, as a delusion useful to preserve the weak from the danger of vanity and the passions. By the religious virtue of our women has hitherto been saved the sanctity of our household laws. Let them be free-thinkers, like too many of their husbands and fathers, and they will soon become free-actors too, and a horrid light will gleam ghastly round the hearth. But of such an event there is no danger. Fanaticism there is, too much—and too much superstition—yet their power is confined within very limited ranges, and is seen extending itself in folly not altogether harmless indeed—for there are few harmless follies, and that which regards our duties to the Deity cannot but be always disastrous—and finally escaping in hysterics and the vapours. But how beautiful is female piety, pure and simple as that of children; in the female character, in the maids and matrons of the country of Milton and Washington! Laughable, if it were not loathsome, to hear men of no knowledge, no talents, no thought, mere men of ill-chosen or rather unchosen words, vaunting themselves on their incredulity or disbelief of all sacred truths, who, if they could but use their eyes and their ears, would see and hear reproof and admonition, and the holy arguments of innocence and peace, in the faces and voices of them dearest to God and his Son. Such a persuasive believer is the enlightened lady who has here so beautifully explained the moral and the religion silently spoken by Flowers. Well has she illustrated her text; "Consider the Lilies of the Field." Surely in the following lines there is profound pathos.

THE ASPEN.

Daylight is closing, but the west
 Still with the pomp of sunset glows,
 And crimson cloud on mountain's breast,
 And tower, and spire, its radiance throws,
 While one by one in eastern skies
 "The stars which usher evening rise."

How deep, how holy is the calm!
 Each sound seems hush'd by magic spell,
 As if sweet peace her honied balm
 Blent with each dewdrop as it fell.
 Would that the cares which man pursue
 A pause like this of nature knew.

Yet in this deep tranquillity,
 When e'en the thistle's down is still,
 Trembles yon towering aspen-tree,
 Like one, whose by-gone deeds of ill,
 At hush of night, before him sweep
 To scare his dreams and "murder sleep."

Far off in Highland wilds, 'tis said,
 (But truth now laughs at fancy's lore,)
 That of this tree the cross was made,
 Which erst the Lord of Glory bore,
 And of that deed its leaves confess
 E'er since a troubled consciousness.

We boast of clearer light, but say—
 Hath science, in her lofty pride,
 For every legend swept away,
 Some better, holier truths supplied?
 What hath she to the wanderer given
 To help him on his road to Heaven?

Say who hath gazed upon this tree
 With that strange legend in his mind,
 But inward turned his eye to see
 If answering feeling he could find,
 A trembling for that guilt which gave
 His Saviour to the cross and grave?

And who such glance did inward bend,
 But scorn'd the apathy and pride
 Which makes him slight that more than fi
 For him who bled, for him who died;
 Nor pray'd his callous heart might prove
 What 'tis to tremble, weep, and love?

How easily can the heart change its mood
 awful to the solemn—from the solemn to the
 —and from the sweet to the gay—while the
 this careless moment is unconsciously temp
 the influence of that holy hour that has sub
 not died, and continues to colour the most
 emotion, as the common things of earth
 lovelier in imbibed light, even after the sere
 that had yielded it is no more visible in he
 Most gentle are such transitions in the cal
 ture and of the heart; all true poetry is full
 and in music how pleasant are they, or how a
 Those alternations of tears and smiles, of fe
 pirations and of quiet thoughts! The organ
 Æolian harp! As the one has ceased pealin
 we can list the other whispering it—nor
 soul any loss of emotion in the change—sti
 itself and its wondrous nature—just as it is
 from the sunset clouds it turns its eyes to a
 beauty of a dewdrop or an insect's wing.
 poems now before us there is nothing th
 called mirth; but, compared with the p
 strains, the following, as they are lowlier fa
 they be said to be cheerful, and the one litt
 set of stanzas reads well after the other,
 Broom o' the Cowden-knowes sung after A
 syne:

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.

Up and abroad—the earth puts on
 Her beautiful array,
 The heavens their glory, for the sun
 Rejoiceth on his way.

Not vainly shall he shed his ray ;
 Yon mountain's height I'll brave,
 Or trim my skiff so light and gay,
 And wake the slumbering wave.
 Hark ! how the fresh breeze bears along
 To heaven wide nature's matin song.

But what is here ? The pimpernel
 Drooping with close-shut eye—
 True sign, so village sages tell,
 Of storm and tempest nigh—
 But sure such bright and glorious sky
 Shall know no cloud to-day ;
 O, then, thy darkling prophecy
 Give to the winds away,
 And own, whilst thou yon heavens dost view,
 For once thou hast not read them true.

Despite my taunt, the prescient flower
 Still closed its petals bright,
 And soon the storm, with voice of power,
 Showed its forebodings right.
 'Tis ever thus, some sudden blight,
 When most we dream of joy,
 Does on the shining prospect light,
 To mar it and destroy.
 Oh ! when like this poor flower shall I
 Discern aright life's changing sky ?

THE COMMON BRAMBLE.

What dost thou here, pale flower ?
 Thou that afore wert never seen to shine
 In gay parterre, or gentle lady's bower,
 In lover's wreath or poet's gifted line.

Why from thy lowly haunts
 Art thou now call'd, to have a place and name
 Mid buds whose beauty fancy's eye enchants,
 Whose fragrance puts thy scentless leaves to shame.

'Tis that though suffering ill,
 Yea, spurn'd and trodden by each passer by,
 Blossom and berry dost thou proffer still,
 As all unmindful of the injury.

Hardest of lessons this,
 To suffer wrong with meekness—few, how few,
 The hand which smites unjustly stoop to kiss,
 Or blessings on their foeman's pathway strew.

Then welcome, lowly flower,
 Welcome amid the fragrant and the gay ;
 For which of all the buds in summer bower
 Can fitter lesson to proud man convey ?

The Scarlet Pimpernell (*Anagallis Arvensis*) perhaps has that name from the Greek verb *anageloo*—to announce—from the conspicuous beauty of its flowers, as either Smith or Miller; and truly, adds our poetess, does it merit any title indicative of simple brilliant beauty, for none of our wild flowers can equal it in loveliness. The *Anagallis* closes its leaves at the approach of rain, as farmers and shepherds, in general, very well know; and its blooming during those months when the state of the atmosphere is of the most consequence to agricultural pursuits, make it more consulted by the peasant, and have thus obtained for it the name of the "poor man's weather-glass." But we love her the more for the things she has sweetly said of the Common Bramble, "that despised and maltreated shrub." Who does not remember "the time when, on a 'sun-

shine holiday,' a blackberry gathering was the highest treat, and when its insipid fruit was eaten with a relish far beyond that which the rarest hothouse novelty can afford in riper years? Who does not remember also the shrinking awe with which he passed the tempting branch after Michaelmas-day, believing with a credulity that would not have disgraced the days of Popery, the vulgar superstition, that on that day the devil casts his club over the fruit? It is amusing to see how gravely Threlkeld rebuts the tradition. 'I look upon this as a vulgar error, that the devil can cast his club over these, after Michaelmas, for the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.' Before we take leave of this plant, we must not forget to notice its connexion with the well-known popular nursery ballad, 'The Babes in the Wood.' However successfully the rising emotion had been combated in the preceding stanzas, the following lines, even at the hundredth repetition, were sure to open the floodgates of childish sorrow."

'Their little hands and pretty lips
 With blackberries were dyed;
 And when they saw the darksome night,
 They sat them down and cried.'"

Bless the bramble and its berries—nor can we conjecture why it should be "a maltreated shrub," any more than why the "Yellow Yeldrin" should in Scotland—and we believe in England too—be a maltreated bird. That he and she are so, all schoolboys must recollect with remorse; and John Nevay, weaver in Forfar, (to whose little forthcoming volume of poems we ask you to subscribe, for his sake, yours, and our own; for such of them as we have seen are very natural and touching,) has some pretty lines on the persecution they have long so endured; lines which we have by heart, but disorderly, else had we quoted them now, to give you a painful pleasure. There is a drop of the devil's blood in the Yellow Yeldrin's head, believes the whole rural Scottish infantry, and parish schools assail him with all manner of missiles, as soon as they see him sitting on the low hedge-row, and not far from his mate, who is couched coweringly in her black-hair-lined nest among the ditch-grass, concealed not without the common cunning of her kind; yet, alas! by some fatality, always discovered even by urchins not seeking for them, for the pretty creatures (and are they not pretty, and do not they pipe sweetly, and somewhat saulily and wildly too?) are fond of building by roadsides and footpaths, and everywhere "the least remote and inaccessible by shepherds trod." They know not—not they—not the remotest suspicion have they that they are more disliked by schoolboys and girls than any other bird,—the hedgesparrow, for instance, or the linty; but these are general favourites, more especially the linty, and no wonder, for how gentle are all its habits; it is not so shy as the bird with the "lo! five blue eggs are gleaming there;" and then not the laverock's ownself excels the linty in singing, though the laverock sings best near the gates of heaven, and the linty on a pearled broomspray, little higher than the heads of the staring lamb. And what, pray, can the devil possibly have to do with so harmless a creature as the Yellow Yeldrin, with so harmless a shrub as the common bramble? For he, too, is harmless, if you

but let him alone, and even then your leg suffers less from his teeth than his body suffers from your clumsy heels, as leaping before you look, you descend upon him anticipating no evil, and crush him down behind his own old mossy wall. Happy bird, and happy plant, in spite of all the rational animosity of man! And ye have both at last found your poets, and a place, denied to many upstarts who have misused you, in Blackwood's Magazine.

But there is another American lady whom we must not forget to remember, now that we are reviewing a book on Flowers, for she has addressed several pretty poems to pink, and crocus, and hyacinth, and other darlings: and here is one to a crocus, at once natural and ingenious—Miss F. H. Gould. She too, we believe, is a fair Bostonian, and her name has a Scottish look and a Scottish sound to our eye and ear, which do not make its owner less pleasant to our fancy, though we have never seen, and may never see her face; but we have heard it is a very pretty one, and that she has, as every poetess should have, very beautiful eyes.

THE CROCUS'S SOLILOQUY.

Down in my solitude under the snow.

Where nothing cheering can reach me;
Here, without light to see how to grow,
I'll trust to nature to teach me.

I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
Lock'd in so gloomy a dwelling;
My leaves shall run up, and my roots shall run down
While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
From this cold dungeon to free me,
I will peer up with my little bright head;
All will be joyful to see me.

Then from my heart will young buds diverge,
As rays of the sun from their focus,
I from the darkness of earth will emerge
A happy and beautiful Crocus!

Gaily array'd in my yellow and green,
When to their view I have risen,
Will they not wonder how one so serene
Came from so dismal a prison?

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower,
This little lesson may borrow—
Patient to-day, through its gloomiest hour,
We come out the brighter to-morrow.

Miss Gould will be pleased, we are sure, to see Lines to the Crocus as good as her own, placed beside those from the volume that has given a charm to this article, which will be felt across the Atlantic; a volume which we promise to send to her, if she will be so kind as to accept it, but first to let us know how to direct it. Virgil loved the Crocus as well as his own bees; and Milton gives it a place in Paradise.

“ ‘ Rock'd by the chilly blast,
And 'mid the cold snow peeping,
Why do ye deck the waste
When other buds are sleeping?
Did ye, as they,
A while delay

Till softer gales were sighing,
Perchance no flower
In summer bower
With ye in charms were vying!

“ ‘ No fervid beam, 'tis true,
Lady, our slumber breaketh,
From our light cups the dew
No sportive zephyr shaketh;
Heralds of spring,
The wind's rude wing
We cope with at her calling,
And calmly eye,
Through darkling sky,
The snow-flake thickly falling.

“ ‘ From 'lilies of the field,'
Lady, thou'rt taught to borrow
Lessons which well may yield
Assurance for the morrow;
And might we dare
Their task to share,
We'd say, may duty find the
Prompt at her call
What e'er befall,
To act the part assign'd thee.' ”

We cannot help believing that it is greatly good of the minds of the rising generation, poems are published now-a-days that have called a run. There was something illusory passion that burned for “the last new poem” soon as it was gratified—and it sometimes was a single perusal—the “last new poem” will like a weed away, and the fickle reader will long for another charmer. This may be excusable in young gentlemen; but it was indelicate for ladies to yield their whole hearts first to Childe Harold, then to the Giaour, then to the Corsair, Selim, then to Alp, and then to Manfred—a year or two—not to count intermediate numberless fervent *liaisons* with obscurer heroes. A sad thing for poetry when a particular sort of the fashion—the rage. A sure sign, when succeeds fashion, and rage succeeds rage, either the divine art is in danger of deterioration there is little true love for it in people's hearts how it is now. The great poets are mute; it is not that they are idle; they disdain to offer inspirations to an age that has weakened its sense of high admiration by foolish, because in worship at idolatrous shrines, from which it has been ed away, for no other reason than because it is wearied of an excitement it could not even when perpetually varied; and now it cries out that the poets are *effete*, poetry is stale, and young ladies study chemistry, and are full in retorts, and erudite in acids; a harmful soon to die away, for the fair chemists will not cover the philosopher's stone. Meanwhile, of science does not occupy all gentle bosoms believe the love of poetry—out of the worship, and hardly in those circles which and rationally call themselves “good so flourishes quietly and unobtrusively, as all does, and finds in poetry a pure and increased light. It is loved now by those who do love it for their own sake; they go back upon the immortal with which the glorious English library has

lative genius working for its own divine end—and pity the potter made by the once glib-Blues about their pet poets, while familiar spirits with “many a lovely lay,” unheard of in the Reviews, and conscious of a presence that disturbs them with the joy Of elevated thoughts.”

years more of this exemption from the balance of fluctuating fashion—than which none so prevents the free growth of the sensory in the young spirit, or perverts it in the nature—and we shall have among us again a genuine and enlightened love of poetry, poets will appear, heralds “of a mighty band ;” and human life, restudied by creative genius, will show itself inexhaustible, and bright with idled beauty at every touch of fire.

How can we or any one know the true state of feeling in people’s hearts during such a talk as this? “Stillest streams oft water rich-falls,” and how still over all our land must flowing thousands of clear currents of fertilizations, that impress a green beauty on all as, as they smile with their own spots of prismatic shine! Books that the loud, eager, witless ever hears of, what delight may they not afford hundreds of simple hearts! That the world, seduced as it is with its own too often vain, and ban vain concerns, do hear of the “Moral of a,” we have now taken care; and our recommendation will not be neglected by not a few happy ones, whom our heart visits oftener than they may often when the whole household is hushed in and then we look into the moonlit windows, singing a blessing and a prayer. Is not “The” a pious poem? And thou, Eleanora! who t’out thine own home-tended myrtle—given to old Christopher North, that queer old bald-man with the crutch, whom thou refusedst for a day to like, and now sayest thou dost love,—a sunny showers of May, and leavest it to rust in its leisure to the fitful breezes, wilt not thou seem to thyself with a sweet sensation at thy heart; lines that might have been written on every brightest of all myrtles, which, after thou hast them by heart, will seem to thee even brighter before, and whiten all its multitude of flowers, as last year thou rememberest them how they whiter than snow. Thou mayest not know, it is true, that tender as it looks, in countries where it grows wild it is sometimes found blooming on rocks; and its delicate beauty, when contrasted with the ruggedness of its abode, seems to acquire additional charms, just as thou thyself might do, hardly might that be, wert thou to be taken from thy mother’s side, but unremoved from the mercy of thy Maker, and planted like a flower in the earth.

THE MYRTLE.

Take thy station here,
Thou flower so pale and fair!
From thee may sweetest lessons borrow;
For thou hast that to tell,
Which suits thee well—
Longing hours of languishment and sorrow.

The cleft rock is thy home;
Yet sweetly dost thou bloom,
E’en while the threatening winds are round thee swelling;
And where’s the pamper’d flower,
Can richer fragrance shower
Than thou, fair blossom, from thy storm-wrought dwelling.

Say, then, though pale decay
Wear youth and health away,
Shall sighs alone this troubled breast be heaving?
Oh, no! I’ll bless the chain
Which to this couch of pain
Has bound me long, for ’tis of mercy’s weaving.

What though I tread no more
The temple’s hallowed floor,
Whence to our God the full-voiced hymn ascendeth,
Yet may this chamber be
A blessed sanctuary,
Where to my whisper’d praise His ear He bendeth.

But chiefly, gentle flower,
Remind me in the hour,
When ’gainst the tempter’s might my soul engages,
A rock is cleft for me,
More sure than shelters thee,
Where I may safely hide—“the Rock of Ages.”

All arguments, or rather objections to, sacred poetry, dissolve as you internally look at them, like unabiding mist-shapes, or rather, like imagined mirage, where no mirage is, but the mind itself makes ocular deceptions for its own amusement. By sacred poetry, is mostly meant Scriptural; but there are, and always have been, conceited and callous critics, who would exclude all religious feeling from poetry, and, indeed, from prose too, compendiously calling them all cant. Had such criticasters been right, all great nations would not have so gloried in their great bards. Poetry, it is clear, embraces all we can experience; and every high, impassioned, imaginative, intellectual, and moral state of being becomes religious before it passes away, provided it be left free to seek the empyrean, and not adstricted to the glebe by some severe slavery of condition, which destroys the desire of ascent by the same inexorable laws that paralyze the power, and reconcile the toilers to the doom of the dust. If all the states of being that poetry illustrates do thus tend, of their own accord, towards religious elevation, all high poetry must be religious; and so it is, for its whole language is breathing of a life “above the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth;” and the feelings, impulses, motives, aspirations, obligations, duties, privileges, which it shadows forth or embodies, enveloping them in solemn shade or attractive light, are all, directly or indirectly, manifestly or secretly, allied with the sense of the immortality of the soul, and the belief of a future state of reward and retribution. Extinguish that sense and that belief in a poet’s soul, and he may hang up his harp.

Nor are these sentiments of ours not universal, though often denied when thus explicitly stated; they are confessed by all human beings when “ruefully seized and shedding bitter tears,” or when in some great joy they seem walking side by side, and hand in hand, with an angel, without aid or need of wings, along the corulean vault of heaven.

We never are disposed not to enjoy a religious

spirit in metrical composition, except when induced to suspect that it is not sincere, and then we turn away from the hypocrite, just as we do from a pious pretender in the intercourse of life. Shocking it is indeed to see fools rushing in where angels fear to tread; nor have we words to express our disgust and horror at the sight of fools, not indeed rushing in among those awful sanctities before which angels veiled their faces with their wings, but mincing in, on red slippers and flowered dressing-gowns, would-be fashionable puppies, with crow-quills in hands like those of milliners, and rings on their fingers, and afterwards extending their notes into sacred poems for the use of the public,—penny-a-liners, reporting the judgments of Providence as they would the proceedings in a police court.

Women never do this: in their religion, as in every thing else, they are all sincere; therefore, in their poetry we see themselves; we love them for its sake, and it for theirs. Caroline Bowles is a Christian poetess in her "Solitary Hours," as she is a Christian lady in her life, not solitary, but retired, and Felicia Hemans could not so charm all hearts by her pictures of purity and devotion, did we not know that her own beautiful children beside her knees look up to her face,

"And lip with holy look their evening prayer."

From the Asiatic Journal.

THE THUGS OF THE DOAB.

THE exploits of banditti, their mode of obtaining plunder, their habits and manners, whether represented on the stage, or described in narratives, either real or fictitious, have ever proved highly attractive to all classes of persons. Murders, in addition to the thrilling excitement which their discovery always produces, are invested with new and deeper interest when perpetrated by a band of men connected with each other by peculiar laws, and seeking the destruction of human life with the same avidity and indifference to its waste, which actuate the hunter in his pursuit of the beasts of the field, in realms where subsistence is alone afforded by the chase. Hitherto Spain, Germany, and Italy, have been the favourite theatres for the achievements of robbers, and it would seem scarcely possible that plans more systematic and barbarous than those adopted by the celebrated Gasparoni and his associates, in the neighbourhood of Rome, should ever be developed to the shuddering eye. It is now, however, proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that Hindostan yearly sends forth hordes of practised murderers, who pursue their fearful trade with the most deliberate coolness, constantly upon the watch for fresh victims, and taking many lives for the sake of some trifling spoil.

Although, during a considerable period, the existence of Thugs (as they are called, from their dexterity in strangling) was suspected, the ideas formed concerning them were extremely vague and uncertain. Reports went abroad of the fate of travellers *assumed, while walking or riding upon the road, by a silken noose thrown over their heads, in the man-*

ner of the *lasso*, and the perpetrators were supposed to be isolated individuals infecting the wild and less frequented parts of India. Many persons imagined that these atrocities were confined to the Rajpoot states and the kingdom of Oude, a misgovernmented country, exhibiting scenes of outrage and bloodshed unknown to the Company's territories; but, in 1830, the apprehension of a band of depredators was the means of bringing the whole of an unparallled system of the atrocity to light, and the depredations of some of the criminals have proved that, in this instance, rumour, so far from exaggerating the horrors of the deeds committed, has fallen short of the truth.

Thugs* or Phansagars† (as they are styled, to distinguish them from common decoits) consist of a set of abandoned characters, either Mussulmans or Hindoos, of various castes, who live for a part of the year in cities or villages, apparently engaged in harmless employments. These persons resemble Free Masons, so far as they are always known to each other by some distinguishing sign. At a convenient period, the brotherhood of each district assemble together, and, being formed into bands, disperse themselves over large tracts of country, those of the Doab moving down towards the central provinces, and in their devastating progress waylaying, robbing, and murdering every individual who has the misfortune to cross their path.

The year in the East-Indies is divided into three seasons,—the cold weather, the hot winds, and the rains. During the latter period, the country being very widely inundated, the travelling is chiefly confined to the rivers, and it is not until the commencement of the cold season that the Phansagars make their appearance, and then they have an ample field for plunder. The native inhabitants of India appear to be much addicted to locomotion; pleasure, business, or religion frequently calls them from home; they go to assist at a marriage, the annual fairs held at different places attract a vast concourse of persons, and the religious festivals are still more numerously attended. Sometimes a few, who are bound to the same place, form themselves into a small *kafil*, or caravan; but they more frequently travel in parties of three or four, and not seldom perform their journeys entirely alone. Each day's journey varies from ten to thirty miles, consequently very long periods are consumed in travelling, since even if the journey be not made on foot, the same cattle are employed for the whole distance, and frequent halts are necessary to recruit their strength. At night, if there should not be a convenient *seras* (a building appropriated for the reception of travellers,) the wayfarers seek the shelter of a temple, or bivouac upon the plain, generally choosing the neighbourhood of a well for the site of their rude encampment. A few sticks gathered or purchased in the bazaar, suffice for a

* Thug, 'villain, rascal,' in the common acceptation, but applied, in the western provinces, to stranglers on the highway.

† The literal meaning of *Phansagar* is 'hangman'; but the name is used indiscriminately with that of *Thug* to designate a peculiar species of murderer.

‡ Robbers.

fire kindled on the ground, and the simple repast of rice, vegetables, or meal, being ended, each person wraps himself in the garment he may chance to possess, and, lying down upon the bare earth, enjoys those slumbers which an Asiatic never appears to seek in vain.

The facilities thus offered for the commission and concealment of murder are very great. It frequently happens that, owing to the circumstances above-mentioned, the route of a stranger cannot be traced, or any particular spot fixed upon as the scene of his death, either by violence or natural means. In traversing the plains of India, travellers are exposed to many dangers unconnected with robbers; they often drink incautiously of cold water after a fatiguing march, and are seen to drop either dead or dying beside the wells. A night spent in a jungle infested with malaria is equally fatal, and there are the less common perils from the attacks of tigers, and the bites of snakes to encounter. Several weeks, if not months, must necessarily elapse before the death of an individual who has quitted his home becomes positively known, and when it has been ascertained beyond a doubt, the cause still remains a mystery, and is generally attributed to fever. This statement will, in some measure, account for the absence of all enquiry concerning the fate of the numerous individuals, who, during a series of years, have been deliberately murdered by the Phansegars. It is the custom for sepoy to obtain furloughs during the hot winds, a period in which, in time of peace, few military duties are performed. These men often save large sums of money, which they carry home to their families, and numbers, supposed to have died a natural death or deserted, it is now but too certain, have fallen under the murderers' grasp. The number of bodies discovered every year, under extremely suspicious circumstances, certainly ought to have occasioned a greater degree of vigilance on the part of the civil authorities than appears to have been exercised. During 1809 and 1810, according to an official report from a very zealous servant of the East-India Company, no fewer than sixty-seven bodies were taken out of the wells in the single district of Etawah; and though we learn, by the same authority, that many persons had been apprehended, tried, and convicted for murder and highway robbery, under circumstances similar to those ascribed to the Thugs, up to 1816 much skepticism prevailed respecting the existence of a distinct class of persons, forming themselves into regular societies, and practising a peculiar species of robbery as a profession. The appalling fact that the towns and villages of the Doab and Bundelkhand (frontier provinces, divided by the Jumna) actually swarm with assassins, who, like the members of that mysterious tribunal so long the terror of Germany, mingle unsuspected with the peaceable portion of the community, is now placed beyond dispute, and in all probability the whole of Hindoostan nourishes in its bosom similar hordes of practised murderers.

The incursions of the freebooters of the Doab have been carried on in the vast tracts lying beyond the Company's territories stretching to Ajmere; but as they have had the audacity to approach very near to the British cantonments of Mhow and Neemuch,

it is but too probable that numbers of their order prowl about in search of victims in the more thickly inhabited districts. They carefully avoid the attack of Europeans, as they are well aware that their disappearance would lead to investigations of a very dangerous nature. The natives are a more easy prey, and as, from the causes detailed, detection is extremely difficult, it is only by the publicity given to the atrocities committed by these miscreants, that travellers can be put upon their guard against the machinations of such artful marauders. It will be seen that the tranquil state of the country, which, since the conclusion of the Mahratta war, has been entirely free from the irruptions of the Pindarrees, and other fierce predatory tribes, has been particularly favourable to the pursuits of the Thugs, and to join themselves into large kafilas, and to keep regular watch, can alone secure peaceable travellers from the attacks of persons apparently as harmless as themselves.

To the spirited exertions of the political agent of Mahidpore, we are indebted for a full exposition of the system of Thuggy. Several individuals of a party apprehended by his orders, upon suspicion of being concerned in murders lately perpetrated, were induced to make an ample confession of their crimes. The testimony of each person corroborated that of his comrade, and the remains of the victims, stated to have been sacrificed during the last excursion, were found by a party of sepoy in the places pointed out. Copies of these depositions were sent to the offices of the district judges, and it is from these authenticated documents that the information now afforded to European readers has been extracted. It will be necessary to premise, that the accidental discovery of several dead bodies led to the detection of a large band of Phansegars, and to the establishment of the fact of their being connected with organized bodies of similar miscreants, who for a series of years had made predatory excursions, in which they had perpetrated deeds of the darkest and most sanguinary nature.

The inhabitants of the village of Bordah were alarmed one morning by a report that the mangled remains of two men, supposed to have been carried off by tigers, were lying in the road. The whole population immediately rushed out to gaze upon the dreadful spectacle, but a slight inspection sufficed to convince them that although the bodies were shockingly torn by wild beasts, they must have been previously dragged from an adjacent heap of stones; and proceeding in their search, three others were found beneath the pile, stripped and quite fresh, but neither torn nor wounded. It was then remembered that a large kafila of travellers had been observed encamped, on the preceding day, very near that spot, and that a wood-cutter, who was passing from the jungle with a *hackery* load of fuel, had been prevented from approaching by the command of a person in authority, who, telling him that it was an *Angraizy* (English) kafila, desired him to get his bullocks out of the way until it should pass. Information was instantly conveyed to the resident of Mahidpore, and the apprehension of the murderers took place in the manner described in the following confession, which will be found to be not less remarkable for the

rid scenes it develops, than for the cool audacity of their relation.

"I am one of the band of Phansegars now in confinement, and in the village of Dehole, about eight coss northward of Bheelwara, was stopped with my associates as we were returning to our homes in Hindoostan. At this place, a party of eight or ten *suwars* (mounted police) came upon us and said that the *burrah sahib* ('great man,' meaning the political agent) having heard that we were carrying opium out of Malwa, had sent them to detain us; on learning this, our minds were relieved from the apprehension which their appearance occasioned. We had been once or twice searched for opium before, but none being found upon us, were allowed to proceed without molestation; we therefore readily consented to return to Bheelwara, as we expected to be permitted to depart as soon as it could be proved that we were not engaged in smuggling. But upon our arrival we discovered that the party were better acquainted with our habits and pursuits than we had imagined, for the people of the town joined the *suwars* in securing our persons and preventing our escape. We of course loudly expressed our innocence, boasting of our ability to clear ourselves whenever we should be brought before the sahib, and to prove satisfactorily to him that the accusations preferred against us, of our being Thugs and Phansegars, were totally groundless. We then stated that we were possessed of an English pass, and that any attempt to detain us would be severely punished; but seeing that all our representations were of no avail, and that our guards were equally deaf to entreaties and threats, I became alarmed, and could think of no better method of securing my own life than the confession of the truth, and the offer to disclose all that I knew, upon the promise of a pardon. This assurance being granted, and my mind being now at ease by its confirmation, I shall with the utmost readiness furnish a full account of all our proceedings.

"My father was a cultivator in Buraicha, which occupation I also followed, but joined the Thugs when I was about thirty years old, and have since continued to be more or less connected with them. Before the establishment of tranquillity, I served under a celebrated chief, Oodey Sing, at which time our excursions were neither carried to so great a distance as they have been since, nor were they so lucrative or certain; for in those days travellers, particularly if they possessed much property, seldom ventured to go from one place to another without being well escorted, and in large parties, and we feared the Pindarrees as much as others who were not of our profession. It was our custom to collect in bands of twenty or thirty, belonging to neighbouring villages, after the rainy season was over, and to proceed in different directions to distant countries, in quest of plunder. Each band possessed a chief, who was invested with supreme authority, and to every man in the company was given an allotted part; some were employed as scouts, who, spreading themselves round, gave notice of the approach of passengers; others took the office of spies, and, lounging in the *bazaars* and *serais*, often persuaded unsuspecting persons to join our company, in which case their death was inevitable. The duty of a third number consisted

in seeking out convenient spots wherein to dig the graves of those who were marked out as our victims, a preparation invariably made before the commission of the murder; others were in readiness to convey the bodies to the places of interment; and thus, in an incredibly short time, the whole business was performed. A few of the most daring and expert were alone intrusted with the strangling, an art which, requiring long practice and peculiar dexterity, is never allowed to be self-assumed, but is conferred with due ceremony, after the fitness of the candidate, in point of firmness, bodily strength, and activity, has been ascertained. When properly qualified, the aspirant is conducted to the field by his *gooroo*, (spiritual guide,) who looks out anxiously for some favourable omen, such as the chirping of certain birds, or their flight past the right-hand; when this occurs, he knots the *roomaul* (handkerchief) at each end, and delivers it to the candidate, imploring success upon his exertions. After this, they return and end the ceremony by a feast on a distribution of sweetmeats. The remainder of the band are employed variously in menial offices, cutting wood, looking after the flocks and *tattoos*, &c. When a sufficient quantity of property is collected, it is divided into shares, and sent home under a proper escort to the different villages where we have our habitations. As appearances were often very fallacious, people who seemed poor affording frequently a richer booty than those possessed of baggage, it was our invariable practice to rob every person who fell in our way, and these depredations were in every instance preceded by murder. I cannot pretend to say how many travellers lost their lives by our hands during our last excursion, such things being of too common occurrence with people of our habits to make much impression upon me or any of my associates, who had been long familiar with them, or to excite us to inquire into the particular circumstances attending the acquisition of plunder by detached parties.

"I have never known, since I belonged to the Thugs, a single instance of robbery committed by them without the previous destruction of life, generally by strangulation. This is effected either by means of a *roomaul*, or shred of cloth well twisted and wetted, or merely by the hands, though the last is rarely practised, and only in the event of failure in the former and usual mode. On a preconcerted signal being given, the victim or victims are immediately overpowered, and the perpetration is the business of a moment. In committing murder, it is a strict rule with the Thug to avoid shedding blood, as its traces would, in many cases, lead to detection. In the hurry, however, in which it is sometimes necessary to provide for the disposal of a more than ordinary number of bodies, the graves cannot be made large enough to contain them entire, in which case they are cut into pieces and closely packed. When buried by the road-side, or any other exposed place, it was our practice to kindle fires on the spot, in order to prevent the marks of the newly-turned earth from being too conspicuous. Murders in the manner I have described are accomplished with equal certainty and despatch, and with the same facility while the victims are walking along the roads, as when they have been enticed to our encampment, and are

amongst us confident and secure, while we every thing carefully and leisurely prepared for destruction. These murders are frequently committed contiguous to villages, from whence we induced strangers, on their journey from distant parts, to take up their quarters in our company. They were all performed before the twilight is complete; and while the work is going on, a part of the party are singing and beating their tomtoms, in order to drown any noise the sufferers might make, and give our whole camp the appearance of carelessness: thus our victims are despatched with perfect security, even within call of assistance, and in the face of a whole village.

The different persons actually engaged combine their operations simultaneously, and by a signal, which of course is preconcerted, but at the same time quite arbitrary, generally a common-place allusion not likely to excite attention, such as *tum-low* (bring tobacco.) The *roomaul*, or twist-d, is the only instrument used by the Thugs. I have never seen the noose made of cord, though I am of the general supposition that we are in the habit of employing such an instrument in the commission of our murders; but if ever it was adopted, it has been long abandoned, for this obvious reason, that if in any search so suspicious an article should have been found upon us, there would have been no difficulty in guessing our profession. In passing through a country, the large number of which murders consist is sufficient of itself to excite inquiry, and we are always obliged to have some plausible or explanation ready, to remove any doubt respecting the peaceableness of our characters and manners. Few carry arms; amid twenty or thirty persons there will not be found above three swords, and we have emissaries at all the *kutcherries* of the different districts, who manage in various ways to keep us from detection when the murder of missionaries is suspected.

We now proceed to give an account of the events which took place during our late excursion. We had travelled several days without falling in with more than one traveller (the only class of persons against whom our designs were directed;) but about the middle of the sixth stage, we came to a river, where we found four sepoy, who were proceeding to their quarters on furlough, cooking their meal. When these men saw us approach, they seemed to entertain some curiosity, for they hurried over their repast, and proceeded onwards to a village, whither our spies followed, and saw them fairly lodged, while we halted at a short distance, and knowing the road they would take, a strong party was despatched the next morning to waylaid them, and executed their purpose, not without difficulty, for one of the sepoy, notwithstanding he was taken by surprise, raised his arms in his defence; but resistance proved vain, he was overpowered by numbers, and murdered with his companions. We found two thousand rupees upon their persons, and soon after the junction of our party fell in with four *prasaharies*, (strolling actors,) who invited us, as we spoke kindly to them, and promising a wish to see their performances, we promised them a rupee for our evening's entertainment. They fell into the snare, and without waiting for

the *tamasha* (shew), we took their lives and possessed ourselves of their property, amounting to forty rupees. Amongst their effects, there was a *meerding* (hand-drum,) which we afterwards used as an accompaniment to our song. The next day we met a body of fellow Phansegars, returning to Bundelkund with their booty; they were in pursuit of two men, who travelled with a loaded bullock, and invited us to accompany them and share the spoil, which we did, but got nothing but a brass pot and a few clothes. We were more fortunate in countering two Brahmins, who were returning to their homes in Hindoostan, and to whom we pretended that our business lay the same way, though in reality we retraced our steps for the purpose of effecting their destruction, which we accomplished in the usual manner, and were rewarded by a quantity of gold: they had also some *hoondees* (drafts upon native bankers;) but these were burned.

"At our next quarters, our spies became acquainted with a soubadah and two sepoy, his companions, and persuaded them to quit the lodging they had taken in the bazaar, and encamp with us outside the village, where we also enticed another traveller, and having strangled them all, we removed the bodies to the distance of a quarter of a mile for interment, as the *tope* (grove) where we halted seemed too much frequented for the purpose. This also proved a rich prize. We were obliged to follow the next traveller for the space of four entire days, before we could find a convenient opportunity for the completion of our wishes, paying him the most profound attention the whole time, and insinuating ourselves into his favour by flattering courtesies. He was a rich man and well attended, which increased the difficulty of the enterprize; but we succeeded at last, and a few days afterwards, by the same specious pretences and deceitful words, persuaded four sepoy to sojourn with us for the night, and so made a good booty. We subsequently fell in with two travellers, a Moosulmaun and a Brahmin; the usual artifices were practised with success; they halted in our company for the day, and were murdered before night. A *tattoo* laden with opium formed the most valuable portion of their effects; we carried the drug to the next town, and sold it for a hundred rupees, twenty-five of which we were obliged to give to the *cutwal* (police-officer) who managed the sale. We here found eighteen Phansegars of the Moosulmaun gang, who had been out for some time, but, dissatisfied with their acquisitions, agreed to join us.

"A report having been brought of four travellers having passed, heavily laden, though they were considerably a head, it was deemed advisable to despatch twenty-five of our stoutest men in pursuit. After a long fatiguing march, they overtook their prey, but to their great disappointment found nothing amid the baggage, which had promised plunder, but the common tools of stone-cutters, their owners being miserably poor, and in search of employment. We also at this time lost a capital booty, which seemed to be within our grasp. A party of horse-dealers joined our company; but they were fifteen in number, including attendants, and the difficulty of securely disposing of so many bodies in an open country, consumed so much of the night in consultation, that we considered it

advisable to forego our designs, and the same evening some petty thieves stole upon us and carried off every thing they could find. Three pedlars soon afterwards fell into our hands, but their wares, consisting of cornelians and other articles of trifling value, were not worth more than twenty rupees. The next day we overtook six palankeen-bearers returning from service, accompanied by two women and two children; these people at the end of the stage lodged themselves in an old temple in the village, which baffled our attempts for the time, but, as they proceeded freely with the party next morning, we easily effected our purpose in a convenient jungle, the people ahead preparing the graves which were necessarily very deep and wide, as there were ten bodies to inter. A few rupees, clothes, ornaments of trifling value, and their cooking utensils, alone repaid our time and trouble. Four other travellers shortly afterwards crossed our path, one of them had a cage with five *mynahs* (talking birds) in it, which he was bringing up from Bombay; they had also a *tattoo*, money, and clothes, all of which of course we possessed ourselves of.

"We were subsequently exceedingly alarmed by the attention we excited upon meeting a train of *hackeries*, escorted by sepoy, coming from Mhow; one of these guards remarked in our hearing that some persons of similar appearance had been apprehended near the English cantonment, and in consequence of this intimation we made our halting-place in a very retired spot. One of our spies, however, ventured into the bazaar of the neighbouring town, and while loitering there, a party of mounted travellers came in, and added to his fears by the scrutinizing glances which one of them cast upon him. After regarding him very attentively, he observed to his companions that the necklace he wore was the exact counterpart of one belonging to his brother. Our spy in excessive apprehension of their recognition, expected to be instantly arrested, but finding that no immediate attempt was made to detain him, he took the earliest opportunity to slip away, and reporting what had passed, we all hastily departed, pushing forward for several miles before we thought it safe to halt.

"Our party, which was very large, then separated; the band to which I was attached moved to Pillewred, and rested at a large stone well outside of the town, near which we found a *mahajun* (merchant) and four attendants preparing their meal. The *mahajun*, from his respectable appearance, his dress, and ornaments, became the object of our attention; but it seemed as if he did not like the looks of his neighbours, for, having hastily finished his repast, he and his servants set forward on their journey. Not daring at this time to follow, we suffered them to escape, but found afterwards that he had fallen in with one of our detached parties, and proved a rich prize. Proceeding towards Neemuch, we enticed four travellers to our camp, and though not far from the English cantonment, contrived to put them to death. A stage or two beyond, we despatched another foot passenger; and near the village of Sauganeer, we strangled four *bunniahs* (shop-keepers). Nothing further occurred until we arrived in Dehole, where, as I have already stated, we were arrested.

"I have now mentioned all the murders of which

I was an eye-witness, except perhaps two or three not attended with any remarkable circumstance, which may have escaped my recollection."

A few words will finish a sketch of the localities of the places where many of these sanguinary deeds were perpetrated. A wild jungle plain, a village with its mosque or pagoda in the distance, scattered groups occupying the foreground, some cooking, some smoking, others singing to the sound of a drum; baggage piled around, with bullocks stretched beside it, and here and there a few ponies picketed. A faint streak of red light bordering the distant horizon, and night falling like a cloud upon the murderers, their victims, and the open graves.

By an official document, dated in 1816, already alluded to in this paper, it appears that the state of the country was at that period such as to call the attention of the government to the dreadful scenes daily acted upon the open thoroughfares, and as they will be found to add considerably to our stock of information concerning bands of robbers of a very singular description, they are here subjoined.

"In the part of India to which the present report relates,* there would appear to be five distinct classes of Thugs, or Phansegars, who rob and murder on the highway.—1st class. The high-roads leading through Etawah, Allyghur, and Furruckabad, are for the most part the scenes of the atrocities committed by these gangs. In 1811 a list of 68 persons, called *Junadars*, composing a band, was given into this office by confederates, who were induced to deliver themselves up to Colonel Gardiner, under the hope of pardon. They were all Moosulmauns, and chiefly of the Kewattee tribe. By the confessions made by these people, they appear to have carried on their mal-practices in small parties, assuming various disguises, resorting to the serais, and accompanying travellers under suspicious pretences, to have watched their opportunity for the destruction of their victims in retired places, commonly by strangulation: the knife being used to perfect the work, and the bodies being usually thrown into wells or nullahs. Deleterious drugs are said to be used only by novices in the business, the more experienced Thugs trusting rather to the certain effects of the knife or the cord, than to the doubtful operation of poison. These murders are most frequent in the hot winds, at which season travellers are induced to start from their halting places before daylight to avoid the heat.—2d class. This class consists exclusively of Hindoos, and chiefly of the Soehd tribe; they are stated to pass themselves on travellers as Brahmins and Kaits, and are reported to be much more numerous than the first class. The scene of their depredation has been for the most part in the confines of Etawah, and the western thannahs of the Cawnpore district, and they are stated to be ostensibly engaged in cultivating small patches of ground, though in fact supported by the more lucrative profession of Thuggy.—3d class. This class was formerly settled in the pergunnahs of Sindana and Purkam, from whence they were expelled, and have since taken up their residence in Mahratta villages on the confines of our territories, where the aumils of the native government are said

* The upper provinces of Hindoostan.

derive a revenue from their depredations. From examinations given in the appendix, it would appear that these Thugs are Moosulmauns and Hindus of various tribes. The murders committed by these gangs appear to be perpetrated more openly than those accomplished by the first two classes, the parties being destroyed together, and the bodies of their victims being frequently found unburied in the plains. "The depredations of these desperadoes are said to have formerly extended over different parts of the Doab, but latterly to have been confined to the country near Gwalior, and to the district of undelkhund, in which it does not appear that the crime of murder by Thugs was known prior to 1812; in consequence of the dispersion of the Sindhanee gangs, no fewer than nineteen instances of the offence were ascertained in 1813, in which year thirty bodies were found with marks of the knife or l. Very considerable gangs of these people are to be at present collected in the Malhatta states. Wauchope, on the 21st instant, writes: 'But a few weeks have elapsed since a party of forty-two persons, men, women, and children, were every one snatched by a large body of Thugs. The travellers were coming from Jubbelpoor towards Purnah, and the murders took place about the frontier between Nagpore and Purnah country. Four of the murderers were seized by an officer of the Purnah establishment. It would appear from examination in this case, that the punishment of this offence, in some of the Malhatta states, is by enclosing the criminal alive in a pillar of masonry. The first magistrate of Allahabad writes, that a gang of Thugs, seized not long since by the chieftain, Meer Khan, were subjected to amputation of each hand, and to loss of their noses and ears. Several instances of murder on the highway in the districts of Allahabad, Ghazepore, and Meerut, will be observed in the detailed reports of the last year, said to have been perpetrated by persons assuming the garb of Byragers, who join travellers at Mhuts (temples); and accompanying them on the road, take an opportunity of mixing the food of the datura or other narcotic plants, with the food or food of the travellers, and plunder them when killed, or stupefied by the dose. These murders are not, I apprehend, committed by the persons termed Thugs, as poisoning would appear the only means of destruction used by the robbers. At the same time, they have prevailed for some years, particularly in the district of Juanpore, and the circumstances attending each case are nearly alike, there seems reason to believe that some association similar to that of the Thugs of the Doab is established in Juanpore and its vicinity. Pilgrims proceeding to the east and north, to Gya or to Juggernaut, in Cuttack, Benares in their way, and pass through the district of Juanpore in their route to Hurdwar, or to Agra, and Bindrabund. The circumstance of various roads meeting in this district, combined with the facilities afforded for escape by the proximity of the city of the Nawaab Vizier (now King of Oude) probably amongst the causes why this offence is so prevalent in Juanpore than elsewhere.—Sithu. Travellers have been frequently found murdered in that part of the country placed under the

joint magistrate stationed at Ghazepore. The bodies have commonly been found buried, and the same offence can be traced to the eastward through the district of Tirhoot. In the detailed reports of the state of the police during the last year, in the jurisdiction of the first magistrate of Ghazepore, a case will be found stated, in which it will appear from the magistrate's inquiries, that a fraternity of Goshains (religious beggars) had long been established in that quarter, who were said to entice travellers to their Mhuts (particularly sepoys) and to murder them. It is not stated what means of destruction are used by these people, but in the examination taken before Mr. Cracroft, the Zemindar would appear to be concerned with the Goshains in these nefarious practices; and it is stated by a witness, that numbers of travellers have for a series of years been made away with in this quarter. The establishment of chokies on the highway, and the employment of the village watch in and of the chokies, are in every respect the most certain and efficient arrangements which can be devised for the suppression of this crime."

From the Literary Gazette.

ΣΗΝΙΟΧ ΑΝΘΟΛΟΓΙΑ. A.D. II. London, 1834. Hookham.

THE second No. of this interesting periodical, which we have just received from Corfu, well sustains the reputation of its predecessor, to which we paid our respects in the *Lit. Gaz.* No. 898. It contains twenty-three articles of great variety and value; enriching our *belles lettres* with several novel and original matters, which could hardly be expected from any other quarter. The first paper is "La Torre della Pineta," in graceful Italian, and a touching story. Some brief Greek verses follow, and are followed in turn by a translation from the English into Greek and Italian, upon the use of machinery and emigration. The next is an Italian essay, entitled "Del Potere Paterno;" and the next, "Ulisse in Corcira," a tragedy, also in Italian. An able view, &c. of the works of Homer and Virgil, is a paper of much critical information and consequence.

"The Sea, the Sea!" is an animated and affecting tale, which we fancy we should not be wrong in ascribing to the Lord High Commissioner himself; in honour of whose patronage of literature, an evinced in this *Antologia*, we copy the concluding episode:—

"Nem L—— was a lad of a temper as joyous and as kind as ever was wedded to a daring spirit. He was not of that class called nobly born; his name had shed no lustre on his dawning fortunes; so, if recorded, it could add no interest to his story. His honest ambition was 'to build, not boast,' the credit of a name which he derived from an humble house; and, poor lad! he died too young to reap the glories to which his warm heart aspired. It is inscribed only on a small stone raised, in a foreign land, by the affections and esteem of his messmate, who

'Fell through the wild waves as they sweep,
With watchful eye and dauntless mien,
Their ready course of honour keep.'

and they loved him well, because they had known him nearly. At nineteen, he had passed for a lieut-

tenancy; and by that fortune which sometimes forms a young seaman's early fame, he was placed in command of a clipping privateer schooner, made prize of by the frigate on board of which he served. She had been captured on an enemy's coast, and his orders were to join in her the admiral's flag, which was flying some fifty or sixty leagues off on the station; and few who have not felt it can know the joy of a stripling's heart who finds himself sole master of a separate command, and knows that he has skill and resources for it. For two days nothing happened to vary the ordinary log of a beating passage in light winds. The third day was a thick fog; and, as it cleared up towards evening, with a rising breeze, a stranger was seen to windward under three topsails: and what could he do but trim sails to reconnoitre? 'Tis true, he had no orders but to proceed with due diligence to his station; but to go about and stand on for an hour on the other tack, and so edge a little nearer the stranger, would by no means take him out of his course; and who is there but knows that one of a seaman's first duties in war-time is, when not under orders positively to the contrary, to gain all intelligence of a suspicious looking sail? He had not gone upon the starboard tack above half an hour, before he saw another large sail, hull down, on his lee bow; and the last sunbeam was now red in the west. It was plain that he could not hope to bring either of the ships within distance before dark to shew colours; but they made more sail, and the headmost bore up a little, as to near him. He now tacked again, and, feeling that he had no right to run into strange company at night, he kept a point or two free under easy sail, in a parallel to the course she was steering, trusting to a good sailing craft, and a commanding breeze, and a good look-out withal. As it became dark, he tried his night signals. For awhile there was no reply; and then the headmost ship shewed lights; but her answer was unintelligible to him. The code of night signals in the British navy was, at that time, imperfect, and subject to many mistakes. At daybreak they were both on his weather quarter, the nearest about three miles off; but two more large ships shewed their lofty sails on the horizon. It was a clear morning; and the leading frigate—for frigates the two first were—now signalized him; but her flags spoke a language as foreign to him as that of her lights had been the night before. Both had the ensign of England streaming from the peak; but it was most improbable that an English squadron should be cruising on that part of the coast; and now his private code was tried in vain; and something there was in the cut of the sails, but more in the way of handling them, which almost convinced him that they were foreigners. The moment was an anxious one; but it was to Sam one more of mortification than anxiety for the fate of the charge intrusted to him. He had a good clean craft beneath his foot, and, let the weather but keep moderate, and not too much sea, come what would; he had reason to believe that, holding a steady luff, the schooner might yet weather upon their square sails, so as to get to windward of them without passing within gun-shot; but he knew that his duty was not to risk his prize when nothing was to be gained; and little to be sure was

to be gained by working up to overhaul two frigates, and two other ships of war, proud he was of his command, in a schooner eight twelve-pounder carronades and a long gun amid ships. So now, shaking off reef from his foresail, he prepared to carry regular and eager chase began. For a believed he was increasing his distance leading ship. At all events, he stood to wind, and she was not perceptibly fore-reaching him; and her consort was evidently drawing astern. But, alas! the clouds rose black on the horizon, the white horses came speeding with them in the distance, it had already blown strong, and the wind was gradually more aft and bringing the pursuer near to beam. The little vessel groaned and staggered under the pressure of sail; the sea curled high over her, and sheets of spray at every pitch came flying all. Suddenly the headmost frigate, which was gaining rapidly on him to within long gun range, hauled down the colours she had worn, hoisted a different ensign at her peak. It was one which, at that moment, Sam could least wish to see: it was that of a gallant nation, between which and England long may it be again a cannon shall speak in anger. A gush of smoke issued from her bow; and, before the sound the threatening message could be heard, a shot skimmed over the tops of the waves right ahead of the schooner. Presently another, which passed close to her, between her masts, but struck nothing. 'I'll point the long traversing gun, and cast loose weather carronades, against closer work; for he what tells us she's within distance already of midship challenger.' Something might be brought down by it which might slacken the frigate's pace and save the little vessel yet: so up went the gun, and, as the schooner lurched, Sam himself, with ready hand to the lock lanyard, quick answering ready eye, fired the first shot in reply, and jumped up on the slide, saw it strike right under the frigate's cutwater. 'Give it her again, my hearts!' the second shot parted. 'Well done, long Bess!' lowered the mate, the glass to his eye; 'splinters in the forecabin!' Again!—when an eighteen pound ball came in from one of the enemy's bow chasers, struck a timber head, and two men lay in blood on the deck: the one a mangled corpse, the other a leg knocked sheer from under him. 'Luff her a bit!' cried Sam, still firmly looking at the advancing ship, whose bow now towered high above the water. 'Starboard the helm! Now, watch your time, and stand by for a broadside!' Six of the schooner's carronades had been run out to windward; and she luffed up to bring them to bear upon her adversary, the fire of the whole weather side was given once. Her slight frame heeled from the explosion of her own guns, and she quivered from the concussion to the mast-head: and, hurrah! down came the frigate's driver; but, in an instant after, as her bows went down, and her head sails shook in the wind, the red muzzles of the whole tier, to her quarters, appeared, and a tremendous broadside from the main deckers followed, as she luffed and came

it. The schooner's counter was torn up to the very bulwarks: three men were, as it were, away before the blast of the artillery, and a striking the young commander near the stroke his left shoulder, and dashed him down the side. The gallant youth sprang up; his leg mangled, and the blood gushing forth from the wound, shewed what had been the violence of the blow. At his courageous eye, unclouded yet by pain, there was a matchless energy. 'Stand to it, my boys! Stand to it, my darlings!' he shouted; but the whole now appeared. As the wounded boy staggered more to the weather bulwark, to hold on, he fell away. The crippled mainmast reeled.—Away! lower away!—ease off the fore-sheet, haul her right before it!' For a few moments the ship was silenced. All hands were busy aft in pulling up a preventer shroud and fishing the mainmast, as she was falling off, another broadside from the frigate's quarter deck. The havoc was so great as before; but an unlucky shot, fired forward under the bows, severed the bobstay. The powerless bowsprit could no longer stay the ship, as it swayed forward and aft with the sea. 'Get out a tackle forward!—up with the halyard!' But it was too late! The weakened mast, now deprived of all support, broke short ere the shot had entered. It fell with a tremendous crash: the deck, forward and to leeward, overwhelmed with a mass of confused ruin; and the ship was left rolling on the swell, a defenceless wreck. 'Will you strike, sir?' whispered the mate; 'or men lying about—and—' 'Never!' said Sam, in the last excitement of a dauntless spirit. 'Haul in the ensign that's towing there, and send a hand,' pointing upwards, 'to that stump there.' 'I suppose,' continued the mate in a lower tone—'I suppose they'll have it down as soon. I see she's lowering a quarter-boat. But to wait for them now!' He sat down on the gunwale. His face was deadly pale.—Rising, he drew his hanger from its sheath, and with a strong blow, broke it in two, across the middle. His father had given it to him at parting. On the blade was engraved a powerful talisman—'Engage every man to do his duty!' As the first two boats were lowered and manned) pulled up to the stern, he flung the pieces into the deep, and sank upon the deck, his face resting down—his right arm as he lay. 'Mr. L——, sir,' said the mate, 'they're alongside. Look up, sir. Don't be ashamed; you've fought her well, and won't make much of the prize, at any rate. L——, I hope you're not much hurt, sir. Now!' He raised his brave young officer on his shoulders. Yes, all was over, indeed! He never again, nor did his eyes ever more unclosed, to the first command in the hands of another! The gallant enemy did honour to his memory, and to his nation. All nations have brave men; and so—

From the Court Journal.

A CHAPTER ON TALLEYRAND.

WE marvel much that in this book-making age some literary caterer has not bethought him of concocting a volume of the good things uttered by, or attributed to the illustrious personage whose name we have prefixed to this edifying, and, we trust, not uninteresting chapter, in guise of a talisman to fascinate the reader's eye. Of a truth, such a high-seasoned dish could scarcely fail of stimulating the most sickly palate. Therefore do we venture upon the task of serving up for the appetite of our readers, not the plentiful repast of an octavo on this subject, but a more delicate *morçeau*, a light *piquant* side-dish, a mere sample of what we could achieve in the way of literary cookery, were we intent upon mightier matters.

Our business, or more correctly speaking, our pleasure, is not to trouble ourselves or our well beloved public with a detailed account of the birth, parentage, and personal facts of the inimitable Prince Talleyrand de Périgord. No; our pen, with an instinctive predilection, ever turns from grave to gay. We have, in short, resolved to devote our historical researches more to the saying than to the doings of our hero. Of a piece with this prudent resolve, is our determination not even to meddle with the family matters connected with our subject, further than to state the following brief particulars of Charles Maurice, Prince de Talleyrand—glorious and never-to-be-forgotten name in the annals of European diplomacy.

To commence then in the style historical:—Charles Maurice Talleyrand was born in Paris, in the year 1754. In the middle ages his ancestors were sovereigns of Quercy. The name Talleyrand, which appears originally to have been that of an estate or manor, was formerly written Talcran, Tailleran, Talairant, or Talliran. In the commencement of the twelfth century it was adopted as a surname by the family of the Sovereign Counts of Périgord. After the extinction of the elder branch, the younger, known by the designation of the Counts de Grignols, and afterwards by that of the Princes de Chalias and de Talleyrand, succeeded to the family title and honours.

Having stated so much, or rather so little, for the benefit of the curious in genealogy, we crave permission not only to proceed at once to lighter, and to us more attractive matter, but to present it without any ceremonious attention to time, place, or circumstance, and after that unconnected fashion which to narrators is a sort of second nature.

Early in life, Talleyrand de Périgord figured among the most influential personages of France, and formed a close connexion with the principal republican leaders of the day; to some of them, however, the outset of his political career rendered him an object of distrust. Carnot, in particular, manifested a deep-rooted aversion for the *prêtre défroqué*, as he contemptuously termed the ex-bishop of Autun. Chenier compared him to a sponge that absorbs a portion of every liquor in which it is steeped, with this difference, that the sponge, when squeezed, disgorge its contents, whilst Talleyrand still imbibes and still retains. It must be admitted, that one whose career belongs to so many epochs, one who has passed unscathed

"God rest his soul!
Sith 'twill no better be—
We trust we have, in this our land,
Five hundred good as he."

through so many political convulsions, and still as the horizon blackened, seemed to 'ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm'—one who has survived the Old Regime, the Directory, the Consular power, the Empire, and the final fall of the Bourbons, still rising on the wreck of each crumbling dynasty that overwhelmed in its ruin his less fortunate or less skilful compeers, such a one might well engender in others that sour and sullen spirit in which envy is ever ready to rail at vice when its rewards fall not to her share.

Talleyrand, we learn, was found irresistible by the *adorable moitié du genre humain*; and a certain lady with much vivacity and true French frankness even went so far as to declare that she could refuse him nothing. 'Perhaps not your favours,' said Madame de Staël, who was present, 'but most assuredly your confidence.' The distinction was significant. The celebrated lady to whom we have just alluded was at one period among the number of those who exercised great influence over Talleyrand. Her empire, however, though founded on mental superiority, was subsequently undermined by the mere personal attractions of Madame Grandt, with whom Talleyrand became much smitten. The notabilities of the day were rather astonished at this circumstance, for the conversation of the beauty was insufferably vapid. A friend of Talleyrand was ungallant enough to inquire how he could possibly stop to admire the fashion of the casket when the lustre of the gem was so dim. 'The society of dulness is refreshing,' replied the diplomatist, 'and I like now and then to rest myself.' In the present instance, the triumph of the insipid belle was complete. On a certain occasion, when Madame de Staël and several other ladies were playing at the *jue de société*, well known in the social circle of Paris as the game of the boat, the question was put to Talleyrand, which of the two ladies he would save from drowning, Madame Grandt, or Madame de Staël. 'Ah, Madame!' said he to the latter, 'you could never stand in need of succour, for your cleverness would extricate you from every danger: I would therefore save Madame Grandt.' It was impossible to parry a home question with more address.

We have another anecdote relating to an adventure of Talleyrand, in which Madame Grandt figures with greater *éclat*. The former frequently persecuted the lady with his assiduities, sometimes remaining *tête-à-tête* with her at her house, till a late hour at night. On one such occasion Madame Grandt felt desirous of being alone. It was long past eleven o'clock, and still the importunate suitor betrayed no symptoms of retiring. What was to be done? Madame feigned indisposition, and at last had recourse to that infallible expedient—a nervous attack. Talleyrand became alarmed, and ran to the window, which he opened, in hopes that a current of fresh air might revive the fair sufferer. Precisely at this moment, and as his back was turned, Madame Grandt softly but suddenly seized her visiter by the legs, and fairly jerked him out of the window into the street. Had there been room for the exercise of volition in the matter, the space through which the somerset was performed would have confirmed the justice of the old adage, 'Look before you leap,' for the apartment was on the *entresol*.

Madame de St. Edme, better known to the literary world by the designation of *La Contemporaine*, and who has always managed to be intimate with every body who happened to be somebody, was of course on the best terms imaginable with Talleyrand. The following anecdote is furnished by the amiable *Contemporaine* herself, and we give it as nearly as possible in her own words: 'I seldom paid a visit to the Minister without remaining at least two hours in conversation with him. One day he carried his admiration of my ringlets so far, that in playfully twisting and turning them with his fingers, he at last reduced them to a state of "most admired disorder." This he proceeded to repair, and the hand that had signed treaties of peace for France purchased a truce with me on terms which proved that some little value was set on the cessation of hostilities between us. The Minister took the curls one by one, carefully put them in papers, and arranged them under my hat, with a request that the edifice of my *frimf* might remain undisturbed till my return home. At a single glance I perceived that the curl papers used by Talleyrand were bank notes of 1,000 francs each, and with a degree of patience which could be equalled only by his gallantry, I repassed the ringlets through my fingers, and as one solitary straggler had escaped his notice, I observed to him, "One more *papillon*, and then your Excellency's task is finished."

It has been stated that Talleyrand's main incentive to the attainment of power was his love of wealth. If so, avarice and ambition may be said to have gone hand in hand, for both have been amply gratified. The elevated position of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, by giving him the key to all political secrets, enabled him to speculate with advantage in the public funds, and it appears that he liberally availed himself of his facilities. Some of his minor satellites, too, reaped the benefit of them second hand, catching as it were, a refraction of the light which shone so resplendently on his fortunes. Every morning, whilst under the hand of his *perruquier*, it was Talleyrand's custom to enter into familiar conversation with that functionary, sometimes touching on political matters, and on such occasions the barber would 'with a greedy ear devour up' his Excellency's 'discourse,' from which he derived many a valuable hint for his own guidance. If Talleyrand muttered between his teeth, 'Now is the time to sell,' Strap hied him in haste to the Bourse, and sold out his five per cent. He then remained perfectly quiet, continued his daily routine, and powdered the Minister's caput as usual, taking care to avail himself of the first hint of 'Now is the time to buy stock.' By diligently attending to these little soliloquies of Talleyrand, the *perruquier* gradually amassed an enormous fortune.

Napoleon had by some means or other been apprized of Talleyrand's hits on 'Change. The great Captain hated stock-jobbing of every description, and took his Prime Minister severely to task. 'So,' said he with a sarcastic sneer, 'I am informed that your Excellency is making a fortune on the Bourse!'—'I never speculated but on one occasion,' was Talleyrand's reply,—'And when may that have been?' resumed the First Consul. 'I bought in on the 18th Brumaire, and I sold out the next day.' The force

of the *repartee* will be evident to the reader who recollects that the stormy period alluded to was that of the *coup d'état* which placed the Consular power in the hands of Bonaparte, and consequently laid the foundation of his subsequent greatness.

The circumstances of the time were admirably calculated to favour the ambitious views of Bonaparte. On his elevation to the empire, the nomination of the dignitaries, both male and female, appointed to various offices about the new Court, afforded ample scope for the exercise of Talleyrand's caustic wit. The female fashion of that period sanctioned the liberal display of a neatly turned ankle, or in more precise terms, the ladies' petticoats were then extravagantly short. One day, Talleyrand was in attendance at the Tuileries, in the apartment commonly called *la salle du Trône*. Several ladies were also present, who had just been appointed to the dignity of Maids of Honour, and amongst the number, a certain Madame de Marmier, the daughter of the Duke de Choiseul. Her beauty, which was remarkable, and above all, the exquisite symmetry of a foot that might have felt quite at ease in Cinderella's slipper, afforded some excuse for her adoption of the prevailing fashion in its extreme; for be it divulged to our readers, the skirt of her robe was of unconscionable brevity. A good natured courtier of the new regime remarked the fact to Talleyrand, and asked his opinion of the fair subject. Talleyrand looked first at the lady's face, than scanned her dress attentively, his eye taking a downward direction. At last, he dryly observed, 'For a Maid of Honour, her petticoats are rather short.'

During the Consular regime, Talleyrand was the *wit par excellence* of the Court, and it must be confessed, that in common with most wits, he could rarely be accused of good-natured consideration for the feelings of those at whom his shafts were levelled. A certain distinguished personage, in his presence, once passed a high encomium on the beauty of the Marchioness de Luchesi, the wife of the Prussian Ambassador, a lady whose stature was colossal, and whose attractions were altogether of the masculine order. 'Bah!' exclaimed Talleyrand, in answer to the panegyrist, 'I could shew you better than that in the Consular Guard.' As nothing is more unstable than the vogue of a Court beauty, the Ambassadors, after this cruel sarcasm, was at a discount of fifty per cent.

Talleyrand seems to be a wholesale dealer in facetiae. He is said occasionally to indulge in that species of wit which ranks rather low in the estimation of the fastidious few, but which the vulgar many, amongst whom are some of the respectable authorities, deem an object of contempt only to those who are without it: in other words, his Excellency sometimes perpetrates a pun. Take the following as an example: After the peace of Amiens, the First Consul proposed to appoint General Andréossi Ambassador to England, and took an opportunity of talking over the matter with Talleyrand, mentioning the General's name with some others, but in a manner that plainly indicated his wishes on the subject. 'Ah!' said Talleyrand, who was no friend to Andréossi, 'vous voulez nommer André aussi? Who is this André?' 'I know not what you mean by André,' said Bonaparte,

'I am speaking of Andréossi: you surely must know him; General Andréossi of the Artillery.' 'Andréossi,' said Talleyrand, ruminating, and dwelling on the name. 'Ah!'—yes—true—I thought he might have been known in the annals of diplomacy; but I mistook; he is, as you say, merely in the artillery.' In spite, however, of the punster's efforts to decry the General's diplomatic abilities, he was ultimately named Ambassador to London.

The enemies of Talleyrand are prone to accuse him of that tergiversation, and that time-serving character which, as might be proved by a thousand modern instances, help a man wonderfully on in his travels through this world of chance and change. Most unquestionably no man has oftener shaken hands with new dynasties; and it has frequently been hinted, in no measured terms, that none can with greater tact and adroitness transfer his homage from the setting to the rising sun of power. He has been taxed with gross adulation of Bonaparte when his star was in the ascendant, and the following is cited as a case in point. In 1786 the academy of Lyons proposed a prize for the best essay on the following question:—'What are the principles and the institutions best calculated to contribute to the happiness of society?' Bonaparte entered the list, though anonymously, and his performance gained the prize. When the soldier of fortune was elevated to the imperial dignity, in 1804, Talleyrand, who was acquainted with the fact above stated, caused a strict search to be made for the victorious essay, which, when found, he presented to the new-made Cæsar. To the bitter disappointment of the courtier, Napoleon received the paper in silence, and threw it into the fire.

The author of 'The Political Life of Talleyrand' devotes some pages to the affair of Maubreuil, who was said to have received secret instructions to assassinate the emperor in 1814, and whose attack upon the person of Talleyrand at a subsequent period made considerable noise, or, as our Gallic neighbours say, excited a strong sensation in Paris. It may be recollected that Maubreuil publicly inflicted a violent blow on the venerable diplomatist at St. Denis, alleging in justification of this act of violence the non-fulfilment of certain promises made to him by Talleyrand with reference to the above-mentioned mission. To return, however, to the period at which Maubreuil enjoyed the confidence of Talleyrand, and failed to execute the dark design with which, according to current report, he had been intrusted, a com-
plaisant parasite of the Minister for Foreign Affairs one day in his presence loaded the emissary with abuse for having neglected his task; 'Alas! my friend,' exclaimed Talleyrand with a desponding shake of his head, 'men now-a-days have no sense of religious obligation!'

Napoleon, when his power was on the decline, began, and not without reason, to entertain some distrust of Talleyrand's fidelity. On one occasion the Emperor observed in a menacing tone to the wary statesman—'You imagine that in the event of my fall you would be placed at the head of a council of regency. Be warned in time; you will gain nothing by joining the ranks of my enemies. Were I to be suddenly attacked with a dangerous illness, your death would take place before mine.' 'Sire,' replied Talleyrand,

not in the least disconcerted by this abrupt apostrophe, 'I need not such a warning to urge me to offer up my prayers for the prolongation of your Majesty's days.'

The Colossus was at length overthrown, and a new order of things was established in Europe. In 1815, Talleyrand, still unshaken by the political storm, was the representative of France at the ever memorable Congress of Vienna.

Louis XVIII. formed a just appreciation of Talleyrand's superior abilities: he knew the man well, though he carefully abstained from openly pronouncing a judgment upon his character. When pressed to declare his opinion on this subject, the King usually replied by quoting the following lines from Corneille, in allusion to the famous Cardinal Richelieu:

'Qu'on dise mal ou bien du fameux Cardinal,
Ma prose ni mes vers n'en diront jamais rien;
Il m'a fait trop de bien pour en dire du mal,
Il m'a fait trop de mal pour en dire du bien.'

But notwithstanding this cautious moderation, Louis XVIII. evidently nurtured a secret grudge against Talleyrand, and occasionally displayed the feeling in various practical illustrations of the art of ingeniously tormenting. To be more explicit, his Majesty was rather *taquin* with his grand chamberlain—for such was the dignity with which the *ci-devant* Minister for Foreign Affairs was invested at the epoch of the restoration. In 1823, when France intervened in the affairs of Spain, Talleyrand took occasion to comment rather freely on the course pursued by government. This was by no means agreeable to Louis XVIII. and a report was soon spread that the grand chamberlain was not only in disgrace, but on the point of being exiled. Not long after the circulation of this rumour, Talleyrand made his appearance at the Tuileries, and was received by the King in a manner which proved that something like a storm was impending. 'Apropos,' said the monarch, 'I hear you are about to retire into the country.' 'Sire,' rejoined Talleyrand, 'I have no such intention, unless your Majesty should think of going to Fontainebleau, for in that case I shall of course solicit permission to accompany you, in discharge of the duties of my office.' 'No, no,' said the King, 'I do not exactly mean that—but—in short, let us change the subject.' There the matter rested for a few days, but when Louis XVIII. again saw Talleyrand, he repeated his question, to which he received the same answer as before. A third time his Majesty returned to the charge, by asking his grand chamberlain if he was acquainted with the distance from Paris to Valençay—a place to which Talleyrand had once before retired when under a cloud. 'Not exactly, Sire,' replied the practised tactician, 'but I believe it to be about twice as far as from Paris to Ghent.' After this repartee, Louis XVIII. judged it advisable to torment his grand chamberlain no longer on that subject.

This species of petty warfare seems to have been carried to some extent between the King and his grand chamberlain, and to have given rise to many a 'keen encounter of the wits' between the belligerent parties. Shortly after the restoration, Talleyrand had separated from his better half, who had consented to retire to England with an annual allowance of 60,000 francs. The King was soon informed of

these particulars, and was delighted beyond measure at the opportunity of mystifying Talleyrand. He accordingly sent a private order to Madame Talleyrand, enjoining her to return immediately to France. When informed of her re-appearance in Paris, Louis XVIII. was unusually gracious in his attentions to the grand chamberlain, and among other inquiries casually asked if there was any truth in the report that his lady had arrived. 'Yes, sire,' said Talleyrand, 'I have had my 20th of March as well as your Majesty.'

We have already given an anecdote to illustrate the felicitous dexterity with which Talleyrand can evade a home question. The following, which displays a similar degree of tact, is not unworthy of a place in our collection. At the period of the French expedition to Spain, under the Duke d'Angoulême, all classes in Paris, and particularly the speculators on the *Bourse*, were naturally on the *qui vive* for news from the army. A certain personage, who boasted a remote acquaintance with Talleyrand, paid him a visit in order to sound him on the subject of a piece of intelligence which had just gained circulation, but which, in the newspaper phrase, needed 'confirmation.' The first compliment over—'By the way,' said the cunning questioner, suddenly accosting Talleyrand, 'is the news true?' 'What news?' 'Why, the news just arrived;' and at the same time the questioner stated the particulars. 'Really,' said Talleyrand, with inimitable *sang froid*, 'you astonish me: not a word of this in the *Moniteur*!' and taking up that official organ which lay upon the table, he affected to pursue its columns with attention.

Towards the conclusion of the Bourbon regime, Talleyrand was far from being in good odour with the reigning family, though the fact might have been disguised from the public eye. 'They have disgraced me,' observed he with a sort of prophetic inspiration. 'Be it so: their fall is not far distant; there is something in me which brings ill fortune to the government that neglects me.'

It were no easy task to enumerate all the instances, on record, of that happy presence of mind which never fails to extricate Talleyrand from a difficult pass, and the effect of which is heightened by a peculiar immobility of visage that baffles all attempts at penetration. As the eyes are said to be the mirror of the soul, Talleyrand, when in conversation, habitually keeps his half-closed, in order to veil their expression, and baffle the scrutiny of any modern Lavater whose science might enable him to read a meaning in some fleeting, undisciplined glance. This precaution, though far from adding grace to a countenance not modelled by nature in one of her happiest moods, is yet worthy of the Machiavel whose physiognomy is no title-page to the volume of his thoughts, and who holds that the faculty of speech was given to man for the purpose of concealing his opinions. Take him for all in all, no man at the present day can say a good thing with more effect than the octogenarian representative of *la jeune France*; but we apprehend that as much lies in the manner as in the matter of his jokes. Take away the dry sarcastic impassibility with which any of the thousand and one repartees laid to his charge have been uttered, and half the point is lost. His are jests which lose much by being

retailed at second hand. Notwithstanding this impression, we venture to conclude this chapter with a few of his miscellaneous *bon-mots*. They want the support of that inappreciable phlegm which would render even an indifferent pleasantry irresistible; but in spite of this disadvantage we trust they will not derogate from Talleyrand's European reputation as a wit of the first water. Such of our readers as have seen the veteran diplomatist must call fancy to their aid; they must conjure up before their 'mind's eye' a countenance to which no description of ours could render adequate justice, and they will thus more fully appreciate the good things here set before them, without much scrupulous attention to the mode of their arrangement or the order of their presentation.

In 1814, at the period of the conferences with the Emperor of Russia, M. Alexis de G**** addressed a number of questions to Talleyrand, on the course which government was likely to adopt. 'Well, Prince,' at last said the querist, who squinted so horribly that his eyes seemed turned almost inside out, 'how go state affairs?'—'*Comme vous voyez*,' replied Talleyrand. The reader will perceive that the point is untranslatable.

On another occasion, the prince was greatly blamed for having been amongst the first to desert the cause of Napoleon. 'Bah!' exclaimed Talleyrand, 'the fact is simply that my watch went rather too fast; for everybody else did the same thing just in the nick of time.'

'Some very important discussion must have taken place to-day in the cabinet council,' observed a friend to Talleyrand, 'for the sitting lasted full five hours. What can have passed?'—'Five hours,' said Talleyrand. An emigrant once spoke to the prince in the most contemptuous terms of the empire, and concluded by asserting, that the regime of the restoration could alone administer effectually to the wants of the country. 'Very true,' said Talleyrand; 'under the empire we proceeded but slowly: we merely achieved wonders, whereas now we work miracles.'

A courtier, with sundry bows and scrapes, and 'many-wreathed smiles,' once accosted Talleyrand with 'Your Excellency has deigned to promise me your protection; accordingly I take the liberty of reminding your Excellency that such a place is vacant' (designating a particular office.) 'Vacant!' exclaimed Talleyrand, with an emphasis on the word, which he repeated: 'my good friend, you have yet to learn that when a place is vacant, it is already given away.'

When the second restoration took place, a certain pompous personage applied to Talleyrand for a diplomatic post. 'What may be your claim?' demanded Talleyrand. 'Your Excellency,' said the applicant with much importance, 'must know that I have been at Ghent.' 'At Ghent? are you certain of the fact?' 'Quite positive,' replied the courtier, with a feeling of indignation that the truth of his assertion should for a moment have been called in question. 'Now,' said Talleyrand, 'tell me candidly if you have really been at Ghent, or if you have merely returned from it.' 'I do not understand your Excellency,' replied the suitor in unspeakable amazement. Talleyrand proceeded to explain. 'The truth is,' said he, 'that at Ghent there were seven or eight

hundred Royalists; not one more; and yet not less than fifty thousand have already returned from that city!'

During the last illness of Louis XVIII. Talleyrand, speaking of certain projected Government measures, observed, 'his Majesty must now open his eyes, or close them for ever.'

Under the Vilele administration, M. Ferraud was in the habit of appearing in the Chamber of Peers, supported by a couple of lackeys. 'There goes an exact personification of the Government,' cried Talleyrand,—'carried like a child, and fancying itself walking.'

When Prince Polignac was placed at the head of the administration, he was reported to have said that under his auspices and those of his colleagues, France would be saved. 'Why not?' said Talleyrand, 'a flock of geese saved the Capitol.'

One day at the Tuileries, where Talleyrand was in attendance as Grand Chamberlain, he remained for a considerable time in silent contemplation of the Minister of Baden, who was remarkable for a spare habit of body. At length he broke silence. 'His excellency,' observed Talleyrand, 'always puzzles me prodigiously. I never can tell to a certain whether he walks on three legs or wears three swords.'

For the present we take a reluctant leave of our most facetious Plenipotentiary. Our aim has been to present but a slight sketch of our subject, leaving to abler pens the task of dwelling on a political career which exhibits the constant struggle of a man of genius with the grandest epochs of the French history. To Talleyrand belongs the triumph—and to him at least it has proved no empty vain-glorious boast—that whether he stemmed the torrent or swam with the stream, he still rose proudly above the waves which engulfed so many of his contemporaries. Monarchs have been made and unmade; dynasties have flourished and faded; nations and empires have risen and fallen; but the architect who had so prominent a share in rearing the political Babel, has survived its wreck. What a lesson for Kings!

— — —
From the Court Journal.

MEMORANDA AND RECOLLECTIONS RELATING TO AMERICA.

COLLECTED FROM CONVERSATIONS WITH DR. FRANKLIN, PRESIDENT ADAMS, MR. JAY, MR. LAURENS, AND THE PLENIPOTENTIARY OF HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY, DAVID HARTLEY, M.P.

THE temper and manner of the Americans are not suited to those of our countrymen; they are narrow-minded and low bred; they show no generosity, nor nobleness of mind, nor that patriotic spirit of love to the country which is natural to us, who are indigenous to the soil, and descended from long lines of ancestors, from which we have inherited national attachment and family pride. They trace no such ancestry. Every man is for himself. They are colonists, or descended from colonists. All emigrated from this country; some even as convicts; others, adventurers—all unconnected with each other. Few,

if any, are in the rank of gentlemen, or have had a liberal or classical education. All religions are tolerated among them; from which a liberal turn of mind *might* be expected; but, on the contrary, they are pedantic and caustic. Most of them are Presbyterians or quakers—sly, severe, and enthusiastic, yet mostly self-interested. They have a general apprehension that they are despised by this country, and they are sensible of having been oppressed and insulted; for which they retain an implacable resentment.

When David Hartley went to Paris as Plenipotentiary, to treat with the American ministers, there were four of them:—Dr. Franklin, Mr. Adams, Mr. Jay, and Mr. Laurens.

Franklin was a man of strong and firm understanding, but not embellished by any classical education. He was of low birth; yet having been a bookseller, he was well read in English books; but what he had read more, was the tempers and manners of men. He was a philosopher, and he looked upon nations as a statesman, in the aggregate; but having been bred in low life, he looked at them from the *bottom*, and not from the *top*, and he was a better judge how the low people would think and act in great national perils, than how the *upper ranks* would feel. He had a great desire to effect a peace with this country: yet he had strong resentments, both national and personal.

Adams was a man of a very different kind; superior in learning; but not equal to Franklin in depth of understanding, and the original powers of the mind; a little pedantic, and rather jealous of Franklin's superiority. In the *Commission*, Adams's name was mentioned *first*, Adams and Franklin. But all diplomatic concerns and consultations with ministers were really addressed to Franklin and Adams. Adams felt this.

Jay was a much younger man: he was rather irritable and jealous on the part of his nation; but when he came afterwards to England, he became so ministerial, and talked in so different a style from what he had done in Paris, that David Hartley could not help saying to him, "*à d'autres, à d'autres*"—"You must not talk thus to me." Probably Franklin saw something of this pliability in Jay, for he gave him an apartment in his own house at Passy; perhaps to have him under his own eye, as Hartley thought, and to prevent his being drawn off towards the interests of Great Britain, even by Hartley himself; although Franklin had every reason to believe that Hartley's principles were firm to the true rights of liberty and unbiassed justice. Yet Franklin himself was not always free from suspicions; and though Hartley and he were upon the most familiar terms of intercourse, from an intimacy of many years, and had each of them great respect and deference for the character of the other, as well as a *certain* degree of confidence, yet they were each of them cautious; and upon those subjects upon which they differed, each avoided to enter into dispute as far as he could. They were each of them wary as prudent politicians, although they were good friends.

Laurens was gained by the ministry, and seduced into treachery towards his own country while he remained in England. He had been taken prisoner by

Keppel, in his way from America to Paris, and treated on board ship with respect and distinction, as a man invested with the dignity of an ambassador; but when he was brought to England he was put into the Tower, where he was treated with great harshness, till it was discovered that Lord Cornwallis, who was prisoner in America, was in the custody of Laurens's own son.

When Laurens went back to America, he was succeeded in his commission by Jefferson, then a young man, not more than thirty-five years of age. He was petulant and ill-humoured: full of jealousy and suspicion, hostile to this country, and it was much feared he would prevent that reconciliation and renewal of friendly intercourse which would be beneficial to both nations, and which might smooth the remaining asperities of past contentions. He has since been President.

Dr. Franklin seemed always very earnest in his wishes for pacification: in a letter to Hartley, he strongly presses him "to abate the miseries of war, and to lessen the resemblance between Earth and Hell." This was at the time when Franklin sent Mr. Thornton over, *apparently* to settle an exchange of prisoners, but *secretly* with a hope of preparing some negotiations for peace. Thornton had frequent consultations with Hartley, at his house in Golden square, and Lord North was in constant communication with Hartley: this was always at night. On one or two occasions, he proposed waiting upon Lord North in the morning, but his Lordship put it off till night, at ten o'clock. One night I remember I sat up almost all night,—Mr. Hammond and Mr. Thornton were with me,—waiting Hartley's return from Lord North's, and we were much exhilarated by his Lordship's attention to all his arguments, and his conviction that the continuance of the American war was not only impolitic, but *impracticable*. His disposition had never been sanguinary, merciless, nor vindictive; he had at one time declared his readiness to dispense with taxation; at another time, had even proposed terms with America; by which he showed, at least, that he did not insist, like Lord George Germain, upon *unconditional submission*. But he was indolent, and suffered himself to be controlled by those who were determined to prosecute the war, "*coute qui coute*." It was so, probably in this instance, for when Hartley left him at night he seemed exceedingly disposed to accommodation; but the next morning, having, probably, been influenced by higher powers, he wrote to Hartley to say, "That his terms were inadmissible."

Afterwards, in December, 1781, when Hartley had that long consultation with Lord North, of which he himself made the following *memoranda*, the meeting was contrived with the greatest possible secrecy. Lord North had appointed him to come at half-past ten at night. When he arrived, Lord North was not at home, but he was shown into the ante-chamber, where he remained some time alone; not a voice nor a sound was to be heard in the house; at last Lord North came in, but silently, no knock, nor ring, nor sound of any kind, by which Hartley conceived he had walked home through the Park, and let himself in, unless, which is very possible, he was in the house before, and had been in prior

sation with some person as to how Hartley's
 ills should be received. When he went into
 room where Lord North was, he observed that
 the door, on the side of the fire, remained open,
 remained so the whole time, which was a sin-
 circumstance at midnight, during a secret con-
 n, and in the cold month of December. Hart-
 did not help suspecting that it must be left
 for some person who sat on the other side to
 hear the discourse; what that might be no one
 knew, but as thoughts and guesses are free, it
 might have been that personage of all others
 interested in the debate, and Hartley considered
 at the time as if speaking before him.

W. H. S. H.

From the Court Journal.

PRAGUE, AND THE EXILED ROYAL FAMILY OF FRANCE.

PRAGUE is the capital of the old kingdom of Bohe-
 mia, and is divided into two cities, the old and the new.
 The former is built on a hill; the latter, in a plain
 below it. The new city is washed by the Moldau,
 the left bank of the river, there is a vast suburb,
 the *Little Town*, and connected with Prague
 by a bridge. This bridge is ornamented with several
 statues, among others, with that of St. John Nepo-
 mucene. It stands on the very spot where, by order
 of King Venceslas, the Saint was thrown into the
 river for refusing to reveal the confession of the

king. The site of several very fine monuments, Prague pre-
 sents a gloomy aspect. It is a true Austrian city: cold,
 and phlegmatic. Its inhabitants, who amount
 to only one hundred thousand, seem to move almost
 in silence. Nothing can be more singular and
 picturesque than the view of Prague, when seen
 from the summit of the high hill, on which the old
 castle is said to hang. The bright red colour of
 the roofs, with which all the houses are roofed, is
 strikingly relieved by the gray or blue tint of hun-
 dreds of gothic edifices and spires.

The palace of Hradschin, which has been fixed
 as the winter abode of the exiled Royal Family
 since the late Emperor, used to be the residence of the Emperor
 Charles VI., when he visited Bohemia.

Hradschin crowns the mountain of the old
 city, and overlooks the suburb. It is a spacious and
 ancient structure, but is characterized by that
 solitude and gloom which pervades every thing
 in the neighbourhood.

The place revives a crowd of interesting historical
 traditions. It was founded by Wenzel, burnt in
 1309, and rebuilt in 1335, after the model of the

city. In 1378, after the death of the Emperor
 Charles IV., the palace was forsaken for the space of a
 century, when Rudolph II. preserved the beautiful
 building from inevitable ruin, and embellished it
 with many fine statues and other works of art. In
 1620, John George, Elector of Saxony, besieged
 the city, and stripped the Hradschin of its treasures.

After the battle of Koenigsmark, the Swede, reduced it to
 ruins, and sent to Stockholm the pictures and statues
 which had escaped the devastation of the bombs.—

Christine completed the work of destruction
 XXV.—No. 148.

by mercilessly cutting off the heads and feet of those
 figures in the pictures which represented individuals
 obnoxious to her. These pictures were, for the most
 part, *chefs d'œuvre* of Correggio. Maria Theresa
 rebuilt the Hradschin from the plans of the architect
 Banosty. The building was not completed until 1774.

In order to gain access to the ex-Royal Family, it
 is necessary to make an application to M. de Mont-
 bel at Vienna, or to M. de Blacas at Prague. The
 latter is himself very difficult of access, and always
 appears to grant the permission with some degree of
 reluctance. It is necessary to give him, in writing,
 the name of the applicant, his titles, his place of
 residence, together with a statement of the route he
 may have followed, the motives that have induced
 him to undertake the journey, and whither he may
 propose going after quitting Buschtierad. If every
 thing be satisfactory, the permission is granted after
 a few days' delay, and the precise hour is specified
 at which the visiter must present himself; in short,
 the same formality is observed which used to cha-
 racterize the etiquette of the Tuileries.

Twenty German guards, who are changed every
 four-and-twenty hours, do duty at the castle, and
 render military honours to the ex-King and his family.
 The castle is furnished in the German style; that is
 to say, with a very sparing supply of furniture, and
 the utmost simplicity. At the specified hour, the
 door of the audience chamber is thrown open, and
 Charles X. is perceived seated at a table. If the
 visiter be well known to him, he offers him his hand
 to kiss; if he be little or not at all acquainted with
 him, he salutes him with a slight bow of the head.
 The visiter stands during the whole of the audience,
 perhaps during eight or ten minutes. M. de Blacas
 is always present, except when a private audience
 is solicited; and that is never granted until the day
 after the request is made. Charles X. addresses
 many questions to his visitors, but the answers he
 receives have no effect in altering the ideas he has
 formed of the situation of France. If any one ven-
 tures to correct these ideas, he listens without inter-
 ruption. He smiles with an air of doubt, and at
 length replies, "You are misinformed." He then en-
 deavours to change the conversation.

Charles the Xth's usual dress is a brown coat, to
 all appearance the same which he used to wear at
 the Tuileries, for it now looks somewhat threadbare.
 His misfortunes have not impaired his health. He
 is still as active and as cheerful as ever. His taste
 for field sports seems to have forsaken him, and he
 very rarely touches a gun. He daily walks out for
 two or three hours without any companion or attend-
 ant; but he rarely rides on horseback. He superin-
 tends all his household expenses. His servants do
 not wear any livery.

At ten o'clock precisely, the Royal Family assem-
 ble to breakfast. They dine at six. Ten covers are
 usually laid for dinner. The table is served abund-
 antly, but every thing is very plain.

M. Sosthene de la Rochefoucault, in his account
 of a visit to Buschtierad, describes the arrangements
 of the table, to which he was several times admitted.
 This was in the country, where the regulations are
 different from those observed by the Royal Family
 at their town residence. At Buschtierad, the King

sits at the head of the table, the Duchess d'Angoulême on his right, and Mademoiselle on his left; next to the Dauphiness, sits the Duke de Bordeaux; and next to Mademoiselle, the Dauphin, who has at his other side Madame de Goutand. The Duke de Blacas sits opposite to the King, with M. de Latil and the Viscountess d'Agouts on either side of him. Next in order are ranged MM. O'Haggerty (the one, Equerry to the King, and the other to the Dauphiness,) and the individuals invited. The *dejeuner*, and the conversation which succeeds it, occupy an hour, after which the royal family separate, and receive, in private, the pilgrims who come to visit them.

Charles X. and all the other members of the family, including even the Duke de Bordeaux and Mademoiselle, do the honours of the table, and acquit themselves with much grace and amiability. During the repast, the conversation is not maintained on a very serious or reserved footing. The rigour of etiquette is occasionally broken through, and a good joke frequently excites the hearty risibility of the whole company, not excepting the exiled monarch himself.

The income of Charles X. is about 800,000 francs per annum. A considerable portion of his capital is invested in French *rentes*, five per cent., which are in the hands of an eminent banker, in whose name these *rentes* are inscribed. With this sum the Prince maintains the expenses of his household and pays the salaries of the individuals in his service, some of which are tolerably high.

The Dauphin and Dauphiness occupy the second story of the castle. Their apartments communicate by a long corridor which extends from one side of the building to the other. The Duke d'Angoulême has undergone no change of manner. He still exhibits the same degree of *insouciance*; and one might imagine that he had lost nothing, and had nothing to regret. The Dauphiness, on the contrary, never mentions France but with tears in her eyes. She is resigned; but her resignation is melancholy. She is scarcely ever seen to smile. She takes an airing at two o'clock every day, sometimes in a calèche, *tête-à-tête* with the Dauphin. At other times, the Prince mounts his horse, and rides at a walking pace, while the Duchess accompanies him on foot. She is very fond of walking.

Charles X. is inflexible with regard to the Duchess de Berri, and speaks of her in the most severe terms. The Duchess, who is separated from Prague by the distance of upwards of a hundred leagues, is the object of such strict surveillance that she is unable to answer any of the letters addressed to her. Lately, some persons who had charge of her affairs in Paris, vainly looked for letters from Madame, which were indispensable to enable them to conclude the sale of some property. The Dauphiness does not share the harsh feelings of Charles X. towards the Duchess de Berri. When she speaks of her sister-in-law, it is in unequivocal terms of kindness.

The apartments occupied by the young Prince and his sister, are on the story below those of the Dauphin and Dauphiness. They have each their household, consisting of a very small number of domestics. Mademoiselle has only three or four ladies. She does not receive more than five thousand francs per

month. The young Prince and Princess have their separate tables. It is only on holidays, or when in the country, that they sit at the King's table.

Mademoiselle, though only fourteen years of age, looks eighteen, and she has nothing of the child about her. She is not beautiful, but extremely graceful, and bears a resemblance to her mother. She dresses with extreme simplicity: usually in white muslin, which is very becoming to her slender and elegant figure. She evinces a great talent for drawing, plays the most difficult music at sight, speaks several languages with facility, and the gaiety and amiability of her temper render her universally beloved.

In front of the castle, there is a fine garden, in which the young Princess spends a great portion of the time allotted to her recreation. A little cottage serves her as a place of shelter, when she is overtaken by the rain. The mention of France always makes her weep; and, like her aunt, her feelings are deeply moved on seeing any person whom she used to know in Paris. Every evening, at half-past eight, Mademoiselle takes leave of the royal family, and retires to her own apartments.

The Duke de Bordeaux excels in bodily exercises, to all of which he is passionately devoted. He is a bold rider, and fearlessly leaps the barriers which are presented to him, when taking his riding lessons. Instead of being intimidated by a fall, he immediately remounts his horse with renewed ardour and perseverance. He is not, however, quite so fond of his scholastic studies; and it is with some degree of reluctance that he applies himself to his German, Italian, and Latin lessons. On the other hand, he can break a *tête de poupée* with a pistol ball, at the distance of thirty paces; climbs to the top of a tree with the agility of a squirrel, and fences admirably. Billiards are his favourite game. He is gay, frank, open-hearted, and sincere. He is not very tall of his age, but his figure is slender and well formed. His usual dress consists of a blue jacket, and white or grey trousers, according to the season. He goes out every day, without regard to the state of the weather. He spends the evening with his grandfather, and at eight o'clock retires to bed.

Since the first of November, the education of the Duke de Bordeaux has been consigned to the Bishop of Hermopolis, and to the Marquis d'Hartpoul, who have superseded Baron Damas, and the Fathers Drouellot and Desplace.

Charles X. does not regard the Duke de Bordeaux as Henry V.; but as his own abdication was not accepted, on the conditions which he proposed, he declares it to be null. These are the causes which thwarted the views of the legitimatists on their journey to Prague. The old King never approved of the declaration of the majority of his grandson. In vain the Duchess d'Angoulême and others have endeavoured to alter his opinion on this subject; he remains inflexible. This circumstance casts a gloom over the inmates of Buschtierad, and has occasioned, if not dissension, at least constraint.

Very few French journals are suffered to reach Buschtierad; the Austrian police adopts measures to prohibit their entrance into the Imperial States. As an exception, the journals addressed to Charles X

delivered to him, without being previously examined and mutilated by the scissors of the censor on the frontier, who mercilessly dissects the few papers that are allowed to enter Austria. The *Journal de Debats* is one of the journals most frequently seen on the King's table.

Not only during the summer season that the exiles inhabit the Castle of Buschtierad, which is a league distant from Prague. The castle stands above a semi-circular valley, in the heart of which there is a small lake, surrounded by trees. In the neighbourhood of the Buschtierad there is a habitation, save a few huts, which are occupied by labourers, who live by the employment they derive from the castle. This residence, which is fronted by a long avenue of apple trees and a court-yard, is composed of two high wings, which flank a sort of square. The left wing adjoins an extensive farm leading to the castle, and the right wing is the entrance. Behind the cloister there is a small garden, in which the old King is very fond of walking. Buschtierad was the property of the Duke of Tuscan, who sold it to Charles X.

From the Athenæum.

Bow in the Cloud ; or the Negro's Memorial.
London : Jackson & Walford.

Now that the storm hath roared its last, and we are living in the prospect of peace and fair weather, it is, naturally enough, a book bearing the title of a symbol of reconciliation; and it is made up of the contributions of writers as widely differing in moods and capacities, one from the other, as the shades of light and darkness compose the "triumphal arch" itself. This graceful volume contains a collection of ponderous short papers in prose, gathered many years ago in the hope of aiding the cause of the Abolition; and therefore it is, that in its pages we find so much more of sorrow, and so much less of hope; so much more of the whips and frauds of the past, and so much less of the peaceful future, than its title might lead us to expect. We like the poetry of the volume better than the prose; much of it is of a pure and noble type, and has lost nothing of its flavour or fragrance by having been kept seven years. We must treat it as a specimen, and it shall be from our old friend Howitt. She may have written better than in the following poem; but there are few of her works in which the strength of her feelings is more fully displayed:

THE NEGRO MOTHER.

Thank my God and yours, my blessed ones,
That you were not born slaves; I'll tell you how
That little negro babe grew sick and died
Without its mother near it.

She laid him down; and as a bird
Struck with a mortal dart, she reeled,
She dared not look again, she heard
The last, long summons to the field;
She laid him down, the only one,
And her hope, her love dwelt fondly on.

The only heart that hers had met
With joy, and turned from with regret.
A golden link in slavery's chain,
The manna on life's desert plain,
Which, through the weary day and night,
Made slumber bliss, and labour light.
All pain was hers the slave could know,
Hard toil and insult, taunt and blow;
Yet had her bright-eyed negro child,
Almost to slavery reconciled
Her spirit, for his smiles could bring
Lost pleasures to her soul, and bliss
From out his love burst, like a spring,
That gladdens the parched wilderness.
And toiling 'neath the scorching sun,
She thought but how, when day was done,
Sitting beside the plantain tree,
Clasping his little playful hand,
Or joining in his thoughtless glee,
The mother's fondness might expand;
And, thrilling like a finer sense,
Be for all pain a recompense.

A burning fever came at length,
And bowed his frame, consumed his strength;
And wild throbs of delirious pain
Filled with alarms his infant brain.
He clasped his mother's neck and prayed,
Madly and mournfully, for aid.
But vain his prayer; she might not stay
To watch beside him through the day.
'Twas harvest time, when she must bear
Of toil and task, a heavier share,
So, sleepless through the night, she sat
Watching beside her infant's mat,
And with untiring love,
Bent o'er him; soothed and wiled away
The fears that made his brain a prey;
And bathed his brow, and strove
To please him with each thing she knew
He loved when he was strong;
The tale that oft his wonder drew,
His favourite sport and song.
To lay his little cheek to hers,
And his burning breath to feel,
To hear the feeble plaint that stirs
The heartstrings like love's last appeal.
But day was up; the toil begun
And she must go forth with her fettered race.
What heed the white man, though her son
Be torn from her embrace,
And left to die, of deaths the worst,
In agonies of burning thirst?
What is a negro-infant's sorrow
To him? a mother's wild distress;
Her groan of utter wretchedness,
Or look of frenzied horror?
She must away to till the bane
Of her dark race, the blood-nursed cane.
So she laid him down, and forth she went,
With a mother's outraged feelings wild,
And as the fiery sunbeams spent
Her frame, not of the scorching ray
She thought, but only how the day,
Hour after hour, might wear away
With her poor abandoned child.

All day she toiled ; at night she sped
 To her hut, and there he lay ;
 But cold and stiff, on his dreamless bed,
 Where life had passed away !
 Alas ! for that poor mother's wail,
 When she saw his cheek all wet with tears ;
 And thought what anguish would assail
 His soul, when pangs and fears
 Came o'er him, and he called in vain
 On the only one that was dear to him ;
 Who could have soothed his dying pain,
 And blessed him ere his eyes grew dim.
 At length she calmed her grief and laid
 Her infant in the plantain's shade ;
 And, as if lulling him to rest,
 Began a lowly warbled strain ;
 For she knew in death the child was blest,
 And freed from the white man's chain :

" My little one ! my blessed one !
 Would I were laid with thee !
 Would that my limbs were fetterless
 In lands beyond the sea.
 Would I could burst life's long dark dream,
 And be where thou art now,
 Where cool gales from my native stream
 Are freshening o'er thy brow.
 " Thou art there ! thou art there ! I see thee stand
 On our broad river's shore ;
 Thy father clasps thy little hand,
 And you are slaves no more.
 Tell him, thou dear, thou happy one,
 Though I wear the white man's chain,
 My galling task will soon be done,
 And we all shall meet again.
 " We all shall meet again, and see,
 In the towering lolo's shade,
 Our children sporting joyfully
 Where we in childhood played.
 My child, I will not mourn for thee ;
 Your shouts are echoing wide,
 In the broad shade of the lolo tree,
 On our own river's side."
Nottingham, 1826. MARY HOWITT.

In all that touches upon the deep sorrows of a mother's heart, there are few more eloquent, and none more true, than Mary Howitt.

From the Athenæum.

MRS. FLETCHER.

It is with feelings of more than common regret that we have to notice the death of Mrs. Fletcher, (late Miss Jewsbury,) on her way from Sholapore to Bombay: this took place on the 3d of October last. It seems but yesterday since we offered her our best wishes for her health and happiness on the long and arduous pilgrimage she was about to undertake; and we cannot but mournfully remember the eager pleasure with which she anticipated beholding the riches of nature and antiquity in the gorgeous East, and how "she wished she could carry with her half the

books in the British Museum." Alas ! the eager and active spirit to which such aspirations were a second nature, is now at rest for ever !

We believe that our friend was a native of Warwickshire. We know that she was early in life deprived of her mother, and thenceforth called upon to take her place at the head of a large family, (then removed to Manchester,) with the further trial of most precarious health. These circumstances are only mentioned as illustrative of the energy of her mind, which, under the pressure of so many of the grave cares of life, could yet find time to dream dreams of literary distinction, and, in the course of a very few years, to convert those visions into realities. An extract from a private letter which has fallen into our possession, dated but a short time before she left England, gives us an opportunity of referring to the progress of her mind in her own words.

" The passion for literary distinction consumed me from nine years old. I had no advantages—great obstacles—and now, when from disgust I cannot write a line to please myself, I look back with regret to the days when facility and audacity went hand in hand. I wish in vain for the simplicity that neither dreaded criticism nor knew fear. Intense labour has, in some measure, supplied the deficiencies of early idleness and common-place instruction; intercourse with those who were once distant and bright as the stars, has become a thing of course: I have not been unsuccessful in my own career. But the period of timidity and of sadness is come now, and with my foot on the threshold of a new life and a new world,

I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away this life of care."

It was at an early period of her life that she ventured to address a letter to Wordsworth, full of the impatient longings of an ardent and questioning mind—it is sufficient proof of its reception to state, that this led to a correspondence, and thence to a permanent friendship. She was also materially assisted in the developement of her talents, and bringing their fruits before the public, by the advice and active kindness of Mr. Alaric Watts, at that time resident in Manchester; an obligation which she was always ready gratefully to acknowledge.

Her first work, we believe, was entitled "Phantasmagoria, or Essays on Life and Literature," which was well received by the public. This was followed by her "Letters to the Young," written soon after a severe illness; her "Lays for Leisure Hours," and, lastly, her "Three Histories," all of which have been deservedly popular. But many of her best writings are, unfortunately, scattered abroad. She contributed some of their brightest articles to the *Annuals* during the season of their prosperity: of these we mention at random, "The Boor of the Brocken," in the "Forget-me-not;" "The Hero of the Coliseum," in the "Amulet;" and the "Lovers' Quarrel," in the "Literary Souvenir." Many of her poems, too, dispersed in different periodicals, deserve to be collected; in particular, "The Lost Spirit," and the "Phantom King," written on the death of George the Fourth. During the years 1831 and 1832, she contributed many delightful papers to our

own column, and we need not remind our readers that "The Oceanides," perhaps her last literary labour, appeared there.

But we think that all these, excellent as they were, are only indications of what she might and *would* have achieved, had further length of days been permitted to her; that such was her own opinion, may be gathered from further passages in the same letter from which we have already quoted.

"I can bear blame if seriously given, and accompanied by that general justice which I feel due to me; banter is that which I *cannot* bear, and the prevalence of which in passing criticism, and the dread of which in my own person, greatly contributes to my determination of letting many years elapse before I write another book."

"Unfortunately, I was twenty-one before I became a reader, and I became a writer almost as soon; it is the ruin of all the young talent of the day, that reading and writing are simultaneous. We do not educate ourselves for literary enterprise. Some never awake to the consciousness of the better things neglected; and if one like myself is at last seized upon by a blended passion for knowledge and for truth, he has probably committed himself by a series of jejune efforts; the standard of inferiority is erected, and the curse of mere cleverness clings to his name. I would gladly burn *almost* every thing I ever wrote, if so be that I might start now with a mind that had seen, read, thought, and suffered, somewhat at least approaching to a preparation. Alas! alas! we all sacrifice the palm-tree to obtain the temporary draught of wine! We slay the camel that would bear us through the desert, because we will not endure a momentary thirst.

"I have done nothing to live, and what I have yet done must pass away with a thousand other blossoms, the growth, the beauty, and oblivion of a day. The powers which I feel, and of which I have given promise, *may* mature—*may* stamp themselves in act; but the spirit of despondency is strong upon the future exile, and I fear they never will—

I feel the long grass growing o'er my heart.

"My 'Three Histories' has most of myself in them, but they are fragmentary. Public report has fastened the 'Julia' upon me; the childhood, the opening years, and many of the after *opinions* are correct; but all else is fabulous.

"In the best of every thing I have done, you will find one leading idea—*Death*: all thoughts, all images, all contrasts of thoughts and images, are derived from living much in the valley of that shadow; from having *learned* life rather in the vicissitudes of man than woman, from the mind being *Hebraic*. My poetry, except some half dozen pieces, may be consigned to oblivion; but in all you would find the sober hue, which, to my mind's eye, blends equally with the golden glow of sunset and the bright green of spring; and is seen equally in the 'temple of delight' as in the tomb of decay and separation. I am melancholy by nature, cheerful on principle."

We can add little to these interesting confessions of one whose sincerity could well be relied upon. In conversation Mrs. Fletcher was brilliant and eloquent: she was active in serving others as well as

herself: and we feel, as we record her untimely death, that a friend has been taken away from us, as well as a bright ornament from the female literature of this country.

From the Athenæum.

EXPORTATION OF ICE FROM BOSTON TO CALCUTTA.

THE supplying of ice to the West Indies and the Southern States of the Union, has, it appears, become, within these few years, an extensive branch of trade at Boston, U. S. The originators of this scheme determined last year to extend their operations, and try how far it was practicable to transport a cargo to Calcutta. The result was most successful; and we copy from the *Journal of the Asiatic Society* the following interesting particulars as to the mode adopted, which appears to have been furnished by the American agent. The ponds from which the Boston ice is cut are situated within ten miles of the city. It is also procured from the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers in the State of Maine, where it is deposited in ice-houses upon the banks, and shipped from thence to the Capital. A peculiar machine is used to cut it from the ponds in blocks of two feet square, and from one foot to eighteen inches thick, varying according to the intensity of the season. If the winter does not prove severe enough to freeze the water to a convenient thickness, the square slabs are laid again over the sheet ice, until consolidated, and so recut. The ice is stored in warehouses constructed for the purpose at Boston. In shipping it to the West Indies, a voyage of 10 or 15 days, little precaution is used. The whole hold of the vessel is filled with it, having a lining of tan about four inches thick upon the bottom and sides of the hold, and the top lifts covered with a layer of hay. The hatches are then closed, and are not allowed to be opened till the ice is ready to be discharged.

For the voyage to India, a much longer one than had been hitherto attempted, some additional precautions were deemed necessary for the preservation of the ice. The ice-hold, an insulated house extending from the after part of the forward hatch to the forward part of the after hatch, about 50 feet in length, was constructed as follows:—A floor of one-inch deal planks was first laid down upon the dunnage at the bottom of the vessel: over this was strewed a layer one foot thick of tan, that is, the refuse bark from the tanners' pits, thoroughly dried, which is found to be a very good and cheap non-conductor; over this was laid another deal planking, and the four sides of the ice-hold were built up in exactly the same manner, insulated from the sides of the vessel. The pump, well, and main mast were boxed round in the same manner. The cubes of ice were then packed or built together so close as to leave no space between them, and to make the whole one solid mass; about 160 tons were thus stowed. On the top was pressed down closely a foot of hay, and the whole was shut up from access of air, with a deal planking one inch thick, nailed upon the lower surface of the lower deck timbers; the space between the planks and the deck being stuffed with tan.

On the surface of the ice, at two places, was introduced a kind of float, having a guage rod passing through a stuffing box in the cover, the object of which was to note the gradual decrease of the ice as it melted and subsided bodily. The ice was shipped on the 6th and 7th of May, 1833, and discharged in Calcutta, on the 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th September, making the voyage in four months and seven days. The amount of wastage could not be exactly ascertained from the sinking of the guages, because on opening the chamber it was found that the ice had melted between each block, and not from the exterior only in the manner of one solid mass, as was anticipated. Calculating from the rods and from the diminished draught of the ship, Mr. Dixwell estimated the loss on arrival at Diamond Harbour to be fifty-five tons. Six or eight tons more were lost during the passage up the river, and probably twenty in landing. About one hundred tons were finally deposited in the ice-house on shore, a lower room in a house at Brightman's ghaut, rapidly floored and lined with planks for the occasion. So effectual was the non-conducting power of the ice-house on board, that a thermometer placed on it did not differ perceptibly from one in the cabin. From the temperature of the water pumped out, and that of the air in the run of the vessel, Mr. Dixwell ascertained that the temperature of the hold was not sensibly affected by the ice. Upon leaving the tropic and running rapidly into the higher latitudes, it retained its heat for some time, but after being several weeks in high latitudes, and becoming cooled to the temperature of the external air and sea, it took more than ten days in the tropics before the hold was heated again to the tropical standard.

From the Athenæum.

LITHOGRAPHIC WORKS, STEREOTYPING.

M. Jules Baumgartner, a printer at Leipsic, is reported to have discovered a process, by which he is able to stereotype lithographic drawings, and copies can then be produced by means of the common printing press. The *Journal des Artistes* states, that attempts have been made in Paris to apply the invention, but with little success.

From the Spectator.

MADAME JUNOT'S CELEBRATED WOMEN.

THE subjects of these biographical notices have been hitherto, almost exclusively, either unhappy in their destiny or unamiable in their dispositions. The Third Number contains the memoirs and portraits of CHARLOTTE CORDAY, the lovely and misguided murderer of MARAT; JOSEPHINE, the amiable and repudiated wife of NAPOLEON; Bloody Queen MARY; and a personage less familiar to the reader, and whose career is most remarkable of all—MARYNA MNISZECH, a Polish lady, who became Czarina of Muscovy.

The adventures of this woman belong to the romance of biography. Her father was an ambitious man, whose ruling passion was flattered by a fortune-

teller predicting that his daughter, then a should wear a crown. From that moment it took possession of his brain; and he not only pated the fulfilment of the prediction, but his daughter reared up in the expectation of her destiny. It is scarcely to be wondered that she also became inoculated with this fever of ambition, but that they should have ultimately accomplished the object for which alone they lived, is strange. Their diseased aspirations found a congenial in the person of an impostor, who pretended to be DMITRY, the murdered son of IVAN the Fourth, whom the father of MARYNA contracted his daughter in marriage, on condition of his obtaining possession of the usurped throne of Muscovy. The sympathy which these two deluded creatures entertained for each other, ripened into a strong affection; and the overthrow of the usurper and the accession of the pretended rightful heir to the throne of IVAN realized their dream of greatness. The city was, however, shortlived. So soon as the usurper's fate was sealed, doubts were raised as to the legitimacy of the claims of the new Czar: his pretensions would not bear scrutiny; plots were contrived against him, and the unhappy man was murdered in the Kremlin. The subsequent career of his daughter affords an extraordinary instance of the predomance of the ruling passion. On her way to her native country, she was captured by the troops of the usurper, who, they stated, was her supposed murderer. He recovered from his wounds. Being led in her presence, she was struck with amazement and disgust, at beholding a loathsome, vile, and ill-fated Jew—a brute from whose violence she had formerly rescued a young and helpless maiden. This was stimulated only by desire of gain, and encouraged by the success of her husband, had proclaimed himself the murdered Czar; who was thus represented to have twice miraculously escaped the daggers of his enemies. The very extravagance of his pretensions seems to have aided his success; or the people, so eager for a Czar, that they grasped at the shadow of a Sovereign. The Jew was at the gates of Moscow, backed by a victorious band of followers, and only wanted the assistance of MARYNA to accomplish his object. Urged by her father's entreaties, and stimulated by her own thirst for power, she consented to be a party to the trick, and publicly acknowledged the hateful Jew as her identical husband. She soon found, however, that the impostor valued money only, and not command, and that he had seized upon the vacant throne only to sell his power. This she resolved if possible to punish. Scornfully upbraiding him, she said, "Thou shalt either reign, or die;" and kept a strict guard over all his movements. At last, in the confusion of a battle that ensued, the wretch contrived to escape, but MARYNA, now mad for sovereignty, disguised herself as a soldier, pursued, and brought him back. In defence of her throne, she performed prodigious valour; but was at length taken and condemned to death. The very night before her intended execution, she was liberated by one of her countrymen who had loved her from a youth, and had followed her through all the vicissitudes of her fortune. He became her husband, and at the same time mistress.

Cossacks, of which he was the Chieftain, tented with a predatory rule, she planned and led the conquest of Astracan; where for a time she once more reigned over a kingdom. But too her power was of short duration: she was over-ruled and defeated by the Russians in a battle; and escaping only with life, wandered with her husband and her infant over the frozen wastes of the Oural Mountains; where the misera- ble perished by the hands of a troop of soldiers, and a grave in the snowy desert. History does not teach a more fearful lesson upon the miseries of ambition, than in the life of this wretched woman, who but for her father's folly might have adorned the world by her talents and her

portraits that accompany the large edition of her memoirs, are beautiful and spirited specimens of lithography. Those in the smaller series, are only inferior in point of execution, but the style is unlike, and deficient in character.

From the Spectator.

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS

regular volume. It has crept forth unheralded, far as we remember, unannounced. It is published in a shape unattractive to the pure novel-reader, and though containing to all intents and purposes novels, the subjects, the tone, and the characters are not only in the main too serious for the perusers of the circulating library, but even for those whom Mr. RICHARDSON would style "liberal" perusers of sketches of society and discussions of manners. The writer, too, seems at unpractised, or at least unskilled in authorship. In his lighter passages, there is rather too much attempt at wit, and a forced endeavour after d smartness,—most palpable, however, in the opening of his book: an incident is now and then convenient to the author than probable in itself; the three most prominent male characters are generalized representatives of peculiar classes, therefore want both the truth and strength of individuality. Stating these matters plainly, we may say plainly, that there is *stuff* in the author—freshness in his manner, and interest in his book, without pretence. His narrative is rapid; his story consistent with itself; his style almost picturesque; his characters are judicious and shrewd, intermingled with a veiled vein of satire, albeit upon Liberalism and its errors.

The tales are two. The scenes for the most part are laid in the highest circle of middle life, from which class the principal characters are taken. The plot of both stories is the same—to enforce the rigid performance of our duty, without regard to any temporary suffering it may inflict upon us; and to show that peace and mental comfort that a humble and unshaken faith will always bestow,—meaning by this, the faith of the Church of England and Ireland, without whose pale the author seems to imagine religion is hypocrisy or fanaticism.

We shall not describe the stories, or even attempt to convey an idea of them by extracts; but content ourselves with picking out a few passages here and there from the memorandums we made in our perusal.

TOWN AND COUNTRY DIRT.

There are dirty and miserable abodes in the country, into which the benevolent frequently enter on their errands of mercy; but the dirt of a great old dirty town is far different from the dirt of a cottage. A cottage in the country has heaven above it, and air around it, and the bright sky is visible through its broken windows: but in the little narrow alleys in the long black streets of the lower part of a closely-built town, there are dwellings past description for their utter destitution and deplorableness. They are more dismal than dungeons, for dungeons have not the mockery of furniture, nor essentially the aspect of dilapidation and destitution; but the miserable abodes of the poorest of the poor have not even the comfort of a dungeon, which at least promises its tenant security, and affords a shelter from the weather. Ill-built houses, occupied before they are finished, and never finished after they are occupied,—where room is piled above room, and wall almost meets wall, so that daylight can scarcely creep down between the space to let in a little indirect ray, are filled from cellar to garret with tenants whose wretchedness may vary in aspect, but is the same in substance; and in each of these apartments may be seen fragments of chairs, tables, beds, grates, and crockery, all dirty and miserable. Into one of these rooms, up three pair of stairs, which were so black and decayed and broken that they looked as if they would scarcely last till she came down again, was Jane Latimer introduced. It was mid-day, but the room was so dark that for a moment she was unable to discern whether it were inhabited or not. As soon, however, as the eye had reconciled itself to the gloom of the place, she observed two females sitting by the side of a dirty fireplace, each apparently wrapped in her own thoughts, from which absorption they were presently roused by Jane Latimer asking, "Is this the apartment of Mrs. Turner?"

SICK READERS.

She was sitting in an easy chair by the fire-side, and a book was open before her. There is amusement to some sick people in the sight of a book, even though they be too feeble to read it. They look at it, and read a few lines; and these few lines, perhaps, recall a dream of bygone days; and the fancy roves and wanders and loses itself for a while in a pleasant delirium; and then they wake from their dream, and are fatigued, and they close the book, and seek for a sleep that shall have no dreams, and the spirit stagnates; then, when ennui creeps on them again, they open the book and dream it over again. So had Mrs. Henderson been amusing herself. Her life had become a flickering kind of light, weak and feeble, but not gloomy; there was certainly a look of sorrow in her countenance, but there was resignation too—not the Stoic resignation, which destroys, but the Christian, which sanctifies sorrow and makes it exceedingly beautiful.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PHYSICIANS AND LAWYERS.

Mr. Camp was a new acquisition in the way of acquaintance to the sick mother and the broken-hearted daughter; but he was not quite so agreeable in his manners as Dr. Drinkwater. There is indeed a strong characteristic and professional difference between a physician and a lawyer—especially those of much practice: not that these gentlemen had much practice, but they had an ambition of practice; and they perhaps each of them might be in the habit of exercising a kind of mental rehearsal,—the physician how he should deport himself in a sick chamber, the lawyer how he should manage a knave or a fool of a client. The physician has intercourse with affliction, with pain, with death: his voice is naturally attuned to mildness and gentleness; his step is light and quiet; his face is susceptible of a look of sympathy; he has to do with humanity in its feebleness, to listen to the complaints of the suffering, to bear with the moans of the distressed; it is part of his business to be and to look amiable—who can speak unkindly to the dying? A brute of a doctor must be a brute indeed. But a lawyer deals with rogues, parchments, and subtleties; he aids and abets men in their deepest and deadliest struggles; he comes in contact with humanity when its covetousness is rampant, when its revenge is craving, when its passions and its thoughts converse with living interests, and when antipathy is most strongly developed. Therefore he has a keen eye, a ready skill, a bold and blustering confidence of manner; he is professionally hard-hearted, however constitutionally kind he may be. There was all this professional difference between Dr. Drinkwater and Mr. Camp. Both of them were conceited, but the lawyer manifested his conceit more impudently than the other; but still Mr. Camp was what is commonly called a very clever man; and so, though he might not be esteemed for his urbanity, he was admired for his abilities.

—We have spoken of *Tales and Triumphs* as we always speak—from the impression which a perusal makes upon our mind. The general reader may perhaps regard it with different feelings. Should this discrepancy exist, it may be resolved by the following extract. What a strong stimulant is to the over-excited metropolitan, a freshness, an *ownness* of manner, is to the jaded critic.

"A pleasant and striking instance of the miscalculation of impression is recorded in the history of Prince Lee Boo; who being brought from an uncivilized island of Asia into this country, was delighted and enraptured with all that he saw of the contrivances, accommodations, and facilities of civilized life. Seeing how full of admiration he was at all the ordinary and familiar contrivances for human convenience, his importers and friends took it for granted that he would be still more rapt in astonishment at the sight of that which to themselves was extraordinary and new; so they took him to see Lunardi's ascent in a balloon, which to the people of this country was then a novelty. They were, however, disappointed in their expectations; for the young foreigner merely remarked that he thought it very foolish for a man to

fly in the air like a bird, when there were so many convenient and agreeable conveyances for him on land."

"Thus it is with the luxurious and highly-stimulated inhabitants of the Metropolis; they may and must have a relish for many stimulants, which the quieter and less excited care little about. He that eats fat bacon, and swings upon a gate, would not relish caviare: this is no proof of any natural want of taste, but merely shows that his palate has not been trained up to that point. It might be worth while for those who pride themselves on their refined taste, and who look contemptuously down on others on account of their want of taste, to enter more particularly into this line of inquiry, in order to ascertain whether their own superiority of taste be any thing more than the result of the repeated application of stimulants."

It has been stated that Mr. RICHARDSON is no friend to Liberals in politics or to Nonconformists in religion. To the honest, although one-sided, personification of the qualities of particular classes, no moral objection need be made; perhaps not even to the introduction of a public character, whilst he is only exhibited in his public capacity. But Mr. RICHARDSON has gone further than this; and we put it to him, whether, after making Mr. Willoughby so strongly as to identify him with Mr. Irving, it is fair to represent him as an actor in private life, not very creditably, and there can be little doubt untruly.

From the *United Service Journal*.

WILD SPORTS AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

"——— manet sub Jovo frigido
Venator tenerum conjuga iuniorum,
Sed vix est catulis cerva fidelibus,
Sed rupit teretes torvus aper plagas."

In conceding the "pas" to fox-hunting among the wild sports of the cape, the term *field-sports* would be scarcely admissible in a country where fences are unknown, except for vineyards, and in the immediate proximity of the scattered and infrequent farm-houses, I partly consult arrangement by beginning with the sports peculiar to the neighbourhood of Cape Town, and partly comply with the current opinion which places it at the head of all the varieties of the "chase." Whether that opinion will be retained by those who have an opportunity of joining in the pursuit of the larger and nobler game may be a matter of doubt. Certainly no other sport in Great Britain inspires a tithe of the eager excitement, the absorbing interest that accompanies it, from the moment of the first hound's entering the cover, to the final running in view, and that consummation of the sportsman's joys, the death; and it might be thought rash to award the palm of superior interest to the most favoured sport of any other country.

"Non nostri est tantas componere lites."

Already, perhaps, some of your readers open their eyes in incredulous amazement, at the idea of fox-hunting at the Cape. Admitting at starting that it might not suit the habits of one accustomed to the

methodical, almost mechanical, routine of Melton, which combines elegance, luxury, and sport, in the most concentrated, rapid, and thoroughly English form; or still less, please a "swell with the Surrey;" yet fox-hunting it is, of no cockney sort, though in points of detail differing from the uniform modern actique in England.

The (so called) fox is not the common kind, but a jackal, one of the several species peculiar to South Africa. Considerably larger, and standing higher on his legs than the English reynard, he very much resembles in figure the greyhound variety, but of hand-somer fur; his sides and legs are of a light bay or orange, abruptly surmounted by a broad band, extending from the back of the ears down the whole line of the back, of a peculiar grizzle, of coarse long pencils of hair, barred alternately with white and black. The head is particularly fine and varmint. The species is found over all the colony; but it is only within the circle of some thirty miles from Cape Town that they seem to possess the speed and strength which they have perhaps acquired from being obliged to travel a long way from their earths for food, prowling through the flats or along the sandy beach of False Bay. Their retreats are principally about the foot of the lofty Hottentot Holland range, or in the lower ridge of the Tiger-berg, from which at night they descend to the plains. Most of them at daylight, especially if disturbed, retreat again to the hills, although a few remain in the thicker patches of cover, or along the shore of False Bay, where a confused chain of sand hills, partly overgrown with heath, affords them shelter. They are not gregarious; nor do I believe that the old accounts of the jackals hunting in packs and running down their prey are applicable to any species in the colony, but to a totally different animal—the wild dog.

Two packs of fox-hounds are kept up within a few miles of Cape Town; one by Mr. Blair, an English gentleman, formerly in the army, and now Collector of Customs at the Cape; the other by a Dutchman, Mr. Van Reenen, to whom sportsmen are much indebted for keeping up the hounds at a time when there was no other active supporter, and who seems to have quite an English passion for the turf as well as hunting, but whose weight renders it no easy matter to mount him properly, since the loss of a powerful brown gelding, that died after a severe day's work. His pack is numerous, and there is good blood among them; but one perceives a want of high working condition about them, and many are too fat to run. If their performance in the field is inferior, his points of meeting have the advantage of being less distant. Mr. Blair's are highly-bred hounds, their blood constantly crossed and kept up by importations from some of the best kennels in England, and they are admirably managed. It would not be easy to pick out fifteen couple of more beautiful foxhounds, or in finer working order, than he can turn out; nor a fitter representative of the old English squire than the owner, when jogging along on his wiry, well-bred nag, with the pack at his heels, and Solomon, the whipper-in, (a tawney son of a Caffre,) in his glory, bringing a refractory youngster up. Mr. B. hunts his own hounds with a degree of skill and judgment that only long

experience of the country and the animal could mature; nor have his years chilled the yet keen ardour with which he rides to them, when a blazing scent leads them at a tremendous pace across the country. But it is necessary to describe the country, and the manner of proceeding to kill a fox on the flats.

The "flats" are the plain extending from the Simonstown road, at the rear of the Table Mountain, to the Tiger-berg Hills, a low range distant about fifteen, and the Hottentot Holland, about twenty-five miles from Cape Town; and shut in by Table Bay on one side and False Bay on the other, about fourteen miles across. The soil is a deep white sand, carpeted in patches with grass or the succulent Hottentot fig, and overgrown with cover of numerous heaths and other shrubs. In some parts the matted vegetation crisps the surface into a tolerably firm turf; but the whole extent is, to a greater or less degree, burrowed through and riddled by countless multitudes of moles of a large species, nearly the size of rabbits. These holes vary in depth according to the lightness of the soil, from eight or nine inches to two feet and more, and in many parts so numerous that it is impossible for a horse to avoid them. It is therefore of the first necessity that he should have a light forehand and well-formed shoulders, and be well set on his haunches; and then, with the aid of a double bridle and firm and ready hand, the rider may (as Cromwell said) put his trust in Providence. Though purls will occasionally happen, they are not so numerous as one might apprehend: the same looseness of soil which yields without resistance to the mole, enables the horse to extricate his legs; but where the holes are numerous and deep, they of course materially stop his speed; and in such ground the hounds easily get away from the horse, which is unable to go the pace, and must, if possible, recover his distance where he can find a strip of firm galloping ground.

Along the shore of False Bay commences an irregular formation of sand-hills, extending in divergent ramifications for miles across the flats, and originating in the sand perpetually carried up by the south-east winds from the beach, drifting, wherever a bush or other obstacle stopped it, into ridges and banks, which by the constant accumulation of ages have grown to a great height. Those nearest the shore, probably the more ancient, are clothed with shrubs and herbage, and their surface is firm; but the greater number remain bare and loose, and to climb their steep sides or wade among the little intervening seas of sand is killing work. Blood, therefore, is essential, and fortunately the sportsman can obtain it. To the late Lord Charles Somerset the colony is indebted for the most material improvement in the breed of horses, by numerous importations of the best blood, and by the liberal encouragement and patronage of the turf under his government. The produce of his stallions and mares are spread through the colony; and several breeders keep up a tolerably large stock of thorough-breeds, many of the best of which, after a successful or promising appearance at the half-yearly races at Cape Town, command high prices for the East Indies or Mauritius.

The country-breed, originally imported by the Portuguese, were probably what old writers call the

Spanish jennet, a horse of Barb descent: and these, perhaps, crossed with an inferior kind introduced by the Dutch, and modified by climate, &c., left several varieties, the best and most common a small, but wiry, active, and useful animal, whose appearance and colour—very generally a roan of various mixtures—speak his greater share of the Spanish blood. These are universally employed for light wagons and as hacks and shooting-nags; their prices vary, but on an average sell for 100 rix-dollars, or 7*l.* 10*s.*; and for journeys and sporting excursions they are invaluable, going long distances unshod, or with the fore feet, at the utmost, protected; neither requiring nor receiving any of the careful grooming and cleaning bestowed on the inmates of an English stable, and at night tied up in any shed with a sheaf of unthreshed oats (there called hay) thrown to him. Indeed the poorer boors will ride a mere pony for days together, on grass alone. Their only luxury, the substitute for all the mashes and cordials, is an “*out spaw*.” This is, turning them out to roll and graze for a few minutes, without the saddle, by securing the “*rheim*” or halter of their headstalls, which they always carry on them, round the knee, leaving them just room to graze with freedom, but too short to let them raise their heads, unless the fore-leg accompanies it, held out like a flail, in which ludicrous position one may often see them stand, or hobble along on three legs. In riding a long journey, it is necessary, in justice to the animal, to off-saddle for this purpose every two hours, when a knowing horse will go down on his knees immediately, and enjoy three or four rolls-over before he rises again.

For the better style of saddle horses and for light draughts, all the farmers in the Cape district breed from English blood; and handsome nags for the saddle or buggy bring thirty or forty pounds, being generally smaller than the similar class in England, and seldom exceeding fifteen hands, though high prices will always procure greater size and more blood. A knowing hand can always pick up a neat and serviceable horse for much less money out of the wagons of the farmers in the markets, who cannot withstand the sight of “*gelt*” or ready money.

Supposing, then, the sportsman provided with his hunters and ready for work, let us see him through his first day. It wants yet two hours of daylight, and the black wall of the Table Mountain rises like a screen across the deep blue expanse, twinkling with few but brilliant specks. No envious streak of cloud, stealing over the kloof between it and the Devil's Hill, threatens a south-easter to parch the flats; but yet we must be on the ground betimes. Here, no nine-o'clock breakfast precedes the arrival of the cover hacks or posters, and the merry canter out to throw off at eleven. Excepting after heavy rains, the sun soon dries up the slight surface-moisture; and the uncertainty of finding at once, requires that there should be time for trying various points, before the morning is advanced. Unless we find before nine o'clock, the day is like to be a ———: though runs, and brilliant runs too, I have known at a late hour, yet the chance is too small to trust. So let us mount and jog along the high road to Rondebosch, from which we descend to the flats, and take our choice of

the steep and heavy tracks that lead across them to various points. To-day we head for the nearest rendezvous—Fig-kraal, some seven miles from the town—and as we near it, a tinge of amber steals up the sky and brightens into gold behind the deep gray pinnacles and pyramids of the Hottentot Holland Mountains. On either side, a low long line of silvery haze marks the distant shore; while on our right, those dim specks, which have seemed to move for some time past, are more and more distinct, and the dusky object in front of them assumes in the broader light a tinge of red. Those are M. B. and some brother sportsmen from Weynberg. A few minutes suffice for the brief salutations of the morning, for doffing of great coats, examining of girths, and uncoupling hounds; and then to the business of the morning.

The sun in five minutes more will be up, dazzling our eyes with his intense brightness, so at a brisk trot let us follow the master of the hounds across the level heath to yonder streamlet that wends its silent shallow course in a hollow, fit for the bed of a little river, and white as a chalk-road. In the close bush on the other side the hounds are thrown off, and spreading, but not dispersed; they eagerly try the ground; one moment hid in the cover, the next emerging from its concealment. We follow the course of the stream, till a bare and short green herbage terminates the bushes; and then without a pause, strike off to a favourite spot, where another more considerable hollow is marked by some piled stones, the ruins of some huts, and a few decayed acacias. A hasty, yet careful search is soon rewarded by a single hound's challenge, followed by a silence, only broken by the rustle of the others hurrying to the spot. Another loud decided voice from a favourite hound, which is busily pushing on where the jackal has evidently been dodging, confirms our hopes, while others of the pack acknowledge the discovery; and while they still eagerly snuff the ground, the general motion forward becomes more rapid. A few more voices chime in with the cry, and away they go, the start of the leading dogs taken up by the rest.

“Hold hard, hold hard!” “Gently now!” exclaims the experienced master to those whose zeal, outrunning discretion, hurries them on the heels of the hounds. But the pace increases; their line, straight for the mountains, dispels all doubt or fear of the chase turning out a buck, and proves him a fox, and “no mistake?” Clear, but not clamorous, is the peal of their musical tongues; sometimes almost mute from the speed which such a blazing scent courts. “And, now you young bloods that were so forward, now ride!” No fear of overriding. By Jove, they seem to skim along like swifts! Going in a straight line without a fence, 'tis a perfect race, but sit well back, and keep your horse firmly in hand; for though mole-holes innumerable beset his feet, and he sinks under you, now behind and now before, his pace must not be relaxed. On we fly, now stretching across the open level expanse, now among bushes and inequalities of ground, plunging like a vessel in a heavy sea, now bounding into and through some deep pool of water! We near one of the wide snowy drifts of sand, its long undulating ridge stretch-

way like a wave before it breaks. At the foot of a precipitous bank, the hounds are at fault; an opportune for some of the steeds, whose quivering tails and distended nostrils proclaim "bellows and."

The dry sand seldom retains the scent, and here horsemen may assist, for on its smooth surface a mark is impressed as distinctly as in snow; and none can see and trace the fox's ball over the flat, let him follow it, first assuring himself that it is, while the hounds, re-assembled from an unsuccessful cast on both sides below, are quickly laid on it and marked forward. This office is generally performed by the whipper-in, if well mounted, who can run as fast as he can follow the "spoor." We, cheering on the hounds, (old dogs know and follow the track correctly by the eye,) our horses galloping above the fetlock at every stride. From the top of the bank, we see Solomon going along, cap in hand; and now the sun is blazing in his power. The shining white sea of sand is uninterrupted by a mark, save where the clustered hound and horsemen are dependent in glowing scarlet sweep along, a brilliant and fantastic vision. The hollow we are passing through is bounded by a little mountain of sand, yet Solomon keeps on his course, but no longer marked. On foot he climbs the steep ascent, while the tired nag is with difficulty dragged up. One desperate effort, and we breathe on the summit. To the right lies a seemingly interminable collection of sand-hills, in which a skulking fox may double and out-horse at least, in the unavailing pursuit, and in the increasing heat may compel us to relinquish. However, there is no time for consideration; we thunder down the slope, and trust to fortune. A circuit to the right, and then, hurrah! the fox gallantly taken to the heath again. And now, after a few slight divergences to either side, among the dark and bushy knolls that border the region of our course points right for the Tiger-berg. Here we must kill him before he reaches that intricate and treacherous cover! Another mile terminates our suspense, for a last sweep to the right hand makes his desperate push for his mountainous home in the lofty range of the Hottentot Holland. Not a moment have our panting steeds to blow: for though slower at the racing flight of the first burst, yet, in the hot, keen, unvarying speed of determined pursuit for blood, the hounds are running in a cluster, and act as a flock of teal.

We dash through a high shrubbery of sugar-trees, the branches crackle and fly beneath our horses' legs; skim across a patch of verdant yet treacherous sod; and as we approach another sandy bank, the summit is dark with brush, the fox, emerging from the cover of the scattered shrubs, is seen ascending the white rampart, which betrays his dark form, slowly and painfully toiling up the steep. Hark! Hark! Tally ho! We cheer, and urge our lagging horses up the bank, and from the surmounted summit perceive the wearied chase still holding on, his faltering pace announces his race nigh run. A final effort; and the victim, attempting to recall over-tasked energies, darts first to the right, then to the left. In vain, a general rush, one short and snarl of despair, drowned in the *mêlée* of his

confused assailants, and all is over. And then for who shall snatch the lifeless and limber victim from the jaws of the greedy hounds; and seize the brush to be appropriated to the adornment of his hat, and the glorification of his prowess, on the way to its final place of rest, the stable-door. Who knows not the last ceremony, the consignment of the tailless, perhaps pad-less body to the instantaneous partition, and bolting of the "*disjecta membra*," by the greedy hounds?

After the eager excitement of the glorious finish has subsided, and (if any provident gentlemen brought a paper of sandwiches and a flask of Madeira) a slight refectory, we gird up our loins to plod home the weary distance with an unmitigated sun in our faces. This is the least attractive part of the day's work; but if the find is speedy, and the run quick, we may be entering the barracks by eleven. But to confess the truth, such a speedy wind-up is not common. Blank days are but too well known, and often nine or ten hours on horseback, one half spent in fruitless and dispiriting traversing and scouring of the flats under a burning sun, is repaid by—only the trouble. Various too are the chances, even after finding. A cunning jackal, perhaps, will get into the labyrinth of sand-hills, and lead us a dance for an hour, to be baffled at last. Another may go from the northern division of the flats, right to the Tiger Valley; and then, after a sharp run of a few miles, we get involved in a piece of ground, from which I have seldom known *all* the party to come out unhurt. The side of the Tiger Hill where it runs down on this hollow is intersected by abrupt and deep cracks or ravines, partially concealed by long thick bushes. Towards the foot the soil is extremely rotten, undermined by moles to the depth of two feet and more, and full of the pits formed by the ant-bear. And, as if this were not enough, it is overgrown with proteas and other shrubs, interspersed with mimosas, whose long stiff spikes of thorns pierce and wound the horses' legs, while the numerous stumps of bushes cut for firing expose them to be dangerously staked. It is hard to pull up when hounds are before you, but the rider who cannot exercise discretion, and avoid entering this perilous ground, may have cause "to rue the hunting of that day," in a horse lamed with severe strains, or deep-seated thorns, perhaps incurable.

In the ground hunted by Mr. Van Reenen there were fewer sand-hills, but very generally one had a sharp and trying run up the face of the Tiger-berg, during which the hounds would get out of sight in crossing the hill top. The attempt to pull up one's distance in descending the other side, afforded every reasonable chance of a purl that could be desired; nor were fences at all required for this purpose, as I have both experienced in person, and seen in various others exemplified.

I shall not attempt to describe minutely the various forms of what the French emphatically call the "*chasse à fusil*." It would require too much room, and with many of them I am not sufficiently familiar. Partridge shooting is the best within the sportsman's reach from Cape Town, and approaches to the grouse shooting in some parts of Scotland, from the extent of open country gone over, and the heathy cover. There are two sorts of partridge—the redwing, a

large and fine bird,—and the gray. The latter, which resembles our bird, but is darker in plumage, and somewhat smaller, is very strong of flight, and sometimes wild: they are found in large coveys. Here, also, as all over the country, are pheasants, (so called, though without the least resemblance to the English,) a large dark-plumaged game bird, with orange beak and a bare red spot under the throat, legs orange and armed with powerful spurs, frequenting moist and deep cover. There are also two species (the red and black) of “*koorbaan*” or coran, a sort of bustard; with quails, snipes, and wild ducks. In the northern and eastern parts are found the pouw, a large bustard like a turkey; and the magnificent ostrich, guinea fowls in amazing troops, and various plover, &c. Of quadrupeds, antelopes abound throughout the colony, of various kinds, from the little blue-buck of the Kuysna, not bigger than a rabbit, to the eland of the eastern frontier, that grows to the height of sixteen hands.

The sport is always pursued on horseback, the horses being trained to pull up short, and let one fire from off their backs, as is necessary in a snap-shot at a buck, or a bird sprung under foot; and when dismounted, where the shooter walks up to his dogs at a point, to remain in the same spot for any length of time.

To find much game, it is necessary to go from thirty miles upward from the town; and the general plan is, to start for a week or longer, sleeping at night in the cottages of the farmers, who, as is the custom throughout the colony, receive strangers hospitably to share their simple fare. You ride up, *sans cérémonie*, to the door, and dismount,—when, having saluted the master with a hearty shake of the hand, (to omit this would be an affront,) you or your servant proceed to unsaddle. For the night's lodging, food, &c., the farmers never charge, and seldom will accept, any direct remuneration; but the payment always made for the forage of your horses, about repays them for the trifling expense. And for the rest, a little fine “*taback*” for the frouw, or gunpowder for the boor, will be acceptable, and ensure a hearty welcome on future occasions. To many sportsmen of the garrison, a hospitable reception rendered the house of Mr. P., an Irish gentleman, a favourite station for a few days' sport. Mr. P. was formerly an officer in the 21st Light Dragoons, long time stationed at the Cape, and when the regiment was disbanded, he, and several others who had formed connexions at the Cape, stopped half-way on their return from India. Some have situations under Government; others, like Mr. P., have retired to their “*Sabine*” farms; and his is one of the best. He is glorious at a mess, with his jovial ruddy face, and his gray eye rolling and twinkling with free and genuine Irish humour; and glorious as a companion in the field, when bestriding some wiry little hack, like Antony the narrow world; or on foot, toiling and puffing up to where “*Blucher*,” the prince of dogs, is pointing. May his shadow never be less! for though eighteen stone exceed the tonnage and poundage of lightsome youth,—yet who that has known him could dissever in imagination the outward man from the spirit within?—who wish that that too, too solid flesh would melt?

It is in the more remote interior, and on the eastern frontier of the colony, that the bolder and more novel kinds of sport are followed; and there, from the comparative scarcity of books, the want of society, and of the amusements of Cape Town, they are more indispensable as occupations.

It has been customary, after a regiment has been three or four years in Cape Town, to remove it to Grahamstown, six hundred miles to the eastward, to relieve the corps stationed there for the protection of the frontier against the possible incursions of the Caffres, a nation of Blacks, from whom much of the country now included in the colony has been taken by the English, and who, in the year 1819, made a fierce and sudden irruption, and attacked Grahamstown with (it is calculated) 10,000 men, but were repulsed, and now continue on amicable terms with us: although it requires constant watchfulness to prevent them passing the boundary-line singly or in small parties, to hunt antelopes or steal cattle.*

On account of the difficulties and delay attending the march of troops so great a distance, through such a country, small coasting vessels are employed to convey them to Port Elizabeth, from which they have a march of about one hundred and twelve miles; and after the tedium of even a few days' voyage in a crowded brig, and possibly a thorough wetting in landing, through the heavy surf of Algoa Bay, the march is quite exhilarating. The road winds through a singular and varied country, at one time broken into an intricate assemblage of hills and eminences, traversed by innumerable gorges and defiles that run into some leading hollows of considerable depth, the abruptness of the successive shoots from the continuous ridges of mountain giving them a peculiar “*foliated*” character, reminding one of the endless diversity, yet perfect connexion, of an immense crystallized formation. The face of the country here is sterile, its external layer of coarse red sand refusing nourishment to a single blade of grass, but overspread with an impenetrable forest of short thickly-woven brushwood of opaque and gloomy foliage, through which the elephant and rhinoceros alone, or the shaggy buffalo, may force their way unmolested, their tough hides setting at defiance the lacerating hook-thorns and sharp-armed limbs of the gigantic euphorbiums. At other times, fair valleys, spread with a rich carpet of grass, and enamelled with the profuse flowers of the splendid bulbous plants, are overhung by mountains, destitute indeed of the sublimity of Switzerland, yet of a wild and solitary beauty, basking under the clear blue of an unclouded sky. The natural shrubbery is extremely beautiful and luxuriant; composed of various dwarf trees of dark and massy foliage, through which a profusion of large jasmines, geraniums, and parasitic plants climb up, and burst out in sheets of flowers. In passing the “*Quagga Flats*,” a long valley approaching the “*Sunday*” river, an early encampment will give the sportsman leisure for amusement in hunting the numerous herds of springbucks grazing in the meadows, which, when alarmed, bound away in a long string, following the leader. By riding fast at the herd, one may get a rather dis-

* On the conclusion of these “*Sketches*,” we shall give some “*Recollections of Caffraria*,” illustrative of the circumstances alluded to in the text.—Ed.

tant shot, as they sweep by in playful grace, in their long sailing leaps, displaying the broad white patch on their backs. Abundance of partridges, pheasants, and hares, are found here.

Grahamstown lies among a collection of grassy hills, and is a scattered assemblage of houses, built in the *lines* of streets, which run at right angles, on two parallel ridges, surrounded by others of greater height, which have, from a distance, the peculiar appearance as if their tops were all sliced off. The barracks lie about a mile from the town, backed by a stony eminence, and overhanging a glen, in which runs the stream that supplies the town with water. They consist of two long ranges of barn-like mud buildings, and a small square, and are large enough to accommodate four companies of infantry, a small party of artillery, and another of the Cape Mounted Rifles. Officers are lodged, partly in some scattered cottages, built by military men, and purchased for quarters by Government; partly in houses rented for the occasion by themselves. The mess-house, a large stone building, stands apart, facing the valley, and having a smooth green in front. It contains a spacious mess-room, divided by a hall from two other lofty rooms, and admirable accommodation in kitchens, &c.

The Commandant of the frontier, or of Caffraria, (as he is rather absurdly styled,) has a neat rustic villa on the other side of the town, planted in a little valley, where mimosas and various shrubby trees are scattered in ornamental clumps, and which wears much the appearance of an artificial demesne. The appointment is liberally paid, and indeed requires a good deal of correspondence, and constant communication with the chiefs of the different Caffre hordes, or "kraals," about violations of the barrier line, and thefts of cattle, which are now settled, and compensation obtained, without the continuance (except in a petty way, occasionally) of the "commando" system, which consisted in regular foraging incursions, to carry off the cattle (the only wealth) of these children of nature, by way of reprisal for robberies of colonial property, and leaving them to incur the loss or discover the depredators.

In Grahamstown there are two or three English merchants of considerable wealth, but scarcely any society in the ordinary sense of the word. The Public Library is a wretched affair. So after the circulation of private collections of books, and such occupations as newspapers and billiards afford, one gladly turns to the untiring amusements and ever-varying excitement of the rude hills and lonely plains. Every officer is allowed forage for a horse, being liable frequently to be ordered to the various posts for temporary duties, such as courts-martial, &c.; and those who can afford it, find the possession of several advisable, and indeed necessary, if they shoot.

Of dogs, the most useful, next to pointers, are spaniels and greyhounds, the former for beating the thick bush which pointers will not enter, the latter for running down wounded antelopes, and, occasionally, hares, although there is little regular coursing, from the want of sufficient open country. For hunting the buffalo, a large and powerful dog, with some cross of the hound, is used to rouse them out of the deep thicket, and discover their track by baying. In

some parts of the country much fun may be had in "yoicking" hares, bucks, or jackals, in short, any thing that will run, with a few couple of dogs that give tongue. At Fort Beaufort there were kept some half-bred hounds, which, with a little infusion of blood, might be coaxed into a small pack of general-hunting hounds, and afford as good sport as the scattered patches of cover over the undulating country will allow.

The posts at present occupied to the eastward of Grahamstown are, Hermanaus Kraal on the Fish River, distant about 18 miles, where a small party of the colonial force and a subaltern's detachment of infantry are stationed, and by which run the most direct roads to Fort Beaufort and Fort Wiltshire—the first of these on the Kat River, the second on the Keiskamma. In addition to these are, the Chumie post, east of Fort Beaufort, planted on the side of a lofty mountain, facing the Katberg range,—a post at the Caffre drift on the Fish River, about nine miles from its embouchure,—and the Goland, or Gwalana post, on a stream of the same name to the eastward.

The country around Grahamstown, as far eastward as the Fish River, is thickly piled with long continuous rocky spines of mountains, which throw out spurs on each side, running down abrupt and bluff, into the narrow gorges or valleys between them, many of which contain the beds of streams that work their way to the south-eastern coast, and which, though in summer nearly dry, run in the winter season with a full current. The hills, within a few miles of the town, are nearly bare of trees; but as they approach the sea-coast, there is abundance of wood, and much beautiful scenery, particularly near Bathurst and the mouth of the Kowie. The steep declivities and prominent ridges everywhere bordering the course of the Fish River are clothed with a widely-spread brake of evergreens and tangled shrubs, and the summits and sides of the loftier eminences are dark with forests, in which the silvery trunks of the euphorbiums gleam cold and spectre-like.

The Great Fish River is the most considerable of those that discharge their waters in the Southern Ocean; and the length of its actual course, following all its tortuous convolutions, cannot be less than 400 miles, though the distance of its source from its joining the ocean, is not more than 150. The lofty banks, declining to its narrow valley, are massy and rampart-like, enveloped in dark bush, through which regular parallel strata of gray rock gleam forth like successive ranges of battlements. The actual channel of the river is narrow, and filled with numerous massy fragments of rock, over which the red and turbid current rushes with great rapidity, and with a hollow roar, often heard plainly where, from the uneven ground, the river is quite invisible. There are several fords, or "drifts," across it, in which the ordinary depth varies from two to four feet, sometimes in dry weather but a few inches; but after heavy rains among the mountains where it takes its rise, a great body of water comes down, often with amazing suddenness, and, to use the expression of the farmers, like a wall of water. Accidents have at different times occurred, wagons being caught in crossing and suddenly swept away, and the oxen drowned. When the rise is gradual, it often con-

tinues increasing for several days, and then the passage of a wagon is perilously exciting, the traveller generally choosing to risk the attempt, rather than remain on the banks for days, although in this country the "*Rusticus expectans dum defluit amnis*" is not quite so silly as the proverb would imply.

The descents leading down to the drift on both sides are generally narrow, deeply-worn passes, and from the top of these the scene below is singularly animated. The ponderous wagon deeply immersed in the rushing jabble of water, the tops of the hinder wheels and sides rising behind, appearing beneath the canvass "tilt," like some cumbrous Chinese barge under an awning; the confused double line of the teams, some struggling on through the current, one-while plunging into a hole, another moment slowly emerging, gaining footing on one of the masses of stone that are strewn on the rugged and treacherous bottom; others adrift, their noses and horns bobbing on the surface, while the Hottentots, swimming fearlessly, and holding on to their tails, belabour them with sticks, and the driver, standing on the front, makes his immense whip play round them all with beautiful accuracy, and with a crack loud as a musket-shot, and ten times sharper; he and the Hottentots all the while screaming, shouting, and scolding the oxen, with an astounding volubility and clamour, till the passage is effected. It can be always safely accomplished if the foremost oxen are kept pretty straight, and gain secure footing before the rest are obliged to swim; but the banks being precipitous and thickly overhung with drooping trees, it is impossible to land except at the corresponding opening; and if the oxen should get all at once afloat, they become unmanageable, and nothing remains to save them but cutting the "rheims" or halters that secure their horns to the rude yoke, and getting them out separately, if possible.

As an instance of the great rise of these rivers, (for all are liable to the same phenomenon,) I have crossed the Fish River when the water scarcely reached my horse's knees; and returning to the same drift three days afterwards, have found it nearly thirty feet deep, as well as one could judge by the height of the trees growing on the sides of the then nearly-filled ravine, in the bottom of which its ordinary channel lies. Yet, from the sinuosities of its course, the body of water is so long in descending, that I have heard of a curious race between it and a traveller, who, on finding a particular drift impassable, rode across the country some ten miles, to a ford farther down, and crossed with ease, beating the river hollow.

The Keiskamma, the next large river to the eastward, is the present boundary of the Caffre territory from the sea to the confluence of the Chumie stream, by which the line runs northward to the lofty Katberg. The tract of country lying between this and the Fish River, varying in breadth from its narrowest part, a little below Fort Wiltshire, where it is six miles, to the widest at the sea-coast, (about eight-and-twenty,) is hilly, and beautifully diversified with shrubbery and pasture. It was ceded by the Caffres in 1819, and is officially styled Neutral Territory, *implying that it should be unoccupied by either nation, to prevent too close proximity.* However, several farmers are settled, or squatted, in different

parts of it; and by the permission of government, one considerable Caffre chieftain and some small parties or hordes live within it.

Fort Wiltshire is about forty-five miles from Graham's-town, and nearly the same distance from the sea, and consists of an enclosed square of building, with a small bastion at each angle, and (I believe) three small field-pieces distributed among them. The barracks are tiled, to prevent the possibility of being set on fire by the Caffres; and partly from this cause, partly from the situation on the edge of the river, in a hollow where no breath of wind stirs, they are in summer oppressively hot.

At the distance of half a mile are the walls of the old fort, which it has been recently proposed to repair, with the view of abandoning the present. Here are stationed a company of infantry, and half a troop of the Cape Mounted Rifles. The captain commanding has constant intercourse with the neighbouring Caffre chiefs, who come to the fort to have conferences, about stolen cattle in general; and one of their race who speaks a little imperfect English is employed as interpreter, at these, at first, amusing conversations, which generally commence and terminate with a glass of brandy given to the chief by the captain—a ceremony so much relished, that Macomo, a neighbouring chief, and son of the famous Gaika, whose kraal was about three miles off, was a constant visitor on every trifling pretext. He was a small, handsomely-formed black, with quick piercing eyes, and an intelligent, indeed, cunning countenance. Sometimes he was accompanied by his four wives, and he always visited the canteen and got glorious before ordering his black aide-de-camp to have the saddles or sheep-skins replaced on the backs of their meagre little horses.

The Caffres have been often described, and I shall not here repeat what is so well known about their appearance and customs. They are a good humoured, brave, and athletic race of savages, living almost exclusively on the milk of their numerous herds, and a little grain of a peculiar kind, which they cultivate in a few fields immediately round their wigwams. The men spend their time in making javelins, or assagais, tending their cattle, and hunting. For the latter purpose, as well as to obtain pasture for their herds, they frequently slip across the line, in spite of the patrols constantly traversing the country to prevent them; and sometimes they abstract cattle, which they drive through the thickets, and across the river, with an instinctive skill and secrecy.

On the Kat River, about twenty miles north of Wiltshire, is Fort Beaufort, the head-quarters of the Cape Mounted Rifles. Here are two incomplete squares of low mud buildings, one occupied by a company of infantry, the other by a troop of the Rifles and their horses. Scattered near them are some cottages belonging to the officers of the latter corps, and a small mess-house. One side of the square for the infantry is a strongly-built range of commissariat stores; and standing apart like a sentry-box, and not much larger, was the magazine, a little thatched brick box, with a rickety wooden door that an ordinary blow with a poker would demolish; whether it still exists I do not know. Fort Beaufort was the most agreeable detachment, being situated in a very

beautiful country, and having the advantage of an established man, which combined comfort, economy, and abundance.

The Cape Mounted Rifles are the final modification of the Hottentot force, enrolled soon after the capture of the Cape by the English, having been changed from infantry to cavalry, then to a battalion of ten companies, one half mounted, but now reduced to three mounted companies of about sixty men each. The men are what are called "bastards," that is, mongrel Hottentots, a small but active race, of every gradation of colour, from nearly black to the most sickly, dirty yellow. They naturally ride well and easily, if not with the correct military seat, and are quiet and orderly, but averse to restraint and the trouble of perfect neatness and smart appearance on parade. Few of them, except the non-commissioned officers, can speak English, but the officers easily pick up enough Dutch for ordinary purposes.

Their uniform is a dark rifle-green jacket and gray cloth trousers for winter, but the stout buck-skin trousers universally used by the farmers of the colony are preferred, and constantly worn on patrols, in riding post, &c., as they resist the sharp mimosa thorns and bushes. The accoutrements are of black leather, and they wear the old, absurd high-crowned chaco with peaks set out at right angles, and a broad edging of tawdry orange worsted—a heavy, cumbersome article, which in ordinary is replaced by a cloth cap. A small compact helmet would be much better suited to them. They are armed with a short double-barrelled fusee, much too heavy for them, and equally defective with the common musket as to locks. Some of them, it is true, are capital shots even with these, but a lighter and better arm would render them doubly useful. Their horses are purchased at an allowance of fifteen pounds a-piece, and are strong serviceable animals. Such is the Hottentot corps, and a highly efficient and useful force might be formed of them. In a strange country, they have a natural sagacity, a quickness of sight, and perfect recollection of the principal features, that we should vainly look for in Europeans. They are well fitted for their duties of patrolling, and recovering deserters, and I have no doubt would fight well in skirmishes or bush-fighting with the Caffres, particularly if backed by a small force of European troops. Like all Hottentots, too, they are constantly accustomed to sleep in the open air; a few minutes suffice them to off saddle and secure their horses, to light a fire, and broil their ration of meat, and then lay themselves down to sleep, or sit by the fire smoking and talking. Fort Beaufort is, as I have said, seated on a tongue of land enclosed by a bend of the Kat River, a considerable stream running into the Fish River, and winding in a deep gulley, in most places so abrupt, that the ground on each side seems to have been suddenly rent asunder to the depth of from twenty to fifty feet. The course of the river itself, invisible except from the brink, is denoted by the lofty timber trees which spring from the bottom of the ravine, forming with their thick evergreen heads a belt of rich massy foliage, meandering through the sometimes flat, sometimes undulating country. Ranges of loftier hills, divided by passes, or "poorts," enclose at some miles' distance the lower grounds,

which are covered with rich hay, and dotted with light feathery acacias, and clumps of evergreens, over which a bright sun throws a warm golden light, and which afford cover to a variety of antelopes, the duyker, riet buck, and ræbuck, the graceful koodoo, with his long spiral horns, the steen-buck, as also hares, partridges, korhaau, and pouws; while the deep forests in the gorges of the mountains shelter bush-bucks, panthers, hyenas, and large clutches of guinea fowl; and during the three summer months, the woods resound with the melancholy whistling cry of the golden cuckoo, and other rare and beautiful birds.

From the United Service Journal.

PARAGUAY.

THE recent incursion of Dr. Francia, the Dictator of Paraguay, into the territories of neighbouring and more powerful states, tempts us to offer a brief but authentic notice of that singular district and its extraordinary chief.

There are, perhaps, few parts of the world more interesting and less known than the country of Paraguay, in South America. It may with propriety be styled the paradise of the new world, abounding, as it does, with every natural product that can minister to the comfort and luxury of man. Here we find an infinite variety of useful and ornamental timber, plants, shrubs, fruits, and flowers; among these may be mentioned cedar, mahogany, teak, and logwood in profusion, the sugar-cane, the yerba (or tree of Paraguay,) coffee, tobacco, pepper, cotton, indigo, rice, maize, and other corn, shaddocks, forbidden fruit, oranges, lemons, citrons, figs, dates, bananas, plantains, guavas, melons, cocoanuts, wine and brandy, the finest silk, the richest honey, the rarest flowers, black cattle, sheep, horses, &c.; birds of every kind and plumage, and fish in the greatest variety and abundance. It has mines of gold, silver, copper, platina, and mercury; and a larger population (in proportion to its extent) than any other state of South America; and its climate is one of the finest in that part of the world. This delightful province, prior to the revolutionary era, 1810, supplied all the neighbouring colonies with tobacco, yerba, &c.; and, notwithstanding the restrictions imposed upon internal commerce, increased wonderfully in wealth and prosperity.

Its government was of course dependent upon the Viceroy of Buenos Ayres, which city had the greatest share in its trade. The political changes which occurred about this period throughout the viceroyalty naturally influenced this portion of it, and a provisional junta was formed in Paraguay on the same principle as that of Buenos Ayres. Dr. Francia, who was of a respectable family, and had received as good an education as that country could then afford, became a leading member of this junta, and contrived, in a short time, to get rid of all his colleagues, (under pretence of their engaging in conspiracies in the country,) and to assume the sole direction of government, favoured by the Spaniards and on account of his avowed hostility to the

states; and practising upon the credulity of the Indians, by ascribing the favours he bestowed on them to the suggestion of divine inspiration, he raised himself without opposition to the perpetual dictatorship of Paraguay. His first care was to organize an efficient Indian force entirely devoted to him; and this he easily accomplished. Various miraculous discoveries, alleged to have been made by him, together with his solemn manner and secluded habits, and the marked preference he showed them, had so imposed upon that simple and superstitious people, that they regarded him with pious veneration, which increased to such a degree, that he was soon paid the same adoration as the Host—all persons meeting him kneeling and taking off their hats; and upon one occasion a Spaniard refusing to do so, was prosecuted by his parasites for contempt, and condemned to be shot, which sentence was carried into execution amid almost universal satisfaction, having entirely secured the veneration of the natives.

He proceeded to cut off all communication with the neighbouring states, by establishing a strong chain of forts, on the only accessible part of this frontier, and by interdicting the entrance or departure of all vessels (home or foreign) to or from the ports of the province; at the same time all strangers were ordered to quit the territory within a certain period, while those that remained beyond that time, or who subsequently arrived, were not to be permitted to depart. The professed object of this singular cordon was to prevent his subjects from imbibing the anarchical spirit of the adjoining states, particularly that of Buenos Ayres, which made several unsuccessful efforts to annihilate the power of Francia, the principal of which—an expedition under the command of General Balcarée (the most gallant and patriotic officer that country has yet produced)—failed in consequence of the neglect and vacillating conduct of that government, after having penetrated to the Dictator's capital.

Thus did this phenomenon of the nineteenth century succeed in forming an absolute government surrounded by a host of republics, whom he effectually debarred from all communication with the richest portion of their country. Supreme in church and state, he has continued to exercise an uninterrupted sway for nearly twenty years; is able to bring into the field an army (well disciplined for that country) of 30,000 men, and to set at defiance his more liberal, but less united, neighbours. During that period the internal resources of this fine province have been brought into the greatest activity; and there has been nothing wanting to the convenience and comfort of its inhabitants. Its silks and cotton looms have been able to supply those articles of dress suited to the climate, for which it was before dependent upon foreign manufacture, while its storehouses are full to repletion with surplus produce of every kind. Specie is very abundant, but of little value, on account of the total stagnation of external commerce. Many foreigners, connected with its former trade, were induced to remain in the province with the hope of future advantage, and continue to accumulate those commodities which are least liable to injury in the keeping, such as yerba, tobacco, &c. A few years since, a conspiracy was formed to get

rid of the tyrant, which was discovered in the following manner: A black man, who was hired to assassinate him, placed himself behind the door leading to Francia's private apartment: but, on the approach of his intended victim, the cowardly negro betrayed his emotion in so audible a manner, that the Dictator, struck by the noise against the door, and suspecting all was not right, called his guards, who seized and disarmed the affrighted culprit. It was said that he divulged the whole plot, and many influential persons (according to the whim of the tyrant) were condemned without trial, and executed, as having urged him to its commission. This occurrence only served to increase the awe and veneration in which Francia is held, and to establish his dominion on a firmer basis.

The following anecdote may serve to throw some additional light upon the character of this extraordinary despot. On employing a carpenter to mount two small pieces of ordnance, he ordered him to state as near as possible the time it would take him to finish the job. The tradesman said he should be able to complete it in a fortnight at farthest. The carriage not being forthcoming at the expiration of that period, he was summoned before Francia to account for the delay. His excuses, under the plea of miscalculation, were admitted, and further time granted him. However, a second and the third disappointment having taken place, without what was considered a satisfactory explanation, the Dictator was so enraged, that he ordered the unfortunate carpenter to be shot, as a warning to all lying and indolent tradesmen. This singular man spends the greater part of his time in solitude. It is asserted that Machiavelli is his favourite author, and that he has, without other assistance than a dictionary, acquired a translating knowledge of Italian, French, and English. It is almost impossible, in Paraguay, to obtain any information relative to his habits or pursuits. His name is never mentioned with praise, as the people think he has the power of making himself invisible, and consequently, overhearing every thing they say; and as he is entirely surrounded by Indians, the Spaniards and strangers have no opportunity of knowing any thing about him. His age, as far as I could learn, is about sixty-five; and no man, from his habits, is more likely to live to an advanced period. Reports of his death have been frequently circulated in the neighbouring states, but without foundation. When that event does occur, it is to be hoped that a more liberal government will succeed, and that the inhabitants of this rich province will be permitted to enjoy the advantages of commerce, and to cultivate those friendly relations with foreigners, which have so greatly benefited all the other portions of the New World.

As Paddy would say, the fair sex of Paraguay are generally very dark, from an early exposure to the sun, from which they seldom take any pains to protect their children. They are warm-hearted and affectionate in the highest degree. The power which the Peruvian ladies possess of fascinating married men, belongs equally to the Paraguayas; as, prior to the shutting up of the province, ten Spaniards, who had wives and families in Buenos Ayres, within a few weeks of each other contracted a second marriage in Asencion, the capital of Paraguay, where they have

continued ever since. Like the Peruanas, they caress you, taking you in their lap, and calling you child; this endearing manner is, with most men, irresistible. At the same time, they are prone to revenge; and when they love they must be loved in return, or woe to the scorner. Fortunately their passion is of an evanescent nature (too violent to last long,) and you are soon freed from the yoke, unless matrimony interfere; and even its burden is transferable. Hospitality reigns uncontrolled in Paraguay; foreigners with a white skin, who speak Spanish well, and conform to the manners and peculiarities of the natives, are courted by the men, and adored by the women.

From the United Service Journal.

PIRATES AND PIRACY FROM THE EARLIEST AGES.
No. I.

Pirates of the Classical and Mediæval Ages.

By the term pirate is understood a person or vessel that robs on the high seas, or makes descents on a coast without the permission or authority of any prince or state. The etymology of the word is disputed; some think it derived from the name of the first pirate; while others think it is from the Greek *pyr*, or fire, because those outlaws were wont to destroy every thing by fire; while a third contends that as it was anciently used for the person to whose care the *pira*, or mole of a haven, was intrusted, we are to look to him for the derivation. But whatever be its origin, it is certain that it was once applied to honest men, and was sometimes used for a sea-captain, or soldier,—as may be seen in Asser's Life of King Alfred:—"Jussit naves longas fabricari, impunitaque *piratis* in illis vias maris custodiendas ~~summit.~~"

We find by ancient authors that the Greeks were ~~habitually~~ pirates, and some secrets of the human flesh market are revealed in the 15th book of the *Odyssey*. Many examples are found in Homer of the prevalence of sea-robbery. Menelaus boasts that the plunder he had acquired, in his cruises, amounted to 1220 talents; and it was the conduct of Ulysses in sacking the city of the Cicons, and seizing their women, that probably instigated Dante in giving him such an unpleasant berth in his *Inferno*. But there is no occasion to resort to poets, while the best historians are so pregnant with proofs respecting this practice. Piracy was the earliest species of depredation, from the facility of getting clear off with the booty,—the *υλαστοντα*, according to Aristotle, being the most desirable to robbers. Thucydides, the Napier of his day, opens his most interesting narrative by asserting that his ancestors were brigands, the one on the other; and that those who inhabited the coasts and islands were all pirates. "The Grecians formerly," says he, "as well as those barbarians who, though seated on the continent, lived upon the coast, and all the islanders, when once they had learned the method of passing to and fro in their vessels, soon took up the business of piracy under the command of persons of the greatest abilities among them, for the sake of enriching such adventurers, and sub-

sisting their poor. They landed, and plundered by surprise unfortified places and scattered villages, and from hence they principally gained a subsistence. This was by no means at that time an employment of reproach, but rather an instrument of glory. Some people of the continent are even to this day a proof of this, who still attribute honour to such exploits, if *gently performed*." The most formidable of these were the islanders, who consisted principally of Carians and Phœnicians; a fact proved when the Athenians ordered the expiatory purification of Delos, on which occasion all the sepulchres of the dead in that island being broken open, more than half of the number appeared to be Carians, from the arms that were found; the rest were Phœnicians, and distinguished as such by the manner of their interment.

In every ancient times little communication could be maintained by sea, because every small maritime state was addicted to piracy, and navigation was perilous. This habit was so general, that it was regarded with indifference, and, whether merchant, traveller, or pirate, the stranger was received with the rites of hospitality. Thus Nestor, having given Mentor and Telemachus a plenteous repast, remarks, that the banquet being finished, it was time to ask his guests their business. "Are you," demands the aged prince, "merchants destined to any port; or are you mere adventurers and pirates, who roam the seas without any place of destination, and live by rapine and ruin?" The laws of Solon refer to authorized associations for piracy; the tribute-gathering fleet of the Athenians was a positive armament of speculating marauders; and almost all the early voyages were characterized by a union of fraud, robbery, and exaction, under the name of trade. The test of the heroic Alexander's honesty is given in the answer he received, on questioning a captive pirate, as to what right he had to infest the seas, "The same that thou hast to infest the universe; but because I do this in a small ship, I am called a robber; and because thou actest the same part with a great fleet, thou art entitled a conqueror." Justinus says, that until the time of Tarquin, piracy was deemed very honourable among the Phœnicians; and Julius Cæsar, in describing the Germans, tells us that their greatest lords were proud to lead parties of brigands. Diodorus Siculus says the same of the Lusitanians, and Plutarch, in his life of Marius, of the Iberians; for man was looked upon as a mere commercial article, valuable according to the price he would fetch in the market. Xenophon describes the Macedonian exhibition with which the Paphlagonian ambassadors were treated; and in alluding to the Carpean dance, proves that men could not even go to labour in their fields with safety:—One of them having laid down his arms, sows, and drives a yoke of oxen, looking often behind him, as if he were afraid: then a robber approaches, whom the other perceiving, he catches up his arms, and advancing, fights with him in defence of his oxen (and all this the men performed in time to the flute.) At last the robber binds the ploughman, and carries him off with the oxen." And the targeteer, who had formerly been a slave at Athens, when arrived among the Macronians, on hearing the language, says to Xenophon, "If I am not mistaken, this is my own country;"—a proof that he must have

been stolen at an early age. Among the foremost of the freebooters of those and of later days, were the natives of Asia-Minor; whence Constantine Porphyrogenitus termed Side, the capital of Pamphylia, "Piratarum officina."

Yet, as astronomy has been indebted to astrology, and chemistry to alchemy, so has navigation been largely indebted to the spirit fostered among the marauders. Piracy aided commerce in leading to that *θαλασσης πρατος*, which became a leading feature in the Athenian commonwealth; and pirates were probably among the earliest improvers of nautical skill, and leaders of maritime enterprise.

According to Plutarch, there was a law prohibiting any boat from quitting the shore with more than five men. Jason alone was permitted to scour the seas in order to destroy the swarms of pirates; and for this purpose he built the largest vessel then known, about B. C. 1253. Before this, Minos II., king of Crete, had equipped a fleet for clearing the Euxine sea; and in so doing, appropriated the Cyclades to himself, sending coteries thither, headed by his children, and established himself the first Grecian prince who acquired the dominion of those seas. About that time we read of the wise Athenian institution of young militia, called Deripoles, consisting of lads from eighteen to twenty years of age, who, though not old enough to serve in the armies of the republic, did their country two years good service in this band, dedicated to the keeping off of pirates. Ptolemy Philadelphus, who above all things was anxious to promote commerce, maintained two fleets, one in the Red Sea, the other in the Mediterranean, expressly for the suppression of piracy, a pretty clear proof of the number and force of the marauders. Nor were they the least intelligent portion of the community; Xenophon, in mentioning the coast and wreckers of Thrace, says—"In this place are found many beds, boxes, *books*, and several other things which sailors usually carry in their chests."

After the death of Gelon, Syracuse was successively distracted by eleven tyrants during sixty years. Taking advantage of these circumstances, the Tyrrhenians came to ravage the coasts of Sicily. Phayllus was sent against them with a considerable fleet, and he made a descent on their territory; but, bribed by their rich presents, he returned home without having effected any thing decisive. He was, however, replaced by Apelles, who expelled the Tyrrhenians from Corsica, which island they had invaded, and returned to Syracuse so loaded with rich booty, that his country was thereby enabled to support the subsequent struggle with Athens.

The Punic wars, by extending the field of Roman navigation, induced them to attend to it, so that they were enabled to punish and subdue the haughty Teuca, queen of Illyria, who had been infesting the seas with her pirates. But still, as they thought commerce would degrade a senator, it was left to freed men and slaves; and even Cicero, who was sufficiently discerning on most points, thought that only the "*negociatores magnarii*" sometimes deserved praise, the "*mercatores propolæ*," and "*Arilatores*," or retail dealers, being held in the lowest light. But in the mention of the Punic wars, we beg

to protest against the vulgar error that the Roman fleet emerged from nothing, and rose at once, like Minerva, armed cap-a-pee from Jupiter. Ancus Martius, whom all will agree to have been senior to Polybius, had set aside certain wood for the express purpose of ship-building; and the early money of the republic was so usually stamped with the prow of a galley, that the boy's play of "*capita aut navis*" was probably long anterior to Duilius. In the treaty entered into with the Carthaginians, in the consulate of Brutus, immediately after the expulsion of the Tarquins, it was stipulated, as one of the articles, that neither the Romans nor their allies should sail beyond the Fair Promontory, unless driven by stress of weather, or pursuit of their enemies. In the consulate of Mævius, nearly 200 years before the victory of Duilius, the port of Antrim was forced, and the fleet belonging to it borne off, and moored in a reach of the Tiber, expressively "set apart for shipping." And two commissioners of the navy were appointed B. C. 304, at the instance of the famous tribune Decius Mus; whence it may be concluded, that such an appointment would hardly have been made had there not been both arsenals and ships.

During the struggles of Marius and Sylla, Rome was at the height of her power, but distracted by jealousies and factions. A swarm of Cilician freebooters, taking advantage of these troubles, spread themselves throughout the Mediterranean, and carried terror wherever they appeared. It was at this time that the young Julius Cæsar, returning from the court of Nicomedes, king of Bithynia, was taken by these pirates near the isle of Pharmacusa, and only not thrown overboard according to their usual practice, because from his purple robe and numerous attendants they concluded he could pay them a handsome ransom. During his confinement he exhibited that extraordinary courage and presence of mind which were afterwards so strongly exemplified in his career. His captors demanded twenty talents for his liberation, but he informed them that they were not duly apprized of the importance of their prisoners, and engaged to pay them fifty; adding, with a smile, that he should soon take it back again. Whilst some of his retinue were about to procure the stipulated sum, he remained in custody for thirty-eight days, accompanied only by one friend and two servants, treating the pirates with the greatest contempt; reciting verses which he made on the occasion; and often, between jest and earnest, threatening them with future punishment if they disturbed his rest. Having been furnished with the means by the inhabitants of Miletus, he was set at liberty, and then in that city fitted out some ships, with which he pursued and captured his late masters, took them to Pergamus, and there inflicted upon them the punishment of crucifixion, with which he had threatened them, regaining his fifty talents besides a rich booty.

Notwithstanding this severe check, the Cilician pirates recovered their vigour, and infested every part of the Mediterranean, about B. C. 80. In the war with Pontus, these insolent public enemies were encouraged, and even commissioned by Mithridates. Their numbers were increased by the ruin of Carthage and Corinth, and the Romans themselves con-nived at their practices during their civil wars.

They, therefore, now flourished in great power, having arsenals, ports, and watch-towers, and fortifications in the most advantageous places. Desperate and abandoned men of all nations joined them, as well as others distinguished for birth, wealth, and talent; their fleets were conducted by able pilots; their ships were decorated with prodigal magnificence, such as gilt sterns, purple sails, and oars inlaid with silver; and they caroused on the most sumptuous banquets. Their galleys in the single harbour of Seleucia amounted to 1000; they took hundreds of maritime towns, pillaged temples, and were guilty of barbarous sacrifices and abominable ceremonies in the worship of their god Mithras.

And hence we may date the rise of the horrible custom which has been maintained among pirates till the latest times,—that now called “walking a plank.” Plutarch says—“But the most contemptuous circumstance of all was, that when they had taken a prisoner, and he cried out that he was a Roman, and told them his name, they pretended to be struck with terror, smote their thighs, and fell upon their knees to ask pardon; the poor man, seeing them thus humble themselves before him, thought them in earnest, and said he would forgive them, for some were so officious as to put on his shoes, and others to help him on with his gown, that his quality might be no more mistaken. When they had carried on this farce, and enjoyed it for some time, they let a ladder down into the sea, and bade him go in peace; if he refused to do so, they pushed him off the deck and drowned him.”

In their career of success these plunderers did not even abstain from insulting the coast of Italy, having burnt a Roman fleet in the very port of Ostia; besides which, they captured a couple of prætors in their purple robes, with all their lictors, domestics, and attendants; and took the daughter of Antony, who had been honoured with a triumph, as she was returning to her villa at Masenus. At last Rome itself was threatened with famine, from their intercepting all her supplies of corn, and Publius Servilius was sent against them with a powerful fleet. He swept the seas for a time, but had no sooner returned to port, than they became more audacious than ever, and music resounded, and drunken revels were exhibited on every coast. Here generals were made prisoners, their cities were paying their ransom, all to the great disgrace of the Roman power. The prætor, Marc Antony, son of the orator, and father of the triumvir of that name, but without the great qualities of either, made his power felt in the maritime provinces intrusted to his defence only by his incapacity. Though, as Lactantius informs us, he was invested with supreme command over all the seas of the empire, he confined his exertions against the armament of Crete, and was there beaten and induced to make so disgraceful a treaty, that he has nicknamed in derision Creticus, and died of shame.

The authority of the pirates now triumphantly extended over the Tuscan sea, so that the Romans found their trade and navigation entirely cut off. This compelled the latter to arm Pompey with extraordinary powers for the suppression of so crying an evil: and a striking instance was afforded of the ad-

vantage of such a step, when a proper individual is selected to invest with so full a command. No sooner was the decree passed, which authorized his taking from the quæstors what money he pleased, and empowered him to raise an army of 120,000 infantry, and 5000 cavalry, than he collected all the vessels of the empire together, and saw them properly equipped. These, amounting to 500, he divided into 10 squadrons, or according to Plutarch, 13; appointing capable leaders to each, assigned their respective stations, placed himself in the centre, and in the course of forty days, without the loss of a single ship or man, cleared the Tuscan sea, and the coasts of Africa, Sardinia, Corsica, and Sicily, of their pests. Following up his success, he chased those pirates who had retired to Cilicia, “like so many bees into a hive,” and annihilated their power; 24,000 of them were made prisoners, 90 ships with brazen beaks were taken, and the cities and islands which they had conquered and fortified were subjected to Rome. Here Pompey also proved himself as great a politician as a warrior; for not choosing to put such a multitude to death, and yet not to leave so warlike a mass at large, he sent his prisoners far inland, to forget their former habits in the civil enjoyments of a peaceful agricultural life. Superabundant plenty followed, the price of provisions fell in the markets of the “Eternal City,” and the exploits of the piratic war were commemorated by denarii inscribed *PRAEF. ORAE MARIT. ET CLAS. EX. S. C.*, with the brothers Anapius and Amphinomus; some having *PRAEF. CLAS. ET ORAE MARIT. EX. S. C.*, with a reverse representing Scylla beating her dogs with a rudder; and others with naval trophies and symbols.

But under the triumvirate of Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, the younger Pompey, being proscribed, got possession of all the vessels of the republic, as well as of those of the allies, and joined a tribe of pirates that had newly arisen. Italy having become sterile under the influence of luxury, was entirely dependent on the provisions brought by sea, and thus Pompey was able to occasion her the greatest vexations, until Octavius, collecting such vessels as could be obtained or built, put them under the command of the able and wise Agrippa, who finally succeeded in destroying his antagonist's fleet. No sooner was Octavius released by the death of his rival than he assumed the title of Augustus, and with it a degree of prudence unusual in those or other times, for he kept up his fleets, although the danger had subsided, and thus prevented the pirates from re-organizing themselves.

Masters of the whole Mediterranean sea, the policy of the Roman emperors was to preserve their territories in peace, and protect the maritime commerce, for which purpose naval stations were established; but in consequence of the absence of an enemy, the vessels of war were fallen so far below those which wrested the dominion of the sea from Carthage, that most of the fleet of Byzantium, when besieged by Severus, were *Naves Onerariæ*, or open craft, built for commerce, and yet they comprehended nearly the whole imperial fleet. For almost half a century after this event there is no mention in history of any naval force whatever used by the Romans in their

own defence, or brought into action, either by their intestine or foreign enemies; and it may be concluded that piracy was at its lowest ebb.

While the Romans were thus quiescent, as it were, in sea matters, a horde of pirates was forming, which, however, inconsiderable as to maritime means and knowledge, became terrible from their numbers, spirit, and hardihood. The Goths and Vandals having stationed themselves in the Ukraine, soon rendered themselves masters of the northern coast of the Euxine, and with this success acquired an additional incentive to future conquest by the possession of a naval force, which, rude as it certainly was, appeared to be competent to the necessities of this daring people. The description of vessel used at that time for the navigation of the Black Sea is extremely curious: they were of very light construction, flat bottomed, and formed of timber only, without the smallest addition of iron; they were built with an occasional shelving roof to protect the passengers, as well as the mariners, from the fury of any tempest which they might be so unfortunate as to encounter. In these floating huts, for they merited no other appellation, did the Goths, flushed with the charms of plunder, rashly commit themselves to the mercy of a sea totally unknown to them, under the conduct of navigators compulsively brought into their service, and whose skill as well as fidelity were equally suspicious. Three successive uncouth and ill-equipped expeditions proved eminently fortunate; numerous cities were mercilessly sacked, the whole province of Bithynia was overrun, Greece and the Grecian islands were subdued, and Rome itself was trembling at the daring invaders, when the intestine divisions among some of their chiefs, aided by bribes profusely distributed among others, caused their unexpected retreat.

The love of lawless depredation had been too strongly nourished by success to subside, and the formidable barbarians again poured on the Roman frontier in multitudes incredibly numerous. They were now, however, encountered by the brave and judicious Claudius Gothicus, and in a severe battle, in which the pirates fought for plunder, and the legions for safety, the genius of Rome prevailed; the Goths were signally defeated, 50,000 were slain in the action itself, and the rest, after a time, fell into the hands of the victors. Their fleet experienced a similar fate: it is said to have amounted to 6000 vessels, and must have been composed merely of the *navis tralaria*, or, as Gibbon styles them, canoes. Pliny informs us that the German pirates used such craft, in these words:—"Germaniæ prædones singulis arboribus cavatis navigant, quarum quædam et triginta homines vehunt."

Under the emperors Aurelian and Probus, the rebellions and piracies were suppressed; and the latter took prudent and decisive measures to prevent their repetition. To this end, imitating the example of Pompey, he transported large bodies of the captives into different countries, that their turbulence might be checked, and their industry be made useful. But a party of Franks, who had been allotted lands in Pontus, resolved to risk every thing to return to their native country. Having suppressed a number of vessels on

the Euxine, they boldly course through the Bosphorus the Mediterranean, though navigation, and completely seas through which necessity. For some time they glutted their revenge against their conquerors by desultory descents and predatory excursions, which were uniformly marked with the most savage cruelty. Having thus ravaged the defenceless shores of Asia, Greece, and Africa, where which they coasted in security, they sailed between the pillars of Hercules, heroically entered the Atlantic Ocean, and after a triumphant passage through the British channel, landed in safety on the shores of Holland. This daring and successful voyage probably led to Carausius's seizing the fleet, and exciting the revolt of Britain; and it also led to the enterprises of the "Sea-kings" of the middle ages.

About A. D. 450, the north coast of Africa commenced that lawless system, for which it has so long been notorious. Genseric, the Vandal chief, having seized upon Carthage, fitted out a powerful fleet, and joined to his former occupation of military marauding that of a pirate. Gibbon says, "The discovery of the conquest of the black nations that might dwell beneath the torrid zone could not tempt the rational ambition of Genseric; but he cast his eyes toward the sea; he resolved to create a naval power, and his bold resolution was executed with steady and active perseverance. The woods of Mount Atlas afforded an inexhaustible nursery of timber; his new subjects were skilled in the arts of navigation and ship-building; he animated his daring Vandals to embrace a mode of warfare which would render every maritime country accessible to their arms; the Moors and Africans were allured by the hopes of plunder; and after an interval of six centuries, the fleets that issued from the ports of Carthage again claimed the empire of the Mediterranean." Such was the activity of this lawless force, that it scourged all the coasts of the Roman dominions; and though it sought only plunder, had it been less disgraced by cruelty, would have acquired glory also. Not only the provinces of Liguria, Etruria, Campania, Brutium, Apulia, Lucania, and Venetia were in rotation the scenes of devastation, but the coasts of Spain, Greece, Epirus, Sicily, and Sardinia were equal sufferers. Whenever the haughty chief got under weigh, his design and destination were kept profoundly secret; and being once asked by his pilot what course he should steer, he gave a true rover's reply, saying, "Leave the determination to the winds, they will transport us to the guilty coast, whose inhabitants have provoked the divine vengeance." Invited by the empress Eudoxia, who was enraged at being compelled to marry her husband's murderer, Genseric equipped his fleet, sailed for Italy, anchored at Ostia, and marched into Rome, A. D. 455. The elated conqueror, it is true, forbade his followers either to burn the city or kill the people; but the place was given up to pillage for fourteen days, and among the immense plunder which he carried off, were the holy instruments of Jewish worship, the golden table, and the sacred candlestick with seven branches, which Titus had removed from the sanctuary of the

ple of Jerusalem. A vast quantity of captives were carried away, each robber taking as many women as he liked; and Eudoxia, as a fit return for her son, was, with her two daughters, led into captivity by the barbarian.

he Saxons, a people supposed to be derived from the Cimbri, uniting the occupations of fishing and piracy, now commenced their ravages in the German Ocean; and the shores of Gaul and Britain were for ages open to their depredations. About the middle of the fifth century, the unwarlike Vortigern, king of Britain, embraced the fatal resolution of inviting these hardy warriors to deliver him from the harassing inroads of the Picts and Scots; and the expedition of Hengist and Horsa was the consequence. Our mention of this memorable epoch is for its political importance, great as that is, but for its effects on piracy; for the success attending his enterprises seems to have turned the whole of the northern nations towards sea warfare. The Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes, from their superior knowledge of navigation, gave into it most; and on whatever coast the winds carried them, they made free with all that came in their way. Canute the Fourth endeavoured in vain to repress these lawless disorders among his subjects; but they felt so galled by his restrictions, that they assassinated him. On the king of Sweden being taken by the Danes, permission was given to such of his subjects as chose to arm themselves against the enemy, pillage his possessions, and sell their prizes at Ribnitz and Gelnitz. This proved a fertile nursery of pirates, who became so formidable under the name of "Victalien Brothers," that several princes were obliged to arm against them, and hang some of their chiefs.

Even the females of the North caught the epidemic spirit, and proudly betook themselves to the dangers of sea-life. Saxo-Græmatics relates an interesting story of one of them. Alwilda, the daughter of Synardus, a Gothic king, to deliver herself from the violence imposed on her inclination, by a marriage with Alf, the son of Sygarus, king of Denmark, embraced the life of a rover; and attired as a man, she embarked in a vessel of which the crew was composed of other young women of tried courage, dressed in the same manner. Among the first of her cruises, she landed at a place where a company of pirates were bewailing the loss of their commander; and the strangers were so captivated with the air and agreeable manners of Alwilda, that they unanimously chose her for their leader. By this reinforcement she became so formidable, that Prince Alf was despatched to engage her. She sustained his attacks with great courage and talent; but during a severe action in the gulf of Finland, Alf boarded her vessel, and having killed the greatest part of her crew, seized the captain, namely herself; whom nevertheless he knew not, because she had a casque which covered her visage. The prince was agreeably surprised, on removing the helmet, to recognise his beloved Alwilda; and it seems that his valour had now recommended him to the fair princess, for he persuaded her to accept his hand, married her on board, and then led her to partake of his wealth, and share his throne.

Charlemagne, though represented as naturally

generous and humane, had been induced, in his extravagant zeal for the propagation of those tenets which he had himself adopted, to enforce them throughout Germany at the point of the sword; and his murders and decimations on that account disgrace humanity. The more warlike of the Pagans flying into Jutland, from whence the Saxons had issued forth, were received with kindness, and furnished with the means of punishing their persecutor, by harassing his coasts. The maritime towns of France were especially ravaged by those pirates called "Normands," or men of the North; and it was owing to their being joined by many malcontents, in the provinces since called Normandy, that that district acquired its name. Charlemagne, roused by this effrontery, besides fortifying the mouths of the great rivers, determined on building himself a fleet, which he did, consisting of 100 of the largest galleys then known, some having five or six benches of oars. His people were, however, extremely ignorant of maritime affairs, and in the progress of having them taught, he was suddenly called to the south, by the invasion of the Saracens.

Another division of Normans, some years afterwards, in the same spirit of emigration, and thirsting, perhaps, to avenge their injured ancestors, burst into the provinces of France, which the degeneracy of Charlemagne's posterity, and the dissensions which prevailed there, rendered an affair of no great difficulty. Louis le Debonnaire had taken every means of keeping on good terms with them; annually persuading some to become Christians, and then sending them home so loaded with presents, that it was discovered they came to be baptized over and over again, merely for the sake of the gifts, as Du Chesne tells us. But on the subsequent division of the empire among the undutiful sons of Louis, the pirates did not fail to take advantage of the general confusion; braving the sea almost every summer in their light coracles, sailing up the Seine, the Somme, or the Loire, and devastating the best parts of France, almost without resistance. In 845, they went up to Paris, pillaged it, and were on the point of attacking the royal camp at St. Denis; but receiving a large sum of money from Charles the Bald, they retreated from thence, and with the new means thus supplied them, ravaged Bordeaux, and were there joined by Pepin, king of Aquitaine. A few years afterwards, they returned in great numbers. Paris was again sacked, and the magnificent abbey of St. Germain des Près burnt. In 861, Wailand, a famous Norman pirate, returning from England, took up his winter-quarters on the banks of the Loire, devastated the country as high as Touraine, shared the women and girls among his crews, and even carried off the male children, to be brought up in his own profession. Charles the Bald, not having the power to expel him, engaged the fire-brander, for 500 pounds of silver, to dislodge his countrymen, who were harassing the vicinity of Paris. In consequence of this subsidy, Wailand, with a fleet of 260 sail, went up the Seine, and attacked the Normans in the isle of Oiselle: after a long and obstinate resistance, they were obliged to capitulate; and having paid 6000 pounds of gold and silver, by way of ransom, had leave to join their victors. The riches thus acquired rendered a predatory

life so popular, that the pirates were continually increasing in number, so that under a "sea-king" cyllid Eric, they made a descent in the Elbe and the Weser, pillaged Hamburg, penetrated far into Germany, and after gaining two battles, retreated with immense booty. The pirates, thus reinforced on all sides, long continued to devastate Germany, France, and England; some penetrated into Andalusia and Hetruria, where they destroyed the flourishing town of Luni; whilst others descending the Dniپر, penetrated even into Russia.

Meanwhile the Danes had been making several attempts to effect a *lodgment* in England; and allured by its fertility, were induced to try their fortune in various expeditions, which were occasionally completely successful, and at other times most fatally disastrous. At length, after a struggle of several years, their success was so decided, that king Alfred was obliged for a time to abandon his kingdom, as we all know, to their ravages. They immediately passed over to Ireland, and divided it into three sovereignties; that of Dublin fell to the share of Olaf; that of Waterford to Sitrih; and that of Limerick to Yivar. These arrangements dispersed the forces of the enemy, and watching his opportunity, Alfred issued from his retreat, fell on them like a thunderbolt, and made a great carnage of them. This prince, too wise to exterminate the pirates after he had conquered them, sent them to settle Northumberland, which had been wasted by their countrymen, and by this humane policy gained their attachment and services. He then retook London, embellished it, equipped fleets, restrained the Danes in England, and prevented others from landing. In the twelve years of peace which followed his fifty-six battles, this great man composed his body of laws; divided England into counties, hundreds, and tithings, and founded the University of Oxford. But after Alfred's death, fresh swarms of pirates visited the shores, among the most formidable of whom were the Danes, who spread desolation and misery along the banks of the Thames, the Medway, the Severn, the Tamar, and the Avon, for more than a century, though repeatedly tempted to desist by weighty bribes, raised by an oppressive and humiliating tax called *Danegelt*, from its object; and which, like most others, were continued long after it had answered its intent.

About the end of the 9th century, one of the sons of Rognwald, count of the Orcades, named Horolf, or Rollo, having infested the coasts of Norway with piratical descents, was at length defeated and banished by Harold, king of Denmark. He fled for safety to the Scandinavian island of Soderoc, where finding many outlaws and discontented fugitives, he addressed their passions, and succeeded in placing himself at their head. Instead of measuring his sword with his sovereign again, he adopted the wiser policy of initiating his countrymen, in making his fortune by plundering the more opulent places of southern Europe. The first attempt of this powerful gang was upon England, where finding Alfred too powerful to be coped with, he stood over to the mouth of the Seine, and availed himself of the state to which France was reduced. Horolf, however, did not limit *his ambition to the acquisition of booty*; he wished *permanently to enjoy some of the fine countries he*

was ravaging, and after many treaties made and broken, received the duchy of Normandy from the lands of Charles the Simple, as a fief, together with Gisle, the daughter of the French monarch, in marriage. Thus did a mere pirate found the family which in a few years gave sovereigns to England, Naples, and Sicily, and spread the fame of their talents and prowess throughout the world.

Nor was Europe open to the depredations of the northern pirates only. Some Asiatic moslems, having seized on Syria, immediately invaded Africa, and their subsequent conquests in Spain facilitated their irruption into France, where they pillaged the devoted country, with but few substantial checks. Masters of all the islands in the Mediterranean, their corsairs insulted the coasts of Italy, and even threatened the destruction of the Eastern empire. While Alexis was occupied in a war with Patzinaces, on the banks of the Danube, Zachas, a Saracen pirate, scoured the Archipelago, having, with the assistance of an able Smyrniote, constructed a flotilla of forty brigantines, and some light fast-rowing boats, manned by adventurers like himself. After taking several of the surrounding islands, he established himself sovereign of Smyrna, that place being about the centre of his newly-acquired dominions. Here his fortunes prospered for a time, and Soliman, sultan of Nicea, son of the grand Soliman, sought his alliance, and married his daughter, about A. D. 1093. But in the following year, young Soliman being persuaded that his father-in-law had an eye to his possessions, with his own hand stabbed Zachas to the heart. The success of this freebooter shows that the Eastern emperor could no longer protect, or even assist, their islands.

Maritime pursuits had now revived, the improvement of nautical science was progressing rapidly and the advantages of predatory expeditions, especially when assisted and masked by commerce, led people of family and acquirements to embrace the profession. The foremost of these were the Venetians and Genoese, among whom the private adventurers, stimulated by an enterprising spirit, fitted out armaments, and volunteered themselves into the service of those nations who thought proper to retain them; or they engaged in such schemes of plunder as were likely to repay their pains and expense. About the same time, the Roxolani or Russians became known in history, making their debut in the character of pirates, ravenous for booty, and hungry for the pillage of Constantinople—a longing which 900 years have not yet satisfied. Pouring hundreds of boats down the Borysthenes, the Russian marauders made four desperate attempts to plunder the city of the Cæsars, in less than two centuries, and appear only to have been repulsed by the dreadful effects of the celebrated Greek fire.

England, in the mean time, had little to do with piracy; nor had she any thing worthy the name of a navy; yet Cour de Lion had given maritime laws to Europe; her seamen, in point of skill, were esteemed superior to their contemporaries; and King John enacted, that those foreign ships which refused to lower their flags to that of Britain should, if taken, be deemed lawful prizes. Under Henry III., though Hugh de Burgh, the governor of Dover Castle, had defeated a French fleet, by casting lime into the eyes

of his antagonists, the naval force was impaired to such a degree, that the Normans and Bretons were too powerful for the Cinque Ports, and compelled them to seek relief from the other ports of the kingdom. The taste for depredation had become so general and contagious, that privateers were now allowed to be fitted out, which equipments quickly degenerated to the most cruel of pirates. Nay more: on the disputes which took place between Henry and his Barons, in 1244, the Cinque Ports, who had shown much indifference to the royal requisitions, openly espoused the cause of the revolted nobles; and, under the orders of Simon de Montfort, burnt Portsmouth. From this, forgetful of their motives for arming, they proceeded to commit various acts of piracy, and considering nothing but their private interests, extended their violence not only against the shipping of all countries unfortunate enough to fall in their way, but even to perpetrate the most unwarrantable ravages on the property of their own countrymen. Nor was this confined to the Cinque Port vessels only; the example and the profits were too stimulating to the restless; and one daring association on the coast of Lincolnshire seized the Isle of Ely, and made it their receptacle for the plunder of all the adjacent countries. One William Marshall fortified the little island of Lundy, in the mouth of the Severn, and did so much mischief by his piracies, that at length it became necessary to fit out a squadron to reduce him, which was accordingly done, and he was executed in London: yet the example did not deter other persons from similar practices. The sovereign, however, did not possess sufficient naval means to suppress the enormities of the great predatory squadrons, and their ravages continued to disgrace the English name for upwards of twenty years, when the valour and conciliation of the gallant Prince Edward brought them to that submission which his royal parent had failed in procuring.

Those "harum-scarum" expeditions, the Crusades, were perhaps influential in checking piracy, although the rabble that composed the majority of them had as little principle as the worst of the freebooters. From the time that Peter the Hermit set Europe in a blaze, all ranks, and all nations, streamed to the East, so that few vessels were otherwise employed than in conveying the motly groups who sought the shores of Palestine; some from religious zeal; some from frantic fanaticism; some from desire of distinction; some for the numberless privileges which the crusaders acquired; and the rest and greater portion, for the spoil and plunder of which they had a prospect. The armaments, fitted in no fewer than nine successive efforts, were mostly equipped with such haste and ignorance, and with so little choice, that ruinous delays, shipwrecks, and final discomfiture, were naturally to be expected. Still, the effect of such incredible numbers of people betaking themselves to foreign countries, advanced civilization, although vast means of forwarding its cause were buried in the East; and those who assert that no benefit actually resulted, cannot deny that at least some evils were thereby removed. Montesquieu says, that Europe then required a general shock, to teach her, by the sight of contrasts, the theorems of public economy most conducive to happiness. And it is evident, that notwithstanding

these follies wasted the population of Europe, squandered its treasures, and infected us with new vices and diseases, still the crusades diminished the bondage of the feudal system, by augmenting the power of the King, and the strength of the Commons; while they also occasioned a very increased activity in commerce: thus taming the ferocity of men's spirits, increasing agriculture in value from the safety it enjoyed, and establishing a base for permanent prosperity.

From the Spectator.

PRITCHARD'S NATURAL HISTORY OF ANIMALCULES.

Let the sluggard, who sits with his hands before him saying what shall I do, procure a microscope and Mr. PRITCHARD'S book. The wonders that a phial of water contains will excite his astonishment, and perhaps rouse his faculties to active observation. He will find that all creation teems with *life*; that the fluids which seem to him a vacant medium are inhabited by myriads of living beings, too minute to be seen by the naked eye, yet moving on in their respective walks of life, doubtless enjoying their brief existence, and continuing the races each after its kind. Their existence, however, is far from being the strangest matter: their organization is much more wonderful. In the compass of from 1-1200th to 1-24,000th part of an inch, digestive functions flourish; and in the larger species of Animalcules, if not in the smallest genus (Monads), the internal structure is as complex as in the higher animals. Hear Mr. PRITCHARD on the subject and the mode of the discovery.

"Until the introduction of vegetable colouring matter into the fluid, which supplies them with food—an experiment that has been attended with very successful results—these creatures were commonly supposed to be entirely devoid of internal organization, and to be nourished by the simple process of cuticular absorption. By the application of coloured substances, which, moreover, have been found to invigorate rather than to depress the animalcule, and to maintain it in the full exercise of all its functions, this erroneous notion is set at rest, and an internal structure is discerned in some, equal, if not surpassing that of many of the larger invertebrated animals, and comprising a muscular, nervous, and, in all probability, vascular system; all wonderfully contrived for the performance of their respective offices."

Their forms and modes of propagation are equally curious.

"By a careful inspection of the drawings, it will be noticed that some animalcules resemble spheres, others are egg-shaped; others, again, represent fruits of various kinds; eels, serpents, and many of the invertebrated animals; funnels, tops, cylinders, pitchers, wheels, flasks, &c.; all of which are found to possess their own particular habits, and to pursue a course of life best adapted to their peculiar constructions: thus, for instance, while some move through the water with the greatest imaginable rapidity, darting, leaping, or swimming, others merely creep or glide along; and many are altogether so passive that it requires long and patient observation to discover any of

their movements at all. One description is perceptibly soft, and yields easily to the touch; another is covered with a delicate shell or horn-like coat. Of the latter order there are different degrees of density, as in the Volvox, Gonium, &c., where the envelope is comparatively thick; and where, strange to say, the internal substance, separates by the mode of propagation into several portions, forming so many distinct young ones, which at their birth burst the envelope, and the parent becomes entirely dissipated. In others of this order, the shell is merely a plate covering the body, resembling that of the tortoise; sometimes it includes the body, so as to leave only two small apertures at the extremities, and at others it is bivalve, and encloses the creature like that of the oyster or muscle."

"A reference to the plates, also, will convey a pretty accurate notion of the extraordinary methods of propagation with animalcules. All vetebrated animals are either oviparous or vivaparous, which terms sufficiently designate their modes of production; but it is not so with animalcules; for in addition to these two methods—1. Animalcules propagate by a spontaneous scissure or division of their bodies into two or more portions, each one forming a new creature, which, on its arrival at maturity, pursues the same course. These divisions take place in some genera symmetrically, as in the gonia, &c.; in others, by transverse, longitudinal, or diagonal sections. In these latter cases, the produce have forms differently proportioned from those of the creatures from which they spring; for instance, figure 160 represents the young of 159, engendered by a transverse division: this circumstance, we may observe, renders it sometimes difficult to determine the species. 2. They propagate, in the manner before mentioned of the volvox, and some other genera by a distribution of the internal substance of the parent into a proportionate number of young ones, all of which at their birth issue forth, and leave behind nothing but the envelope, soon to be dissolved. 3. They are produced from germs, shooting forth from the parent's sides, as represented by fig. 218, &c. 4. From spawn, which, in the act of being shed, carries along with it a portion of the parent animalcule, as shown by fig. 80."

The study of Animalcules has one great advantage—the facility with which it may be pursued at any place and under any circumstances. A good microscope, a simple instrument or two, with a little water, and the student is set up. He requires no expensive collections, no rare specimens to be gotten from distant countries, no large space to be occupied with paraphernalia of various sorts. A table holds his implements; with a bit of vegetable substance for infusion in water, the creatures procure themselves. One obstacle alone appears to interpose itself to the general practice of this entertaining pursuit: a good and sufficient microscope, we opine, is dear—that is, about as dear as a loo-table or a good bagatelle-board. To those, however, who are not deterred by the outlay of a few pounds we cannot conceive a more amusing piece of furniture for young people, or for children of a larger growth, when a wet day or listlessness renders them weary of themselves and wearisome to others. And to all who would study Animalcules, we recommend their natural history by Mr. PRITCHARD. It is clear, popular, and scientific. He first presents us with

a brief yet sufficient view of the whole subject; he then proceeds to the different genera, describing the respective species belonging to them. EHRENBURG's arrangement of the Phytozoa forms the third book—dry and tabular; but useful. An excellent table of contents, and upwards of three hundred engravings of magnified animalcules referred to in the text, complete the contents of the volume.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

FALL OF EARL GREY.

At length the hour of retribution, to part at least, of the Administration, has arrived. Earl Grey, the author of the Reform Bill, the adored of the populace, the most popular of the popular, the idol of the people, is OVERTHROWN BY ITS EFFECTS! He has shared the fate of Necker, Lafayette, La Fitte, Vergniaud, Roland, Danton, and all his predecessors in the path of Revolution. He is overturned by the work of his own hands. He has fallen the victim of the passions which he let loose, and the political anarchy which he introduced. In the same venerable spot where he overturned the constitution; in the same tapestried chamber, where he stood up to consummate the triumph of the populace over the crown, the nobility, and the property of the kingdom, he himself has been compelled to stand up to announce his fall, and bewail his inability to carry on the government of the state! The laws of nature are unchanging in their operation; political passion still produces its wonted effects: History is not an old almanac, but the faithful mirror of the future reflected in the images of the past; those that destroy a nation's weal are the first to be destroyed by what they themselves have done.

We have uniformly predicted, for the last three years, that the first victims of the Reform Bill would be its own authors, and that, sooner or later, *every person who was accessory to the introduction of that fatal measure, would be destroyed by its effects*; and already the leaders and ablest portion of the Ministry who introduced it, have sunk under its consequences. One heave of the revolutionary earthquake has overthrown Mr. Stanley, Sir James Graham, Lord Ripon, and the Duke of Richmond; the next has precipitated Earl Grey from the helm. O'Connell and the Irish Catholics, whom he laboured for thirty years to introduce into Parliament have destroyed their chief benefactor: the great agitator, who, after pleading guilty in Dublin to a serious charge, was allowed to escape, and rewarded for his reform exertions by a silk gown—who has since been admitted into the secrets of the cabinet, and honoured with the confidential communications of the Irish secretary, has been the immediate cause of his overthrow! What a memorable instance of poetical justice! what a complete exemplification of the eternity of the laws of the moral world! How providential that the destroyer of the British Constitution has lived to taste the bitter fruits of his reckless ambition; that he has remained in power till compelled, in his own person, to feel the irreparable injury he had done to his country; and been overturned, like all his predecessors in the same insane career, not by external violence or political

animosity, not by the hatred of enemies, or the desertion of friends, but the extravagant passions and revolutionary desires of his supporters, by those for whose sake he had broken down the noblest monument of political wisdom that ever existed upon earth, and at last been swept away by that revolutionary flood which has rushed in at the vast breach which he so assiduously laboured to effect in the bulwarks of the Constitution!

We do not say this in the spirit of exultation, how natural soever such a feeling would be in those who have witnessed the destruction of the old Constitution of England, and recollect the almost insane adulation with which Earl Grey and his administration were loaded, while engaged in that great work of destruction. We do it in order to mark the progress of the revolutionary movement in which we have now for nearly four years been involved; and, if possible, to deduce from passing events, since all appeals to history are in vain with the Movement party, such lessons of wisdom as may illustrate the real tendency of their career. We are aware of the utter futility of all such endeavours with the great body of persons of that way of thinking, as they never either study history, or read political disquisitions adverse to the interests of their own party; but still some part of the seed which is scattered may fall in good soil, and produce fruit, some sixty fold and some an hundred: and to all persons imbued with Conservative principles, the illustrations of their justice which the recent Government afford is so striking, that those who shut their eyes to it would not be converted though one rose from the dead.

It is in vain to attempt to conceal the obvious fact, that it is the Reform Bill, and the vast acceleration it gave to the cause of revolution, which has overturned the Grey administration. It was first weakened, no doubt, and severely weakened, by the secession of Mr. Stanley and the Conservative Whigs. But what compelled that able body to relinquish office at a time when it obviously hazarded the existence of their party? What but the "constant and active pressure from without" of which Earl Grey has so feelingly complained, and which at length has riven him from the helm of even a Whig administration. It was the heaving up from below—the menacing demands and incessant clamour of the Ten-Pounders, and their delegates in Parliament, for the substantial fruits of Reform, of which they had so long been defrauded, which compelled the late Cabinet to commence the work of spoliation, and introduce clauses into the Irish Church Bill which were obviously of a revolutionary character. It was by that measure, and by the wretched subterfuge of sending a commission to inquire into the condition of the Irish Church, despite the countless folios on the same subject with which the table of the House of Commons groaned, which alone procured for ministers a respite from the fierce assaults of the revolutionary party. But their concessions instantly brought them into collision with the Conservative part of the Whigs, both in Parliament and the Cabinet.

Extraordinary and inexplicable as it may appear, nothing can be more certain than the fact that that party not only exists to a considerable extent, but that it embraces many of the ablest men in the coun-

try. In defiance of all the dictates of prudence, and all the lessons of history, they resolutely maintained and acted upon the opinion, that Reform could be conceded without inducing revolution, and that so far from endangering, it would strengthen the remaining institutions of society. Of the soundness of that opinion posterity will probably entertain but one sentiment; but in the meantime nothing can be more evident than that it was at least sincerely entertained, since the persons who held it resigned office and power when they were called upon by the democratic party in the State to commence in good earnest the work of spoliation. When will they restore the bulwarks against revolutionary violence, which they so long and strenuously laboured to subvert, and at length succeeded in overthrowing?

Earl Grey has been overthrown by the next heave of the revolutionary monster, whom he armed with the formidable weapons of political power. It is in vain to say that the fall of Earl Grey's Cabinet was owing merely to its own divisions. No doubt it was; but what were these divisions owing to? Nothing but the "constant and active pressure from without," which impelled the popular, or revolutionary part of the Cabinet, into concessions to the democratic portion of the Legislature, which the aristocratic or conservative portion could not submit to, and therefore it was that it fell to pieces. The Coercion Bill only brought to light the principles of disunion, which had long existed in the Cabinet as in the country, and which the Reform Bill had impregnated with a deadly virus. It was the collision between the Conservation and Revolution which blew the Government up, and in the explosion Earl Grey was overturned.

What was the immediate cause of the resignations, according to the shewing of the late Ministers themselves? Simply this. The session began with a strong, but not unmerited, animadversion on the Irish agitators, as the worst enemies of their country, which Ministers put into the King's mouth in the opening speech. The "constant and active pressure from without," however, the fruit of their darling Reform Bill, soon reduced Ministers to such a state of weakness, that they were fain to purchase a respite even of a few weeks from their democratic allies, by an accommodation, how discreditable soever, with their overbearing leaders; and, accordingly, Mr. Littleton, the Irish Secretary, with the knowledge and authority of Lord Althorp, enters into a confidential communication with the great Agitator, the object of which is to convince him that his hostility is misdirected, and that if the Coercion Act was renewed, it would be without the clauses which were deemed so obnoxious to that gentleman and his supporters, and that his support, or, at least, diminished hostility to Ministers for the remainder of the session, would be rewarded by a signal concession to the democratic principle. To this negotiation, it appears, that Earl Grey and the aristocratic portion of the Cabinet were strangers, and they still adhered to the opinion which experience has now abundantly verified, that the Coercion Act, or some measure as efficacious, was absolutely indispensable, to prevent that infernal agitation, of which Ireland has so long been the victim, and the cessation of which during the last

twelve months, had produced such admirable effects over its whole surface. When the renewal of the Coercion Act was brought under discussion, a majority decided, and decided rightly, that it should be renewed in substantially the same form as before, and another year's repose be given to the people from the blasting agitation of their democratic leaders. But this resolution exposed Lord Althorp, Mr. Littleton, and the truckling portion of the Cabinet, to the charge of inconsistency, and even a suspicion, though as to them ill-founded, of bad faith in their previous dark and ambiguous negotiations with the Agitators; and though they could get over this, and were prepared to press the Coercion Act as it stood, so long as their reluctance to renew the measure was buried in the secrecy of the Cabinet deliberations, yet they could not stand the indignation and scorn of the public, when the whole mystery was revealed in the declamations of O'Connell, and exposed in the cutting and pointed sarcasms of Sir Robert Peel. The result, coupled with the rapidly increasing number of the minority in the House of Commons,* proved fatal to the ministry; and they resigned the helm, not in consequence of any hostility from the Conservatives, who, for a year past, had been the main support of their sinking Government, or any unusual calamity which had befallen the country, but solely from the effect of the divisions consequent on the great revolutionary measure, which they used the whole weight of the Prerogative to force upon the country.

Judicial blindness, or the wilful delusion of faction, can alone fail to perceive in these events the operation of general causes, and the merited punishment of political delinquencies. The collision in the Cabinet was the result of the great collision of opinion in the country; the weak and discreditable negotiations of Lord Althorp and Mr. Littleton with those whom they had just made their sovereign denounce as the worst enemies to their country, the subterfuges to which a weakened and falling government were compelled to have recourse to stave off destruction at the hands of those very persons whom they had made such unheard of, and unhappily successful exertions to establish in power. It is O'Connell and the Reformers who have ruined them; O'Connell, for whose admission in the Legislature they contended almost yearly for five-and-twenty years; the Reformers, to entrench whom in power, they have overturned the English Constitution. When the Duke of Wellington, three years ago, asked Earl Grey, "If this bill passes, I wish the Noble Earl at the head of the Administration would shew us how he proposes to carry on his Majesty's Government?" his obstinacy, blindness, and bigotry, were the subject of vituperation by the whole Liberal press, and

shallow reforming politicians of the day. The event has proved, however, that his words were prophetic; all the popularity acquired by that great concession to democratic power, has not been able to save its authors from its natural effects; and it has been the destiny, and the deserved destiny of Earl Grey, to be compelled to exhibit, in his own administration, an example of the fatal weakness which it implanted in the Government of the country, and in his own person an instance of the punishment which it brings upon its selfish and reckless authors.

Earl Grey is found quoting Napoleon as a political authority; and in many of the sayings of that great man, there is to be found more condensed political wisdom, than in any modern author excepting Lord Bacon. Let us hear in what light he viewed Parliamentary Reform, and Irish agitation; to carry through which were the grand objects of the first two years of the Noble Earl's Administration, as to stop the effects of them has been the almost exclusive objects of the two last. "If you had conquered England," said O'Meara, "would you have attempted to unite it to France?" "I could not," he replied, "have united two nations so dissimilar. I intended, if I had succeeded in my projected descent, to have abolished the Monarchy, and established a Republic instead of the oligarchy by which you are governed. *I would have separated Ireland from England, the former of whom I would have made an independent Republic. No, no—I would have left them to themselves after having sown the seeds of Republicanism in their morale.*"* To ruin and extinguish England; to subject it to a fate worse than that of being a province of France, he deemed it enough to separate Ireland, "and sow the seeds of Republicanism in its morals." And how he would have sown these seeds he has told us in another place. "I would have allowed the House of Commons to remain; but would have introduced a GREAT REFORM. I would have published a proclamation, declaring that we came as friends to the English, and to *free the nation from a corrupt and flagitious aristocracy, and restore a popular form of government.*"† These expressions come, let it be recollected, from a most unexceptionable source, the testimony of an unwilling witness; from O'Meara, himself a strenuous advocate of the popular cause. The same opinion is expressed in his own Memoirs, and in various passages of Las Casas. To prostrate and paralyze England; to reduce it lower than the condition of a province of France; to annihilate its weight in the scale of nations; it was enough in Napoleon's opinion to "sow the seeds of Republicanism in its bosom, by the publication of a *great reform.*" British firmness and intrepidity—the councils of Pitt, the arms of Wellington, have saved us from this wretched degradation at the hands of the greatest and most inveterate of our enemies. But that which Napoleon strove in vain to do, Earl Grey has done. That irreparable weakness, disunion, and degradation, which our enemies could not impose, our own Government, seconded by our own madness, has succeeded in imposing. "England," said Lord Burleigh, "will never be ruined but by its own Parliament." Earl Grey will

* It had risen from 96 who voted with Sir R. Peel against Mr. D. Harvey's motion regarding pensions to 173 on Lord Chandos's motion touching agricultural distress; and this increase was the more alarming that it had been gradual, and accompanied by a rapid desertion of their friends—the well-known sign of a falling Ministry.—Forty members are understood to have joined Mr. Stanley in resisting ulterior measures of spoliation; and on the last division against Lord Chandos, the Ministerial majority was only sixteen.

* O'Meara, l. 469.

† Ibid. l. 430.

d to posterity as the leader of that faction in the which successfully wielded the power of Parliament to overthrow the Constitution, and through it the ultimate dissolution of the British Empire. yet such is the blindness of political infatuation at Earl Grey, while standing up to announce, actually took credit to his Government for having settled the great question of Reform."

the great question of Reform! Why and how many years hence it will be time enough to say that the question is settled; that the ultimate effects of the portentous change have been developed by the lapse of time. But let us take a slight retrospect of his administration; and endeavour, not in the spirit of political animosity, but in the sober sad-historical investigation, to trace the effects of the vast changes in our internal situation and external relations, which have taken place during the course of almost four years that he held the reins of government.

considerable discontent, and a restless desire for change, existed when the Duke of Wellington assumed the helm, accompanied by an alarming increase in incendiarism, the natural result of the consequences of the 'Triumph of the Barricades, is indeed undeniable; but the great thing was, that the Constitution remained entire; and, therefore, any errors of that might have been committed, or any defects in the internal situation that might exist, were subject to revision, alteration, or amendment in the future. Nothing was hopeless, because Parliament remained unchanged; and the powers of the Executive had been proved by experience to be sufficient for surmounting a crisis far more perilous than that which then existed. Is there any man who will now assert that the situation and prospects of the Empire remain the same? Is there any one who, in reasoning on political subjects, excepting members in Parliament, or their hired supporters in Treasury journals, who will assert that the condition of the country is not now all but hopeless?—if the seeds of prosperity, union, and happiness,—in the name of God, what has overthrown the Government of Lord Grey, and what is the avowed, and all but insurmountable difficulty of arranging his successors? Is it external?

According to the account of the Liberals, the state of Europe has not for years been so threateningly established. Is it the House of Peers? They have not passed one vote hostile to Ministers since 1832. Is it the resistance of the Conservatives? They amount only, it is said, to a small minority—they are the wretched remnant of a worn-out and incapable, on their own admission, of carrying on the Government. Is it the weakness of the Party? They compose, according to their own account, nine-tenths of the country. Is it domestic misfortune? On the contrary, such a natural elasticity of Great Britain, and the tendency to prosperity, under any thing approaching to a conservative rule, that during the two last years of Earl Grey's Government, when the efforts of Ministers were directed to check the Movement, the national revenue has steadily increased, and the effects of the revolutionary movements were evidently checked. Then what in nature has overturned

them? Their own divisions? Aye, and more than their divisions; the causes which created these divisions; the fierce advances of the Revolutionary spirit which spurned at farther restraint, and openly sought the adoption of those measures of spoliation and anarchy which the Conservatives uniformly prophesied would follow the passing of the Reform Bill; which its supporters uniformly maintained were in no degree to be apprehended.

The whole efforts of Earl Grey's Administration, since the passing of that measure, have been directed to prevent or suspend its effects—a vain attempt, which has at length led to their overthrow, and will, it may be safely prophesied, lead to the successive dissolution of every administration formed out of the Reform party, until either by the triumph of the Revolutionists, we are at once involved in the horrors of anarchy, or, by the success of the Conservatives, a final stop is put to the farther inroads of Revolutionary ambition. It is this which constitutes the enormous, the unspeakable danger of the internal changes which the Reform Bill has introduced. A vigorous, efficient Government has been rendered impossible. The House of Commons possesses the exclusive command of the Supplies, and the House of Commons is now returned and governed by such a numerous, jealous, and changeable body of electors, that no reliance can be placed on them for any length of time together. No Government has any chance of long obtaining its support, but one which goes on with the movement; and no statesman worthy of the name, but what must soon perceive that to do so, is unavoidably to run the nation upon shipwreck. It is this state of things which has, in all ages, been the cause of the excessive weakness of the Executive, which constitutes so marked a stage in the revolutionary fever. Ahead, right ahead, is a frightful line of breakers, over which the ocean boils with incessant fury, distinctly visible from the elevated position of the helmsman—behind is a clamorous, excited crew, incessantly urging the setting of the sails in such a manner, as must lead the vessel directly upon them! To avoid so frightful a catastrophe, the officers long strive to turn the vessel a little to one side or another, but it is all in vain. Their attempts only bring themselves into obloquy. They have been the leaders of the minority, and cannot coerce its fury.

In contemplating the long catalogue of ruinous effects which have resulted from the one revolutionary organic change of Earl Grey's Administration, not the least is the prostration, not only of the Executive, but the Legislature, and the ruinous degradation of the character and usefulness of Parliament, which has resulted from the change. We were told by Lord John Russell and the Whigs, that the precise circumstance which rendered the Reform necessary, was to restore Parliament to the confidence of the country, and render it really a mirror of the feeling and wishes of the people. Has it effected this object? Is the present House of Commons so much more independent and patriotic than those which preceded it? Is the confidence of the people, or of any portion of the people, reposed in the Legislature which the Ten-Pounders have returned? Are the Conservatives satisfied with them? Are the Revolutionists satisfied?

Are the friends of the Church of England their supporters? Are the dissenters to be relied on, in the event of a general election?—The truth cannot be concealed. The House of Commons possesses the confidence of none of the great parties in the nation, and all dread a dissolution, and the doubtful nature of the result with which such a measure would be attended upon their own fortunes, and those of the country.

Is this obloquy, into which the House of Commons has fallen, deserved? In part it is; in part it is not. Much, no doubt, is to be ascribed to the heated state of the public mind, at the time it was assembled, and the extravagant expectations formed of the admirable effects which might be expected to result from the adoption of the principle of self government by the Reform constituencies. But much, also, is to be ascribed to the measures and conduct of Parliament itself. It is impossible to deny, that no Legislature, in the memory of man, has been assembled, in which it is difficult so to get through real business, and in which useless or inflammatory debate occupies so large a portion of the time which should be devoted to the public service. We do not blame individuals for this; it is institutions which form men. If the present House of Commons contained the vigour of Chatham, the fervour of Fox, the learning of Grenville, the brilliancy of Canning, the greatness of Pitt, the result would be the same. Dependence on jealous, conceited, ignorant, popular constituencies, is the radical evil; the necessity of consulting the wishes, and bending to the caprices of the multitude, the circumstance which utterly paralyzes all consistency or decision of character. Democratic ambition, and the objects sought after by democratic ambition, are so utterly at variance with the first interests of mankind, that the statesman who has taken the pledges which the multitude require, finds himself, if he has any foresight at all, committed to a course which must speedily lead to his own and their destruction. His whole object, therefore, after he has got into the chapel of St. Stephen's, is to evade the pledges he has given to get there. Duplicity, vacillation, and shuffling, therefore, are inevitably forced, in a certain degree, on the most upright: they find that, if they pursue a straightforward, consistent, and really useful course, their course in Parliament will speedily close. You might as well look for real greatness, or elevation of character, among the courtiers of an eastern despot, as the representatives of popular constituencies. Flattery, sycophancy, fawning on the ruling powers, must, in the long run, characterise the one as the other. There is no master so imperious—there is no mistress so jealous, as a multitude of Ten-Pounders. Is a member of Parliament independent, manly, consistent? they respect him; perhaps they fear him; certainly they will dismiss him. They fly to the reckless, the unprincipled, the selfish; the fawning, the servile, the ambitious are their natural prey. Ever praising independence, they ever choose the dependent; ever lauding consistency, they select only the vacillating. The talents requisite to gain their suffrages are not those which will ultimately benefit, but those which will speedily flatter them; the one thing needful is not ability in conduct or eloquence in debate, but skill or jesuitism in the taking of

pledges, and dexterity in avoiding their performance. No doubt there are still many upright and able men among the popular representatives, but their number is small; and after a few general elections, the race will be extinct. When consistency, decision, statesmanlike firmness, are found in the seraglio of Constantinople, or the saloons of the Tuileries, they will be found in the representatives of the great urban constituencies, but not till then. We have no individuals in view in these observations; we speak of the tendency of existing institutions, not of the state to which Parliament has yet arrived.

The execrable system of "rotation in office," the genuine offspring of democratic jealousy, is also another evil of the very first magnitude, which has been entailed upon the Constitution by the great innovation of Earl Grey. Knowledge or skill in public affairs are not acquired in a day; they are not gained by intuition, but are the slow result of a lifetime devoted to the study and the practice of public affairs. But how are such habits to be acquired by the majority of the present House of Commons? The moment that the representatives of popular constituencies become independent, consistent men, the moment that they are beginning to be really initiated in the difficult and intricate science of government, they will become obnoxious to the Ten-Pounders, and be displaced by them for others, mere tyros in the knowledge of a statesman, but greater adepts in the art of popular flattery, and louder professors of the agreeable doctrine of popular infallibility. There is, in truth, but one science of government, and that is, the due and prudent maintenance of Conservative principles; and so completely is this the case, that the most violent democrats that ever existed have uniformly become imbued with Conservative principles when they reached, and had some time held, the helm of affairs, and their fall is generally owing to the indignant desertion of their democratic supporters, who, seeing such a change in their conduct, ascribe it to the corruptions of power, not the force of conviction. Hence it is that such a perpetual change, not merely of administration, but of legislators, ensues during the progress of every revolutionary movement; that so rapid a succession of popular favourites and demagogues takes place; that as soon as a man, in such times, begins to be initiated into the knowledge of a statesman, he is forthwith supplanted by new and more successful candidates for popular favour; and that amidst incessant eulogies upon the growing lights of the age and intelligence of the people, less real ability, knowledge or virtue, is brought to bear upon the fortunes of the State, than in the lowest period of aristocratic or monarchical subjection. The excessive cupidity, ignorance and servility of the French Chambers, during the four years that the Directory, that is, the Revolutionary Executive, were at the head of affairs; and the enormous corruption, profligacy, and selfishness which pervaded every branch of the public service under their Government, were but the indication of a stage which never fails to supervene in the democratic fever; that is, the period when the first burst of popular talent has been discarded, cast down, or destroyed, by the rotation of office, and jealousy of the people, and nothing remains but their servility, profligacy, and corruption, which is to be found in in-

chaustible profusion in the urban multitudes, who, at such times, rapidly rise to political supremacy. We by no means say that this is the character of the English House of Commons; doubtless many representatives of the good old times are still to be found here, and the debasing influence of democratic ascendancy has not yet been long enough felt to obliterate entirely its ancient character; we only remark, that such is the tendency of the institutions which Earl Grey deems it the greatest glory of his Administration to have forced upon the country. It is daily said by the democratic press, that the Reformed Parliament is the most selfish and servile which has ever sat in English history; we by no means concur in thinking so, and are decidedly of opinion, on the contrary, that, considering the character of the majority of the new electors, and the circumstances under which it was assembled, the only surprising thing is, that it has withstood so well the many causes of evil operating within its bosom; but if it, or succeeding Parliaments, should hereafter become such, it is no more than might, on principle, be expected, or than the experience of history in every age would lead us to anticipate.

The revolutionary journals, amidst all their declamations upon the endless felicity to be anticipated from democratic ascendancy, betray in their unguarded moments a secret consciousness of the deplorable specimen of such a system which the Reformed Parliament has exhibited. They tell us, that Lord Althorp is of inestimable importance; that his temper, good sense, and sterling virtues, were of incalculable value in bringing into something like order 658 representatives of the people; and that if his services are withdrawn, no other leader, even of his party, could manage the House of Commons!—What! Is it really come to this, that the fortunes of England repose on a single individual, and that individual Lord Althorp? We thought society was thenceforward to repose on the base of the pyramid; that individual talent or ascendancy were to be of little importance, amidst the masses of talent which general freedom would bring to bear upon the fortunes of the State; and that, by the continual intermixture of popular energy and virtue, a permanent antidote was to be provided against all the evils which afflict society. Whence this extraordinary necessity of one man, amidst so many and such perennial fountains of public felicity? Napoleon Bonaparte may have been necessary to imperial France; but we never yet heard that Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox, Lord Chatham or Lord North, Mr. Burke or Mr. Canning, were indispensable to free and constitutional Britain. Is it come to this, that the representatives of the Ten-Pounders, the lights of the age, the quintessence of political wisdom, ability, and eloquence, cannot manage the affairs of the State, if one man of moderate abilities is taken from them? Is the Reformed House of Commons a den of wild beasts, which will tear each other in pieces, if their keeper is removed? If not, what in the name of common sense, makes that one man so indispensable? The truth cannot be concealed: the Reformers are terrified at the work of their own hands; they dread the democratic ascendancy, which their frantic innovations have rendered powerful; and they cling

with terrified fondness to the man who has hitherto contrived, by good temper and moderation, though with hardly any talent, and but little information, to throw oil upon the troubled waters of their fearful Legislature.

If such has been the result of the great internal innovation, which will ever form the grand characteristic of the late Administration, what shall we say to its other internal colonial and foreign changes? What of the perilous, and but for the undue ascendancy given by the Reform Bill to urban constituencies, uncalled for and sudden emancipation of the West India Negroes? Is there any man alive, capable of understanding the circumstances, who can contemplate without alarm the ultimate results of that prodigious change? Is there any one hardy enough to assert that the condition of the slaves, ten years after their liberation on 1st August, 1834, will not to all appearance be incomparably more wretched than it now is; and that that disastrous change may not in the interim have dissolved our naval superiority—in other words, our national dependence? Can any man predict the consequences of the opening of India to direct British legislation, and the removal of that important barrier which the East India Company has hitherto formed between that splendid distant possessions, and the passions or interested legislation of the parent state? But Earl Grey seems utterly insensible to the present dangers and ultimate consequences of these immense changes; he gravely talked, in the House of Peers, of having “settled” the Reform and the East and West India Questions, as if a century must not elapse before the real effects of these vast changes could be fully developed.

And has the administration of Earl Grey been so very peaceable and tranquil as to warrant the belief that these changes are to be attended with no danger in all time to come? Has he forgotten the terrible insurrection in Jamaica, produced by the extravagant speeches of his party, during the contested elections of 1830, extinguished only after a frightful infliction of private suffering among these deluded victims of democratic ambition, and a loss of £4,000,000 sterling to the parent state? Does he suppose that we have forgotten, or that history will forget, the conflagration of Bristol, and the sack of Nottingham, and the chasing of two hundred deluded democrats into the flames of its burning squares, by squadrons of cavalry? Has he forgotten the convulsed state of the country during the election of 1831—the brickbat and the bludgeon openly wielded by the partisans of Government, and the Ministerial press daily exhorting the people to assault and beat down the Tories, if they ventured to shew their faces at the poll? Has he forgotten the attempt to assassinate the Duke of Wellington, by a Reform rabble in the streets of London? and the melancholy spectacle of many executions at Bristol and Nottingham, following the very measures which the infernal revolutionary press had recommended? Has he forgotten the open and avowed coercion of the House of Peers, the overthrow of the Independence of the hereditary branch of the Legislature, and the passing of a vital organic change in the Constitution, with the threat of eighty new Peers, compelling the retirement of a Majority of that body? If he

has forgotten these things, we can tell him history will not forget them, and that they will form the prominent and ineffaceable feature of his Administration; and yet such is the force of political infatuation, that the falling statesman actually recounted the exploits of his government, and was loud in its applause, at the very time that he was chased from the helm by the vehement passions which he had brought to bear upon the Government, and the unruly interest to whom he had given an overwhelming power in the Legislature.

And what shall we say to the foreign policy of the noble Earl's Administration? This is a subject which it is impossible to approach without the most intense feeling of national humiliation. Earl Grey succeeded to the helm, when England was the first country in Europe. He left it, if not the weakest, at least the most degraded. Without external compulsion, or national calamity; without the overthrow of our armies, or the defeat of our navy; while yet invincible in arms, and undimmed in renown, we have at once sunk to the lowest point of degradation. At the dictation of France—of France, whom we have conquered, and whose fleets we have swept from the ocean—we have consented to barter our fair fame, and abandon our steadfast policy; to assault our ancient allies, and support our irreconcilable enemies; to partition Holland, which stood by our side in the field of Waterloo, and revolutionize Portugal, which joined us in hurling back the Invader from the rocks of Torres Vedras; to dethrone the Monarch, alike supported by legal right and popular choice in Spain, and establish a French fortified post in the Papal territories. All this has been done, without any conceivable motive, or any visible compulsion, excepting that arising from the sympathy of Revolutionists with each other all over the world. Nor is this all. Not content with bending the knee to revolutionary violence in Western, we have sunk before Imperial ambition in Eastern Europe: we have cast off Turkey, which turned to us, nothing doubting, for aid, in the moment of her distress, and counselled her to apply to the Czar for protection; and the consequence has been, the overthrow of all our influence in the Levant,—the conclusion of an alliance, offensive and defensive, between Russia and Turkey; the closing of the Dardanelles to all other European vessels—their fortification under Russian officers, so as to bid defiance to all the efforts of Western Europe; and the converting of the Euxine into a vast and capacious Russian harbour, where her fleets may rest and increase in safety, and acquire all the skill requisite for seamanship, without being accessible to a single shot from the British navy. These woful results, too, have ensued without any external calamity; without one overthrow in war, or one defection of an ally; without any necessity, excepting that of bending to the dictates of a revolutionary party at home. The crisis in the East occurred when we were engaged in beating down the people of Portugal and Holland; when the flag of England, and the Tricolour, were waving together at the mouth of the Scheldt; when we had not a man, or a guinea to spare, to rescue the Dardanelles from the fangs of Russia. Government, in consequence, counselled the Sultan, by their

own admission, to throw himself into the arms of Russia: he had no alternative but to do so, or be dethroned by the Pacha of Egypt; and the closing of the Dardanelles, and annihilation of British influence in the East, has been the consequence.

The nation is so intent on domestic changes; the pressure of danger at home, to all the great interests of the State, is so violent, that we cannot appreciate the woful, the ruinous effects, which these unparalleled vacillations of policy have had and will have, not only on our external influence, but our national character. When foreign nations see a country suddenly abandoning all its former policy, breaking through all its ancient treaties, assailing its steadfast allies, and leaguings with its oldest enemies, what can they think either of the people or the Government which has been guilty of such flagrant inconsistency? The total forfeiture of foreign respect, the desertion of friends, the contempt of enemies, universal derision and obloquy, must attend such monstrous and unaccountable conduct. De Witt said to Sir William Temple, in 1676, that "the conduct of England, since the democratic troubles began in 1642, had been inconsistent, that no reliance could be placed on its continuing any course of policy whatever for two years together;" and the foreign measures of our days have even gone farther in political tergiversation and degradation—have equally betrayed the inherent vacillation and weakness of democratic institutions. Both were the days of French alliance and Dutch hostility, of desertion of allies, and leaguings with enemies, of democratic contests at home, and contempt and infamy abroad. Both were the days on which the enemies of England dwell with delight, which its friends contemplate with shame; and both were attended with consequences so disastrous, as have been, or will be, felt to the latest generation.

What the future measures or conduct of Government will be, whether Lord Melbourne's administration will rival Earl Grey's in its disastrous effects on domestic security, and external respect, it is impossible to foresee; but, without pretending to the gift of prophecy, this much may confidently be predicted, that being founded on the principle of revolutionary concession, and preceded by the overthrow of the former Government by the Great Agitator, it will sink deeper in the slough of democratic degradation, and will continue and accelerate that disastrous movement which the Reform Bill has now indelibly, it is to be feared, imprinted upon the British empire. It will be blown up in the end, in all human probability, if not sooner terminated, by the same cause which proved fatal to that of Earl Grey; "the constant and active pressure from without," produced by the Reform Bill, will force it into measures which the few Conservative Whigs which it contains cannot go along with; they will retire, and be succeeded by more thorough-paced innovators, until at last the root-and-branch men have got a complete ascendancy, and a Revolutionary Administration, with all its consequent horrors, is, amidst the transports of the Ten-Pounders, fairly installed in irresistible sovereignty.

Its first step augurs but ill as to its future character or measures. Lord Melbourne has introduced the

Coercion Act, *without the three first clauses*; in other words, without the whole strength and efficacy of the measure; without what Lord Grey himself tells us is the most important part of the Bill: although that Noble Lord, not a fortnight ago, was part of a majority in the former Cabinet which decided, that without these clauses that bill would be *perfectly nugatory*, and that the safety of Ireland imperatively required their re-enactment. O'Connell has defeated the Administration. The man whom the Cabinet denounced as the greatest enemy to his country at the commencement of the session, before its close has found the Government quite submissive to his demands! Earl Grey, albeit well accustomed to humiliation, revolted at such degradation. Lord Melbourne, Lord Brougham, Lord Lansdowne, are content to hold on in office, under the disgrace of such an overthrow from such a man! Not many weeks have elapsed since Marquis Wellesley wrote from Ireland, in a confidential communication to Lord Grey: "These disturbances have been in every instance excited and inflamed by the agitation of the combined projects for the abolition of tithes and the destruction of the Union with Great Britain. I cannot employ words of sufficient strength to express my solicitude that his Majesty's Government should fix the deepest attention on the intimate connexion, marked by the strongest characters in all these transactions, between the *system of agitation and its inevitable consequence, the system of combination, leading to violence and outrage; they are, inseparably, cause and effect*; nor can I (after the most attentive consideration of the dreadful scenes passing under my view,) by any effort of my understanding, separate one from the other in that unbroken chain of indissoluble connexion." And in a few weeks hereafter a Government is content to accept office on the condition of omitting the clauses which have been found most important in suppressing these outrages, and restoring the murders, conflagrations, and anarchy, which the system of agitation has invariably given rise to in that unhappy island! It steps into office on the condition of adopting a measure at the dictation of the Great Agitator, which will probably revive the atrocious and frightful crimes which his measures formerly produced in that country, and which the former Coercion Bill had in so surprising a manner extinguished. Violent outrages had declined *three-fifths* since the Coercion Bill was passed; in the county of Kilkenny they had declined from 1560 to 330 annually; and a Ministry accepts office on condition of dropping the most important parts of that necessary measure, and, it is to be feared, restoring those frightful atrocities! Wretched as was the degradation which we ever anticipated for Government from the effects of the Reform Bill, we never expected to see so speedy and lamentable a prostration.

We say this without imputing any blame to the present Ministers for their abandonment of these clauses, or any wish to throw discredit on them on that account. We have no doubt they would not have carried the clauses prohibiting public meetings in the House of Commons; because the revolutionary party had such agitation necessary to carry on the attack on the Irish Church, which it is at this moment their

chief object to overturn. We fully sympathize with the justice of the appeal made by Lord Melbourne to the House of Peers, when he conjured them to recollect in what a situation the country would have been, if, when the Conservatives were not prepared to take the helm, the Whigs had, from an obstinate retention of these clauses, been forced to abandon it. But the point we rest on is this, What shall we say to the Constitution, which compels Government to abandon measures of proved efficacy and admitted utility, and surrender a nation to outrage and disorder, in order to procure a respite of hostility from a revolutionary party, who aim at the subversion of a particular part of the public institutions? What to the men who, for party purposes, wielded the whole force of the prerogative, to reduce to such a pitiable state of weakness, the once firm and glorious Constitution of England?

One only circumstance affords a ray of hope amidst this unparalleled clinging to office on the part of Ministers, and woful weakness in the Executive. It is the firm and dignified conduct of the Conservatives in declining any coalition with such men, and standing aloof, when the divisions of their antagonists gave them the fairest prospect of resuming the reins of power. Such conduct is worthy of the illustrious characters which they bear. To have coalesced with any part of the Melbourne Cabinet would not only have compromised their character, but ruined their usefulness, and destroyed the last hope of their country. It is by steadily resisting *all* revolutionary measures that political integrity can alone be preserved in troubled times, such as the present; it is by a total change of system alone that a nation afflicted with the revolutionary fever can be righted; it is when the majority of the nation have been brought by suffering to see that such a change is necessary, that a stop can alone be put to the principles of ruin with which that malady is attended; it is by the men who have ever resisted its progress, that the cup of salvation can alone be administered.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CAPTAIN ROSS.

As the season is yet young, any animal will do for a lion, and the animal now dressed in the skin is Captain Ross, who is playing the part at the various *soirées* and *conversazioni*, such as they are, which are now giving. In one respect it will be admitted that he is well qualified for shewing off; for both in movement and countenance he bears no small similitude to a walrus, one of the greatest personages about the Pole; and he gets through the various straits, creeks, and bays of a miscellaneous party of prattlers, with the same kind of heavy alacrity that we may conceive distinguished his attempts to find a north-west passage.

He is depicted on the opposite page undergoing the sufferings of his voyage. It is evident that when we all thought him dead, he was not only alive, but in excellent spirits, and making gallant battle against

the cold. If Croquis be correct in his sketch, and he took as much pains as possible to insure correctness, the Captain was in full thaw, and as little likely to be congealed as any of us. On this point, however, we shall suspend our opinion, keeping it as stationary as the needle on the magnetic pole, which we are told Captain Ross has found, until his *quarto* makes its appearance in due season.

But we regret to say that considerable doubt exists, not, indeed, as to the appearance of the work, because that is a necessary appendage to the voyage—*Go slide—make book!*—but as to the value of its contents. If the Captain has seen the magnetic pole, to use the language of a Scotch newspaper, which evidently considered it to be somewhat like a barber's pole stuck up in the way of a finger-post for the loadstone, he has seen nothing else. His discoveries, as far as we can learn, have been precisely nothing—always excepting Lake Landon (a queer compliment, by the way, to a postess to connect her name with all that is cold, frozen, hard, and cheerless;) and a punster might be tempted to say that, as he lost his Fury in a sound, so does his Tale signify nothing. We have stories, indeed, of skies darkened for months, in which the only indication of mid-day was a glimmering streak on the verge of the horizon—of tribes who never drank water or heard of fire—of unwashed natives sitting on beds of eternal ice, waiting for the appearance of a seal to catch him, their only article of food—of Esquimaux ladies, though not exactly of the fair sex, perpetually oiled, if not perfumed—of omens, dreams, and portents of expectant widows on shore—of bears paying visits occasionally through the roofs of houses concocted of snow—of a pining after greenery, the want of which prevailed to an extent that would have broken the heart of Legh Hunt, and five hundred other pastoralists of Hampstead and the adjacent parishes—and a few more anecdotes of the same kind; but we believe that even they are very scanty, and that neither geography nor science in any of their branches have profited a whit by the embedding of Captain Ross within the regions of thick-ribbed ice. *Nous verrons!* In the meantime we leave him to the contemplation of our readers, in the act of sipping his brandy and water with thirsty lip; which we think our excellent friend the sketcher has drawn in a manner to excite the emulation of all the wine, or brandy, or beer-bibbers on the face of the terraqueous globe.

Let nobody fancy for a moment that we are blaming Captain Ross for taking care of himself while out upon his chilly voyage. Far be from us such a thought. The only thing for which we think he ought to be condemned was for going at all. He had failed once, and that should have been quite satisfactory. We take it for granted that he will never think of failing a third time. He should now be satisfied with the full glory that he has proved, if not exactly that there is no north-west passage at all, yet that he decidedly is not the man to find it.

This is quite fame enough for any one, and upon the strength of it he may continue to lionise until some worthier specimen of the species is caught in the due season, and then he will melt and dissolve away. We confess that we shall be happy to find ourselves alto-

gether mistaken in our anticipations as to the of his forthcoming book; but from all that gather we fear that our account will prove correct. We must conclude our notice, by assuring readers that the likeness in the accompanying is very striking; and though we happen never seen the Captain dipping with so much alacritous tumbler, we can easily conceive that Croquis caught him in the fact, has with great fidelity

"Fixed him in that glorious shape."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MARTIAL IN LONDON.

XVI.

More Heraldry.

Darby and Joan, years twenty-six,
Played conjugal attachment—
They seem'd devoted, constant, true
But Joan declared she never knew
The happiness a match meant;
Till when, as sole executrix,
She put up Darby's hatchment.

XVII.

Miss Duncan and Mrs. Jordan.

When Jordan foremost of Thalia's train,
Slept in the straw awhile in Drury Lane,
Duncan, the novice, seized the chair of state
And play'd the cobbler's metamorphosed mate
But soon to health restored by Warren's art
Thalia's favourite re-assumed the part;
When lo! a gallery wag (one Andrew P.)
Who heard the glad announcement from the
Gave the fair substitute this kind farewell,
"Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a Nell."

XVIII.

Alliterative Tribute to the Original Performer
"Simpeon and Co."

Gifted with Gallic gabble and grimace,
Laugh, leer, and lollop, lauding lots of lace
Orger's odd onset—opportune, outre,
Pours pungent pepper o'er the pointed play
Though Cooper's courtships kept continuing
Droll Davison disdains to doubt her dear;
But, blandly bountiful, in blindness blest,
Won't wonder what he wants with widow's
No gleam of glory gladdens Glover's gloom
Ripe for revolt, she rambles round the room
While, wondering what can wake the woman
Trim Terry treads the traps on tottering
Cross'd and confounded by his cozening Co
These freaks and frolics—freak without off
Pleasing the Pit, put poet Poole in pence.

From the Court Magazine.

THE MUFFLED DRUM.

By Mrs. Hemans.

muffled drum was heard
the Pyrenees by night,
a dull deep-rolling sound,
which told the hamlets round
Of a soldier's burial-rite.

It told them not how dear,
a home beyond the main,
the warrior youth laid low that hour,
a mountain stream of Spain.

Oaks of England wav'd
er the slumbers of his race,
a pine of the Ronceval made moan
ove his last lone place.

In the muffled drum was heard
the Pyrenees by night,
a dull deep-rolling sound
which call'd strange echoes round
To the soldier's burial-rite.

'Twas the sorrowing there,
the stream from battle red,
tossing on its waves the plumes
many a stately head;

A mother, soon to die,
and a sister, long to weep,
then were breathing prayer for him,
that home beyond the deep:

And the muffled drum was heard
the Pyrenees by night,
a dull deep-rolling sound,
and the dark pines mourn'd around,
the soldier's burial-rite.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MIRABEAU.

NO man is more remarkable in the long period of the French Revolution, than its dearth of *emulation*. It abounded in able men in all ranks and in all *talent*—the whole race, marshalled under the common name of *talent*. But the Revolution had but two men of *genius*, and but one of *genius* as a Frenchman. Napoleon, the Corsican, shew a light round him that extinguished all temporary lustres of military France. Mirabeau, the Frenchman, equally threw all its civil into obscurity. It is remarkable, too, that Mirabeau owed a large portion of his triumphs to the assimilation from the national character. He was, in all things, Italian. No man was more marked from the passionate impetuosity and ardour of the Frenchman. He had an imagination and wildness of his own, but he had the calmness and the steadiness, that alone can command the materials of assured success. His reserve, his reserve, and his resentments, were Italian. He loved the ostentation of power, but he loved the power itself more. His vanity was Italian, but it was never suffered to resist his ambition. He would not have thrown away upon his *jeux-de-joie*, a single grain of the powder that he could expend upon blasting his way through the barriers of Europe.

Mirabeau was cast in another mould. He, too, had the impetuosity and the wildness, but they were once chastised and strengthened by his resolution of character. At a period when

youth, misfortune, and passion had awakened all that was susceptible in his fierce nature, he was driven to England. His mind was in a state of fusion. It instantly took the shape into which it was thrown. Retaining the early fire, and the early ambition, it reappeared in France with the resolute, composed, and stern physiognomy of the land of freedom. An orator by nature, he had returned from the only school of manly oratory in the world, and had learned from the immortal men of that day the true secret of impressing the hearts of nations. Till then, France had but rhetoricians, and those the rhetoricians of the pulpit. Panegyricized as they are, we look in vain, in the Massillons, Bourdaloes, and Bossuets, for the diviner mind of oratory. We find extravagant appeals, violent contortions of language, florid figure; the false taste of the Court, blazoned by the frigid imaginations of the cloister. Yet all is not failure. We find occasional bursts of vivid thought flashing through the clouds of an overcharged and obscure phraseology; and the shape of human nature is sometimes seen under all the pomps and vanities of the harangue made for the glory of the King and his courtiers. But Mirabeau first gave the example of that powerful instrumentality by which the great orator masters the mind at once. He had the signal advantage over all his predecessors, that he had real business to do; his language had the reality of business; its general tone was clear, firm, and forcible; a powerful stream of thought flowing onward without winding round its object, but driving all obstacles before it by its volume. But there were times when all the passion of his bitter and inflammable heart kindled; and the stream was suddenly turned into fire. He was then no longer the ancient orator, with his grace and gravity,—nor the Englishman, with his strong simplicity and force of nature,—nor even the Frenchman, with his eccentric vividness, and glittering declamation. He had the intenseness, the keenness, and unhappily the malignity of a fiend. And his motives were worthy of his power of evil. Like all the worshippers of faction, he had been a hypocrite from the beginning. No man hated the rabble more; yet no man panegyricized them with more lavish adulation. No man cherished every prejudice of noble birth more; yet his whole profession of faith was a strenuous scorn of nobility. If he had a feeling of ancient reverence in his soul, it was for the throne; yet his was the first hand, among the circle of conspirators, that struck the dagger into the heart of the monarchy, and flung it bleeding at the foot of the statue of Jacobinism. His oratory was the great instrument by which this singular ascendancy was achieved. It had no rival and no successor in France. Surrounded as he was from the beginning of his career by a multitude of able and accomplished minds, all equally emulous of his distinctions, and all struggling to rise by the same appeals to popular passion, all not merely fell short of his influence, but shewed themselves unable to wield his weapons. The eloquence of the Girondists was the eloquence of the schools, contrasted with the daring and concentration of Mirabeau; theirs were the lightning and thunders of the stage; all could distinguish them from the true flash and peal, the true birth of the tempest of the mind. Happier in one instance than Napoleon, he died in the fulness of his fame; he was not left to dig his own grave, and see his renown buried in it, before it closed over his corpse. Happier still.

if it be true, that in his last hours, he reviewed his triumphs with human regret, and determined to make the restoration of the throne the price of his repentance. But he was denied so glorious a conclusion to a life stained by habitual error. There was to be no serene and evening splendour for a day of such perpetual cloud and whirlwind. Napoleon died, after the final failure of a project for the tyranny of all nations, the condensation of all power in his person, and the ruin of all liberty among mankind;—a project, for the vastness of its ambition, and the depth of its selfishness, worthy less of a mortal than of the prince of the power of the air. He perished, and his work followed him. He was broken by a blow which sent his empire rolling in fragments over his head. He fell from his throne, “like the lightning falling from heaven;”—the only figure that could express his height, his splendour, and his malignity. The last hours of Mirabeau were on the field of the great battle for monarchy, and he died with the lamentations of a chieftain who finds himself mortally wounded in the heat of the conflict, and finds life ebbing from him drop by drop, while the battle is still raging, which he had hoped to decide, and which his fall gives over to the enemy.

The lives of both those great spirits of the Revolution are still to be written; but it must not be for fifty years to come. We must wait until their monuments are freed, by the natural course of time, from all the temporary memorials raised round them to insignificant parties and men, by vanity or friendship, or that fraud upon history which gives fame to the creatures of popular clamour. It may be still longer before they are written; for they must find a kindred genius, and one not merely kindred, but initiated in the same career. No man but a warrior can write the history of Napoleon; no man but a statesman can write the history of Mirabeau; and none but a mind of the highest penetration into human motives, of the keenest sensibility to all the impulses that stir powerful natures, and capable of all their triumphs, and perhaps of all their errors, can do historic justice to either. Genius alone can mould that perfect stamp and identity of character, which alone deserves a place in the gallery of the illustrious dead, and compels every passer-by to exclaim, This was the man!

The simple outline of Mirabeau's career shews how broad a field is open in his biography. He was the descendant of a line in which opposition to the existing order of things seems to have been hereditary. His ancestors, the Riquetti family, had fled, or were exiled, from Florence, in the fourteenth century. They settled in the south of France, then much connected with Italy and Italian politics. His father, Victor Riquetti, Marquis de Mirabeau, distinguished himself, about the middle of the last century, by his adoption of the theories of the Economistes, his adherence to the reveries of the ingenious and visionary Quesnay, to whom France owed so much real mischief, and the world so much baseless speculation, and pushed his zeal to the hazardous extent of assailing the Ministry in a work on taxation, of which the result was an imprisonment in the Bastille.

He died, on the eve of seeing the consummation of all his fantasies; in the memorable year 1789, the first of the Revolution. His more famous son, Honore Gabriel Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau, was born in 1749. Like all the nobles of France, he commenced his career in the army, and served

in Corsica. But no man was less made for the routine of a regimental life; he soon grew weary of the service; and seized, probably, with the rage for a philosophical life, and the French fashionable vanity of imitating Cicero in his *Tusculum*, or Cincinnatus at his plough, he withdrew, to labour in the cultivation of his fields in the Limousin. But the conversation of the sages of the farm-yard was found to leave a blank, which could be filled up only by a return to the world. He flew to Paris, fell in love, and, though remarkably unprepossessing in his exterior, captivated an heiress, one of the handsomest women of the Court. He now plunged into dissipation; and foremost in all things, outshone Paris, and in less than three years was a bankrupt. His extravagance now proceeded so far towards final ruin, that his father, adopting a parental privilege, common in the families of the nobles, yet strangely adverse to his own theories, applied for an order for his exile from Paris, which ended in a *lettre de cachet* to confine him in one of the royal castles. After successive transfers from fortress to fortress, he was suffered to go at large in Franche Comte; where he signalized his liberty by carrying off the wife of the President of the Parliament of Besançon, and fled with her to Holland. Justice was now let loose upon him, he was convicted *par contumace*, and sentenced to lose his head in effigy. The French power was too influential on the Continent to be safely defied even in Holland, and Mirabeau and his *Sophie* prepared to escape from Amsterdam to the New World which, once the refuge of the saints, has since opened its expansive hospitality to so many of the sinners of Europe. He was arrested on the eve of his flight, and imprisoned from 1777 to 1780 in the Castle of Vincennes. He came to London in 1784.

At this period the public mind of France was agitated by the rebel opinions of the soldiery who had returned from America, by the debates in the British Legislature, and by the violent struggles of the French Provincial Parliaments against the royal prerogative. Mirabeau felt that his time was come. The career which neither the army, nor philosophy, nor dissipation, had opened to his natural powers, was open in faction, and he instantly took his side. The nobles of Provence, scandalized by his life, and justly suspecting his political tendencies, had refused to return him as a deputy to the States-General. But a resolution like his, equally regardless of its means, and fixed in its determination, was not to be thus baffled. What he could not accomplish as a noble, he accomplished as a *roturier*. To the astonishment and indignation of his order, he opened a linen-draper's shop, and by virtue of his trade was returned for the Commons of Aix. Once in the National Assembly, his course was inevitable. In the midst of all that France boasted of intelligence, he suddenly assumed the highest rank, and his supremacy was scarcely approached, to the last never shaken. If France shall ever erect a pillar to the Revolution, its base should be the tomb of Mirabeau. It was by him that the famed and fatal decree was carried, which produced the coalition of the Nobles and Clergy with the Commons, thus throwing the whole Government into the hands of faction. By him was pronounced the memorable answer to the King's command for the dissolution of the Assembly—an answer which, by denying the royal right, virtually abolished the monarchy. In all the perilous revolutionary ac-

At the time, he was the acknowledged leader. He supported his rank by a succession of the most powerful speeches ever heard under the canopy of a French Assembly. It has been asserted that the materials of those distinguished efforts were applied by others, and the late publications do not seem to point out some of those sources. What is the history of all the great labours of public men? That the ruder work is done by others; but, to give order, dignity, and beauty to the pile, is the work of the master-mind. As might the slaves who quarried the stones of the Parthenon, assume to themselves the perency of the architecture. As well might the work of Michael Angelo's colours vindicate to him the immortality of the Sistine Chapel. The question in all cases of mental pre-eminence, is not the means, but the result; not by the training and equipment of the troops the battle is gained, but the extent of the victory. Of the talents, the talent most distinctive of great men, is this faculty of absorbing the thoughts, studies, and labours of others into their own, till they become a new essence and power; not a new nature, but a new nature; and send forth the fecund, the various, the contradictory, and the inappreciable, condensed and assimilated into force, simplicity, and utility. This was the work of the great man, which Dumont, and the crowd of men like him, administered; the powerful, intellectual, which sublimated all their various influences out of the dross and compound, forced forth a spirit, fit alike to invigorate or madden.

During Mirabeau's residence in England, he corresponded largely with his friends in France, and his letters contain the irrefragable evidence, that no Frenchman can ever comprehend English habits, principles, or feelings. One of the singular anomalies is, that no Frenchman is ever satisfied with seeing things as they are. He always adds or diminishes, he always seeks to find theatrical effect, he always scorns the actual of day, and desires to see life through the medium of the stage lamps. Thus, even the strong liking of Mirabeau imputed to the whole of the nation a character of profound melancholy, which he branches instantly into all the contradictions of national action; to their melancholy he adds their virtue, their vice, their force of character, their eccentricity, their patriotism, their wealth, their poverty, their passions, their suicide, their every thing. Their religion, the grand source of their melancholy, he does not give them shows, festivals, pictures, the churches, embroidery on the priests' vestments, and forbids plays and balls on Sunday; religion in the mind of the foreigner is, of course, nothing more than an established show. The English Sunday is "dull bearing," because the shops are shut, the streets are not reviewed, the public gardens are specially lighted up, and all the playhouses are flourishing with all their trumpets for that purpose above all others. The Frenchman comprehends nothing of the grateful feeling of a day's rest after a week's labour,—of the necessity of a period of tranquillity for the mind to look for concerns than the mere toil and traffic of the world,—of the real pleasure of gathering in the domestic circle in peace, and the duty of rendering some portion of gratitude and duty to the land, and only source of happiness and security.

But all these are nothing without the pleasure of gazing on the shop-windows on the seventh day, which we have been gazing on for the six days before. The walk into the country is *triste*, for no Frenchman ever walks further than the coffee-house; and the gentle social evening round the fireside is more intolerable still, for no Frenchman ever has any other fireside than the stove in the billiard-room, or any other society but the card-party, or the pit in the theatre. Even on the question of national melancholy, we may fairly doubt whether the Frenchman is not much the more melancholy personage of the two,—for which is the more melancholy, the man who, when alone, can forget his loneliness in some vigorous employment of his mind, or the man who cannot endure his own company for five minutes together; the man who, in this vigorous tension of the intellect, can absolutely do without the external world, or the man who, when left to himself, *dies of ennui*, is miserable the moment he feels dependent on his own thoughts, and flies to every trivial resource, a vaudeville, a mime, or a monkey, to escape the wretchedness of his empty and frivolous appetite for excitement? We might as well pronounce the man who cannot live without perpetual drams the gayest of mankind. As far as the question of true sociality goes, the English are the most sociable people upon earth in reference to their means. The taxes, and other expenses of living in England, are the true bar to English association. But there is not one household in ten in London, that does not expend more in actual hospitality in a month, than many a Peer of France expends in a year. The Englishman does not feel gratified by gathering a crowd round him for an hour in the evening, and dismissing them with a smile and a glass of *eau sucre*. He gives his friends the best entertainment that he can, and while they are with him, enjoys their society, and returns the enjoyment with ten times the genuine gayety of a rambler from one coterie to another, the loungee in the dressing-rooms of actresses, or the eternal *conteur* of a circle of dilapidated belles, who have dropped from being the subjects of scandals into being their propagators.

But when Mirabeau talks of English politics, he talks of a subject to which the prejudices of a Frenchman had not been turned; and his opinions exhibit the force of his natural faculties. In one admirable letter, he states his reasons for concluding the prosperity of England to be more secure of permanency than that of France or Spain. To give due credit to the writer's sagacity, we are to remember that this letter was written fifty years ago.

"The maritime power of England is not the wayward child of an absolute monarch, who determines to be potent in every element; it is the slow natural growth of more than two hundred years, which has stood many an attack, and weathered many a storm. Another circumstance which has continued and increased every advantage, is the peculiar felicity of the English constitution. All the great kingdoms of Europe, except England, have lost their liberty. Liberty has carried her trade, agriculture, manufactures, wealth, and navy, to a pitch which they could otherwise never have attained. Another point of vast importance is the uncommon union of trade with agriculture. The amazing commerce of England is equal to that of the most famous states that have ever been great by commerce alone. And this vast trade has

been carried on, not by a knot of unhappy men, like the Dutch, who were forced to be traders, or nothing, but by a great landed nation, among whom trade enlivened agriculture, and agriculture yielded immense products for trade. Lastly, the period of these various circumstances coming into play, was at a time when the rival nations had passed the meridian of their grandeur, so that England was the rising, France the setting sun. No other power arose to dispute the palm of equality. She had not then a France succeeding Spain in great power, to draw her off, and waste her strength with fresh contests.

"All these are reasons for conjecturing that this country will in her turn, be the first power of the Christian world. She cannot aim at universal monarchy; and that moderation will save her from efforts beyond her strength, and from alliances from the rest of Europe to pull down her power. It will, therefore, be more stable, and far more prosperous than that of either France or Spain. This view of the affairs of Britain does not take notice of her 'internal state,' particularly her debts, and some other circumstances, from which newspaper politicians are always predicting her ruin. The national debts of this country are certainly very considerable. But it seems preposterous to predict ruin to the State, because the right hand owes to the left. And, as for the debt due to foreigners, it is comparatively little. The power of England is much too great to have any thing to fear from the united force of all her enemies. And they must be shallow politicians who are deceived by minutiae into an opinion that she is in any danger of falling under the power of France. I cannot by any means subscribe to the opinion, that the public revenues of England are carried to the utmost height of which they are capable. On the contrary, I apprehend that there are several reasons for supposing them capable of great increase without burdening the people, so as to destroy industry. There is an uncertainty in every thing that concerns taxation, which is too dark for the greatest genius to clear up. In every country we find it mathematically proved, that if another million be raised, the people must clearly be undone. Two or three millions are then hoisted, and the prophecy is repeated. The idea that one tax creates an ability in the people to pay another, is, of course absurd. But it is difficult to say how far taxation may be carried, because, in no country of Europe, where taxes are laid on equally, and with judgment, do they oppress the people. Nor is there an instance to be produced of a people ruined by taxes. Other more powerful circumstances must unite, for this is not of sufficient weight to effect the evil. The *happiest taxed countries are the most flourishing in Europe*. I do not mistake the cause for the effect, and assert them therefore to be the most flourishing. But I adduce the fact, to show that taxes, which in their extreme are perfectly consistent with wealth, power, and happiness, cannot have those deplorable effects which some have attributed to them."

All this is admirably true, and exhibits an astonishing range of thought for a Frenchman in the eighteenth century. It also exhibits, not merely how superior Mirabeau was to the philosophers of his day, but how totally he differed from them. The outcry of his time was to diminish extravagance, the royal expenditure, lop off the court incomes, away with all offices of state, abolish all taxes. The outcry of the populace was suffered

to be the law of the cabinet. The operations commenced with popular vigour, and the whole scale of Paris was in commotion. The king resorted to sell his coaches, and the household of his household dismissed. What was the result? within a week it was reported. The salaries which had gone directly from the hands of those officers to the support of the Parisian shopkeepers, of course, went no more; and the shopkeepers, in the midst of their recurring triumph, discovered that they were bankrupt. It had escaped the notice of the philosophers and the shopkeepers alike, that what the nobles consumed they must buy somewhere or other; and equally, that when they had no more money, they could buy no more food, furniture, or fine clothes. For every shilling the shopkeeper saved in his trade, he lost a louis d'or in his trade. The double result was, that the court was made squand by the same dexterity which had made the counter empty. It must be owned, however, that if nearly every thing was lost to the purse, there was much gained to the pike. The court, no longer the supplier of traffic, the object of popular admiration, and the habitual source of national pride, was only the more fit to be turned into the dungeon. But Paris was undone for the time, and massacre was a relief, and the guillotine a happy interposition for the escape of Purman sensibility.

Mirabeau's remarks on our National Debt are equally energetic and opposed to the absurdity of the philosophers of his day and our own. Home, seventy years ago, deplored the National Debt, then about twenty-five millions, as the millstone round the neck of England. In the same breath, too, he declared that the Constitution directly tended to *abolish* Monarchy, and that despotism would be the *Euthanasia* of the empire. So much for the wisdom of a professed philosopher. So much, too, for the wisdom of those who take for their guide, in the things of the world to come, the sagacity that thus blundered in things before its eyes. The eight hundred millions of our debt have not sunk England to the bottom. And even the principle of reduction has so entirely silenced the speculators and is so entirely built on false views, that the twenty millions of taxes taken off since the peace, have made reduction synonymous with national discount, and after giving us nearly thirty years of bitterness, vexation, and bankruptcy, breaking down some of the highest institutions and interests of the land, and driving us to the perpetual expedient of Exchequer bills, and other contrivances of traders in the last extremity, have left us poorer than ever. Sponge away the National Debt to-morrow, we should have every man in Great Britain exactly thirty shillings a year, and we should drive out about a million of people into utter famine in the streets. The individual would keep his thirty shillings in his pocket instead of giving it to the taxgatherers. But he would lose his profit on the trade of thirty millions of money, of the excitement produced in the national circulation by the annual expenditure of an vast a sum besides the circumstance, that he would have to supply out of this thirty shillings the support of one million of paupers. The nation would lose the invaluable treasure of its character for integrity, and with it the power which it now possesses of drawing within its bosom the wealth of the world, whenever its exigencies may require it. At this hour, England could command every florin and ducat from Amsterdam to Arch-

angel. She has only to propose the loan, and pay the interest; she will be answered from every *comptoir* in Christendom—and the answer will be a flood of gold. A single dash of the Republican pen would break off this connexion. A single drop from the Revolutionary sponge would dissolve the whole fabric of her power over the whole purse of mankind.

But the close of this extraordinary man's career was at hand. The monarchy of France was fatigued, and it was the first symptom of its fate to find, that, as to assail it, instantly turned weakness into power—to defend it, turned power into weakness. The lowest names of the State rose into sudden distinction by their hostility to the King. The most popular, the leaders, the very founders of the Assembly, who, relying on their strength, attempted to throw themselves between the populace and the throne, were instantly trampled upon. Mirabeau was not trampled upon, but he was extinguished in his first return to loyalty by a power which levels kings and populace alike. In the year 1791, he was seized with a violent disease, whether springing from mental agitation, from excess of labour, or from the dissipations of his youth. It might justly be conceived that mental anxiety had its share. He had at last found the disgusts of all power that arises from the rabble. In the first eagerness of his ambition he had not regarded, or not felt, the sacrifices that every popular aspirant must make to popularity. Plunging into that obscure and squalid mine from which was to be extracted the material of his political opulence, he had felt little of the rude association round him; the zeal of the hour had carried him on through the loathsome depths and pestilential airs, and the possession extinguished at once the disgrace and the disgust of the means by which it was earned. But Mirabeau, the linen-draper of Provence, and Mirabeau, the leader of the National Assembly, must have been different men. Nature, like truth, is powerful, and will prevail. He must have felt that the incessant demands of popularity constituted in themselves a despotism which was the sorest rebuke to a proud spirit. What the true *roturier* might have borne, was intolerable to the true noble. Once returned to the light and air, and placed even above the level of his original rank, he must have shrunk from descending daily into those depths of humiliation and popular sycophancy, which must be the perpetual resort of every man who is content to live by faction.

He now adopted the resolution of exerting his powers in a cause congenial to his superiority and his fame. He felt that the monarchy was on the point of ruin. The old Atlantean figure—the combined force of the Nobility and the Church—which had supported the throne for so many ages, had already shewn that it was unable to sustain it any longer; and the great revolutionary leader found in himself the frame and the will to take up the task, and be the substitute for the constitution.

We can give but fragments of the eloquence of this distinguished man, and those probably enfeebled in the transcript, and certainly stripped of all the power, the incomparable power, of circumstances. What is the thunderbolt lying on the ground, to the thunderbolt bursting from the clouds, and careering its way in fire through the storm? Yet even in those fragments there is the force of the true orator. In the memorable sitting of the National Assembly, when the Marquis de Breze arrived by command of the King, to dissolve

the meeting, Mirabeau started from his place, and pronounced the daring words,—“Tell your master that the National Assembly will not be dissolved but by the bayonet:”—the oracle declared the fall of the French throne.

On sending the last of five deputations to the King, on the night of the assault of the Bastille, it was Mirabeau who gave them their commission. “Tell the King,” he loftily exclaimed, “that the foreign bands by which we are surrounded, have yesterday been visited and caressed by the Prince and Princess. Tell him that all night in his palace, even those foreign satellites, amid the fumes of wine, have never ceased to predict the subjugation of France, and to breathe wishes for the destruction of the Assembly. Tell him, that in his very palace, the courtiers have mingled dancing with those impious songs, and that such was the prelude to the massacre of St. Bartholomew!”—This oracle, too, was fulfilled; but the massacre was by other hands, and was made to eclipse St. Bartholomew.

Yet in all this triumph of republicanism, the native noble, the man of sense and justice, broke out from time to time. In the great debate of 1789, on the Royal Veto, Mirabeau threw himself forward to arrest the fall of the sword which had till then been suspended by a hair over the head of the Monarchy. “Let us not,” he exclaimed, “arm the Sovereign against the Legislature, by allowing a moment to exist in which he may become its involuntary instrument. The nation will find more real security in laws consented to by its chief, than in the revolution which would follow the loss of his power. When we have placed the crown in the hands of a particular family, it is, to the last degree, imprudent to awaken their alarms, by subjecting them to a control which they cannot resist. The alarms of the depositary of the whole force of the Monarchy cannot be contemplated without the most serious apprehensions. I would rather *live in Constantinople than in France, if laws could be made without the royal sanction.*” This too was one of his far-seeing glances into the tremendous futurity of the Republic. The depositary was changed, but the unsanctioned tyranny existed. But as the realization of all his fears and menaces approached, Mirabeau's determination to support the royal authority became more evident in his speeches. On the arrest of the King's sisters in their flight to the frontier, he openly challenged the assembly to show the right by which this act of cruelty was committed. “By what law?” he asked. “By the safety of the people,” was the answer from some of the members. “The safety of the people!” he contemptuously exclaimed; “As if two Princesses, advanced in years, tormented by the fears of their consciences, could compromise the people by their presence or absence. The safety of the people! I thought to have heard of actual dangers. If, in the name of freedom, you play the tyrant, who will trust you, by whom will you deserve to be trusted?” The Assembly, however, were violent, and the unfortunate Princesses might have been reserved for the still darker fates of the Revolution, when they were saved by a sneer. “All Europe,” said a member, Menou, “will be delighted with our debate to-day—there we have been these three hours talking about two old women, who like to hear mass in Rome better than in Paris.” The result was characteristic of the nation. The Assembly burst into a laugh, and the “two old women” were

he had the heart—the simple heart—and the mind—acute mind—of a tar. From first to last he loved all poor men—but most ardently the men in blue; from them he carried over—transferred his affection to people in other colours—even as far as Quakers, though he was no great admirer of drab; and comprehended in his affection all ranks up to a Duke—but his heart to the last found itself most at home among men of high soul but low degree, who people our stormy shores in crowds. But he heeded not, in his kindest moods, whether their souls were high or low, provided they had some strength—some character; and whatever that character was, he saw it as by intuition, and saw, too, how it came to be what it was from circumstances acting on nature, so as to produce infinite varieties of the same class—the classes being numerous of that strange creature—Man. So attentive was he to circumstances, that every tale of his is a picture of a life. No two tales, and he has written hundreds—but are as different as may be; and every one of them is at once so true to nature that you believe it all happened, and a novel or romance. We know not what is, if that be not genius. It is a mistake to think that he dealt only with the darker passions. He was conversant with passions of all hues; well he loved emotions tender and bright; and of the virtues, none so dearly as fidelity and truth—witness many a maid, and wife, and widow, living and dying for lover's or husband's sake, perfectly resigned with breaking or broken hearts. And we know not what is, if that be not religion. He pitied many sins—but some he abhorred; yet he pursued with his hate the crime, not the criminal—and him he left to remorse, the executioner who occasionally inflicts capital punishment—but who in most cases uses the rack. And we know not what is, if that be not Moral Philosophy. He knew all kinds of misery with a learned spirit—but not an inhumane; and he has mapped them out in mysterious empiries—in lines of blood and fire. From the turbulence, and the trouble, and the terror he had so profoundly studied, his own spirit was free, though they must have visited it, passing through without finding any abiding place even in an abyss. So he could calmly, not coldly, sing of desperate and fearful things, a looker-on of the agonies, and a partaker but of the nature out of which they grow. He read few books writ by man—but they were among the best—the works of the great native poets. His library was the Bible and the Book of Nature. We could prove that—but must not now. Moreover, in the art of poetry he is a consummate master. Tennysons, Hogarth, Wilkie—each of them in his own art is a great master too—but in conception, in comprehension, and in breadth and depth of colouring, Crabbe was greater than them all three—could you conceive them all three in one;—and then, what is painting compared with poetry! So much by way of a short imperfect notice of the greatest poet of the Poor.

The admirers of Crabbe used to be the scorers of Wordsworth. Yet the Poets regarded one another with admiration,—nor, do we doubt, with reverence. And do we call Wordsworth—the philosophic poet—a poet of the Poor? Aye—but not a poet *for* the poor. He is their benefactor, by beautifying their character and their condition as they lie in “the light of common day,” tinging that light with colours unborrowed from the sun that shines before our sensuous eyes, and seem-

ingly drawn from some spiritual font flowing from the depth of his own moral being—more tranquil than night. The huts where poor men lie become holier even to our human hearts, because of that wondrous beauty in which, by his meditative genius, they are enveloped. We believe, that what is so harmonious must be true—and we carry away with us in our conscience that belief, even in among all the perplexing and humbling realities with which this world is disturbed and lowered. One short sentence and no more—now—upon the poetry of Wordsworth. Soaring at his highest, he never separates himself in spirit from the humblest of his brethren of mankind.—They cannot follow his flight—to their eyes he is then lost in the empyrean. But he forgets not them—when “worshipping at the temple's inner shrine,” he hears “the still sad music of humanity!” The mystery of life to him is awful, from his thoughts of God's humblest children—and inviolable in their equality all the rights given by God to immortal spirits. In the Old Beggar going from door to door he sees one of God's ministers. And a low born man, of highest wisdom, is with the great poet among the sunsets—an instructor and a monitor, who belonged of old to a “virtuous household, though exceeding poor.”

England allows that there never was in time a country possessing such a peasantry as, during the life of Burns, belonged to Scotland.

“The ancient spirit was not dead;
Old times, she says, were breathing there;”

and yet a modern spirit was alive too, and new times had a breath of their own. Manners were simple, yet not rude, and had a hallowing hereditary influence; customs of an imaginative kind were not outworn; popular traditions gave poetry to patriotism; superstitious feelings were not extinct, but they were almost all nearly harmless, and some of them even allied themselves with religion, which had better, if it must be imperfect, be too fearful than too cold; the faith of the people in Christianity was rock-firm; the national character, earnest as well as ardent; the parish schools had widely diffused education; habits were peaceful; morals in principle rigorous—and piety guarded the virtue of domestic life. If all this be true, with such deductions and limitations as must always be made for the frailties and delinquencies of our corrupt and fallen nature, surely no great native poet had ever a nobler field for his genius than Burns. None deny now that his genius was of a high order. Imagination was not the chief faculty of his mind—but intellect. His sensibility was exquisite—he had a heart of passion, a soul of fire—his love of his native land was one with the love of life—and he gloried in having been born a peasant. No poet perhaps ever was so popular as Burns with the poor. He is endeared to them by their pity for his fate, and their forgiveness of his transgressions, as well as by his own fine, free, bold, gladsome, generous, and independent nature; but his poetry is not only the people's delight, but their pride—for they know that all the nations of the world regard it as picturing the character of the poor of Scotland.

That we speak with Ebenezer Elliott along with Cowper, and Crabbe, and Wordsworth, and Burns, tells how highly we rate the power of his genius. He is the sole and great poet of his own order, the mechanics and artisans of England.

"I am called," says he, proudly and finely, "as I expected to be, an unsuccessful imitator of the pauper poetry of Wordsworth; although, with the exception of his great work, I never read his writings until long after this poem (*The Village Patriarch*) was first printed. I might be truly called an unfortunate imitator of Crabbe, that most British of poets, for he has long been bosomed with me; and if he had never lived, it is quite possible that I might never have written pauper poetry. However, my imitation fails, if it fail, not because it is servile, nor because I have failed to stamp my own individuality upon it, but because my pencil wants force, though it be dipped in sadness and familiar with sorrow. 'The clerical artist works with a wire brush; but he has been unjustly blamed for the stern colours in which he paints the sublimity of British wretchedness.' Elliott is an imitator of Crabbe, but not an 'unfortunate' one;—of Wordsworth, he is no imitator at all. But what may imitation mean in the case of so original-minded a man as Elliott? Why, no more than that the soul within him was early stirred by the varied pictures 'of the sublimity of British wretchedness,' painted by him whom Byron calls 'Nature's sternest painter and her best.' Crabbe's poetry was felt by him to be truth—"impassioned truth"—of the weal and woe of his own life. Inspired by it, he looked about him, and saw that the character and condition of the men of the workshop were capable of poetry too, because surcharged with suffering, nor yet undignified with virtue, nor unelevated by religion. Crabbe let him see that he, Ebenezer Elliott, though a slave living among slaves, might yet, by sending through that slavery a searching spirit, become a poet among poets. For endurance and for enjoyment he had to trust to his heart—invigorated by his conscience; but, to describe them worthily, he had to call upon his genius, and that genius answered the call, and recorded both in words of force and fire. "If my composition smell of the workshop and the dingy warehouse, I cannot help it: soot is soot; and he who lives in a chimney will do well to take the air when he can, and ruralize now and then, even in imagination."

And Ebenezer Elliott does—not only now and then—but often—ruralize; with the intense passionateness of a fine spirit escaping from smoke and slavery into the fresh air of freedom—with the tenderness of a gentle spirit communing with Nature in Sabbath-rest. Greedily he gulps the dewy breath of morn, like a man who has been long suffering from thirst drinking at a wayside well. He feasts upon the flowers—with his eyes, with his lips; he walks along the grass as if it were cooling to his feet. The slow typhus fever perpetual with townsmen is changed into a quick gladsome glow like the life of life. A strong animal pleasure possesses the limbs and frame of the strong man released from labour, yet finding no leisure to loiter in the lanes—and away with him to the woods and rocks and heaven-kissing hills. But that is not all his pleasure—though it might suffice—one would think—for a slave. Through all his senses it penetrates into his soul—and his soul gets wings and soars. Yes—it has the wings of a dove, and flees away—and is at rest! Where are the heaven-kissing hills in Hallamshire? Here, and there, and everywhere—for the sky stoops down to kiss them—and the presence of a

poet scares not away, but consecrates their embraces

"Under the opening eyelids of the morn."

Of such kind is the love of nature that breaks out in all the compositions of this town-bred poet. Nature to him is a mistress whom he cannot visit when he will, and whom he woos, not stealthily, but by snatches—snatches torn from time, and shortened by joy that "thinks down hours to moments." Even in her sweet companionship he seems scarcely ever altogether forgetful of the place from which he made his escape to rush into her arms, and clasp her to his breast. He knows that his bliss must be brief, and that an iron voice, like a knell, is ringing him back to dust and ashes. So he smothers her with kisses—and tearing himself away—again with bare arms he is beating at an anvil—and feels that man is born of trouble as the sparks fly upwards. For Ebenezer Elliott—gentle reader—is a worker on iron—that is to use his own words—"a dealer in steel, working hard every day; literally *labouring* with his head and hands, and, alas, with my heart too! If you think the steel-trade, in these profitless days, is not a heavy, hard-working trade, come and break a ton."

We have worked at manual labour for our amusement, but, it was so ordered, never for bread—for reefing and reeving can hardly be called manual labour—it comes to be as facile to the fingers as the brandishing of this present pen. We have ploughed, sowed, reaped, mowed, pitchforked, threshed; and put heart and knee to the gavelock hoisting rocks. But not for a day's darg, and not for bread. Now here lies the effectual and vital distinction between the condition of our poet and his critic—between the condition of Ebenezer Elliott and that of all our other poets, except Robert Burns. They have all had to imagine the miseries of the hard-working poor. For though submitted in shoals to the senses, the heart has still to imagine them, ere it can comprehend them all within its sympathies—while it yearneth towards the sufferers themselves—even as if it were the heart of a parent—weeping over what it cannot cure—for evils there are to which comes but small though sacred relief, from the sight of the shedding of kindred tears. Walking, riding, or rolling along the highroad, a man called a gentleman has but a faint and imperfect idea of the fever and fatigue of an old labourer, from morning to night every day but Sunday, perpetually breaking stones. Four fine-looking married men, in middle life, mowing in a meadow—their wives sitting under an old oak, looking a beautiful, a gallant show—and we say not that their hearts do not imbibe through their refreshment from the swathe, that falls aside from their regularly advancing feet, smelling as if their thyme mingled with sweet violet. But at night, after each man has shaven an old Scotch acre, to the sad affliction of a tridge's nest, and many a byke o' the brow—his back, broad though it be as a doo—straight as an ash-sapling, aches till the slightest motion is a twist, and every twist a twinge many a twinge like a knife-point piercing the sinews. For 'twas the first day of the harvest—vest—and the day before he had been but thrash-

a few thieves of corn, something having
ong with the machine. "And the mower
is saythe," is a sweet image in *L'Allegro*.
te that his scythe gets blunt; for were it
er line swink Labour would have no rest.
ibl first faint, and then die. No much by
illustration—or you may think of Ebene-
er "breaking a ton."

Ebenezer Elliott will not suffer you to
nd feel for him, and people like him en-
s the same or a similar trade. He under-
instruct you and people like you—not in
—for you are not bound apprentice to him;
years-indentures—but in his condition—
its virtues, its trials and temptations, its
its sorrows, both perhaps at present be-
ur comprehension—and in more than all
the causes that, as he opines, oppress it
fictions not inevitable to such lot, and
in when he has "broken a ton" out of ball
and his children's rightful claim to bread.
'a *luchryma*—big hot tears of wrath.

Poet of the Town-poor is a philosopher,
ributes all their miseries to a single cause
on on the prime necessity of life. If that
seanty conveniences, comforts, luxuries,
in be none for them; and ought such to be
son of his noble order—of the nobles,
and artificers of England?—Forbid it
! And Heaven does forbid it—but man

Providence, and starvation does not
t with ghastly faces thicken the streets.
we need not say that Ebenezer Elliott and
phier North are opposed—fixed and firm
granite pillars—on the question of the
awa. But rough pillars as we both are—
a grim to look on when the one touches
h his golden finger." Then we frown on
ther no longer—but we smile with a
smile, and on each pedestal you can read
light a memorable inscription. No—we
e nor quarrel on this question—"Oh! 'tis
e—my soul! it is the cause!"

t worships Crabbe, because "Crabbe
is hideous mistress in his arms, and she
s him with her confidence, by telling him
dreadful secrets. The severity of his
as accident belonging not to him, but to
esty of his unparalleled subject. Hence
t the unhappy people of the United States
riza cannot bear to read Crabbe. They
m unnatural, and he is so to them for in
etched country cottagers are not paupers
ago is not synonymous with misery."
ou have his whole creed. But you must
n preach—yet unless your faith be firm in
rines of your own Church—stop your
ith cotton—soon as Miles Gordon the
'gins blow his trumpet, or you may be com-
iter and a heretic. Eben is true—a steel
ereed and faith—you may bend but not
im—and the critic who throws cold water
only hears a hissing of red hot iron, that
me of its heat, though it gray-blues its

to take such men as Ebenezer Elliott as we find
them; and just now—nor do we know that it is any
duty of ours to do so at any time—we shall not
assume the office of moral censor, but leave it to
some other Cato—feeling that "true knowledge
leads to love."

Why—all the secular concerns of this life are
inextricably bound up with Politics and Political
Economy—and we devoutly wish they were all of
the right sort—that we knew assuredly what are
the right sort—and that we had power to bring
them and keep them into everlasting play.—
Would you have a man like this to heat forge and
furnace, and hammer with his own hands, and
begrime his face with soot till it is almost as black
as his hair, and the sweat runs from his brow like
ink—and to work on short commons too—and to
refuse with no grudging but a grieved heart play-
things to his pretty children, because too expen-
sive for his means and smile sadly to see on his
wife's head too plain a cap, when his conjugal
soul would have rejoiced to see top-knots and side-
knots too of iris-like ribands, which even a sober
matron may not ungraciously wear, when a friend
or two, that forenoon invited, sit down to a frugal
but hospitable board—would you have, we ask,
such a man as this, and thus acting and behaving,
abjure all thought of the causes affecting his con-
dition, and that of his millions of brethren, and
keep perpetually prattling of flowers, and "hab-
bling o' green fields," or misgiving misery till it
looks like a gaudy doll staring with bend eyes and
purple cheeks upon the critic pausing before the
window of a hardwares' shop, to admire how
most abominably art imitates nature in her hap-
piest efforts to make women of wood? Shame!
Let the Sheffielder speak for himself—and his
verse against your prose—pounds to shillings—
for a thousand.

"But hark! what accents, of what slave, enquire
Why rude mechanics are to wield the quill?
He bids me from the scribbler's desk retire,
Relieve my fingers, and forget my skill
In railing foully, and in writing ill
Oh, that my poetry were like the child
That gathers daisies from the lap of May,
With prattle sweeter than the bloomy wild!
It then might teach poor wisdom to be gay
As flowers, and birds, and rivers all at play,
And winds, that make the voiceless clouds of morn
Harmonious. But disappointed, if not mad,
I feed on Nature's bane, and mix with scorn.
I would not, could not, if I would, be glad,
But, like shade-loving plants, am happiest sad.
My heart, once soft as woman's tear, is guard'd
With gloating on the ill I cannot cure.
Like Arno's catted bard, whose music snarled,
I gird my loins to suffer and endure,
And woo contention, for her dowry is sure.
Tear not thy gauze, thou gaudy seeking fly,
On thorny flowers that love the dangerous storm,
And flourish most beneath the coldest sky!
Hut ye who honour truth's enduring form,
Come! there are heath-flowers, and the fanged worm,
Clouds, gore, and whirlwind, on the gorgeous moor!"

poetry is polluted and perverted—some not
ly critics have said—by politics. No. It
ed by nothing—for in it there is no pollu-
verted it may be, and is, but what mind
al man is free from perversion? And who
seen an apple tree with distorted branches
r, nevertheless laden with blossoms—and
bowed down with fruit? We are willing

The country, from time immemorial, has had
its bands of poets—and they have had it all their
own way—too much so, perhaps—till at last one
of the most pious among them all—and the most
Christianian too—exclaimed as a cletcher—"God
made the country, and man made the town." God
made all things—red houses as well as green
trees—and the church towers and spires of a

crowded city surely meet from heaven's free smiles as gracious welcome as any of God's houses in the solitude of the mountains. Clouds, whether of coal-smoke or vapours flower-exhaled intercept not the glad beams of the Sun of Righteousness. There is more innocence—we have often thought, and may have said—in rural dwellings—but in city or suburban more virtue. Force is estimated by resistance overcome—and how hard to keep—how high to have kept religion—that is, all that is good and best in man's being—among all the hideous hubbub of Sin-Alley—the doors of two adjacent houses—leading—the one into a quiet heaven—the other into a noisy hell!

Sheffield has been long famous for its cutlery and hardware—but show us another town in England that has produced—or at least educated—two such poets as James Montgomery and Ebenezer Elliott. Away floats the mild Moravian—Moravian at least in spirit if not in profession—to the pure World before the Flood or the coral Pelican Island, where all is peace. The stern Covenanter—Covenanter at least in spirit, if not in profession—forsakes not far the dancing din on anvil, the forge's blast, and the roar of the furnace. For that fervent heat is crowded with human and with christian life; and when he sings of them, "his thoughts are passions that rush burning from my mind like white-hot bolts of steel." Yet, though often too stern—too fierce the strain—there are wanting not "gleams of redeeming tenderness"—music like the singing of birds in the storm-pause—whisperings like the prattle of children that cannot be kept silent in the house of mourning—nay, from smiling—from laughing in the very room where the body of their father or their mother is laid out;—in a darksome lane, from some holy nook, the sound of Psalms!

"The Splendid Village" is, perhaps, as a whole, Mr. Elliott's best poem. But "The Village Patriarch"—imperfect in plan and unequal in execution—desultory and rambling in its original more impressive, and far more pleasing. Though we could have wished that much were away—and have missed still more. Had should we been there, and night easily have been—had it so pleased the wayward poet. The whole poem hangs upon, about, and around one character—Enoch Wray—once a powerful and skilful man, with his hands at many a manner of work—but now a man of a hundred years—who has been ever so long blind—ever so long a widower—ever so long childless—but one daughter a wife and a mother, survives—and her hand finally shuts his eyes. We need not say that he is poor. Yet old, blind, poor, he is a majestic being—a seer rather than a prophet—for he relives the past—and in his anger with the present—turns to look—but with now and then a glance—into the future. His cottage is not located anywhere—and we hardly know whether it be in town or suburb village, or country; but we see him issuing from a door on a clear frosty morning and are told that he takes the townward road.

"Our poor blind father grasps his staff again;
Oh! heaven protect him on his way alone
Of things familiar to him, what remains?
The very road is changed; he found the stone,
On which he went to sit and rest, is gone!"

But with all the old evils of the country that yet remain he is familiar, his perplexity begins in

the town—with its numerous new streets—of them having rural names that awaken sad recollections in the old man's heart. Unreasoned but not unnatural sorrow—not unmixed with anger—that the town—during his blindness—should have unfeelingly and unlawfully prodded itself into the country, and encamped with hovels on the green fields, so beautiful long before it pleased God to make him blind. He pays a visit to a country-born widow and her sumptive boy—a touching scene—leaving her, when he hears, in passing by, female artizans singing hymns at their labour—and then steps on a brother in misfortune—an old and sightless man, once a workman of his own—and "aged but eighty years, bald and blind." But he covers Enoch all over with hoariness. He prays fervently by his bed—and implores heaven to let them two humble friends, whose dust shall be divorced from sin, pass and remain in blessed communion with those that know not death, "warbling to heavenly the grateful soul." And so ends Book I, containing the simple history of one winter's day.

The opening of Book II. shews us Enoch in the sunshine at his cottage door, his neglected garden exhibiting saddest symptoms of poverty.

"Yet here, even yet, the florist's eye may view,
Sad heirs of noble trees, once dear to thee;
And soon faint odours, o'er the vernal dew,
Shall tempt the wanderings of the earliest bee
Hither, with music sweet as poetry."

The Poet takes occasion to mourn over the condition of the poor, changing so much for the worse since the Patriarch was young, and allude to great events of his time—invasion of England by the Pretender—American War—French Revolution—Napoleon. Fine lines are interspersed through to us a somewhat heavy narrative. In the Third Book makes ample amends, and on the fine Sabbath morning we see Enoch going to church.

"Why then is Enoch absent from my side?
I miss the rustle of his silver hair;
A guide no more, I seem to want a guide,
While Enoch journeys to the house of prayer:
Ah! ne'er came Sabbath day, but he was there!
Lo! how like him, erect and strong, though grey,
Yon village tower, time-touched, to God appeal'd!
But hark! the chimes of morning die away!
Hark! to the heart the solemn sweetness steals,
Like the heart's voice, unfelt by none who feels
That God is love, that man is living dust;
Unfelt by none, whom ties of brotherhood
Link to his kind; by none who puts his trust
In nought of earth that hath survived the flood,
Save those mute charities, by which the good
Strengthen poor worms, and serve their Maker but."

Some very affecting incidental touches occur here and there, and there is power in the passages descriptive of the deprecation of the Sabbath. After them how pleasant the picture of an English Hall.

"Behold his home that sternly could withstand
The storm of more than twice a hundred years!
In such a home was Shakespeare's Hamlet plann'd,
And Raleigh's boyhood shed ambition's tears
O'er Colin's wrongs. How proudly it uprears
Its tower of cluster'd chimneys, tufted o'er
With ivy, ever green amid the grey!"

are not long allowed to lose sight of
ray, and he comes again most impress-
re us, seized suddenly in his blindness
a grief of mind.

och, dost thou start, as if in pain?
thou hear'st the blind alone could hear:
s Gordon ne'er will walk again;
or grandson's footstep wakes thy tear,
ed thy long lost friend were near.
with fading cheek, and thoughtful brow,
he youth—town-bred, but desert-born.
taught life's deepening woes to know,
in sorrow with the weeping morn,
much labour for a little corn.
and dust, from hopeless day to day,
to bloat the harpies of the soil,
no victim, while his pangs can pay.
rent, and trebly taxing toil;
e the labour of his hands their spoil,
him fiercely; but he still can get
wheaten bread, despite their frowns;
not sent him like a pauper yet
house wages, as they send their clowns;
cs do not answer yet, in towns,
they gorged his soul. Thrall though he be
who bite him while he feeds them, still
is intellectual dignity,
d, reads usefully, with no mean skill
d can reason well of good and ill.
his weekly groat. His tear is shed
vs which his hard-worn hand relieves,
too proud, too just, too wise to wed,
s enough already toil for thieves,)
fully his growing mind receives
which tyrants struggle to withhold!
urly ills his very sense invade
ie cloud that o'er his home is rolled,
pects the power which *man* hath made,
s the despot-humbling sons of trade.
the silent Sabbath-day arrives,
he cottage, bordering on the moor,
forefathers passed their lowly lives,
l his mother dwells, content, though poor,
glad to meet him at the door.
what rapture he prepares to fly
ets and courts, with crime and sorrow strew'd,
he mountain lift him to the sky!
d, to feel his heart not all subdued!
y to shake hands with Solitude!
re, still he loves thy uplands brown,
that o'er his father's freehold towers!
gers, hurrying through the dingy town,
his workshop by its sweet wild-flowers.
n the Sabbath from the hedge-side bowers,
orn blossom in his window droops;
he headlong stream and lucid air,
alpine rose to meet him stoops,
othe a brother in despair,
n Nature and her pictures fair.
er sends a posy to his jail,
of the sunny celandine—the brief
is wind-flower, loveliest of the frail—
crimson star—the woodbine's leaf—
with its half-closed eye of grief—
of fragrance, beauty, joy, and song!"

is just about to venture among the melt-
, and in Book Fourth we find Enoch
o the recitation of poetry from the works
f our greatest living bards. He had al-
ed poetry—and the first poem that stirred
om all its depths, was Schiller's *Robbers*.
ead it about the time of the French Re-
-and, just after, lost his eyes. His wife
ig his darkness; and here is a passionate
nat of itself stamps Elliott a poet.

"Then hither, Pride, with tearless eyes, repair!
Come, and learn wisdom from unimurmuring wo,
That rest of early hope, yet scorns despair.
Still in his bosom light and beauty glow,
Though darkness took him captive long ago.
Nor is the man of five score years alone:
A heavenly form, in pity, hovers near;
He listens to a voice of tenderest tone,
Whose accents sweet the happy cannot hear;
And, lo! he dashes from his cheek a tear,
Caught by an angel shape, with tresses pale.
He sees her, in his soul. How fix'd he stands!—
But, oh! can angels weep? Can grief prevail
O'er spirits pure?—She waves her thin white hands;
And, while her form recedes, her eye expands,
Gazing on joys which he who seeks shall find.
There is an eye that watches o'er the blind;
He *hath* a friend—'not lost, but gone before'—
Who left her image in his heart behind.
But when his hands, in darkness, trembled o'er
Her lifeless features, and he heard no more
The voice whose last tone bless'd him, frenzy came!—
Blindness on blindness! Midnight thick and deep,
Too heavy to be felt! Then pangs, like flame,
That scar'd the brain—sorrow, that could not weep—
Fever, that would have barter'd worlds for sleep!—
He had no tears, but those that inly pour,
And scald the heart—no slumbers, but the doze
That stuns the mourner, who can hope no more!—
But he had shudderings—stupor—nameless woes!—
Horror, which only he that suffers knows.
But frenzy did not kill. His iron frame,
Though shaken, stood. The mind's night faded slow.
Then would he call upon his daughter's name,
Because it was her mother's!—And his wo
Waned into resignation, pleased to show
A face of peace, without the smile it wore.—
Nor did the widower learn again to smile,
Until his daughter to her Albert bore
Another Mary; and on yonder stile
He nursed the babe, that sweetly could beguile,
With looks unseen, 'all sadness but despair.' "

Ebenezer Elliott is a Radical. Would that all
Radicals would take from him their religion! We
know not—nor care—to what church he belongs;
sufficient for us to know that it is the church of
Christ. He elsewhere says—

"Spirits should make the desert their abode.
The meekest, purest, mightiest, that e'er wore
Dust as a garment, stole from crowds unblest
To sea-like forests, or the sea-beat shore,
And utter'd, on the star-sought mountain's breast,
The holiest precepts e'er to dust address'd."

Throughout all his poetry, grief, in its agony,
seeks succour from God. He never appeals light-
ly—for that would be irreverently—to religion.
But the whole course of the *Village Patriarch*
bears testimony to its efficacy in all affliction—nor
is its gentle spirit inapparent through the still air
of joy. Would that at all times it tempered his
feelings when they are too vehemently excited by
the things that are temporal—but another hour
may come for reproof—if not from us—perhaps
from a wiser man, "the master who taught him
the art of poetry," and whom all good men love
and reverence.

Enoch, as he stands in the church-yard, think-
ing of her who is in heaven, is a melancholy image.
But his companion, the poet, says to him,

"Nay, Enoch, do not weep. The day is fair.
And flings bright lightnings from his helm abroad:
Let us drink deep the pure and lucid air,
Ere darkness call thee to her damp abode.
Hark, how the titling whistles o'er the road!"

Holm, plume thy palms! and toss thy purple torse,
 Elm! but, Wood Rose, be not a bride too soon!
 Snows yet may shroud alive the golden gorse:
 Thou, early green, deem not thy bane a boon;
 Distrust the day that changeth like the moon.
 But still our father weeps. Ah! though all hues
 Are dead to him, the floral hours shall yet
 Shed o'er his heart their fragrance-loving dew!
 E'en now, the daisy, like a gem, is set,
 Though faint and rare, in winter's coronet.
 Thy sisters sleep, adventurous wind-flower pale;
 And thy meek blush affronts thecelandine,
 The starry herald of that gentlest gale
 Whose plumes are sunbeams, dipp'd in odours fine:
 Well mayst thou blush; but sad blight will be thine,
 If glowing day shut froze in stormy night.

"Still dost thou weep, Old Man? The day is bright,
 And spring is near: come, take a youngster's arm;
 Come, let us wander where the flocks delight
 At noon to sup them, when the sun is warm;
 And visit then, beyond thy uncle's farm,
 The one-arch'd bridge—thy glory, and thy pride,
 Thy Parthenon, the triumph of thy skill;
 Which still bestrides, and long it shall bestride,
 The discontented stream from hill to hill,
 Laughing to scorn the moorland torrent still.
 How many years hath he slept in the tomb
 Who swore thy bridge would yield to one year's rain!
 E'en London folks, to see and praise it, come;
 And envious masons pray, with shame and pain,
 For skill like Enoch Wray's, but pray in vain.
 For he could do, what others could not learn,
 First having learn'd what Heaven alone can teach:
 The parish idiot might his skill discern;
 And younglings, with the shell upon their breech,
 Left top and taw, to listen to his speech.
 The barber, proudest of mankind, confest
 His equal worth—'or so the story ran—
 Whate'er he did, all own'd, he did it best;
 And e'en the bricklayer, his sworn foe, began
 To say, that Enoch *was* no common man.
 Had he carved beauty in the cold white stone,
 (Like Law, the unknown Phidias of our day.)
 The village Angelo had quail'd to none
 Whom critics eulogize, or princes pay;
 And ne'er had Chantrey equal'd Enoch Wray!—
 Forgotten relic of a world that was!
 But thou art not forgotten, though, alas!
 Thou art become a stranger, sunny nook,
 On which the changeful seasons, as they pass,
 Wait ever kindly! He no more will look
 On thee, warm bank! will see thy hermit brook
 No more, no more. But kindled at the blaze
 Of day, thy fragrance makes thy presence known.
 Behold! he counts his footsteps as he strays!
 He feels that he is near thy verdure lone;
 And his heart whispers, that thy flowers are blown.
 Pale primrose, know'st thou Enoch? Long ago
 Thy fathers knew him; and their child is dear,
 Because he loved them. See, he bends him low,
 With reverend grace, to thee—and drops a tear.
 'I see thee not,' he sighs, 'but thou art here;
 Speak to a poor blind man! And thou *canst* speak
 To the lone blind. Still, still thy tones can reach
 His listening heart, and soothe, or bid it break.
 Oh, memory hears again the thrilling speech
 Of thy meek beauty! Fain his hand would reach
 And pluck thee—No! that would be sacrilege."

At the opening of Book Fifth it may be said to be the spring. The description of her coming is exquisite—and fain would we go with you along with Enoch Wray and Ebenezer Elliott on an Excursion to the Mountains on a beautiful morning—(of winter it is still called—but who can now tell winter from spring?)—whence are seen

"Five rivers like the fingers of a hand,"

the "silvan Don," the "infant Yewden," the "raving Locksley," the "darkening Rivlin," the "azure Sheaf brightening into gold," the "complaining Porter, Nature's thwarted child," the "headlong Wiming!" Why, there are seven—the Yewden, and another—which we know not—are mere children. Our poet well describes *man*. The bee enlivens his verse, and the snake *embitters* it—"coloured like a stone," "*with cruel and atrocious Tory eye!!*" and saddens it, though he himself merry and reckless, the "short-lived Grinder," "the Dey of Straps," "there coughing at his deadly trade!" But not even Christopher North can look "with cruel and atrocious *Tory eye*," on the story of the "Lost Lad,"—Whence his eye never can look, so long as he retains his senses—rather far would he that it had a cast of the Radical; but without its seeking at present to express any particular political opinions—dim and gray it haply looketh through a mist that might be mistaken for tears.

Mr. Elliott was pleased, a good while ago, in a letter—the reverse of flattering—addressed to us, and written with his own hard hoof of a hand, to call us "a big blue-bottle;"—but we bear no resemblance to that insect, and fear not to image ourselves a dragonfly, fierce-looking as he whirrs dartingly in all directions, but harmless as any creature that wings the air, and after careering a storm and sunshine over ferny banks, and brake, and heather-mountains, dropping down at last upon the bosom of a Highland loch, into easy death.

THE LOST LAD.

"Far to the left, where streams disparted flow,
 Rude as his home of granite, dark and cold,
 In ancient days, beneath the mountain's brow,
 Dwelt with his son, a widower poor and old.
 Two steeds he had, whose manes and forelocks bold
 Comb ne'er had touch'd; and daily to the town
 They dragg'd the rock, from moorland quarries torn.
 Years roll'd away. The son, to manhood grown,
 Married his equal; and a boy was born,
 Dear to the grandsire's heart. But pride and scorn,
 And avarice, fang'd the mother's small gray eyes,
 That dully shone, like studs of tarnish'd lead.
 She poison'd soon her husband's mind with lies;
 Soon nought remain'd to cheer the old man's shed,
 Save the sweet boy, that nightly shared his bed.
 And worse days were at hand. The son defied
 The father—seized his goods, his steeds, his cart:
 The old man saw, and, unresisting, sigh'd:
 But when the child, unwilling to depart,
 Clung to his knees, then spoke the old man's heart
 In gushing tears. 'The floor,' he said, 'is dry;
 Let the poor boy sleep with me this one night.'—
 'Nay,' said the mother; and she twitch'd awry
 Her rabid lip; and dreadful was the sight,
 When the dwarf'd vixen dash'd, with fiendish spite,
 Her tiny fist into the old man's face,
 While he, soft-hearted giant, sobb'd and wept.
 But the child triumph'd! Rooted to the place,
 Clasp'd the aged knees, his hold he kept,
 And once more in his grandsire's bosom slept.
 And nightly still, and every night, the boy
 Slept with his grandsire, on the rush-strewn floor.
 Till the old man forgot his wrongs, and joy
 Revisited the cottage of the moor.
 But a sad night was darkening round his door.
 The snow had melted silently away,
 And, at the gloaming, ceased the all-day rain;
 But the child came not. Wherefore did he stay?
 The old man rose, nor long look'd forth in vain;
 The stream was bellowing from the hills amain.
 And screams were mingled with its sullen roar:
 'The boy is in the burn!' said he, dismay'd,

sh'd forth, wild with anguish. From the shore
 w'd; then, staggering, with both hands display'd,
 screaming, at the boy, who shriek'd for aid,
 ilk, and rais'd his hands, and rose, and scream'd;
 'd; he struck o'er eddying foam; he cast
 fer'd glance o'er waves that yelp'd and gleam'd,
 soiled with the stream, that grasp'd him fast,
 and struggling with a serpent vast.
 he numb'd his arm, more faintly tried
 to scream; still down the torrent went
 wering cries; and soon far off, they died;
 'er the waves, that still their boom forth sent,
 led, coffin-black, the firmament.
 me, the boy return'd not: noon was nigh;
 n the mother sought the hut in haste:
 at the wretched man, with glaring eye;
 his arms the lifeless child, embraced,
 a darkening snow-wreath on the waste.
 see thee, dog, what hast thou donot' she cried,
 rely on his horrid eyeballs gazed;
 id, nor voice, nor dreadful eyes replied;
 the corpse he stared with head unrais'd;
 as fix'd eyes light unnatural blazed,
 ad had left them, to return no more.
 the wither'd heart-strings: is it well?
 the grave hath slept the maniac bair;
 se 'Lost Lad' still the mountains tell,
 hrick the spirits of the hooded fell,
 my-voiced, comes down the floating snow."

None of the next three Books can we quote;
 abundance of good things in them, but
 rather, they are not unlike one of the Po-
 rs. Here a flat, black if not barren—there
 green patch of pasture—and there a quag-
 mire and green too—with a pure spring in
 it, and fringed with cresses—in Scotland
 tly *sourracks*. There you see a small old
 whether inhabited or not, it is hard to say;
 has an uncertain look of life, and yet no
 sues from the chimney—and that, there,
 house at all, though it is like one, but only
 one, and on its top a hawk. Lo! there is
 the ground—and what brings here Enoch
 Why, to visit Dame Alice Green, who has
 times a buxom widow, and though now
 long side of fourscore—

With eyes—one red and blind, one green;
 upper jaw is yet a tooth,
 when she laughs and yawns, may well be seen,
 below, and bluish stumps between."

akes an attempt—not exactly, perhaps,
 iastity—but on the widowerhood of the
 inn—But rather boldly than skilfully he
 retreat,

hears her laugh of rage behind him burst."

gh the whole of the succeeding Book
 eams a dream. And the one again after
 s entirely of a dismal but terrible tale of
 execution, and insanity—a tragedy too
 fecting Enoch Wray—the murderer—
 called—though no murderer at all—hav-
 his own daughter-in-law. His son, Jo-
 nacher, had previously died in jail.
 the ludicrous and the terrible we get rid
 he close of this extraordinary poem; its
 g spirit—with flashes of scorn, and indig-
 nant grief between—then becomes that of
 id melancholy—nor are there wanting
 and more than touches, of the true moral.
 It is April—and the Man of a Hundred
 never to see May. Secret sorrow op-

presses him—he sickens—and knows that he is—
 at last—about to die. Whence secret sorrow to
 one so conditioned—one for whom has been so long
 waiting the grave?

"Why is our father's look so full of pain?
 What silent melody, what secret woe,
 Weighs on his gloomy heart, and dizzy brain?
 An evil, which he seeks, yet dreads, to know,
 Not yet assured, suspected long ago.
 Hath the dark angel of the night, that still
 Delights in human agony and tears,
 Appall'd his slumbers with predicted ill,
 And confirmation of his worst of fears?
 The cause I tell not; but th' effect appears
 In sudden agitation, such as oft
 Comes on the unaging aged, when they seem
 Strong as old eagles on the wing aloft."

He prepares to bid the world farewell—and it is
 wonderful the pathos which the Poet breathes in-
 to the parting of this shadow with all the other
 shadows, that will continue for a while passing to
 and fro along the earth's surface, after it is gone.
 As Enoch Wray is about to shut his eyes on time,
 temporal things all look touchingly beautiful, and
 he gives them his last, his few remaining drops of
 tears. Flowers had been his earliest loves—and
 he is end to bid them all farewell. But there is one
 flower—a blessed and a holy flower—bearing the
 name of the mother of our Saviour! It touched his
 lips. Yet more for the sake of another Mary
 whom he hopes soon now to see in heaven! This
 passage is exquisite:

"The meanest thing to which we bid adieu,
 Looses its meanness in the parting hour,
 When, long neglected, worth seems born anew,
 The heart, that scorns earth's pageantry and power,
 May melt in tears, or break, to quit a flower.
 Thus, Enoch—like a wretch prepar'd to fly,
 And doom'd to journey far, and come no more—
 Seeks old acquaintance with a boding sigh.
 Lo, how he weeps for all he loved of yore,
 Telling in words and stones quaint stories o'er!
 How heavily he climbs the ancient stile,
 Where, on the hill which he no more shall climb,
 Not with a brief, albeit a mournful, staid,
 He seems to gaze, in reverie sublime,
 Till, heard afar, and suddening all the clime,
 Slow swings from ponder tower the passing bell!

"There is a flower—the housewife knows it well—
 A flower, which long hath graced the warm hedge-side
 Of Enoch's dying neighbour, Andrew Gell;
 Whose spleeny mire he pummell'd for his pride,
 Ere beautiful Mary Gould became a bride.
 It is the flower which (pious rustics say)
 The virgin mother on her bosom wore.
 It hoards no dewdrop, like the cups of May,
 But, rich as sunset, when the rain is o'er,
 Spreads flaming petals from a burning core;
 Which, if morn weep, their sorrowing beams upfold,
 To wake and brighten, when bright noon is near.
 And Enoch bends him o'er the marygold;
 He loves the plant, because its name is dear.
 But on the pale green stalk no flowers appear,
 Albeit the future disk is growing fast.
 He feels in each little bud, with pleasing pain,
 And sighs, in sweet communion with the past;
 But never to his lip, or burning brain,
 The flower's cold softness shall he press again,
 Murmuring his long-lost Mary's virgin name."

He now goes on to say good-bye to friends and
 acquaintances living in the neighbourhood, within
 an easy walk, and among the rest to the village
 Poet—

"A kind, good man, who knows our father's worth,
And owns his skill in every thing but rhyme."

With touches almost of liveliness—such as this—does Elliott relieve the mournful thoughts crowding heavily upon the old man's heart—and he scatters, too, gleams of earth's transitory beauty all round his parting feet. The Blind feels they are there.

"But *thou* deny'st not beauty, colour, light;
Full well thou know'st, that, all unseen by thee,
The Vernal Spirit, in the valleys bright,
Is scattering diamonds over blossoms white.
She, though she deign to walk, hath wings of gold,
And plumes all beauteous; while, in leafing bower,
The Chrysalis, that ne'er did wing behold,
Though born to glide in air o'er fruit and flower,
Disproves the plume, the beauty and the power,
And deems it quite impossible to fly."

Enoch, ere he shake hands for the last time with Nature, must visit his daughter Mary—at the Mill. For her sake it was that the secret sorrow troubled him, which he feared to mention even to his own heart into which it crept. Intimations had come to him in his darkness that all was not right in her husband's house—and he feared that Albert was a bankrupt. Was she—Mary Gould, the daughter of Mary Gould—to become an inmate of the workhouse? Over his grave—were there indeed after all—at last—to be shed by the chief mourner—a pauper's tears!

"Farewell, ye mountains, neighbours of the sky!
Enoch will tread your silky moss no more;
But here he breathes your freshness. Art thou nigh
Gray moth of April? On the reedy shore,
For the last time he hears thee, circling o'er
The starry flower. Broad poplar, soon in bloom!
He listens to thy blossomy voice again,
And feels that it is vernal! but the tomb
Awaits him, and thy next year's flowers, in vain,
Will hearken for his footsteps. Shady lane,
Where Fearn, the bloody, felt his deadly arm!
Gate, which he climb'd to cut his bow of yew
From the dark tree of ages! Upland farm,
His uncle's once! thou furzy bank, whose hue
Is of the quenchless fire! adieu, adieu,
For ever. Thy soft answer to the breeze,
Storm-strengthen'd sycamore! is music yet
To his tired spirit: here, thou king of trees,
His own hand did thine infant weakness set;
But thou shalt wear thy palmy coronet
Long, long, when he is clay. Lake of the Mill,
That murmurest of the days when vigour strung
His oary feet, farewell! he hears thee still,
And in heart beholds thy banks, o'erhung
By every tree thou knew'st when he was young!
Forge!—built by him, against the ash-crown'd rock,
And now with ivy grown, a tussock'd mound—
Where oft himself, beneath the hammer's shock,
Drew forth the welded steel, bright, blue, and sound!
Vale of the stream-loved abbey, woodland-bound!
Thou forest of the druids! Oh, thou stone,
That once wast worshipp'd!—pillar of the past,
On which he leaned amid the waste alone!
Scorner of change! thou listenest to the blast
Unmoved as death! but Enoch travels fast.
Thatched alehouse, still yclept the Sickles cross'd;
Where died his club of poverty and age,
Worst blow of all! where oft the blacksmith toss'd
His truth-deciding coin; and red with rage,
The never silenced barber wont engage
In argument with Enoch! Fountain dim,
In which his boyhood quenched the sultry beam!
School, where crown'd monarchs might have learned of him
Who sway'd it, how to reign! Cloud-cradled stream,

That in his soul are eloquent as a dream!
Path-pencill'd hill, now clad in broomy light
Where oft in youth he waked the violets cold,
When you, love-listening stars, confess'd the night
Of earthly beauty, and o'er Mary Gould
Redden'd with passion, while his tale he told!
Rose, yet unblown! thou future woodbine flower!
Majestic foxglove, still to summer true!
Blush of the hawthorn! glad May's sunny shower!
Scenes long beloved and objects dear, adieu!
From you, from earth, gray Enoch turns his view;
He longs to pass away, and soon will pass.
But not with him will toil and sorrow go.
Men drop, like leaves—they wither, and alas,
Are seen no more; but human toil and wo
Are lasting as the hills, or ocean's flow,
Older than Death, and but with death shall diet

"Ye sister trees, with branches old and dry!
Tower'd ye not huge as now, when Enoch Wray,
A happy lad, pursued the butterfly
O'er broomy banks, above the torrent's spray,
Whence still ye cast the shadow of your sway?
Lo,—gray-hair'd Oaks, that sternly execrate
The poor man's foes, albeit in murmurs low;
Or, with a stormy voice, like that of fate,
Smiting your wrinkled hands, in wrath and wo,
Say to the avenging lightnings, "Why so slow?
Lo, that glad boy is now a man of pain!
Once more he totters through the vernal fields;
Once more he hears the corn-crake on the plain;
The vale invites him, where the goldring builds,
And the wild bank that primrose fragrance yields;
He cannot die, without a sad adieu
To one sweet scene that to his heart is dear;
Yet—would he dream his fears may not be true,
And miss a draught of bitterest sorrow here—
His feet will shun the mill-dam, and the wicr
O'er which the stream its idle brawling sends.

"But, lo, tow'rd's Albert's mill the Patriarch wends!
(His own hands reared the pile: the very wheels
Were made by him; and where the archway bends,
His name, in letters of hard stone, appeals
To time and memory.) With mute steps, he steals
Along the vale, but does not hear the mill!
'Tis long since he was there. Alas, the wave
Runs all to waste, the mighty wheel is still!
Poor Enoch feels as if become a slave;
And o'er his heart the long grass of the grave
Already trembles! To his stealthy foot,
Around the door thick springs the chance-sown oat.
While prene their plumes the water hen and coot;
Fearless and fierce, the rat and otter float,
Catching the trout in Albert's half-sunk boat;
And, pendent from each bucket fat weeds dip
Their slimy verdure in the listless stream.
'Albert is ruin'd, then!' his quivering lip
Mutters in anguish, while with paler beam
His sad eye glistens; 'tis, alas, no dream!
Heaven, save the blood of Enoch Wray from shame,
Shame undeserved, the treadmill of the soul!"

Stunned by this blow, but not into stone, is the Village Patriarch. Albert was blameless; for he had been always "strong, laborious, frugal, just" but all over the land,

"in April's fickle sky,
The wretched rich and not less wretched poor
Changed places miserably; and the bad
Throve, while the righteous begged from door to door!"

The shame of having an unprincipled or profligate son has not fallen to Enoch Wray, and there is on earth to comfort him still a Mary Gould. Therefore he yet walks erect before men's eyes in spite of this blow falling on the burthen of a hundred years. But behold him on his knees! the churchyard "reading with his fingers"

"ages with silent admiration fraught."

of the inscriptions there his own chisel
gh! Nay, some of them had been even
ms of his own fervid and pious heart—
lage Patriarch had been one of Nature's
ets, unknown but within the narrow
hood of its tombstones. He crawls from
b—and his memory touches many an af-
cord. To such a visitant they must be
ig—

4, Charles Lamb, Giles Humble, Simon Flen,
ard Green, here wait for Alice — me!"

links perhaps for a moment of the es-
cade from Alice's clutches a few weeks
his fine finger—nor shall poetry ever
ravels over a very different memorial—
netic than any that was ever writ in

a mast, a bursting wave, a child
a woman frantic on the shore;
e! Thou tell'st a story sad and wild.
at, unkindness, all afflictions sore,
mpense, with constancy I bore;
was broken—Lizzy lies with me;
we know that Matthew died at sea."

rchyard belongs to the church in which
ray was married—married to Mary
nd doubtless she was buried here—yet
using himself with other matters, and
ten where she lies. For had he remem-
y Gould, would he not have gone, first
to her grave, and nowhere else have
t so thought Ebenezer Elliott, and he
ch Wray far better than either you or I
known him all his—that is all Eben-
; the poem you will find it writ.

to grave the blind man's eyes are turn'd,
ere he may—and yet he seeks it not.
unea with the poor, the lost, the mourn'd,
d long, by all, but him, forgot
!—no; his bosom never burn'd
so base: the dreaded? No, he spurn'd
nworthy of the human breast.
he pause on his dark pilgrimage!
rgot what love remembers best!
and find, in this familiar page,
rful story, dearest to his age!
y rents, who in this vale of tears
ry weeks—Here waits the judgment-day
rr James, who died, aged fifty years
lives unless Anne, who lived a day;
of Mary, and of Enoch Wray.
pauses, like a trembling wand,
desponding hope by mercy. Lo!
mr, cut by another hand,
d stone, from which he smeth slow;
ritten on his heart of woe;
u art not lost, but gone before.
!—not lost. 'The hour that shall restore
ul husband, Mary, is at hand;
all meet again, to part no more;
welcomed to their blissful land,
ler there, like children, hand in hand,
the daisy of eternal May."

eaves the churchyard in trouble, to be
ack in a few days in peace; for now

• evening of an April day.
• last time, in the cheerful sun
XV.—No. 148.

Our father sits, stooping his tresses gray,
To hear the stream, his ancient neighbour, run,
Young as if time had yesterday begun.
Heaven's gates are like an Angel's wing, with plumes
Of glorious green, and purple gold, on fire:
Through rifts of mountainous clouds, the light illumines
Hill-tops, and woods, that pilgrim-like retire;
And, like a giant's torch, burns Northern spire.
Primrose odours, violet-mingled, float
O'er blue-bells and ground-vy, on their wings
Bearing the music of the blackbird's note;
Beneath the dewy cloud, the woodlark sings,
But on our father's heart no gladness rings.
Mary bends o'er him, mute. Her youngest lad
Craves, with small hand, his grandsire's finger fast;
Well knows the old man that the boy is sad;
And the third Mary, as she hurries past,
Trembles, and looks towards the town aghast.
Enoch hears footsteps of unwelcome sound,
While at his feet the sightless mastiff lies;
And, lo, the blind dog, growling, spurns the ground!
'Two strangers are approaching,' Enoch cries;
But Mary's throbbing heart alone replies.
A stern, 'Good day, sir' smites his cheek more pale;
A rude collision shakes him in his chair;
'The Bible of his sire is mark'd for sale'
But degradation is to him despair;
The hour is come which Enoch cannot bear
But he can die! and in his humble grave,
Sweet shall his long rest be by Mary's side;
And o'er his coffin unmarbled shall wave
The willow-tree, beneath the dark tower's pride
Set by his own sad hand, when Mary died."

Enoch Wray is dead; and we are left to think on
the Village Patriarch, his character, his life, and
his death. Do not we always do so—kindly or
cruelly—whenever we chance to hear that any
Christian man or woman of our acquaintance has
died? "Ah! is he dead?" "Can it be that *she* is cut
off?" And a hundred characters of the deceased
are drawn extempore, which, it is as well to know,
find no lasting record—that obituary being all
traced in letters of air. But we are not disposed
to write Enoch Wray's epitaph, on the very day
of his death—nor yet on the very day of his burial.
Some time, shorter or longer, elapses—after the
disappearance of the deceased—before you see a
man like a schoolmaster earnestly engaged with
suitable tools in engraving an imperishable record
of filial, or parental, or conjugal affection, on a
new handsome burial-stone, that looks as if there
were none other besides itself in the church-yard
—though the uprights are absolutely jostling one
another till they are in danger of being upset on
the flats—slabs once horizontal, but now sunk,
with one side invisible, into a soil which, if not
originally rich, has been excellently well manur-
ed, yet is suffered to produce but dockens, nettles,
and worse than weeds (can it be florin?) the rank
grass of wretchedness, that never fades, because
it never flourishes, thatching the narrow house,
but unable—though the inmates never utter a
complaint—even in the driest weather, to keep out
damp. That is rather a disagreeable image—and
of the earth earthy; but here are some delightful
images—of the heavens heavenly; and, in the
midst of them, for a while let us part.

"He hears, in heav'n, his swooning daughter shriek.
And when the woodbine's cluster'd trumpet blows;
And when the pink's melodious hues shall speak,
In unison of sweetness with the rose,
Joining the song of every bird, that knows
How sweet it is of wedded love to sing;
And when the fells, fresh bathed in azure air.

2 A

Wide as the summer day's all golden wing,
 Shall blush to heav'n, that Nature is so fair,
 And man condemn'd to labour in despair;—
 Then, the gay gnat, that sports its little hour;
 The falcon, wheeling from the ancient wood;
 The red-breast, fluttering o'er its fragrant bower;
 The yellow-bellied lizard of the flood;
 And dewy morn, and evening—in her hood
 Of crimson, fringed with lucid shadows grand—
 Shall miss the Patriarch; at his cottage door
 The bee shall seek to settle on his hand,
 But from the vacant bench haste to the moor,
 Mourning the last of England's high-soul'd poor,
 And bid the mountains weep for Enoch Wray!
 And for themselves!—albeit of things that last
 Unalter'd most; for they shall pass away
 Like Enoch, though their iron roof seem fast
 Bound to the eternal future, as the past!
 The Patriarch died! and they shall be no more.
 Yes, and the sailless worlds, which navigate
 Th' unutterable deep that hath no shore,
 Will lose their starry splendour, soon or late,
 Like tapers, quench'd by Him whose will is fate!
 Yes, and the Angel of Eternity,
 Who numbers worlds, and writes their names in light,
 Ere long, oh, earth, will look in vain for thee,
 And start, and stop, in his unerring flight,
 And, with his wings of sorrow and affright—
 Veil his impassion'd brow, and heav'nly tears!"

From the Court Magazine.

KATE HENNESSY.

A Tale of Carrig O'Gunniel.

Now too—the joy most like divine
 Of all I ever dreamt or knew.
 To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,
 Oh, misery! must I lose *this* too?—MOORE.

THERE are few more picturesque ruins in the south of Ireland than those of Carrig O'Gunniel Castle, situated not far from the banks of the Shannon, and at about five miles distance from the city of Limerick. The name signifies the "rock of the candle," and it is so called from a legend—what old castle in Ireland is without one?—of a supernatural light, which in times of yore was wont to blaze after sunset on the highest point of the building. This unearthly torch was kindled by a malignant hag, whose care it was to feed the flame, and wo to the luckless wight who dared to raise his eye to "the rock," after she had taken her nightly station there!—death or deformity was sure to be his portion.

The shortest exposure to the withering glare of the witch's candle was fatal, and many wild tales are current among the peasantry of its baleful effects.* The light is now quenched; and nought remains of the once mighty fortress but dilapidated walls and mouldering towers, whose massive fragments show how strong, and yet how vain, was the resistance they opposed to the assaults of William the Third, before whose cannon they fell. The ivy covers, as with a pall, these relics of former greatness, and where banners were wont to wave the fox-glove unfolds its crimson blossoms to the breeze. The sea, once red

with the blood of the foe, and which so oft sounded to the tread of "nail-clad men," burrowed by innumerable flocks of timorous bits, which, at the slightest noise, are seen diving away in hundreds to their underground retreats, or the shelter of the spreading "lady" with which the soil is covered. The owl and bat flit at nightfall round the gloomy tower, startle with their strange noises the belated saint, who hurries by with the feeling which superstition always flings around ruins in Ireland, and while he wraps his cloak closely about him, and pulls his hat over his forehead, crosses himself with a muttered prayer, and utters the usual exclamation of "God come between! harm this blessed night."

In the day-time, however, when the clear sun has put to flight the phantoms and shadows

"Of Erebus and blackest midnight born,"

Carrig O'Gunniel Castle is the frequent resort not only of the country people, but of various groups of "felicity hunters" from more distant parts. The eminence on which it was built commands an extensive and not unpicturesque prospect. Immediately at the foot, on the landside, its sloping fields brightening in the sun, lies the snug glebe, embowered in trees, so that you can distinguish the neatly trimmed hedge-rows and trace the gravelled avenue leads to the parish church of Kilkeedy at its base. Further on, are the woods of Elm Park and the C—'s improvements, with the village of Carrig to the left. On the river side the rock descends suddenly down, rendering the ascent to the castle by that way steep and precipitous. Very fine is the view on a calm summer's evening when the sun is setting behind the distant hills of Kerry and gilding with its red and glowing light the majestic Shannon and the winding Maigue, a tributary river, which glides like a silver thread through the plain, forming various fairy-like islands in its meandering course; and pleasant it is to see the graceful brig, or the humbler turf boat, with its red sails glowing in the sunset, as it passes slowly by the luxuriant woods of Cooper's Island, Tervoe, towards the city of Limerick, where the cathedral tower piercing the cloud of smoky vapour that hangs over the town.

On such an evening as we have been describing in the autumn of the year 1822—a year notable in that part of the country to all classes of persons, two figures were seen slowly descending the hill from the castle; they were apparently little alive to the scenery which we have been attempting to portray, for the eyes of both were bent on the ground. The one, a young man in the first bloom of manhood, was tall and athletic in figure, and in his open and generous tenance the reckless gayety of youth was mingled with an expression of hardihood and manliness beyond his years. He was dressed in the simple garb of a peasant—a light coloured frieze and straw hat, with his shirt collar open, so as to display the throat, according to the custom among the men of his class. He carried in his hand a stout crabthorn stick, or shillelagh, calculated to prove a powerful weapon

* A tale, founded on this legend of Carrig O'Gunniel, the Rock of the Candle, appeared in one of the Annuals some seasons ago, from the pen of Mr. Griffin, the talented author of "The Collegians."

† A large loose coat, worn by the lower orders in Ireland.

uscular an arm, but which was employed in decapitating the thistle-down that grew in the treading.

n's companion was a girl of unusual beauty. Her dress differed in rare,, almost approaching to coach it was adjusted, from that uni- the country maidens of the south own stuff gown, the skirt of which id fastened behind, so as to allow it of a blue colour to be visible ownwards. a check apron, neck- light orange—(strange that this r should be so popular in the air of small brogues, completed

h was of a jet black, luxuriant parted *a la Madonna* in front, at the back into that circular s to the head a contour at once lassical:—a mode of coiffure ac- ed in M'Clise's exquisite, though oo flattering, specimens of the in," in his admirable painting of 1."—"The smiles that came and o life a thousand dimples that rosy mouth and rounded cheek, l, and the usual laughing slyness er dark blue eye was changed to eep tenderness, as with anxious l the downcast looks of her com-

that away, Maurice dear," she g pause, "things may turn out xpect;—any how, there's no use ust hope for the best." e use o' hoping," exclaimed the ly,—"where's the use in it?—but elf is to blame;—fool and omed- o be thinking o' you, or looking : to you, at all, at all!—what bu- es o' me to dare to lift my eyes uther the sthrong farmer he is. vourneen, many an' many's the aw you, that I wished you were amble, as e'er a girl in the place an' that your father's gould an' at the bottom of the Shannon ch as he thinks of it."

, Maurice," said Kate, "don't y father;—'tis not fitting for me such language from you. But 'tis myself that's the worst off an, Maurice, an' you can take r shoulder, an' go off to the fair may be over across to England vest,—an' you'll see fine places an' soon forget ould times, an' hind;—but poor Kate must stay re heart, an' mind the house, an' many a time in the long even- ice is quiet, an' the flax betune l be thinking, an' thinking—" or girl's voice faltered, and she p;—her bosom heaved, and her ars at the picture her fancy had

still, and leaning on his stick, her as she struggled with her

e said, "darling o' the world!— ed to say, that Maurice Carmo-

dy would do the likes o' that to the girl of his heart—that he'd lave her to pipe at home, an' he away taking his diversion out o' foreign parts,—he'd get that from this arm would make him repent his words as long as the breath was in his body. 'Tis belying you are, Kate, talking that way o' my going from you;—your own boy, that would throw himself from the top of that castle over this very minute. if it was your bidding, or if it would do you the smallest service in life!"

"But you *can* do me a service, Maurice," replied the young woman, brushing away her tears with the corner of her apron; "you can do me, aye, an' yourself too, a service. Listen to me:—My father isn't against you at all at all, as much as you think, nor would'nt be, only you're your own enemy entirely. 'Tis'nt silver or gould that Michael Hennessy wants for his daughter, an' there's nothing would hinder him from giving her to a quiet, dacent, well-behaved boy that keeps at home, an' minds his business; but Maurice, a night-walker, an' one that follows bad company, an' bad courses, 'ill never get a girl of his for a wife; an' as long as——"

The dark eye of the young man kindled while his companion was speaking,—he drew himself up proudly, and was about to interrupt her with a violent exclamation, when she laid her hand gently on his arm, and looking into his face, said,— "Maurice, I know what you are going to say;— what you're going to tell me, what you often did before, about righting the country, an' the people, an' all that; but be said by me—do now, avich;—lave the country, an' the people, to them that knows more about such things than yourself;— where's the good o' bringing yourself into trouble for what you'll never be the better by; an' you'll find how my father 'ill turn to you, when he sees you quiet and industrious, take my word for it."

"If I thought that," replied Maurice, after a brief struggle with himself, "I would, Cauthleen, —I would for your sake, give up all dalings with the boys that's putting me up to the courses you're talking about."

"The heavens bless you, Maurice, for that word," said the girl, joyfully, "the heavens bless an' reward! An' will you promise me now, that you will henceforward an' for ever, have nothing in the wide world to do with them—good or bad?"

"I can't promise you that," said the young man, his brow darkening, "for I'm bound to them,— bound to do a turn for them this very night."

"Then," said the girl, clasping her hands and walking away a few paces—"you may take your last look at Kate Hennessy, for her father will never hear of her marrying one that's inclined as you are."

"Stop Cauthleen, stop," said her lover, following her with cager steps, and exclaiming, as he again stood before her, "would you be after making a *traitor* of me?" She did not answer, and he went on—

"I'm bound, as I tould you,—bound hand an' foot for this night; and as I'm in for it, I must be as good as my word;—but Cauthleen, I swear to you now by Him that's over us,—and there's more hearkening to this moment than we can see," he added, taking off his hat, and looking round at the haunted spots on which the evening shadows were fast descending—"I swear to you by all that is holy, from this night out, Maurice Carmody will have no more to do, or to say with them

that's displacing to you or yours, than the child unborn."

In joyful accents did the delighted Kate pour out her thanks and blessings upon her lover for his unexpected promise. "An' now," she said, "it's late, an' I must be bidding you good night;—remember, Maurice dear, what your ather telling me, and be sure, in the end all will go right. But, in the mean time, don't let on a word to any one, an' mind—we must not be seen together."

"No,—but I'll meet you at the dance-house, won't I, avourneen, on Sunday? You'll be there with your father, Cauthleen?"

"That will I, she answered, "an' now, good evening, Maurice."

"Good evening kindly, asthore,—an' safe home, an' a kind welcome to you wherever you go."

"Tis hard," he added, musingly, as he stood watching her retreating figure by a little well, whose crystal stream, shaded from the noon-day sun by the overhanging branches of a timber sally, furnished the village maidens with an inexhaustible supply of water, for their household purposes.

"Tis hard to give up the cause ather all, an' perhaps be called a deserter into the bargain;—but she's a jewel of a girl, an' well worth it. I must thry and keep this night's work a secret from her father; 'tis only a few strokes of a pen ather all, an' I can bid the boys to hould silence, an' not let on to any one, who done the job for them." So saying, Maurice Carmody walked cackly away towards his cabin.

The country, at the time of which we are

writing, was in a state of unusual insubordination:

and the search of arms, and the

seizure of persons, were common

occurrences. To meet these disturban-

ces, the Government had sent a

large force of troops, and a

magistrate, was sent to account for his

conduct. The people, however, were

not intimidated, and the

disturbances continued.

The people were not

intimidated, and the

disturbances continued.

The people were not

intimidated, and the

disturbances continued.

The people were not

intimidated, and the

disturbances continued.

The people were not

intimidated, and the

into a dark corner, where she was able to remain unnoticed.

"Arrah! what's come over ye at all at all to-night, boys and girls, that ye're not dancing?" cried a merry voice from the crowd,—“there's no surrection act upon your legs any way, that ye must get a pass from the magisthrate afore ye dare move one foot forenint the other, in a jig or a reel. Come step out, girls,—what are ye about?”

"Och! 'tis waitin' for Martin we are," cried a rosy-faced damsel, winking slyly at the speaker, "there's never a boy here can get a partner till he's had his pick and choice o' the girls."

"Hurroo! Martin avich, hurroo!" shouted the other, "where are ye hiding yourself, an' all the girls pulling caps for ye, an' trilling one another on the 'count o' you." And spying out the object invoked at a little distance, he dragged him by the collar into the midst of the assembly.

Martin Green was the delight of the whole parish. Under an appearance of simplicity, almost amounting to idiocy, he possessed as much cunning and shrewdness as the rest of the world, and could make as good a bargain at a fair or market as any man in the village of Ballybrown or Cork-a-more to boot. He had come into the parish some years before as the guide of an old blind mother, and his filial attention had procured for him protection and employment from a gentleman who continued it to him after the widow's death, on the condition of his remaining in a state of single blessedness, towards which Martin manifested a strong disinclination. Next to his master, his blind mother had been, and her memory was still the object of his profound respect; a feeling which the tongue of scandal averred the old woman had continued to enforce by frequent corporeal castigations long after Martin had attained to man's estate. His ordinary appearance was most grotesque, as he persisted in wearing his old clothes until they were a mass of shreds and patches hanging about him; and when taunted with his coat of many colours, he would strip it off, together with the nether integuments, and show forth all the splendour of unsullied frieze and brown cow-clovers; these "veiled beauties" never being exhibited until a due regard to *les convenances* (which scarcely ever enters into the calculation of an Irish peasant) made the measure necessary; and on working days they were respectably concealed by their venerable predecessors in office.

As to Martin Green's popularity as an excusable subject for their jokes, he possessed other claims to the good-will of his neighbours,—he could sing "Reynard the fox," and "Dhrim-drum," and divers other ditties; and then his dancing—that was his forte—there was not an unmarried master in the country to whom he had not served an apprenticeship, and he would never have deprived himself of a meal which he was initiated into the mysteries of the "shuffle the brogue,"—"cover the house," &c. &c.—in which he was so great a proficient. He stood now in the midst of the circle, his countenance streaked with a grin of mingled merriment and drollery, and displaying a set of teeth as white and even as a young beagle's. The girls were gaily playing off their *agaceries* upon him, and he was crowding round him.

"What will you choose one, you great

stone?" said the man who had brought him forward.

Martin simpered up to the girl next him, and as going to reach out his hand to her, when the guish damsel before-mentioned put herself between them, crying out,

"A' thin, Martin dear, what did I do to you, at you don't make choice o' me?"

"Never mind her," exclaimed another, "sure was with myself you promised to dance the first to-night."

"The cruel decayver!" said a third, putting her hands to her eyes, and pretending to sob, "he told me I was his sweetheart last Sunday evening."

Poor Martin let his hands drop by his sides, and looked round in a state of bewilderment.

There was a general laugh.

"Faix, you're the lucky boy, Martin," said one of the men.

"He'll be aiten up, betune them all!" cried another.

"'Tis a wonder but he'll be poisoned some day with the love-philtres* they makes up for him," added another.

"Aye, or stuck all over with charmed pins," said the first speaker.

"Arrah thin, Martin avich, why don't you marry one o' them?" said a young man who knew his weak point, winking at his neighbour,—"why don't you marry, and thin you'll be left in pace for the rest of your life?"

"Sure and sure," answered Martin, "wouldn't I marry at wonst, and welkim, only the masther, long life to his honour, long may he live! won't I go to it at all at all. Yistherday morning I was at the house, and he aiting his breakfast, to see could he be any way more agreeable in regard o' the girl at Mungret wid de tree fat pigs. Says I, 'come to your honour,'"—and here Martin involuntarily took off his hat as though he were actually in "the presence," scraped back one leg, and pulled down the forelock of his straight hair as a token of submission,—"'I come to see would you gi' me lave to change my condition, 'cause you were ever an' always a good gentleman, long life to your honour, and long may you live.'—'An' what's the match you're wanting to make?' says the masther.—'Oh! an illigant one, your honour,' says I; tree fat pigs; one fit to kill at Christmas, and de two oders de finest slips you ever laid eyes on. God bless 'em!—'But what business has dees o' you wid a wife?' says he.—'Och then, long life to your honour,' says I, 'long may you live; isn't it a poor thing for a boy not to have a comrade of his own, like de rest of his neighbours.'—'You're a fool,' says his honour; 'an' 'tis a household o' childher, instead o' de tree fat pigs, you'd have on your floore; go home,' says he, 'an' let me hear no more about it.'"

"Why, the masther, Martin," said one of the men, "is a'most as hard upon you, as your ould father used to be in past times."

Martin's face became suddenly very grave.

"Och, Misthress Green" (he always used this respectful denomination towards her) "was a fine woman—a mighty fine woman intirely; and a mor-

*Love-philtres, charmed pins, &c. are in constant use among the peasantry; and from the deleterious ingredients of which the former are composed, frequently produce delirium, madness, and other most injurious effects.

tal sthrong arm she had on her, long life—rest her sowl, I mane; a mighty good woman, she was, Misthress Green, and 'twas she larned me all I know."

"Faix then, if she larned you to *talk*," cried the little hump-backed piper, "'twasn't by halves she done the job. Arrah, step out man, and let us see whether you can stir your legs as brisk as your tongue, this evening."

Martin obeyed; and soon "a change came o'er his outward man, great as the occasion demanded. With chin *en Pair*, half closed eyes, mouth drawn down at the corners, his whole countenance of an imperturbable gravity, and his arms scrupulously stiffened against his sides,—did he begin his elaborate performance; not on "the light fantastic toe," but the stout substantial heel of his well-benailed brogues. Leaving him to what, in his case, was both a business and a pleasure, we return to the dark corner where we left Kate Hennessy, and find her not alone, as before, for her bright eyes are lifted to the face of her handsome suitor, and her ears are drinking in the words that fall from his lips.

"'Tis true for me, Kate;—the music, an' the dancing, an' all the laughing an' joking, makes the very heart sink down within me, thinking that I'm the only boy of 'em all, that can't give his hand to the girl he loves, and lade her out when the jig sthrikes up. An' ever an' always the thought does be coming before me, an' I do be picturin' to myself the little cabin, with the floore sweep' up clane in the evening, an' the table out, and the pot of potatoes down for supper on the bright turf fire, and your own smilin' face, Cauthleen, at the door to welcome me home, and give your husband the cead mille faltheagh (hundred thousand welcomes) after his hard day's work."

"Well Maurice," replied Kate, smiling and blushing at the little domestic picture he had drawn, "and what's to hinder that from happening one of these days, more especially after the promise you gave me last Tuesday. I declare my heart is as light as a thistle-down, ever since that evening at the well, an' whenever I pass by the place, an' that the words you said come across me, I feel as if I had wings upon me like the young birds, and could fly up in the air for gladness."

The joyous tone of her voice, and the bright and sparkling countenance on which his eyes were riveted, could not fail to chase away the gloom that hung on the brow of Maurice; but Kate was soon led off to the dance, and their enlivening influence removed. He continued to gaze on her, his mind forcibly occupied with the weighty obstacles that lay in his road to her father's favour, when a few words of a conversation that was going on in another corner arrested his attention.

The group towards whom he now eagerly turned, consisted of "Misther" Hennessy, (a titular distinction which the acquisition of a few acres of land and some stock had procured for him) and two or three village "magnates," who were discussing the affairs of the country with a sagacity and vehemence that would have done credit to more exalted politicians.

"But the *notice*," said one, "that was the masther sthroke of all;—the bouldest thing that has been done by 'em from the beginning out."

"Aye," said another elderly sage,—"I read it myself, every word from first to last;—it was posted up on the church doore Wednesday morning,

an' was the finest written thing ever you seen; I brought up Mr. Hennessy here to look at it."

"You did, sure enough," answered Hennessy, "an' such writin' an' spellin', an' figurin', never came across my two eyes afore or since. 'Twas a wonder of a notice,—barring the sense of it, which I don't say I rightly approve: but for writin', why there isn't a schoolmaster from this to Limerick, could match the likes of it."

Maurice's cheek burned, and his breath came quickly, as these words fell from the lips of the father of his beloved:—he approached nearer, and listened with intense interest.

"I wondher who it was they got to do it for them, at all at all," said the first speaker—"the boy must be an illigant scholar, sure enough."

"Scholar!" exclaimed Hennessy, who owed his rise in the world more to his skill in the merits of a pig than to his literary attainments, and who was therefore an ardent admirer of letters,—*"scholar!"* he cried, striking his stick vehemently on the ground,—*"I'll tell you what, man, the boy that wrote that notice is fit to go to the college in Dublin,—so he is;—an' a burning shame an' pity it is that such a one should be said or led by bad advisers, for there's the makings of a great man in him, whomsoever he is, I'll be bail, as sure as my name's Mick Hennessy."*

Maurice could contain himself no longer. With a bounding heart and sparkling eye, he sprang forward into the midst of the group, and avowed himself the writer of the admired piece of penmanship. Hennessy eyed him complacently for a moment: then extending his hand, and cordially grasping that of the young man, he made him sit down beside him on the wooden bench. Their conversation was inaudible to the others; it was brief but animated, and, at its close, Carmody started up, and cast an eager and inquiring glance all around the barn. The object of his search was not there, and he pushed through the crowd into the open space outside the door, where many of the dancers had gone to breathe the fresh air out of the heated atmosphere within. Kate Hennessy was standing at a little distance, alone, and with her back to the revellers. With one elastic bound did her exulting lover clear the space that lay between them, and uttering a cry of joy, which, hitherto suppressed, now burst from him in the exuberance of his feelings, he flung his arms round her. The startled girl extricated herself from him, an indignant flush crimsoned her temples as she pushed him angrily away, exclaiming, "Maurice Carmody, are you drunk, or are you mad, or what's come over you?"

"I ax your pardon, Kate," answered the rebuked Maurice, "for forgetting myself.—I couldn't help it.—I meant no offence. I'm neither drunk or mad, excepting indeed wi' the joy that's in me this blessed night;—for oh, Cauthleen asthore! your own words are comin true! I tould all to your father, an' about my promise that evening foreninst the ould castle over, an' he's forgave me every thing; an' one whole year I'm to be on thril, an' then—" Maurice finished the sentence by flourishing his hat over his head, and cutting a caper in the air.

That evening he walked with Cauthleen to her home, for the first time, as her authorized suitor; for, though her father knew of the long attachment between them, and admired young Carmody as a "fine likely boy," still he never would sanction it, as long as he suspected him of having

any thing to do with the disturbers of the peace. Maurice lingered with his beloved at the threshold of her abode, till roused by Hennessy with the exclamation of "Come, boy, ye'll have time enough to say all ye have got to tell o' other in the next twelve months, an' don't be whispering there, as if there was no 'act' to people be inside their doors before eight o'clock in wid ye, Kate, avourneen; an' let Maurice go away home; the peelers will be out going rounds in less than no time."

"I feel," said Carmody to himself, as he looked over the Carrig-road to his own cabin, "as if the wide world was too little to hold this night; an' the heart within me keeps leppin' an' jumping as if it would force itself out thro' the skin for bare joy."

The excitement of the young man's feelings at the unexpected change in his prospects, was great to allow him to sleep. He lay thinking of Kate Hennessy, and forming the plans of industry and good conduct which were to win the favour of her father during his year of probation. He was aroused from a waking dream of future happiness by a confused murmur of voices and steps outside the cabin. This was nothing unusual in the times of which we write, when parties of police, accompanied by a magistrate, (tho' the magistrate had not then been invested with the powers they now enjoy, and were unable to act without the presence and authority of a magistrate,) used to patrol the country to see that all were in obedience to the provisions of the Licensing Act. The names of the inmates, written on a paper, were affixed to the door of every house, and it was frequently the custom to search any suspected cabin, and examine whether it contained its due number of occupants.

The loud knocking that assailed his ears, and the whispering ceased, might have alarmed any other man, but he was in too happy a frame of mind to think of fear. He sprang lightly up, and opened the door. There was a party of police, headed by a magistrate outside.

"Is your name Maurice Carmody?" said the magistrate.

The young man made a sign in the affirmative. "Then," said the gentleman, sternly, drawing a paper from his pocket, "it is my duty to inform you as the writer of a rebellious and seditious notice;—here is my warrant."

The glow which his feverish dream of love and hope had called upon his cheek, died away in a ghastly paleness, as these words smote the ear of the unfortunate young man. He staggered back a few paces, and leant against the wall for support.

"We cannot wait," said one of the police, "you must dress yourself and follow us."

Carmody mechanically obeyed; he put on his clothes without uttering a word of remonstrance, and accompanied the party in silence to the police barrack.

So sudden, so stunning, had been the change that it was some minutes before he was aware of the overwhelming change that had place in his prospects. Too soon the truth, the whole bitter truth, burst upon his bewildered senses, as wringing his heavily-ironed hands in the agony of his despair, he looked round at the gloomy walls of the "black hole," in which he was confined, whose darkness was made visible

mmor of a rushlight, which the woman who admitted the party, touched by the disconsolate appearance of the youthful and handsome soner, had placed there. None could tell what were the bitter lamentations, the agonized groans, at his blighted hopes and wretched fate wrung from the soul of Carmody as he paced his prison for that night; for in the morning all traces of the struggle had vanished, and he stood, stern and imposed, before his accusers.

A special court was then sitting in Limerick, for the trial and summary punishment of all offenders against the public peace, and those taken under the Insurrection Act; and thither, early next morning, Carmody was conveyed. The evidence against him was full and unquestionable, and, alas! his own lips had condemned him; that *avowal* to Hennessy, which he had fondly hoped would prove the foundation of long years of happiness, was the cause of his ruin. A large reward had been offered for the discovery of the author of this notice, and the treacherous informer, lurking among the crowd in the dance-house, was in the act of reporting to a magistrate the words of the unfortunate Maurice, at the moment when he was exulting in having happily reached the goal of all his wishes. His trial was soon over;—transportation for life was the sentence.

And Kate Hennessy! how did *she* bear the astounding intelligence of her lover's fate?

When the first shock was over, she threw herself at the feet of her father, and besought him earnestly to allow her to go to the prison and take a last farewell of Carmody, before he was hurried away for ever from her sight. Hennessy was for a long time inexorable; but at last, yielding to her entreaties, he consented to accompany her to Limerick. They arrived at the jail, the door of the cell was thrown open, and the disaffected girl flung herself into the arms of her beloved.

Kate Hennessy had been remarkable in her happier days, for a degree of womanly pride and delicacy not often found in her station; and this maiden coyness and reserve, or "way of keeping herself up," as her companions called it, was owing less to her father's rise in the world, than to her peculiar sensitiveness, and shrinking modesty, of her own disposition. But now,—all was forgotten,—lost, in the overwhelming sense of her misery: but yesterday she would have blushed to acknowledge, even to herself, how dear he was to her—and, now, in wild despair, she clung to her lover, and clasped him, as though the frail arms that were wound so convulsively round his new frame could shield him from those that could tear him from her.

Scarcely less bitter was the emotion that heaved the breast against which her small head was pressed, while her long black hair hung over her in neglected masses. Carmody strove, "in all the silent manliness of grief," to subdue his own anguish, that he might minister consolation to her. He saw her tearless agony, and words of comfort rose to his lips, but they died away in the vain effort to give them utterance. He could only return

The painful interview did not last long; for Hennessy, anxious to put an end to the scene, the effects of which he dreaded for his daughter, separated with cruel kindness, the unhappy lovers, and half led and half carried her out of the prison.

The sun rose brightly on the harbour of Dublin, gilding with its beams the waters of the bay, that danced and sparkled in the cheerful morning light. The hill of Howth, its outline veiled in mist, and the rocky and barren sides alone visible, lay stretched like a huge monster of the deep sleeping on the surface of the waves. The inhabitants of Kingstown (or Dunleary, as it was then more generally called) were going forth to their daily avocations; and, firmly anchored close by the shore, a sentinel pacing its deck, lay the hulk, or prison for convicts under sentence of transportation, its black and ungainly mass a blot on the face of the shining waters.

But the principal object in the scene, and that to which all eyes were now directed, was a state-ship that had come into the harbour the evening before, and was moored in the deep water, opposite the Howth light-house. Alas! how few of those that admired her gallant bearing and gilded prow, as she lay like a queen, in the offing, thought of the vice and wretchedness that were soon to be put within her, or reflected that the breeze which was to fill the sails, now flapping idly against the mast, would be loaded with the groans and sighs of hundreds, made widows and childless by her departure: she was the transport ship, arrived to convey the inmates of the hulk to their final destination.

The supply of water and provisions for the voyage had been put on board at Plymouth, and nothing now remained but to remove the prisoners into it. For this purpose numerous small boats assembled under the stern of the marine prison, and were soon filled with convicts, who were guarded by soldiers and heavily ironed: a precaution it was found necessary to take, from some instances having occurred of men in a fit of desperation leaping into the sea, and attempting to swim on shore, and thus effect their escape. All day the boats continued plying between the hulk and the transport ship, and the shore was crowded with persons looking on at the removal of the convicts, some of whom, hardened offenders, showing their contempt of punishment by shouting, singing, and blaspheming, on their short passage across the bay; while others remained sunk in a gloomy and sullen abstraction.

Close to the water's edge, and aloof from the groups of idle gazers on the quay, there stood a female figure, wrapped in a blue mantle, the hood of which was drawn closely over her face. Her shoes were soiled and travel-stained, traces of fatigue and anxiety were on her pale-worn countenance, and her sunken blue eyes were riveted on the transport ship. Who could have recognized in that solitary and forlorn figure, the pride of her native village, the darling of her old father's heart, the beautiful, the envied Kate Hennessy?

It was indeed she.—Listening only to the dictates of her affection and her despair, this young and timid girl, who had never in her life been farther from her home than the city of Limerick, had braved the dangers and fatigue of a journey of upwards of a hundred miles, and travelled alone and on foot to take a last farewell of him

"that lingering press
Of hands that for the last time sever,
Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,
When that hold breaks,—is dead for ever!"

she had loved "so long, so well." She had not communicated her project to any one, for she well knew her father would have opposed it; but, packing up a few clothes and the little money she had, in a bundle, she had stolen out of her cottage in the dead of night, and commenced her pilgrimage.

Had she not been absorbed in her own sorrow—*grief* is of all feelings the most selfish—she would have seen, as she stood now on the shore, that many were there scarcely less wretched than herself. It was indeed a pitiable sight, and one that would have moved to sympathy a breast the least alive to the sufferings of its fellow-men, to see the groups of disconsolate women and children, and old men, their "gray hairs bowed down with sorrow to the grave," that were assembled on the beach. Many of these wretched creatures had come from very distant parts of Ireland, having shut up their houses, and, accompanied by their whole families, begged their way to Dublin, to see their friends before their departure. They were allowed to go alongside the ship after the convicts had been removed into it; and these latter, each in charge of a sentinel, were permitted to come upon deck for a few minutes, as their names were called out by their friends from below. The bay was now covered with boats freighted with these melancholy cargoes of sorrowing relatives, and many and affecting were the scenes that called forth the sympathy of the beholder.

Here, a young woman with a child in her arms, whose innocent and smiling face presented a touching contrast to the grief-worn countenance of its mother, was standing by a half-filled boat, and offering the fare, the treasured twopence, which she had kept sacred through all the assaults of cold and hunger for this purpose, to the hard-featured Charon, its proprietor.

"Aye, this will do for yourself," sulkily replied the boatman, "but where's the twopence for the child? you don't think I am going to take him for nothing."

"Oh," sobbed the woman, "'tis all—all I have, it is indeed; and hard enough it was for me to keep that same, an' we starving. I'll hold the baby in my arms, sir, I will; an' he won't take up any room at all; but let him over, for the love of God; his poor father's heart is bound up in him."

"Fool!" growled the man, "as if the lump of a boy wouldn't be as heavy in your arms as any where else in the boat. Pay down the money for him, I say; or if you don't, lave him there behind you on the quay, and don't be keeping me waiting when there's good money to be earned elsewhere."

"I haven't it, indeed, I haven't it!" exclaimed the poor creature, "this is the very last penny I'm worth in the wide world; but, oh! sailor dear," she added, throwing herself at his feet, and clasping his knees, "if you have any pity in you, think o' the wife that's on your own floore this day, an' o' your child at her breast, and do take the both of us to the ship, an' let the father that's going away over the salt say, get one look at the boy he'll never see again. Do, now, sailor dear, an' may the blessing of the miserable be with you wherever you go."

"Take your hands off o' me, woman!" muttered the hardened wretch, "I gave you your answer already." And he jumped into his boat and pushed it from the shore.

Farther on an old gray-headed man sat on the ground, rocking his body to and fro, while the big tears trickled slowly down his furrowed cheeks. A bundle lay beside him, and the knot of the old coloured handkerchief of which it was composed having come untied, the contents, a few oranges, some gingerbread cakes, and a little packet of tea and tobacco, were exposed to view. A gentleman passing by, stopped to inquire the cause of his grief. "Ah, sir," he said, "my only son is over in that ship! I don't complain; he deserved it. God's will be done! By dint of pinching and denying myself, I had scraped together as much as would buy these little things in the bundle for him against the long voyage. I kept barely the twopence to carry me over, an' when I got to the ship, they tould me he had been called up already on the deck in a mistake for another man, and that the same person was only allowed to come on it once, by reason of there being so many aboard. His turn was over, they couldn't let him up again."

The gentleman was much moved at the distress of the poor old man. He took out a crown-piece and laid it down before him; but money, that powerful alchymy which turns into joy so many of the woes of life, was of no avail in this case. The old man probably had never seen so much at one time before, yet he looked on it with indifference. He took off his hat, and returning the silver to the gentleman, said, respectfully, "I humbly thank you, sir, for your kindness: I hope your honour won't be offended at my giving back the money; but," he added, in a faltering tone, "I'm thinking I'll not live long enough to spend it." So saying, he rose and walked away, leaving the bundle on the ground behind him.*

The day was far advanced when the desolate figure of poor Kate attracted the attention of a weather-beaten seaman on the beach. He went up to her, and said, in a rough but good-natured tone—"An' is there nobody in the ship yond you'll be wishing to see, my young woman? Kate tried to answer, but the words seemed stick in her throat, and her lips only moved.

"I've got a snug little skiff o' my own moor out there," continued the man, "an' I'll take you over quiet an' asy by yourself, if you wish it; you seem a dacent, modest young woman, & maybe wouldn't like to be mixing with them unfortunate poor crathurs in the boat beyant; or spake the word, an' I'll take you across to your father, or your sweetheart, or whoever he is, less than no time."

"Oh thank you, thank you kindly!" exclaimed Kate, in faltering accents, "but—but—he does expect me."

"Och, that makes no differ in life, not the last," said the good-natured sailor. "I'll give him a b for you when we get alongside, an' he'll be up the deck when his turn comes, never fear. Cor along then, an' cheer up, my good girl; neev spoil your purty face with fretting; seven years will be soon going over, an' what are they to young cratur like you that's little more than a child, God bless you!"

* The writer, who once witnessed these and many similar incidents, at an embarkation of convicts at Kingstown, cannot help feeling how inadequate a description to convey an idea of the heart-rending scenes it gave rise to.

The poor girl's lips quivered, and her cheek grew paler as she felt how fruitless was to her this well meant consolation. Her kind friend succeeded in procuring for her a few precious moments' interview with Carmody. It was an unlooked-for blessing to the unfortunate young man, and his wonder at seeing her there, so far from home, alone and unprotected, was great, as might be imagined.

When the last sad parting was over, and the good-hearted old sailor had returned with his charge to the shore, he proposed taking her to his cabin, where he said his wife would give her a hearty welcome; but she declined his friendly offer, and resumed her station at the water's edge, unwilling to lose sight for an instant of the vessel that contained all that was dear to her upon earth. That whole night and the next day she continued her unwearied watch, heedless of the cold blast that blew from the sea, or of the spray that washed over her delicate form, unused to such hardships. She gazed with breathless anxiety on all the preparations for sailing that were going on in the ship, and every successive heave at the anchor made by the seamen, as their deep and prolonged cry resounded along the shore, seemed to rend her very heart-strings, for she knew they were lessening the only tie that still bound her lover to the land of his birth. At length the arrangements were completed, the sails were set, the anchor was weighed, and amid the shouts and waving of the hats of those on the quay, the gallant ship quitted her moorings,—

“And calm and smooth it seemed to win
Its moonlight way before the wind,
As if it bore all peace within,
Nor left one breaking heart behind.”

A “breaking heart” indeed was hers who followed with straining eyes the lessening sails, till they seemed but a speck on the horizon, and at last finally disappeared. Then truly she felt that her lover was gone,—gone!—and for ever: and with the bitter conviction there came a few blinding tears, the first she had shed since Maurice's apprehension, which forced themselves painfully to her eyes, and fell, so big and so burning, that they seemed to scorch the cheek down which they slowly rolled. Her nerves, which had been wound up to an unnatural pitch for the effort she had made, now that the object was attained, became suddenly unstrung, and worn out with fatigue, and faint from want of food, she sunk down on the beach in a state of exhaustion. The tears, which hitherto had seemed congealed into a frozen mass that weighed upon her heart, now flowed more freely, and she wept long in silence and bitterness,—for real grief is seldom vehement by its expression. The thought, too, of her old father, and of what he must have suffered at her sudden disappearance, came into her mind, and in her remorse for her unkindness towards him, and keen self-upbraidings, even Maurice Carmody was for a while forgotten. She rose determined to employ the remnant of her failing strength in seeking out the abode of the old boatman, who she hoped would put her in a way of getting back to Limerick, for to return on foot in her present weakened state was impossible.

Michael Hennessy was sitting at his door in the evening, listening to the condolences of a kind-hearted neighbour, who was sympathizing with

him in his affliction, and devising new means of recovering his lost child.

“Where's the use in talkin’,” replied Hennessy, bitterly; “where's the good in it? Sure an' sartin I am that my old eyes 'll never light on her again in this world. Ah! Purcell, man, if you had seen her that evening when they tould her about Carmody; she wasn't like herself at all at all; she that was so tinder-hearted, and used to cry like rain if any cross or misfortune lit upon a neighbour; the never a tear, good nor bad, came over her cheek that night, only she walked up an' down the floore looking for all the world like the image o' marble that's in the chapel in Limerick beyant. I'll tell you what it is, Dan, she wasn't in her right mind that same evening; and listen here,” he said, grasping his friend's hand, and lowering his voice while his frame shook with a sudden agitation, “'tis the waves of the Shannon over that can tell the tale we're wanting to know; an' 'twas the ould castle that was looking down upon her death-struggle—'twas an awful high tide that night!”

Before Purcell could make any reply to this dark insinuation of the father's, they were startled by a shriek from the old woman who had kept Hennessy's house since the death of his wife. She had been weeding potatoes in a field behind the house which commanded a view of the road, and now came tottering towards them, her eyes dilated, and terror in every feature. She was crossing herself vehemently, and muttering over the usual prayers and expressions used when anything supernatural had been witnessed.

Hennessy and Purcell exchanged looks of mutual intelligence.

A winding of the road brought the object of her affright before their eyes in a few moments. A pale emaciated figure was seen moving slowly towards the cottage, and at the sight—the apparition of his departed daughter, as Hennessy firmly believed it to be—the old man uncovered his head, and knelt down before the door of the cabin. The movement roused a little terrier dog, poor Kate's favourite, which had been sleeping at his feet; the faithful animal instantly recognized the advancing figure to be his lost mistress, and uttering a short bark, or rather cry, of joy, sprang up, and flew to meet her.

“Ha! did you mind that?” exclaimed Purcell; “look out man—look at the dog. The never a dog, or any kind o' baste, would run that away to meet what wasn't a living mortal! Rouse yourself, Michael avich! do now,” he added, shaking Hennessy by the shoulder, as with clasped hands and fixed eyes he gazed on the apparition—his lips apart, and his whole countenance of an ashy paleness—“sure 'tis your daughter herself, an' not her fetch that's afore you. If it was one from the grave, I tell you that dog would know it the first, an' there isn't a corner in the cabin would be dark enough for him to creep into.”*

It was no wonder that the corpse-like and way-worn appearance of the once-blooming Kate should have been mistaken by her father for a visitant from the “land of shadows.” She was scarcely able to entreat his forgiveness, in faltering accents, before she sunk at his feet in a state of insensibility. They laid her on a bed, and from

* The effects of apparitions and supernatural objects on animals are well known to those versed in superstitious lore.

that bed she never again rose. Fatigue of body and anxiety of mind, the bitter blast that had pierced through her thin covering the long night she had watched on the pier at Kingstown, and the still bitter pang that wounded the truest heart over which mantle was ever folded, had done their cruel work on her delicate frame.

The evening before she died, she called her father to her bedside, and said in a broken tone as she laid her thin white hand on his shoulder, "Father, dear, I feel I am going, and that I haven't many hours before me; and I wanted afore I'd be gone entirely, to thank you for all the kindness you've shown me from the cradle up until now, and more especially for forgiving me what I done that night; indeed, indeed, I did not know what I was doing at the time. And father dear, there is one thing now that I have greatly on my mind, it is very foolish and weak; but I don't think I could die easy if—"

"Spake out, my child," said the father, as she paused and hesitated, "and if there is any thing in the wide world Mick Hennessey can do to please you, why, he'll do it, ashore, with all the veins of his heart."

"Why I was thinking, father—but indeed 'tis only foolishness in me,"—and a crimson flush, like the last streak that colours the horizon before all is lost in the darkness of night, passed faintly across the cheek of the dying girl.—"I was thinking I could die easier if you'd promise me, father, that when they're taking me home they'd carry me round by the little well under Carrigover, an' lay me down for just one minute on the spot where poor Maurice stood that night we had the conversation together; I know 'tis great folly," she added with a faint smile, "and you'll blame me for being so weak, but I've set my heart upon it ever since I took ill, an' I know, father, you'll not refuse me."

Poor Hennessey could only motion his consent; he signs, his heart was too full to speak; and Kate, exhausted with the effort of speaking so long, sank back on her pillow.

The rites of a country funeral in the south of Ireland are simple and affecting. There is something singularly wild and plaintive in the national funeral cry, particularly when heard from a distance, and its melancholy cadence swells on the ear as it is borne onward by the breeze. Then the shrill wailing of the female mourners, and the deep solemn bass tones of the men, as they take up in turn the mournful chant, (that most heart-thrilling of all sounds, when a man in his sorrow "lifts up his voice and weeps.") are blended together in one sad chorus. There are few that can view unmoved the pause that takes place when the procession arrives at the gate of the churchyard, and the immediate relatives of the deceased kneel round it. The funeral cry is suddenly hushed, and a profound silence succeeds to the voice of lamentation, broken only by a stifled sob or groan from those who are bent over the coffin. It is an impressive and affecting thing to come unawares on a funeral at a moment like this—to see that vast concourse of people all silent and on their knees, as though some magician had waved his wand over them and turned all to stone; the men with their heads uncovered, the thin gray locks of age streaming in the breeze, and tears running down many a hardy and sun-burnt cheek, while every lip moves in prayer. It is an imposing and a touching sight, and he who feels it not

as such, may, to quote the words of an old writer, "go home and say his prayers, and thank God for giving him a heart that is not to be moved by the griefs of others." When the short prayer is ended, the coffin is taken up again by its bearers, the whole assembly rises, the men put on their hats, and the funeral cry is resumed, and continues while the body is being carried three times round the church, and until the grave is filled, and the head stone placed.*

The funeral of Kate Hennessey is still remembered by those who live in the neighbourhood of Carrig O'Gunniel. It was an unusually crowded one, for she was universally admired and beloved. A white pall, thrown over the coffin, and strewed with flowers, was held at the corners by four girls of the village, her most intimate companions, all in white dresses, which they had borrowed from the neighbouring farmers' wives for the melancholy occasion. Two more, also in white, walked before the coffin, and carried in their hands a garland of flowers, which was to be laid on the grave.

The shades of evening were gathering round the old castle, as the funeral procession paused, in compliance with poor Kate's dying wish, at the little well at its base; the sun was approaching the horizon, and tinging the clouds with the thousand glowing hues that she had so often watched in her evening walks with her lover; before it sank behind the distant hills, its last red beams had gilded the sod that covered her humble grave.

M. F. D.

From the Court Magazine.

LINE* ON SEEING MR. LANDSEER'S PICTURE OF THE DEATH OF THE STAG.

BY MRS. NORTON.

Lo! where he dies—the forest king,
The untamed creature of the hill;
His red blood tints the torrent's spring,
And blushes to the distant rills.
On hath he flown, with hunted speed,
In hope to quench that unknown pain,†
Leap! leap, poor victim, thou art freed,

* The custom among the lower orders of Irish, of visiting the graves of departed friends, "to weep there," for months, often years, after their decease, is a very touching one. The writer of this sketch remembers once witnessing an affecting instance of this kind at the little church of Kukeedy before mentioned. It was on a Sunday, before service, and the carriages that brought the congregation to church were arriving. A grave, not a recent one, for it was mossy and grass-grown, lay close to the path up which the people were passing, and on it, by the tall head-stone, was kneeling in an upright position, and quite covered by her long blue mantle, a female figure. She was perfectly motionless, and quite undisturbed by the scene around, usually an attractive one in a quiet country village. The writer stood for some time watching her picturesque and statue-like form, apparently as still and breathless as the object of her sorrow that slept beneath. On coming out of church, she was on the very same spot; not a fold of her cloak had been stirred. How far more affecting was her silent grief, as she knelt over the remains of some loved one; and how much sifter monument for the dead, than "storied urn or animated bust," or all the costly cenotaphs that wealth erects to the memory of the departed!

† The deer when wounded, always, if possible, takes to the water.

They cannot bid thee flee again!
He leaps!—the torrent foams around,
He heaves with pain his ebbing breath,
The turbid waters' hollow sound
O'ercomes the gasping sobs of death.
Torn, harassed, wounded, lo! he turns,
With yearning heart and upward gaze,
To where the sunlight faintly burns,
With misty and reflected rays;
Nor knows that, in that distant break,
Over the blue hills, far away,
His dying eyes are doomed to take
Their last farewell of light and day.
Those dying eyes! the gaze is there
Which measures not the moments given—
The hunted, *animal* despair,
Which dreads no hell,—and hopes no heaven!
Within that pained and throbbing heart,
Vague sense of suffering and of fear
Bids life's deep instinct act its part,
But tells not being's close is near.

Perish! the foes have reached thy side,
Who erst pursued thee, vainly flying;
They struggle with thee in the tide,
And triumph in thy pangs while dying!
Perish! the crowd of *human* foes,
Who say in sport; and shout with mirth,
When slow some crowned forehead bows
Its antlered beauty to the earth;
Are near thee now—they stand and shade
With eager hands their eager eyes,
While fail those energies which made
The only value of their prize.
Hard Triumph, with no heart to grieve,
Watches thy glistening eye grow dim;
Proud that all strength and fleetness leave
Each sick, and strained, and quivering limb.
'Tis a mysterious thought, th' extent
Of grace, and strength, and life which goes,
(By man, Death's shrinking victim, sent,)
Where dark Oblivion's portals close.
'Tis a mysterious thought; for great
The proud display of God's high power—
Did He so fair a thing create,
The pastime of a cruel hour?
But such are not the thoughts which fill
Their hearts, who come with bounding feet,
Proud of superior strength and skill,
To watch the hunted stag's defeat:
Methinks I see them, wandering out
Across those blue autumnal hills,
And peeling back the hunter's shout,
That long the distant echo fills.

I am in Scotland! Tay's broad lake
Spreads far away before mine eyes,
Loved for its own—for others' sake,
And bright beneath its cloudless skies.
I am in Scotland! I behold
Shehallion's high and narrow peak,
Where evening, purple, dark, and cold,
O'ercomes day's last faint crimson streak.
I hear, Moness, thy deafening fall,
Or wander to the Prince's Cave;
Climb thy steep side, dark Garoval,
Or glide o'er Rannoch's glassy wave;
Scarce knowing which may seem most fair,
The glittering sunshine of its day,
Or the pale moonlight, lingering there,
Like Love, when hope hath past away!

I waken! 'twas but the perfect skill,
Young painter, of thy practised hand,
Which could my heart so strangely fill
With visions of another land.
Dear land! to which thought's weary wing
Yearns often with a wishful flight,

Midst the dark city's meagre spring,
And scenes of artificial light,
Where the down-dashing torrents brave
The dark rock's side with ceaseless roar;
Where the calm lake's translucent wave
Curls rippling to the even shore.
That pleasure whis is linked with pain,
Hath filled my eyes with happy tears,
And made my heart grow young again
With feelings of forgotten years!
The days return, when morning's rise
Woke me to spend long hours of mirth,
And light sleep left my dazzled eyes,
Suddenly with the sunshine's birth.
Those days are past—my heart, more cold,
Hath learnt to play its practised part,
Less joyous than the days of old,—
Less ready, too, are tears to start.
Like an unsummoned spirit, close
Within my heart my memory lives—
I take life, as its current flows,
I take the spring the city gives;
Pale blossoms, withering while they blow,
Cramped foliage on the dusty trees;
No moss-banks where the waters flow—
Nor freshness in the loaded breeze;
But yet 'tis Spring; and life is life
Tho' its best dreams grow faint and dim;
And vanish, in its ceaseless strife,
All energy of heart and limb.
Hopes tempt at first which shrink and die,
Tried in the furnace fire of truth—
And there are feelings which *must* fly
And leave us with our days of youth.
Till like that fair forsaken thing
Who grew "not happy, but content,"*
When those dear hopes have taken wing
In soberer mood our life is spent.
Nor sigh we for the broken spell,
Save in some deep entranced hour
Like that which o'er my spirit fell
When gazing on thy pencil's power!

From *Tait's Magazine*.

THE OLD BLACK CROW.

THE Old Black Crow has printed fast
His foot-mark in my brows at last.
Long he'd waited, I might see,
For a downright dig at me—
Crooked furrows, one, two, three,
Branching wide and blent in one,
Graven to the very bone—
Deeper were never in sand or snow;
A murrain seize the Old Black Crow!

As yesternight in bed I lay,
Over the past and care-worn day
Brooding, betwixt wake and rest,
The Old Black Crow stood on my breast;
A gaunt and grisly fiend was he
As ever sat on a blasted tree,
With an evil croak and an evil eye,
On the left hand of the passer by.
A creeping chill went through my hair,
As he stood calm and silent there,
Eyeing me over limb by limb—
He look'd at me. I look'd at him.
Thrice he gaped with open beak;
Thrice I thought he was going to speak.
And "What would'st thou?" I groaned in dread;
Then spake the Old Black Crow, and said,—

* Louise de la Valliere.—"Je ne suis pas heureuse, mais je suis contente."

"Thou hast done well—thou hast broken the spell;
And the Old Black Crow shall reward thee well.
Thou hast learned in the days of thy youth,
Much that is, and that is not truth;
But I'll teach thee a chant from the legends of old,
That by tongue of mortal was never told.

"In sooth I *was* a fair young crow
Fifty hundred years ago,
When Father Time said unto me,
'This fair young crow my bird shall be.
The wearing hours shall not consume
The sparkling gloss of his jetty plume.
Summer, winter, autumn, spring,
Never shall weary his noble wing;
Through all seasons, and every clime
He shall follow the march of time,
And sit in the boughs of the new-born trees
Heralding all my victories.'
Since the date of that old scene
My master has very busy been;
And I have had enough to do
To trumpet his course the wide world through.
Many a proud and powerful thing,
Conqueror, custom, creed and king,
Orator, poet, priest and god,
Have bow'd beneath our iron rod.
Many a wall'd and tow'rd town
To the finest dust has been crumbled down.
We have robb'd the mighty deep, and pent
Him straiter within the continent—
While many a green and happy plain,
That once bore wine, and oil, and grain,
A thousand fathom lies under the main.
Such beauty on earth shall no more bloom
As we have spoil'd in the rotting tomb.
Such ravishing of sweet sounds intense,
Such passionate moving eloquence
Shall breathe no more from mortal mould,
As we have hushed in silence cold.
In searchless heaps of stifling dust
We have buried the hearts of the wise and just,
And cover'd away the memory
Of many glorious thoughts and free
From the yearning spirits of after men,
Never to live in the light again.

"Father Time is growing gray;
His scythe is almost worn away;
As he turns the eternal sand,
What a palsy shakes his hand!
But I alone have not yet known
Ailing in sinew, muscle, or bone;
Age has never had power on me
To change one feather that you can see;
I grow neither fat nor thin,
But the warm blood ever runs merry within;
And for me the storm is never too strong,
Nor the night too dark, nor the day too long.

"I love to sit on a ruin gray,
In the fading light of a dying day,
Overlooking some kingdom wide,
Desolate now from side to side,
That was peopled once by busy men,
As kingdom will never be peopled again.
In many a mass of mouldering stone,
Pillar and arch lie overthrown;
And a river, where navies once could ride,
To its very bed is shrunk and dried.
Then I think of the world in the power of its prime,
And croak for my master a hymn sublime,
Saying, "These are the glories of Father Time!"

"I love to mutter a farewell croak,
In the topmost boughs of a falling oak,
One moment before the last axe stroke;
Or to perch on the tottering pinnacle

Of some old church-tower, passing well.
For ages hath the north wind blown,
With all his might on the uppermost stone;
But it struggles well with the stress of the blast,
And, blow as it may, rides firm and fast.
The Old Black Crow just plants his feet,
When over it topples, and into the street;
And away with a laugh and a shout we go,
Crying, 'Heads below there!—heads below!'

"But the loveliest sight that ever I see,
And the sweetest of all pastimes to me,
Is to play with a plump and fleshy cheek,
Where the red blood runs in a purple streak,
And a sparkling eye and a forehead fair,
That is cluster'd about with good thick hair.
I love to steal at the midnight hour,
Into that slumberer's lonely bower,
To fan his shut eyes with the powerful sweep
Of my wings to a deeper and heavier sleep;
My feet in his richest of curls to twine,
And stamp in his brow, as I'll stamp in thine!"

I could not move even to start,
The blood lay so heavy about my heart,
As over my body the Old Black Crow,
With deliberate steps, came striding slow.
He paus'd a moment on my chin,
With a look between a scowl and a grin,
Then springing up came heavily down,
With a clutch upon either temple bone.
How long there the fiend might stay,
I dare not write, I dare not say;
But every moment seemed to me,
A separate eternity;
For as every separate moment flew,
A heavier weight his body grew,
'Till the feet, with a sharp and stinging pain,
Seemed to have trodden into my brain;
And hotly trickling down my face,
Drops, like blood drops, pour'd apace.
Sudden he stooped, and peck'd away
One hair from my forehead! Alas! it was gray.
I could not stir, I could not speak;
The gray hair stuck in his grisly beak,
As away from foot to wing he sprang,
And a fiendish laugh through the chamber rang.

The vision was sped with the morning sun,
But see what the Old Black Crow has done!

From the Court Magazine.

SONG OF THE IRISH PEASANT WIFE.

BY MRS. NORTON.

COME, Patrick, clear up the storms on your brow;
You were kind to me once—will you frown on me now?
Shall the storm settle *here* when from Heaven it departs?
And the cold from without find its way to our hearts?
No, Patrick, no, surely the wintriest weather
Is easily borne—while we bear it together!

Though the rain's dropping through from the roof
The floor,
And the wind whistles free where there once was a door,
Can the rain, or the snow, or the storm wash away
All the warm vows we made in love's early day?
No Patrick, no, surely the dark stormy weather
Is easily borne—so we bear it together!

When you stole out to woo me, when labour was slack
And the day that was closing to us seemed begun,
Did we care if the sunset was bright on the flowers,

erept out amid darkness and showers?
ick, we talked while we braved the wild weather
e could bear—if we bore it together.

oon, will these dark dreary days be gone by,
e hearts be lit up with a beam from the sky;
not our spirits, embittered with pain,
to the sunshine that comes to us then:
n heart—hand in hand—let us welcome the
ther,
nshine or storm, we will bear it together!

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

*l'opédie des Gens du Monde. Répertoire
rrasels des Sciences, des Lettres, et des Arts,
des Notices sur les Principales Familles
riques, et sur les Personnages célèbres,
s et vivans. Par une Société de Savans,
littérateurs et d'Artistes, Français et Étran-
Tom. I. et II. en 4 parties. A—BAO. Paris,
1834. Grand-in-8vo.*

German Conversations-Lexicon, which
ted the idea of the work now before us, has
r all accounts one of the most successful
enterprises of modern times. Originally
ed in 1820 by the famous Leipzig booksel-
eckhaus,* the demand for the successive
ensions of it in all the countries where the
n language is understood, has been so great
ep the presses continually at work and al-
o carry it to an eighth edition. It has been
ted into English in America, with altera-
id additional articles, to suit it to that me-
and that translation, we learn from the
fore us, (tom. i. p. 736,) is now in the course
lication in this country. The German
ar's idea seems to have been nothing more
furnish a useful book of reference to the
of newspapers and the current literature
lay, which would furnish them with infor-
on the various topics there discussed, and
em the trouble of hunting for it in a varie-
ources, some not generally accessible. Ac-
ly, it is very copious and abundant in its
of biography, especially of living and con-
try characters, and of geography, in its
tion of places and countries; its articles of
, philosophy, &c. are comparatively mea-

popularity of the Conversations-Lexicon
the proprietors of the French *réfaccimen-*
before us to contemplate nothing more in
instance than a mere translation of it, with
fusion or substitution of such articles as
at equally well adapted to both countries
design, fortunately we think, they did not
re; they finally determined to produce a
ary which should have an originality and
peculiar to itself, and be better adapted
urposes of the great mass of French read-
they appear to have selected a very com-
petitor, (M. Schnitzler, the author of an ex-

cannot help thinking that the merit of the idea
it is, belongs originally to this country, and
The Lounger's Common-Place Book, a work
al volumes, in the Dictionary form, published
only about the end of the last century, and
was very popular in its day, will be found the
the *Conversations-Lexicon*.

cellent *Statistique de la Russie*.) who appears by
the number and variety of his articles to be a host
of himself and have surrounded him with a body
of able contributors, who have, by subscribing
their initials, assumed a responsibility for their
articles, which, in such undertakings in France,
seems now to have settled into an established prac-
tice. They have been in some degree anticipated
in their preparations by another work, appearing
at shorter intervals, entitled *Dictionnaire de la
Conversation et de la Lecture*, the plan of which,
we believe, adheres more closely to, and borrows
more largely from, its German parent, than the
one before us, in which the translated articles
(marked "L.") form but a very small proportion
of the whole.

We took occasion on the appearance of the first
part of this *Encyclopédie*, (see No. XXIII. p. 200.)
to give our readers a brief sketch of its plan and
objects, tone and spirit, along with one article as
a specimen. In the present instance we can do
little more than reiterate the approbation we have
already expressed of its execution, and notice a
few of the articles which appear to call for special
remark.

The four parts already published, comprising
1600 pages of large 8vo. double columns, go no
farther than BAO, the letter A alone occupying
1436 pages that letter in French including many
articles which in German or English would appear
under others; for instance, we have *English Lan-
guage and Literature under Anglaises, Langues
et Littérature, and German Language and Li-
terature under Allemandes, Langue et Littérature*. Both these sketches, the first by M. Spach,
and the latter by the editor, are very respectably
executed, but in the English there are more ty-
pographical errors in the proper names than we
could have wished to see. The articles *Arabia*
and *Arabian Literature* by M. Reinard, and *Ar-
menians* by Khproth, are worthy of the well-
merited reputation of these Orientalists. In the
historical and biographical articles, the names of
Villemain, Arnaud, Guignaud; in the archæologi-
cal, of Champollion-Figeac, Dumersan; in the
geographical, of Walkenær, Depping, Balbi; in
those on natural history of Fred. Cuvier; in the
medical, chemical, &c. of Andral, Ratier, Orfila;
in the theological, of Bishop Guillon, Labouderie,
Matter; in the musical, of Fétie; in the architec-
tural, of Hittorf; in the military, of General Ma-
thieu Dumas, Col. Koch; and a number of others
which we might name, as attached to articles
throughout the parts that have already appeared,
afford the strongest proof of the pains taken by the
proprietors and editor to secure the best assist-
ance in the composition of this useful undertaking.
Specimens, after all, afford the best means of
judging of the merit of such a work; in application
of this principle, and by way of giving an agree-
able variety to our pages, we shall select four ar-
ticles—one scientific, giving an account of a new
invention, which had not previously come under
our notice; and three biographical sketches of in-
dividuals who at present fill important stations in
the governments of their several countries:—the
English Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Prus-
sian Foreign Minister, and the Bavarian Presi-
dent of the Greek Regency.

ANATOMY, Artificial.—Prejudices were long oppo-
sed to the study of human anatomy upon the corpse.
Dissections of rare occurrence, and drawings more or

less faithful, were the only means possessed of acquiring a knowledge of the human body. Physicians were the only persons who devoted themselves to the study, and the progress in it was very limited. In proportion as the physical sciences became the object of more general attention, anatomy was more cultivated, not only by those directly interested in it, but even by persons who might seem at first sight likely to remain strangers to the study. Then it was that, to supply the insufficiency of subjects, as well as to remove the disgust inseparable from dissections, recourse was had to artificial representations. As pictures and engravings could give but an imperfect idea of the form, the situation and the relation of the parts, sculpture was called in aid; but its productions, although more faithful than drawings, still left something to be wished for. Then came modelling in wax, the resemblance produced by which was so perfect, that it was thought impossible to surpass it; the imitation was as exact as possible, as the models were taken from nature, and the illusion was completed by the artifice of colour. The cabinets of the School of Medicine and of the Garden of Plants at Paris, and those of Florence and Vienna, attest the perfection which the art attained.

Notwithstanding, wax models have the serious inconvenience of being very dear, as well as easily liable to change; besides which, they require to be very numerous, as each of them is limited to the representation of a single layer of parts.

It is in France that we have succeeded in triumphing over all difficulties, and in making an artificial corpse, upon which a perfect demonstration can be made. The inventor, M. Auzoux, by dint of labour and patience, has succeeded in modelling after nature all the parts of the human body, and assembling them in such a manner that they may be alternately taken to pieces and re-united. To justness of proportions and exactness of relations he has joined the minuteness of the most delicate details. When we see the *mannikin* of M. Auzoux, we can fancy that we have a corpse before our eyes, and that we are present at a real dissection. The skin is taken off; muscles, nerves, blood and lymphatic vessels; every thing appears in its proper place. After examining the superficial layer, you take it off, and are enabled to study in succession at leisure the deep layers; you strip the bones successively of the parts which cover them, and come at last to have nothing but the bare skeleton. When you reach the cavities of the skull, of the chest and of the belly, you recognize the brain, the heart and lungs, the liver, the stomach, the loins, the bladder; you can take up separately every organ, take it to pieces, observe the interior, and understand its mechanism. The eye, that delicate part, opens like all the others; you may see in it the iris, the pupil, the crystalline, the retina, &c.

But this is not all; after separating all these parts, and learning to know them individually, you can collect them afresh, and recompose of them a whole. This analysis and synthesis may be carried on and repeated as often as you please, until you have a perfect idea of the whole structure as well as of the details. The solidity of these pieces allows them to be handled without danger; besides which, it is easy to repair and even to replace such as may suffer deterioration, because every one is cast in uniform moulds.

By means of this ingenious apparatus, the price of which (3000 francs—or 120*l.* sterling) is moderate, considering the expenses and the numberless difficulties which required to be overcome, before it could be brought to the degree of perfection which it now ex-

hibits, young students have been able to learn anatomy better in six weeks than they could in a course of six months' dissections. In fact, a number of anatomical details require extremely long and difficult preparations, and some even might be mentioned which many persons have been unable to study except upon engravings and artificial pieces. The *mannikin* of M. Auzoux is of immense assistance to the surgeon, who, on the eve of performing a delicate operation, wishes to recall to his memory the situation, the shape and the exact relations of the parts on which he has to use his instrument. Finally, it is of indisputable advantage to painters, sculptors and amateurs who wish to have an exact idea of the structure of the human body, and the action of the different organs of which it is composed.

It is to be hoped that this invention, by removing the disgust attached to the study of anatomy upon the corpse, will contribute powerfully to render the taste for this noble science more popular. With a view to render his work still more complete, M. Auzoux has executed on a large scale those parts whose delicacy seemed to withdraw them from investigation, (the interior of the eye and ear.) He is now preparing a series of pieces representing the gravid uterus in its different stages. In short, he has spared no pains in preparing a course of anatomy which shall leave nothing to desire."

ALTHORP, Viscount,—is the eldest son of Earl Spencer, well known as the founder and proprietor of the richest private library in England, and who has also distinguished himself as a statesman and able minister. He was born in 1787, entered early into public life, for which he was previously prepared by an excellent education, and has constantly shown himself favourable to popular principles. In 1806, while his father was Home Secretary, he was appointed one of the Lords of the Treasury, but did not remain more than a year in office. Since that time he has uniformly attached himself to the opposition in the House of Commons, but with a great degree of moderation and independence. We cannot say that Lord Althorpe is an eloquent speaker; his voice possesses little flexibility, and he is deficient in the vigour and facility necessary for a brilliant parliamentary orator; but in discussion he triumphs by the power of his arguments, which are always dictated by a sound judgment, exquisite tact and true liberality. His tone in debate is grave and dignified, and his views are always marked by the strong interest which he takes in every thing conducive to the welfare and happiness of the people. Add to this, that he possesses a frankness, an amiability, a *bonhomie* in his manners, which never desert him, even during the most violent attacks of his opponents. The deep silence which pervades the house when he begins speaking proves how much importance is attached to his opinion. He contributed by his opposition, to the breaking up of the Wellington administration in 1830, and then entered, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, into the new ministry formed by his friend, Earl Grey. He had at the same time to discharge the functions of *leader* in the House of Commons, which he has done hitherto with so much success, that if its support has occasionally failed him in questions of taxation, it returns to him almost immediately afterwards. In spite of Cobbett and his partizans, and the denunciations of the Tory party, England would regard the retirement of Lord Althorpe as a real calamity; he is justly regarded as one of the best supports of the Grey ministry, whose popularity has already sustained some shocks."

ANCILLON, John Peter Frederic.—This statesman, distinguished historian, and remarkable philosopher, the great grandson of David Ancillon, reformed minister at Metz at the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, to whom Bayle, in his Dictionary, devoted a long article, and who, forced to seek refuge in Germany, settled at Berlin, where he resumed his clerical duties, and where his brother was appointed judge of all the French refugees in the Electorate of Brandenburg.

Frederic Ancillon was born at Berlin in 1766, was indebted to a learned and estimable father for the advantages of a judicious and careful education.

To continue the line of ministers of the Gospel which had sprung from his family, the young Ancillon dedicated himself for the church, and prepared himself for it by deep studies, embracing the most varied sciences. He explored the vast field of history in his noble, and with rare sagacity penetrated the spirit which prevailed at every epoch, attaching the isolated facts to the general view of the development of our race.

After finishing his studies at the University, he was settled at Berlin as minister of a French congregation, and as a professor at the Military Academy.

In the first capacity he delivered, in 1791, in the presence of Prince Henry of Prussia, a discourse which drew the attention of the court on the young scholar. In 1793 he made a tour in Switzerland, and some years after another through France, in the course of which he gave the reins to that spirit of free and calm observation which it is so pleasant to recognize in all his writings. After publishing some opinions relative to these two journeys, he began to enter warmly into the literary controversies of the day, and wrote some spirited articles in the journals.

Melanges de Litterature et de Philosophie, which appeared at Berlin, in 1801, was the production of a man who had deeply reflected on the different questions debated among philosophers, the French as well as those of his own country. Skilful in summing up discussions, and pointing out what different opinions have in common, M. Ancillon, who is an eclectic from the solidity of his acquirements, has done more to exhibit in their true light the various philosophical systems, to point out their weak sides, to signalize their errors, and to facilitate the amalgamation of those which, stripped of their antipathies, appeared naturally to complete each other. He has never founded a school, although his philosophy is really peculiar to himself; it is enlightened, benevolent, freely removed from temerity as from excessive humility; above all clear, and opposed to every sort of fanaticism. Man is always his object; he never enters without reluctance upon those metaphysical recondite theories, the instruments of which are so imperfect, the results so doubtful. Not satisfied with thus dedicating to the world his vocation as a philosopher, Ancillon took rank among the good historians of his time by his *Tableau des Revolutions du Systeme politique de l'Europe depuis le XV. Siecle*, a work published at different intervals, but which he unfortunately left unfinished—in which the political views are not less striking than the portraits and developments of character, and the style such as would not be savoured by the best French native authors. Approaching this universal history of modern times, a mission of the French Institute proclaimed M. Ancillon a worthy heir and successor of Leibnitz, reminding by his example, that the object of true philosophy is to multiply and not to destroy truths; that it derives its principal force from the alliance of sentiments with principles; and that it is among minds of a higher class that it prefers to seek its first adepts."

This remarkable production also obtained for him the office of *royal historiographer*, with which his grandfather had been formerly invested; and his nomination to be a member of the Royal Academy of Berlin followed close on the heels of its publication. At the same time the king's confidence called him, in 1806, to superintend the education of the Prince Royal and his cousin Frederic William Louis, and he acquitted himself of his functions with equal zeal and talents, to the satisfaction of his sovereign, who appointed him successively councillor of state and knight of the Red Eagle. It was in his capacity of governor of the two princes that he revisited Paris in 1814, where, notwithstanding the political animosity of the day, he met with a very kind reception. At the same time he continued to fulfil his duties as an academicien, and offered to the public, from time to time, productions of greater or less extent, either in German or French; for with both of these languages, M. Ancillon is equally familiar, and in both he writes with clearness and precision. When the education of the princes was completed, he was attached as councillor of legation to the department of foreign affairs, and took an active part in a great number of diplomatic transactions. He also rendered eminent services to his country as member of the constitution committee, and conciliated to himself more and more the confidence of the government, and the esteem of his colleagues and the public. In 1825 he became director of the political section of the ministry of foreign affairs, and the public gave him the credit of the editorship of the *Staatszeitung* (State Gazette) of Berlin, a semi-official paper. A disciple and declared partizan of Count Bernstorff, he was first the colleague, and in 1831 became the successor, of that nobleman, as secretary of state for foreign affairs, which he has managed in very critical times with a wisdom and moderation the more laudable that it had to encounter very formidable opposition. He possesses the king's entire confidence, and he may at present be regarded as the directing minister of the Prussian Cabinet, and one of the main props of the peace of Europe." (Then follows a list of M. Ancillon's works, eleven in number.)

ARMANSPERG, Joseph Louis, Count Von.—The counts of Armansterg are an ancient family; several of them have distinguished themselves at different epochs by their valour and their military talents. They belong to Old Bavaria, and it was at the estate of Koetzling that the present head of the family was born in 1787. After finishing his studies at Landshut, he entered the civil service in 1808; but in 1813, full of enthusiasm in the cause of German liberty, he joined the Bavarian army, and subsequently filled some important administrative offices. After the peace of Paris, the department of the Vosges, and soon after that of the country between the Rhine and the Moselle, were entrusted to his charge. At the Congress of Vienna he defended, but unsuccessfully, the interests of Bavaria. He subsequently administered, in 1816 and 1817, the circle of the Rhine and that of the Upper Danube; was placed, in 1820, at the head of the superior Court of Accounts; and in 1823 became vice-president of the circle of Regen. As a proprietor in that of the Lower Danube, he was elected a member of the Second Chamber of the States in 1825; he lost the election of president of that chamber by only a few votes; but was elected vice-president, and took part in the deliberations of the assembly. His knowledge, energy, frankness and experience, had acquired him the public esteem, and on King Louis's accession to the throne, that monarch hastened to en-

roll him among his councillors. He had then an important share in the re-organization of the ministry, and in the reform of the abuses which had crept into the financial department. On the 1st of January, 1806, he entered the ministry with the portfolio of the interior and the finances; in 1808 he exchanged the first for that of foreign affairs, to which was subsequently added that of the royal household. The people of Bavaria retain a grateful recollection of his administration; it marks the period of liberalism, to which the King of Bavaria was indebted for the popularity which he then enjoyed. Count d'Armanberg encouraged the development of the national institutions, and he laboured to establish over the whole of Germany, by the abolition of internal custom-houses, the unity of territory in a commercial view. The reaction which took place in 1811, lost him his post, since which he has been vehemently attacked by the organs of the retrograde party. Meantime, however, the king did not withdraw his confidence from him, and endeavoured to soothe his disgrace by naming him to the Bavarian embassy to London. Since 1834 he had been a royal councillor for life, and as such member of the first Chamber of States. He retired to his estates, and remained there during 1832. On the 6th of October of that year, an ordinance appeared, appointing him president of the council of regency for the new king of Greece, then a minor. He accompanied the young monarch in that capacity, and landed with him at Nauplia, on the 6th of February, 1833. In this difficult position he has displayed from the beginning as much activity as firmness and prudence; he has already surmounted grave difficulties, and still struggles, with vigour and talent, against those which the indocility, the reciprocal jealousies, and the long habituation to a state of anarchy of the Hellenic chiefs, have opposed to him."

From the same.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

FRANCE.

Les Destinées de la Poésie is the title of a brochure recently published by M. de la Martine, intended as an introduction to some work, the nature of which is not very clearly stated. Passing over the personal feelings and reveries of the author herein disclosed, and the slight sketches of manners and scenes during his recent travels in the East, we shall speak only of the "Destinées of Poetry," which, in its new career, adapted to a new world, is to be neither lyric, in the usual sense of the word, nor epic, but reason in the shape of song. At the moment of the author's writing, he thinks there never were such profound symptoms of a deep spirit of poetry pervading, not only France, but all Europe: and that the poet who shall respond to this feeling, by becoming the poet of the people, and singing in popular strains, their wants, their feelings, and affections—the poet who shall interpret nature to the people, and explain to them in their own language all the goodness, elevation, generosity, patriotism, and pious enthusiasm implanted by God in their hearts—such a one will be the poet demanded by the age, and for whom the people are athirst. Poetry—exclaims the author in a fit of enthusiasm—is the guardian angel of humanity in every age. M. de la Martine's account of his recent tour to the Holy Land, &c. is said to be preparing for publication.

The first and second volumes of M. Capéduque's *His-*

tory of the Reformation, the League, and the Times of Henry IV., have just made their appearance. M. Capéduque now stands forward as the acknowledged author of the *History of the Restoration, and of the Fall of the Elder Branch of the Bourbons*, which was reviewed in this journal some time since.

An interesting little volume has recently been published by M. Paulin Paris, entitled *La Romancero Français, Histoire de quelques Anciens Trouveres, et Chans de leurs Chansons*. These "Ancient Songs of Love and War," originally composed by French Trouveres, which have been buried in oblivion for the last 600 years, are now once more brought to light by the fortunate investigations of this young "employee aux manuscrits" of the Royal Library. The biographical notices and glossarial explanations which he has added exhibit an intimate acquaintance with the French literature of the middle ages. Another young French antiquarian, M. Francisque Michel, who has already distinguished himself by several publications on similar subjects, is now diligently exploring our national archives for MSS. works and documents connected with that literature.

The Polish literary veteran, Lalewel, is now engaged at Paris on an important work on the *Customs of the Middle Ages*.

The little work of Silvio Pellico, on the *Duties of Men*, has been received with such favour at Paris as to give rise to several French translations. The English one, which has recently appeared, from the practised pen of Mr. Thomas Roscoe, who has prefixed a most interesting biographical sketch of the author, has already met with deserved success. The pure and elevated morality of the work renders it a most excellent present for young men in every country where it has been naturalized.

M. Ambrose Firmin Didot has recently published a complete French translation of *Thucydides*, with the Greek text opposite, and an apparatus of Life, notes, &c. &c. The book is very handsomely printed in 4 vols. 8vo. Great pains have been taken to ensure a correct text and a faithful version. It does much honour to M. Didot. We are returned to the times when celebrated printers were distinguished men of letters.

The French Academy of Sciences lost in the course of January last two of its members: 1. M. LABILLARDIERE, the botanist, who accompanied d'Entrecasteaux in his voyage round the world in search of La Perouse, as the naturalist of the expedition. He was in his 78th year: and 2. M. HACHETTE, the geometer, one of the earliest and most distinguished professors of the famous Polytechnic School, in his 64th year.

M. Garat, a member of the French Academy, formerly minister under the National Convention, and afterwards a member of Bonaparte's Senate, died at Ustaritz, in December last, upwards of 80 years of age.

M. Charles Pougens, a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, died at Vauxbuis in December last, in his 79th year. He had been blind ever since the year 1779, but was not prevented by that misfortune from pursuing a course of laborious philological researches and ingenious compositions.

M. Marcel has just published a *History of Egypt*, from its conquest by the Arabs to that by the French, in an 8vo. vol.

The 5th and 6th volumes of the French translation of Colonel Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*, edited by General Dumas, are about to appear.

'*speak the speech trippingly on the tongue,*' and now and then he was as deliberate in his delivery as if he had been reading prayers, and had waited for the response. He is a very handsome man, almost tall and almost large, with features of a sensible, but fixed and tragic cast; his action is graceful, though somewhat formal—which you will find it hard to believe, yet it is true. Very careful study appears in all he says and all he does; but there is more singularity and ingenuity than simplicity and fire. Upon the whole, he strikes me rather as a finished French performer, than as a varied and vigorous English actor; and it is plain he will succeed better in heroic than in natural and passionate tragedy. Excepting in serious parts, I suppose he will never put on the sock.

"You have been so long without a 'brother near the throne,' that it will perhaps be serviceable to you to be obliged to bestir yourself in Hamlet, Macbeth, Lord Townley, and Maskwell; but in Lear, Richard, Falstaff, and Benedict, you have nothing to fear, notwithstanding the known fickleness of the public, and its love of novelty. I think I have heard you remark (what I myself have observed in the History of the Stage) that periodical changes have taken place in the taste of the audience, or at least in the manner of the great performers. Sometimes the natural and spirited mode has prevailed, and then the dignified and declamatory. Betterton, eminent both in comedy and tragedy, appears to have been an instance of the first. Then came Booth and Quin, who were admired for the last. Garrick followed, restoring or re-inventing the best manner, which you have also adopted so fortunately and successfully. Mr. Kemble will be compelled, by the hoarse monotony of his voice, to rely upon the conventional stateliness that distinguished Garrick's predecessors, which is now carried to intimitable perfection by his accomplished sister."—pp. 16—18.

We have only to observe, that Mrs. Siddons outgrew, though John Kemble never did, this 'conventional stateliness,' and was, as we recollect her, the most natural and passionate, as well as the most majestic of performers. Kean's ambition, of course, was, in adherence to the law of change mentioned by our author, to play Garrick to Kemble's Quin; and, probably, our next great tragedian will affect the Roman grandeur again. The interregnum has now lasted so long, that many people have given up all hope—but we cannot even yet part with the pleasing dream of seeing Macbeth and Hamlet again before we die. But enough of the stage—let us come to the real business of life.

From a very interesting and affectionate series of letters "to a young friend," dated in 1806-1809, we must take several specimens. The first is part of a letter to the young man when at Cambridge: we doubt if many young men will listen to the doctrine it sets out with; but we are quite sure no old man will refuse his ear:—

"Luckily you have not to overcome the disadvantage of expecting to inherit from your father an income equal to your reasonable desires; for though it may have the air of a paradox, yet it is truly a serious disadvantage when a young man, going to the bar, is sufficiently provided for.

'*Vitam facit beatiorem
Res non parva, sed selecta,*'

says Martial, but not wisely; and no young man should believe him. The Lord Chief Justice Kenyon once said to a rich friend asking his opinion as to the probable success of a son, '*Sir, let your son forthwith spend his fortune; marry, and spend his wife's; and then he may be expected to apply with energy to his profession.*' In your case I have no doubt but such as arise from my having observed that, perhaps, you sometimes may have relied rather too much on the quickness of your talents, and too little on diligent study. Pardon me for owning this, and attribute my frankness to my regard. It is unfortunate when a man's intellectual and his moral character are not suited to each other. The horses in a carriage should go the same pace and draw in the same direction, or the motion will be neither pleasant nor safe.

"Bonaparte has remarked of one of his marshals, that he had a military genius, but had not intrepidity enough in the field to execute his own plans; and of another he said, 'He is as brave as his sword' but he wants judgment and resources: neither,' he added, 'is to be trusted with a great command.' The want of harmony between the talents and the temperament is often found in private life; and wherever found, it is the fruitful source of faults and sufferings. *Perhaps there are few less happy than those who are ambitious without industry; who pant for the prize, but will not run the race.* Now, this defect, whether arising from indolence or from timidity, is far from being incurable. It may, at least in part, be remedied by frequently reflecting on the endless encouragements to exertion held out by our own experience and by example.

'*C'est des difficultés que miment les miracles.*'

"It is not every calamity that is a curse, and every adversity especially is often a blessing. Perhaps Madame de Maintenon would never have mounted a throne had not her cradle been rocked in a prison. Surmounted obstacles not only teach, but hearten us in our future struggles; for virtue must be learnt, though unfortunately some of the vices come, as it were, by inspiration. The austerities of our northern climate are thought to be the cause of our abundant comforts; as our wintry nights and our stormy seas have given us a race of seamen, perhaps unequalled, and certainly not surpassed, by any in the world.

"'Mother,' said a Spartan lad going to battle, 'my sword is too short.'—Add a step to it,' she replied: but it must be owned that this was advice to be given only to a Spartan boy. They should not be thrown into the water who cannot swim: I know your buoyancy, and I have no fears of your being drowned."—pp. 24—27.

Again he writes to the same favoured person:—

"There are few difficulties that hold out against real attacks; they fly, like the visible horizon, before those who advance. A passionate desire and an unwearied will can perform impossibilities, or what seem to be such to the cold and the feeble. *If we do but go on, some unseen path will open among the hills.* We must not allow ourselves to be discouraged by the apparent disproportion between the result of single efforts and the magnitude of the ob-

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science, and Art.

NOVEMBER, 1834.

From the Quarterly Review.

Letters and Essays, in Prose and Verse. London, 1834. 12mo. pp. 268.

THE author of these pages tells us that they 'were written during a few short intervals of leisure, which he has employed rather in deriving instruction and amusement from the works of others, than in attempting to afford either by his own.' He adds, that 'some of his letters had already been published without his knowledge; and that others of them might probably appear hereafter, when he could no longer correct them.' There needed no apology for publishing a part of this volume. With the greater number of the pieces in *verse* which it includes we have formerly been familiar; but the form in which these are originally printed must have prevented their emulation from equalling their merits. The new ones are not unworthy of the author's taste; and the prose, to us entirely new, is certainly honourable to him in every respect. We have seldom seen so much wisdom, wit, knowledge of the world, and sound criticism, comprised in so small a space, or expressed in a more nervous and graceful style. The general tone is throughout delightful; we have constantly before us a pure and generous nature—the firm sympathies, and the calm happiness, of a heart and mind that have come unwithered and unshrunk through the passions of youth and the cares of manhood. As the writer has dated several of his pieces in *Fredley Farm*, he cannot mean to conceal his residence; and in mentioning that of Mr. Richard Sharp, he does enough to excite the curiosity of all who have known any thing of the most distinguished society of the metropolis during the last half century. Old enough to have been the friend of Burke and Johnson, yet he long continues to be the instructor and ornament of this our third generation,—for we cannot think of the great bard's introduction of Nestor—

καὶ ἀπὸ γλώσσης μέλῳς γλυκίαν ἔσθ' ἔσθ'.

ὁ πρὸς δὲ μὲν γὰρ καὶ μέγιστον ἀνθρώπων

ἔσθ' οἱ αἱ πρόσθεν αἶμα τραφὲς ἰδ' ἐγένοντο

Πύρρον ἐγὰρ—ΜΕΤΑ ΔΕ ΤΡΙΤΑ ΤΟΙΣΙΝ ΑΝΑΣΣΕΝ.

OL XXV.—No. 149.

It is impossible to close this volume without regretting—though not perhaps on account of its author himself—that, with so strong a passion for letters, habits of reflection and composition so early formed, and so many opportunities of observation, he should have published so little as he has done. No one can doubt that but for the possession of external advantages and allurements, Mr. Sharp might have long ere now earned a name and place in English literature hardly inferior to what have been achieved by any of his friends. As it is, however, he has done enough to secure himself with posterity against the fate of so many distinguished table-talkers. When dozens and dozens of persons who have put forth books upon books, and been puffed by themselves or their gossips into contemporary notoriety, shall be as entirely forgotten as the lowest heroes of the *Dunciad* would have been by this time, had they not attracted the killing but preserving touch of Pope's caustic—these "*Letters and Essays*" will survive in the station to which their modest author has limited his ambition.

With a book of this kind—for the prose part, that is, much the greater part of it, belongs in fact to the class of *ana*—reviewers have little choice as to their manner of dealing. We affect no more than to justify our general recommendation by a few extracts, selecting, of course, passages in which the traces of the author's peculiar caste of thought or expression seem to us to be especially marked.

Among the earliest *Letters*, we find the following, addressed to Henderson, the actor, on a remarkable occasion—the *debut* of John Kemble on the London boards. Who can read it without being astonished at the precision with which this gifted observer prophesied, at first sight, the outline of our great tragedian's whole career?

"*London, 1785.*—I went, as I promised, to see the new '*HAMLET*,' whose provincial fame had excited your curiosity as well as mine. There has not been such a first appearance since yours: yet Nature, though she has been bountiful to him in figure and feature, has denied him a voice—of course he could not exemplify his own direction for the players to

of rare genius—and he possessed many amiable and even noble feelings ; but there was, we are sorry to say, one great and incurable defect in his mind : he had not that high instinctive integrity without which no talents however brilliant, no impulses however generous, can win entire respect. It was said of him, with bitter spleen, but not without something like truth, by one who lived to “stick his knees in his back,”—“Canning can never be a gentleman for more than three hours at a time.” From Mr. Sharp’s opinion as to that infinitely greater man, Pitt himself, we must dissent. We venture to say, that every real argument that ever was advanced by the anti-national party during his government may be found fairly and honestly stated, as well as completely answered and refuted, in his parliamentary speeches, even as we now have them. But to return to our text:—

“It is not without something misgiving that I perceive with how much more interest you talk of parliament than of chancery. It is very usual and very natural to prefer the former. Let me entreat you to consider well. I have heard one of the ablest and most efficient men in this country (actually at the time the chosen leader of the opposition, enjoying the fame of such a situation, and looking forwards, doubtless, to high office) own, more than once, with much emotion, that he had made a fatal mistake in preferring parliament to the bar. At the bar he well knew that he must have risen to opulence and to rank, and he bitterly regretted having forsaken his lawful wife, the profession, for that fascinating but impoverishing harlot, politics.

“If you should abandon your Penelope and your home for Calypso, remember that I told you of the advice given, in my hearing, at different times to a young lawyer, by Mr. Windham, and by Mr. Horne Tooke—not to look for a seat till he had pretensions to be made solicitor.”—pp. 46, 47.

The last rule must now be modified. The aspiring lawyer must henceforth be admonished not to look for the solicitor-generalship until he has more than pretensions to a seat.

From another letter to the same “law-student” we transcribe some paragraphs:—

“Satirical writers and talkers are not so clever as they think themselves, nor as they are thought to be. They do winnow the corn, ’tis true, but ’tis to feed upon the chaff. I am sorry to add, that they who are always speaking ill of others, are also very apt to be doing ill to them. It requires some talent and some generosity to find out talent and generosity in others ; though nothing but self-conceit and malice are needed to discover or to imagine faults. It is much easier for an ill-natured than for a good-natured man to be smart and witty—

‘S’il n’eut mal parlè de personne,
On n’eut jamais parlè de lui.’

“The most gifted men that I have known have been the least addicted to depreciate either friends or foes.—Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, and Mr. Fox were always more inclined to overrate them. Your shrewd, sly, evil-speaking fellow is generally a shallow personage, and frequently he is as venomous and as false when he flatters, as when he reviles—he seldom praises John but to vex Thomas.

“Do not, pray do not ! ‘sit in the seat of the scorner,’ whose nature it is to sneer at every thing but impudent vice and successful crime. By these he is generally awed and silenced. Are these poor heartless creatures to be envied ? Can you think that the Duc de Richelieu was a happier man than Fenelon ?—or Dean Swift than Bishop Berkely ?”—pp. 53–55.

These are wise words—most of them. There is, we believe, no human being of real capacity whose opinions of his fellow-creatures, both of their moral qualities and their intellectual powers, do not grow more and more favourable as he advances in life. But we cannot think Mr. Sharp was entitled to speak of Swift as he here does. The dean was not certainly a man “to be envied”—he had in him from his birth the seeds of the insanity in which, as he himself foresaw and foretold, he was to end ; but a “heartless creature” he was not. He was a morbid genius ; and he resented injuries, and lashed quackery, with a demoniacal zeal ; but he was a warm and steadfast friend, a most kind and generous master, and in his native character as pure and dignified as either Fenelon or Berkley—whose talents put together and doubled would not have made the tithe of his. Rioting in his own wit, in such pieces as Gulliver, he appears to have no sympathy with mankind—but consider the facts of his life, or read his inimitable letters, the best in our language, and you will do justice to the inborn manliness and steady benevolence of Swift. That terrible epitaph of his on himself is flanked in St. Patrick’s by a most touching one to the memory of an old servant ! They who spend their lives in trying to make themselves appear worse, must at least be preferred to those who are always passing themselves off for better than they are. Mr. Sharp well says, at p. 61—

“Oh ! it is very easy to cherish, like Sterne, the sensibilities that lead to no sacrifices and to no inconvenience. Most of those that are so vain of their fine feelings are persons loving themselves very dearly, and having a violent regard for their fellow-creatures in general, though caring little or nothing for the individuals about them. Of sighs and tears they are profuse, but niggardly of their money and their time. Montaign speaks of a man as extraordinary “Quiait des opinions supercélestes, sans avoir des mœurs souterreines.”—pp. 59–61.

Another letter to the same young gentleman begins as follows:—

“If your low spirits arise from bodily illness (as is often the case) you must consult Dr. Baillie. I can do nothing for you. Perhaps you should fast a little, and walk and ride. But if they are caused by disappointment, by impatience, or by calamity, you can do much for yourself. The well-known worn-out topics of consolation and of encouragement are become trite, *because they are reasonable* ; and you will soon be cured, if you steadily persevere in a course of moral alternatives. You have no right to be dispirited, possessing as you do all that one of the greatest as well as oldest sages has declared to be the only requisites for happiness—a sound mind, a sound body, and a competence.

“An anxious, restless temper, that runs to meet care on his way, that regrets lost opportunities too

that is over-painstaking in contrivance, is foolish, and should not be indulged.

doit être heureux sans trop penser à l'être

cannot be happy in one way, be happy in ; and this facility of disposition wants but from philosophy, for health and good humour almost the whole affair. Many run about like an absent man hunting for his hat, on his head or in his hand. Though some evils, like invisible insects, inflict great *the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffices to vex one, and in prudently cultivating undergrowth of small pleasures, since very it ones, alas! are let on long leases.* I cannot see that you are dissatisfied with your lot, and that you think yourself unlucky in not being destined to take it up, before you were free to choose for yourself. Do not be too sure that you would have chosen well. I somewhere find an observation, which, being true, is important—*that in a masquerade, where people assume that characters they like, 'how ill they often seem!'* Many parts are probably preferred for the sake of dress; and do not many young men enter the navy or army, that they may wear a smart and a handsome uniform, and be acceptable at a ball? Vanity is hard-hearted, and inordinant on wealth, rank and admiration. Even so man as Prince Eugene owned (after gaining a victory) that 'on travaille trop pour la Gazette.' Objects or pursuits are losing their value every day and you must have observed that *rank gives a little precedence, except in a procession.*

I am really ashamed even to hint at such an obvious commonplace, and I shall only make the remark, which seems to have struck you—*all the professions, high stations seem to come down to us, rather than that we have got up to them.* You, forsooth, are too sensible to be ambitious; you are, perhaps, only disheartened by some unseen obstacles to reasonable desires. Be it so! I will not justify, nor even excuse, dejection. Hard accidents will sometimes happen; but, many, many years of thoughtful experience, I may say, that nearly all those who began life have succeeded or failed, as they deserved. 'quisque fortunæ propriæ.' Ill fortune at your age is often good for us, both in teaching and in bracing the mind; and even in our later days it may be turned to advantage, or overcome. Besides—*precautions will often prevent great misfortune as a slight turn of the wrist parries a mortal blow*—pp. 48-50.

In the foregoing passage there is much that deserves reflection. Mr. Sharp, however, wrote this in 1817, and then assuredly there was no aptness to truth in Mr. Sharp's dictum that "rank gives a little precedence except in a procession!" That is the case, the hour of processions (except of the Unionists) will be very near its close. Even beyond 1817 rank has continued to be of great importance in our country; so much so, without it, it has been the most difficult thing in the world for any one to do much serious mischief in any department of public life. And it is ex-

actly this cant of the day, into which Mr. Sharp has for once given, about the nothingness of rank, that has so turned the heads of many of Mr. Sharp's "young friends," and made them, taking the homage paid to their rank for the honest tribute to their talents, indulge such egregious self-esteem and self-confidence, and convert their own rank into the lever for upturning the whole system to which that rank belongs. The men of no rank may now abide their time; they may now indeed possess their souls in patience, well knowing that the great blow has been struck—that the felled tree may put out buds and leaves for a spring or so, but will make no more timber; and that even at this hour, had the reformed constituencies sent one single young plebeian, of desperate fortunes, genius, and courage, into parliament, Lord John Russell would no more have thought of taking precedence of him in a procession, than of Mr. Gully in a prize-ring, or of Mr. Ducrow, who will, we hope, be the next member for Lambeth, in a circus.

Another passage in our last quotation is not quite so clear as we could have wished. "In all the professions," says Mr. Sharp, "high stations seem to come down to us, rather than that we have got up to them." We think we could point out instances in which persons have mounted into very lofty stations by means of very long and very dirty ladders, and afterwards, indeed, made these high stations come down—not to, but *with them.*

In one of his Essays we find Mr. Sharp returning to the subject of rank—the Essay bears no date, and may therefore be of 1834:—

'In De Rulhiere's Anecdotes of the Revolution in Russia, there is a short story exemplifying that decay of the ancient respect for rank, and that growth of a regard for wealth so observable of late in most parts of the world. Odart, a Piedmontese conspirator for Catharine, used to say, "I see there is no regard for any thing but money, and money I will have. I would go this night and set fire to the palace for money; and when I had got enough, I would retire to my own country and there live like an honest man." More than once the empress offered him a title: "No, madam, I thank you," said Odart; "money, money, if you please." He did get money, went to Nice, and there he is said to have lived as became a gentleman.'

We really cannot see so much reason to wonder at a Piedmontese adventurer's preferring Russian gold to such a nothing as a Russian title; but Mr. Sharp evidently means to strike home, and giving him all credit for sincerity, we must humbly observe, that as far as we have seen, the persons in this country who talk the most contemptuously of rank are often those who would be the most apt to leap over the table for the least rag of for themselves. He will perhaps answer, that this is the case simply because rank hitherto has commanded among us 'money or money's worth'—that the fire-new coronet has had its price on Cornhill, &c. &c. This is a controversy into which we shall not at present enter. As to the high respect of our time for *wealth* itself, there can be no doubt. Wherever it appears, it has Flattery kissing the dust before it, and (though Mr. Sharp may fancy that the revolutionary spirit of the age aims only at rank)—envy whetting the knife behind. He proceeds in this

tone—which we fancy will amuse posterity, in a volume published in the year 1834.

"Since this over-estimate of wealth is almost universal, it can be no wonder that the rich are so vain and the poor so envious. I know that it is only repeating the tripartite of commonplaces to observe that both exaggerate its advantages.

*'Je le au front de ceux qu'on vain faste environne,
Qua la Fortune vend ce qu'on croit qu'elle donne.'*

"It must, however, be owned, that the greatest are willing enough to consider the humblest as their fellow-creatures, when they stand in need of their help. A prince in danger of being drowned would not wonder at being saved by the humanity of a common sailor; and a general, before a battle, addresses his 'brave fellow-soldiers.' Indeed many persons do the poor the honour of expecting them to be spotless. *'Too often is it deemed a good excuse for refusing them alms, that they have failings like our own.'*

"There are many advantages in this variety of conditions, one of which is boasted of by a divine, who rejoices that, between both classes, 'all the holidays of the church are properly kept, since the rich observe the feasts, and the poor observe the fasts.' To be more serious—it is fortunate for the Christian world that our public worship tends at once to abase the proud, and to uplift the dejected; while a similar effect results in a free country from its elections, where the haughtiest are obliged to go hat in hand begging favours from the lowest. Nor should the lofty be ashamed, for it has so happened that the best benefactors of the human race have been poor men: such as Socrates and Epaminondas; such as many of the illustrious Romans—and the inspired founders of our faith."—pp. 73-75.

We confess that we have extracted these sentences with some feeling of doubt and wonder. They are not from a letter to some nameless stripling, but from an Essay to the English public. Can Mr. Sharp seriously think it necessary to remind boarded men that poverty has often been found in companionship with the highest genius and the purest virtue? This is an academic flourish, surely. It might have been a fair stroke, if Mr. Sharp had stood for reformed Calcutta, to spout from the hustings, that if Socrates and St. Peter had lived in our day, they would have owed their elective franchise to Lord Durham; but some Unionist would have been ready to answer, that Diogenes could never have taken rank as a ten-pounder.

We forget the name of the ingenious Frenchman who wrote a clever and amusing book to prove that no change in any man's external circumstances (barring the case of absolute indigence) can alter the individual's essential feelings of comfort and happiness for more than three months; but that little volume, read many years ago, made an impression on ourselves which can never be obliterated, and which all subsequent experience has confirmed and deepened. Mr. Sharp, as it seems to us, considers the whole of this matter too much on *millions*—he thinks only of the very rich and the very poor. He enters into none of the delicate pains and struggles of the classes between. He passes abruptly from his own domestic luxury to the beggar crawling by his window. There is, however, truth and good feeling in the passage we are about to quote: it will remind many of our readers

of what Robert Burns said as to the misery of a poor father's death bed.

"When a child is taken from an opulent mother, she comforts herself by saying, 'I thank God that all that could be done has been done to save it;' but the grief of the poor woman is heightened into agony by the belief that a physician and proper attendance might have preserved her little one. Such thoughts are the harder to bear, because the social affections of the needy are necessarily cherished by the habit of doing those humble services to each other which are rendered to the rich by their meials; and perhaps this necessity alone may counteract the inevitable, and, therefore, pardonable selfishness arising from scanty subsistence."—pp. 77, 78.

We must, however, take leave to observe here, that in London and in all our great towns, thanks to the high and generous tone of feeling hitherto characteristic of the medical profession in this kingdom, the poorest have easy access to the best medical advice as well as surgical assistance—*gratis*. No man of eminence in any walk of the profession, but admits, for a certain part of every day, patients from whom no remuneration can be expected: no operation but what is daily performed with consummate skill on our peers. This is, perhaps, the only advantage that the poor of towns have over those of the country—but it is a great one."

The passages we are next to quote occur in another of Mr. Sharp's Essays, undated, but entitled "On Political Agitations." We conceive there can be little doubt that this is a very recent production: how it may be received at Brooke's is another question.

"A French gentleman said to Monsieur Colbert—'You found the state-carriage overturned on one side, and you have overturned it on the other.' This was

"We cannot resist the temptation to quote a short passage from an excellent pamphlet lately published on "The Medical Profession in England." We recommend it to the candid attention of Lord Durham and Mr. Warburton:

"Let it be supposed, according to the cry of the present day, or, to express it more justly, according to the leading feeling in the minds of many, that there should be free trade in every thing; free trade in the sale of the products of the mind as well as of bodily labour. Now if this doctrine be applied to the profession of physic, the argument may be familiarly illustrated in the following manner. The first difficulty that presents itself is, that the purchasers of the articles are no judges of it; they must buy upon confidence therefore, and confidence is an ingredient that always enhances the price of a commodity, as is observed in trade, where a dealer in good articles must have a remuneration for their worth, proportionate to the character he bears for supplying no bad materials. Experience has taught mankind, that it is safer and cheaper to deal with such persons in all articles of which purchasers are not perfect judges, than to go to those who profess to sell cheap. The common reason of the world touches, that, where honesty in tradesmen is equal, cheap articles must be inferior; the proverb that *cheap asks asks* is universally applicable. Now, suppose that the practice of physic be reduced to a mere trade for lucre, and it is not difficult to conceive this; nay, it is the inevitable consequence of bringing all the present denominations of practitioners under one head, and giving them all equal rank. If the man who has studied several years in an university, and qualified himself with every accomplishment which the best education this country affords, is to be upon the level of a five years apprentice apothecary, who has lived behind a shop-board, mixed up and disposed of medicines as

must be confessed that there is a danger of destroying institutions by a deluge. It is not only hard to little and too much, but the intentions of the different rebels out 'Fire!' that he may, that he may run away with lined to believe, that in revenge by hurry and self-conceit purposes. Very few indeed their hands on the Ark, but—'Angels fear to tread;' and 'unarm'd innocence rolls apace.' When sir desire to do good, that they talents requisite to govern what evil-doers they may instil an eternal shock of purposes his own crude schemes, with 'satisfied integrity!' " "Angels are not only safer but and more, much more, may be le, when well recorded; but cell on the latter, and rarely Their effects, also, are more ensive; anarchy being only

under, attended as many lectures an examination, and to be li against the limited age; why, will be none but the lower order will either pass through the la of a better education, if he is tation nor superior emolument of gentlemen in the profession of physic to have become is a competition of tradesmen to : (and, let it be remembered, in gerous conditions of life) at the and also, that the article sold to are no judge what happens' d man, it such remain in exist re trader, at once makes the best 'can, and having no longer any acter, deals with his patients as of TIMOTHY or of CHAM. Fear, ge of relations, the miseria of ample opportunities for making sale. A person of reputation for this free-trade system would not would think he did not do himself advantage of such opportunities, or in coats would await to m t to sell his goods. This is but f such a change—add to them assistance which is afforded by wn to the poor, or to persons in result at once be stopped. For nescience which has been culti hysic from the commencement of a work, and has, by the example l branches of medical practice, f the profession to a higher statu d than in any other country, in ach individual will consider that his stock in trade against such w him to disprove of any of it in y brual. The probability of f any change approaching to u, ders of society would be worse off and upper ranks imposed upon, eir calamities of an exhortation

the stakeholder for tyranny. There is, besides, something more terrible to the imagination in the disorderly violence of the multitude, than in the organized oppressions of a despot; something more hideous in myriads of reptiles, than in a gigantic beast of prey. If there were no alternative but either the absolute government of St. Giles' or of St. James', who, in his senses, could hesitate a moment which to prefer?"

If the author had affixed a date to his Essay, we should have been enabled to guess whether what follows was or was not meant as a *per contra* to the foregoing:—

"Besides its other innumerable benefits, a really representative government has the advantage of exempting individual persons from the necessity of becoming political agitators; and, by increasing the competition while it diminishes the rewards, it lessens the number of those who can be advanced in reputation or in fortune by office. The young people of this country, in every rank, from a peer's son to a street-sweeper's, are drawn aside from a praiseworthy exertion in honest callings, by having their eyes directed to the public treasure. The rewards of persevering industry are too slow for them, too small, and too insipid. They fondly trust to the great lottery, although the wheel contains so many blanks and so few prizes; hoping that their ticket may be drawn a place, a pension, or a contract—a living, or a stall—a ship, or a regiment—a seat on the bench, or the great seal. It is, indeed, most humiliating to witness the indecent scramble that is always going on for these prizes, the highest born and best educated rolling in the dirt, to pick them up, just as the lowest of the mob do for the shillings or the pence thrown among them by a successful candidate at a contested election."—pp. 90-93.

Are we to understand by "a really representative government," the government of this country as likely to be carried on under the operation of the Durham and Russell Reform Bill? The cutting insinuations of a preceding extract about the "mischief" done by "hurry and self-conceit," and "fools that rush in where angels fear to tread," make us slow to think so; but, if such is the meaning, we must say, Mr. Sharp had not looked far about him, when he bailed in the new system a diminution in the muster of political adventurers. On the contrary, we think it must already be obvious to every impartial observer, that the existing government, having done away with a system which had for one of its instruments the influence of ministerial patronage, are busily employed in the endeavour to replace it, by one in which there shall be no other element of influence whatever except that of patronage. We should be only too happy to anticipate their success in this plan, if we thought that by so succeeding they might secure the eventual quiet of the country which they have disorganized; but we fear their new courts, and central boards, and endless commissions, will be seen through, just as those of the Long Parliament were; and that, unless they also make theirs a long parliament, we shall presently hear of other things, even from Whig chroniclers, than the obstinacy of their "integrity!"

As a considerable part of this volume is occupied with "Letters and Essays in Verse," we must give

at least one specimen of our author's rhymes. It will be seen that his lines flow, in general, easily and gracefully, and that every now and then there comes a couplet of true terseness and energy; but that in verse, on the whole, Mr. Sharp cannot claim the title of a master. He has not always condensed and polished to the extent demanded in the style and measure he attempts. His second hemistichs and second lines are sometimes merely expletive. Nevertheless, he is of a good old school; and we prefer him, with all his deficiencies, to a whole squadron of the mouth-ing sentimentalists now in vogue. We take the following from an essay on *Marriage*, in which he is very severe upon a set of gentlemen with whose modes of life and conversation he must be tolerably familiar—the comfortable bachelors of May-Fair.

“Haply he seeks in mercenary arms
Love's modest pleasures and mysterious charms;
Presumes to hope its transports can be sold,
Trusting the weak omnipotence of gold.
But these Wealth cannot buy; Vice cannot know;
Pure are the countless sources whence they flow;
From faith long tried, from lives that blend in one;
From many a soft word spoken, kind deed done;
Too small, perhaps, for each to have a name,
Too oft recurring much regard to claim:
As in fair constellations may combine
The stars that, singly, undistinguish'd shine.
Love, too, is proud, and will not be controll'd;
Timid, and must be rather guess'd than told;
Would be divined, but then by only one,
And fain the notice of all else would shun:
It stays not to forgive—it cannot see
The failings from which none, alas! are free:
Blind but to faults, quick-sighted to descry
Merit oft hid from a less searching eye:
Ever less prone to doubt than to believe;
Ever more glad to give than to receive:
Constant as kind, though changing nature, name;
Many, yet one; another, yet the same:
'Tis Friendship, Pity, Joy, Grief, Hope, nay Fear,
Not the least tender when in form severe.
It dwells with every rank, in every clime,
And sets at nought the malice e'en of Time:
In youth more rapturous, but in age more sure,
Chief blessing of the rich, sole comfort of the poor.”

After a gloomy picture of the solitary death-bed of an old bachelor, he thus proceeds:

“Start from thy trance, thou fool! awake in time!
Snatch the short pleasures of thy fleeting prime!
While yet youth's healthful fever warms the blood,
And the pulse throbs in vigour's rapid flood;
While love invites, whose spells possess the power
Ages of bliss to crowd into an hour;
Though to fond memory each blest hour appears
Rich with the transports of eventful years;
To love alone such magic can belong:
The present still so short! the past so long!

“But youth is on the wing; and will not stay;
Fair morn too oft of a foul wint'ry day!
A warm but watery gleam, extinguished soon
In storm or vapour, gathering o'er its noon:
And should the unwearied Sun shine on, till night
Quench his hot ray and cloud his cheerful light,

How fast the shadow o'er the dial flies!
While to himself fond man a debtor dies,
Trusting to-morrow still, or misemploy'd
He leaves the world unknown and unenjoy'd.

“Haste, then, as nature dictates dare to live;
Ask of thy youth the pleasures youth should give:
So shall thy manhood and thy age confess
That of the past the present learns to bless;
And thou shalt boast, with mingling joy and pride,
The wife, the mother, dearer than the bride,
And own, as on thy knees thy children grow,
That home becomes an early heaven below.

“There still an angel hovers o'er the fence,
To drive with flaming sword all evil thence;
There, in a little grove of kindred, rise
Those tender plants, the human charities,
Which, in the world's cold soil and boisterous air,
Withhold their blossoms and refuse to bear,
Or all unshelter'd from the blast of day,
Their golden fruit falls premature away.

“Hail, holy marriage! hail, indulgent law!
Whose kind restraints in closer union draw
Consenting hearts and minds:—By thee confest,
Instinct's ennobled, and desire refined.
Man is a savage else, condemned to roam
Without companion, and without a home:
And helpless woman, as alone she strays,
With sighs and tears her new-born babe surveys;
But choosing, chosen, never more to part,
New joys, new duties blending in her heart—
Endow'd alike to charm him and to mend—
Man gains at once a mistress and a friend:
In one fair form obtaining from above
An angel's virtues and a woman's love:
Then guarded, cherish'd, and confest her worth,
She scorns the pangs that give his offspring birth,
Lifts for the father's kiss the laughing boy,
And sees and shares his triumph and his joy.”

pp. 184-9.

We have reserved to the last what may be called the critical department of this volume. The letter which we are about to quote was addressed in 1784 to Mr. John Fell, then engaged with his *English Grammar*, and who, like Mr. Sharp, regarded with alarm and regret the pompous stiffness and grandiloquent affectations by which, in those days, so many inferior writers were caricaturing the early style of Johnson.

“In the lighter kinds of writing this affectation is particularly disagreeable; and I am convinced that in the gravest, aye, and in the sublimest passages, the simple terms and the idioms of our language often add a grace beyond the reach of scholarship, increasing, rather than diminishing, the elegance as well as the spirit of the diction. ‘*Utinam et verba in usu quotidiano posita minus timeremus.*’ ‘He that would write well,’ says Roger Ascham, ‘must follow the advice of Aristotle, to speak as the common people speak, and to think as the wise think.’ In support of this opinion, many of the examples cited by you are amusing, as well as convincing. The following from a great author may be added:—‘Is there a God to swear by, and is there none to believe in, none to trust to?’ What becomes of the force and simplicity of this short sentence, when turned into the clumsy English which schoolmasters indige-

and which little boys can construe?—‘Is there a God by whom to swear, and is there none in whom to believe, none to whom to pray?’ The Doctor is a great writer, and is deservedly admired, but he should not be imitated. His gigantic strength may perhaps require a vocabulary that would encumber feebler thoughts: but it is very comical to see Mr. B. and Dr. P. strutting about in Johnson’s bulky clothes; as if a couple of Lilliputians had bought their great coats at a rag fair in Brobdignag. Cowley, Dryden, Congreve, and Addison, are our best examples; for Middleton is not free from Gallicisms. Mr. Burke’s speeches and pamphlets (although the style is too undisciplined for a model) abound with phrases in which homeliness sets off elegance, and ease adds grace to strength. How your neighbour, the ‘*dictus lapis*,’ will smile to hear Milton’s practice appealed to! Yet what can he say to the following specimens, taken at random while I am now writing?

‘Am I not sung and proverb’d for a fool
In every street? Do they not say how well
Are come upon him his deserts?’

‘Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread.’

‘Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
At distance I forgive thee—go with that.’

‘Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter’s frost.’

‘I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death.’

‘So! farewell hope; but with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost:
Evil, be thou my good.’

“Shakspeare I need not quote, for he never writes ill, excepting when he means to be very fine and very learned. Fortunately, our admirable translation of the Scriptures abounds with these native terms of expression; and it is admitted to be almost as pure an authority for English as for doctrine.”—pp. 2-4.

Mr. Sharp returns to the same subject in a preface which he drew up a little while after, for his friend’s *Grammar*. It must be owned that there was some boldness in publishing what follows, during the life of the great lexicographer:

“Our elegant and idiomatic satirist ridicules that

————— ‘easy Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while.’

“Some men, whose writings do honour to their country and to mankind, have, it must be confessed, written in a style that no Englishman will own: a sort of Anglicized Latin, and chiefly distinguished from it by a trifling difference of termination; yet so excellent are these works, in other respects, that a man might deserve well of the public who would take the trouble of translating them into English. As I do not notice these alterations in our language in order to commend them, I shall not produce any particular instances. I shall content myself with supporting the fact by the evidence of a truly respectable critic, now living. In the preface to his

excellent dictionary he says, ‘So far have I been from any care to grace my page with modern decorations, that I have studiously endeavoured to collect my examples and authorities from the writers before the Restoration, whose works I regard as the *wells of English undefiled*; as the pure sources of genuine diction. Our language, for almost a century, has, by the concurrence of many causes, been gradually departing from its ancient Teutonic character, and deviating towards a Gallic structure and phraseology, from which it ought to be our endeavour to recall it, by making our ancient volumes the groundwork of our style, admitting among the additions of later times only such as may supply real deficiencies; such as are readily adopted by the genius of our tongue, and incorporate easily with our native idioms.’

“In his preface to the works of Shakspeare, we also find the following very applicable sentiments:—‘I believe there is in every nation a style that never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the principles of its respective language, as to remain settled and unaltered. The polite are always catching modish innovations; and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hopes of finding or making better; those who wish for distinction, *forsake the vulgar when the vulgar is right*; but there is a conversation above grossness and below refinement, where propriety resides, and where Shakspeare seems to have gathered his comic dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other author equally remote, and among his other excellences deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language.’ These passages I have inserted, because such a testimony from this great man will at least be thought *impartial*.”—pp. 7-9.

After all, our critic has not quoted the strongest testimony which Johnson might have afforded him. When he put forth his early writings he was a poor scholar, a total stranger to cultivated society; and he framed a purely artificial standard of elegance for himself. In after days, when his genius had raised him to universal honour, and he moved habitually among men and women of the world, Burke, Reynolds, Mrs. Thrale, &c. &c., he had too much good sense and good taste (which, indeed, is only one application of good sense) not to see that his young academical fancy had misled him; and we may easily trace the effects of this in all his later works. Compare, for example, such of the “*Lives of the Poets*” as were written in his years of toil and penury, with those of the same series that bear the date of Streatham. We venture to say that these last are not only, in substance, the most valuable specimens of the combination of biography and criticism ever yet given to the world, but entitled to admiration for the vigour and elasticity of their idiomatic English.

We cannot conclude without expressing our hope that Mr. Sharp may be stimulated to further efforts by the success which is sure to attend this publication. It is impossible, in particular, to read the names of his correspondents without thinking what rich materials he must have for a volume of literary and political *Reminiscences*.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Philip van Artevelde; a dramatic Romance, in Two Parts. By Henry Taylor, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. London. 1834.

THIS is an historical romance, in consecutive dramatic scenes; a species of composition not uncommon among the Germans, which has, as adopting the language of poetry, some great and obvious advantages over the prose narrative form recently adorning among us by the highest genius of the age. Its inherent disadvantages, as respects the chances of immediate popularity, must be nearly as obvious. We shall not, at present, enter upon the relative merits of the two methods: we have here before us something too attractive to admit of a preliminary dissertation on a cold question of criticism. On such now rare occasions as the present, we experience a gratification which none but those who have been teased and wearied with the incessant appeals of clamorous mediocrity and impatient affectation can fully understand. We know not that there is any better description of *genius* than that of Mr. Crabbe—"I recognise *that*," says the old bard, "wherever there is power to stimulate the thoughts of men, and command their feelings." If this be true, the author of *Philip van Artevelde* may take his place at the bar with the sure hope of a triumphant verdict.

The groundwork of his design is the idealized portraiture of a revolutionary age; and his motto, from the Leviathan, sufficiently points out the leading characteristics of every age in which the revolutionary spirit is the prime mover of things—"No arts, no letters, no society,—and, which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death, and the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short!" The scene is laid in Flanders, at the close of the fourteenth century; and those who desire to study the new poet with the care which he deserves, may find the real personages and events of which he makes use recorded, in all the naked force of their vitality, by the prince of chroniclers, and father as well of all historical romancers, Froissart. No reader of that most captivating *conteur* can have forgotten the two Van Artevelde, father and son, citizens of revolted Ghent, each of whom swayed for a season almost the whole power of Flanders against their legitimate prince—and each of whom paid the penalty of ambition by an untimely and violent death. The younger of these, Philip, has been adopted for the centre figure in our author's elaborate and deeply tragic panorama of the existence of a revolutionary period; and there is much to be admired in the whole conception and delineation of this character.

The poet's purpose, if we read him aright, has been to make Artevelde at once true enough to his age not to disturb our sense of the probable, and yet sufficiently above his age to admit of his forming, without reference to times and degrees of civilization, a real "Mirror of Magistrates." He has desired, in this person, to represent a combination—rare, but not unnatural—of the contemplative powers of the mind with the practical—of philosophy with efficiency. That there is any thing unnatural or impossible in the union of these attributes, no one surely can ever who has read Bacon's book *de negotiis*; and

that the actual circumstances of Artevelde's life were in so far compatible and congenial with such a combination appears from genuine history. Froissart tells us that to angle in the Scheldt had been his chief pleasure and occupation, up to the day when he was abruptly called to a predominant political station. Notwithstanding the advantageous introduction to public life which his birth might have ensured to him, he had been entirely content to continue in privacy, till the difficulties of the times almost compelled him forth of it. During this leisure of his earlier life, his mind seems to have been more cultivated than was at all usual in that age: in the words of the chronicler, he was "*moult bien enlangagé et bien luechoit*;" and the career and fate of his father must have supplied ample food for meditation to a naturally thoughtful mind. It is sufficiently obvious that Mr. Taylor has never intended to present in Philip's person a literal specimen of the ordinary heroes of that time. Had such been the design of such an artist, Artevelde's *language*, throughout many of these scenes at least, must have been less rhetorical; the habitual strain of thought ascribed to him more crude and rude. In short, having in view the eminent endowments which history ascribes to Philip, and the singular course of his life from first to last, beginning and ending in such opposite extremes of contemplative tranquillity and energetic action, the author has evidently thought himself justified in considering him, upon certain points, rather as a substantive product of nature, than as the creature of contemporary circumstances, or as strictly in conformity with the times in which he lived.

Again, as regards Philip's competency for the business of life and the management of men, there is ample evidence, that, when at length induced to interfere in public affairs, he was found to be largely possessed of every necessary qualification. "He spake kindly to all whom he had to do with; and dealt so wisely that every man loved him." So says Froissart, who certainly had no partiality for demagogues in general, or for him. The whole of his recorded career shows that, although deficient in technical military skill, he had extraordinary power over the minds and affections of his followers, and that this power was acquired by judgment, promptitude, and stern decision on the one hand—by generosity and clemency, whenever these could be safely indulged on the other; in other words, that he aimed equally at being feared and loved, and was successful on both points. Froissart represents him as saying briefly, previous to his bold measure of taking off the two chiefs of the opposite faction in Ghent, "unless we be feared among the commons it is nothing." Yet the same author records that he had "much pity for the common people;" and describes him as willing, on a momentous occasion, to sacrifice himself with a heroism equal to that of Regulus, solely for their sakes. "He entreated the people kindly and eagerly," we are told, "wherefore they would live or die with him." Kindness alone could not have thus attached such a people in such times: great practical abilities must have been at least as essential.

Such being the ideal of Van Artevelde, intellectually considered, the poet has endeavoured to keep his moral attributes and his temperament in harmony

t. He represents him as naturally kind and but, bearing in view the leading characteristic, never carries his feelings so far, or his virtuous impulses so high, as materially to interfere with his duty. He seems, in a word, meant to be, under circumstances, a statesman and a man of business; a dramatist has not wished to paint him as an example of pure and scrupulous morality, such as might be an equally considerate moral agent of modern times; but as exhibiting some broad features of duty and virtue; as being in the main a high-minded, long-minded, just, and merciful man. We speak, we must observe, of Philip van Artevelde as he appears in the first of these dramas: in the second we have him, after a considerable interval of time, rising among different persons, and in a state of decline, as well as with adverse fortunes to enter.

As regards the temperament of Artevelde, the author seems to have been to represent the combination of energy with equanimity; the energy chiefly, indeed, actual; the composure, in a great degree, mere temperamental. It is here that the author, indeed he hints in his preface—we wish he had said that preface altogether—has been most distinctly opposing himself, point-blank, to the practice of the most popular of recent poets, Lord Byron. Artevelde is, indeed, as unlike any one of Byron's heroes as they are all, in the main, like each other.

Our author in this preface daringly describes us "creatures abandoned to their passions, and mere weak of mind; . . . beings in whom there is no strength except that of their intense passions—in whom all is vanity; their exorbitance being for vanity under the name of love, or religion; and their sufferings for vanity under the name of duty." This language is over-pitched, but it is intelligible, and contains truth, though not the whole truth; and Artevelde is accordingly portrayed as having indeed a large fund of feeling and even passion in his nature, but as minded and nerved so as to command his passion. It is not superficially excited, nor liable to escape in sudden ebullitions or intemperate sallies. He is, though not strictly and completely, yet, having regard to the circumstances in which he is placed, very adequately self-governed. His energy, like his severity, is always well-controlled; his acts of vigour proceed in no instance from mere or superfluous activity of disposition, they are evoked by the occasion, and commensurate with the administration of affairs is not more signally them, than by a steady diligence and attention to business—the watchfulness and carefulness mind calmly and equably strong. The love of such a man, though partaking of the warmth and largeness of his nature, was not to be intensely passionate. It belonged to him to be rather a lover than the prey of such a passion. His hero devoted themselves to him with as ardent a sentiment as the poet has been able to portray; he, on her hand,

"— smiles with superior love;"

may be imagined to have looked on the daughter as even in his earlier and better day both of

heart and of fortune—in the spirit of that admonition which was conveyed to the lover of Eve herself—as

"Fair, no doubt, and worthy well
His cherishing, his honouring, and his love,
Not his subjection—"

Such is a general sketch of this character, according to our understanding of the poet's meaning and design. The effect of it, as contrasted by the surrounding groups of vain, narrow, and barbarous men, reminds one of the noblest feature in the aspect of your old Flemish city—its tall massive tower rising into the clear air above a wilderness of black roofs and quaint gables. It is time, however, to come to the story of the Romance itself.

We must pass rather hastily over the *First Part*, in which the youthful Philip, being suddenly tempted out of his calm and sequestered course of life, and happy, though as yet unspoken, love, becomes captain of Ghent by the election of the prevailing war-faction of "the White-hoods;" develops the magnificent talents for command which had hitherto slumbered within him; and, Ghent being reduced at length to extreme misery by the closed lines of the Earl of Flanders, persuades the citizens to make a bold sally; guides them to the gates of the Earl's capital, Bruges; defeats the forces of the sovereign, seizes his metropolis, and all but masters his own person in a midnight sack. Of this part, in itself a performance of great beauty and interest, we can afford our readers but a few brief specimens. We select passages in which we have been particularly struck with the style of our author's execution; the nervous vigour of his language; the stately ease of his versification; and his extraordinary skill in introducing profoundly meditative passages, without interrupting the flow of passion or action.

The immediate cause of Artevelde's elevation is the depressed condition of Ghent, after the defeat and death of one of her captains, Launoy; and the necessity which the White-hoods then perceive of either yielding to the peace-party within the city, and submitting to the earl—or summoning to the post of power some one of high name, whose interference (he being, as yet, personally uncompromised in the rebellion) shall overawe the populace by the impressions that it must needs be purely patriotic. The fate of Launoy is told, closely after Froissart, in these energetic lines:—

"*Second Desc.* Beside Nivelle the earl and Launoy met.

Six thousand voices shouted with the last

"Ghent the good town! Ghent and the Chaperons Blancs!"

But from that force thrice-told there came the cry

Of Flanders, with the Lion of the Bastard!"

So then the battle joined, and they of Ghent

Gave back and opened after three hours' fight;

And hardly flying had they gained Nivelle,

When the earl's vanguard came upon their rear
Ere they could close the gate, and entered with them.

Then all were slain save Launoy and his guard,
Who barricaded in the minister tower.

Made desperate resistance; whereupon

The earl waxed wrothful, and bade fire the church.

First Burgher. Say'st thou? Oh sacrilege accursed! Was't done?

Second Dean. 'Twas done,—and presently was heard a yell,

And after that the rushing of the flames!

Then Launoy from the steeple cried aloud

'A ransom!' and held up his coat to sight

With florins filled, but they without but laughed

And mocked him, saying, 'Come amongst us, John,

And we will give thee welcome;—make a leap—

Come out at window, John.'—With that the flames

Rose up and reached him, and he drew his sword,

Cast his rich coat behind him in the fire,

And shouting, 'Ghent, ye slaves!' leapt freely forth,

When they below received him on their spears.

And so died John of Launoy.

First Burgher. A brave end.

'Tis certain we must now make peace by times;

The city will be starved else.—Will be, said I?

Starvation is upon us."—vol. i. pp. 27-29.

The reflective spirit of Philip van Artevelde is first indicated in his conversation on this incident with his aged preceptor:—

"*Van Artevelde.* I never looked that he should live so long.

He was a man of that unsleeping spirit,

He seemed to live by miracle: his food

Was glory, which was poison to his mind,

And peril to his body. He was one

Of many thousand such that die betimes,

Whose story is a fragment, known to few.

Then comes the man who has the luck to live,

And he's a prodigy. Compute the chances,

And deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times,

Who wins the race of glory, but than him

A thousand men more gloriously endowed

Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others

Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance,

Whilst lighter barks pushed past them; to whom

add

A smaller tally, of the singular few,

Who, gifted with predominating powers,

Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace.

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

Father John. Had Launoy lived, he might have passed for great,

But not by conquests in the Franc of Bruges.

The sphere—the scale of circumstance—is all

Which makes the wonder of the many. Still

An ardent soul was Launoy's, and his deeds

Were such as dazzled many a Flemish dame.

There'll some bright eyes in Ghent be dimmed for him.

Van Artevelde. They will be dim, and then be bright again.

All is in busy, stirring, stormy motion;

And many a cloud drifts by, and none sojourns.

Lightly is life laid down amongst us now,

And lightly is death mourned; a dusk star

As fleets the rack, but look again, and lo!

In a wide solitude of wintry sky

Twinkles the re-illuminated star,

And all is out of sight that smirched the ray

We have no time to mourn.

Father John.

The worse for us

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to

Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure

For life's worst ill, to have no time to feel

Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned

There wisdom will not enter, nor true

Nor aught that dignifies humanity.

Yet such the barrenness of busy life!

From shelf to shelf Ambition clammers up,

To reach the naked'st pinnacle of all;

Whilst Magnanimity, absolved from toil,

Reposes self-included at the base.

But this thou know'st."—pp. 40-43.

When the notion of calling on Artevelde to the dictatorship of the city is first started, the entered habits of his life, and the apparent coldness of his temperament, are objected; but one who had narrowly observed him, replies,—

"There is no game so desperate which wise

Will not take freely up for love of power,

Or love of fame, or merely love of play.

These men are wise, and then reputed wise,

And so their great repute of wisdom grows,

Till for great wisdom a great price is bid,

And then their wisdom they do part withal.

Such men must still be tempted with high state.

Philip van Artevelde is such a man."—p. 35.

The youth, with all his philosophy, appears considerably wrought upon by the suggestion in the place of power, he might avenge the slau of his father:—

"Is it vain glory that thus whispers me,

That 'tis ignoble to have led my life

In idle meditations—that the times

Demand me, that they call my father's name

Oh! what a fiery heart was his! such souls

Whose sudden visitations daze the world,

Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind

A voice that in the distance far away

Wakens the slumbering ages. Oh! my father

Thy life is eloquent, and more persuades

Unto dominion than thy death deters;

For that reminds me of a debt of blood

Descended with my patrimony to me,

Whose paying off would clear my soul's estate

—p. 52

And again he says,—

"Here on the doorstep of my father's house,

The blood of his they spilt is seen no more.

But when I was a child I saw it there;

For so long as my widow-mother lived,

Water came never near the sanguine stain.

She lov'd to show it me, and then with awe,

But hoarding still the purpose of revenge,

I heard the tale—which, like a daily prayer,

*to a rooted feeling grew—
he fought—how falsely came like friends
his Guisebert Grutt and Simon Bette—
the murder of the one by many.”*
pp. 48, 49.

et silent passion for a noble damsel of the
Adriana van Merestyn, interposes some
This twilight soliloquy at the gate of her
face, appears to us masterly. It must re-
reader of the Wallenstein; and yet there
ing:

a cloud upon the summer day
happy and so beautiful,—
rd condition. For myself
not that the circumstance of life,
changes, can so far afflict me
s anticipation much worth while.
is younger,—of a sex besides
pirits are to ours as flames to fire,
lden and more perishable too;
he gust wherewith the one is kindled
ishes the other. Oh she is fair!
s Heaven to look upon! as fair
vision of the Virgin blest,
ary pilgrim, resting by the fount
the palm, and dreaming to the tune
ng waters, duped his soul withal.
ermitted in my pilgrimage
eside the fount beneath the tree,
g there no vision, but a maid
orm was light and graceful as the palm,
heart was pure and jocund as the fount,
ad a freshness and a verdure round.
s permitted in my pilgrimage,
ain I to take my staff again.
I fall not in this enterprise—
st my life be full of hazardous turns,
y that house with me must ever live
nent peril of some evil fate.

*fast the doors; heap wood upon the fire;
your stools, and pass the goblet round,
the prattling voice of children heard.
us make good cheer—but what is this?
I see, or do I dream I see,
that midmost in the circle sits
ible, his face deformed with scars,
I with blood?—Oh yes—I know it—there
nger, with his feet upon the hearth!”*
pp. 59, 60.

ne exquisite love scene which follows this,
t a fragment. We hope it will be intelli-

2. If hitherto we have not said we loved,
with the heart of each declared its love
l the tokens wherein love delights.
heretofore have trusted in each other,
wholly have we trusted to have need
ords or vows, pledges, or protestations.
not such trust be hastily dissolved.
I trusted not. I hoped that I was loved,
d and despaired, doubted and hoped again,
his day when I first breathed freelier,
ig to trust—and now—Oh, God, my heart!

It was not made to bear this agony—

Tell me you love me or you love me not.

Artevelde. I love thee, dearest, with as huge a love
As e'er was compassed in the breast of man.
Hide then those tears, beloved, where thou wilt,
And find a resting place for that so wild
And troubled heart of thine; sustain it here,
And be its flood of passion wept away.

Adriana. What was it that you said then? If you love,
Why have you thus tormented me?

Artevelde. Be calm;
And let me warn thee, ere thy choice be fixed,
What fate thou may'st be wedded to with me.
Thou hast beheld me living heretofore
As one retired in staid tranquillity.
The dweller in the mountains, on whose ear
The accustomed cataract thunders unobserved;
The seaman, who sleeps sound upon the deck,
Nor hears the loud lamenting of the blast,
Nor heeds the weltering of the plangent wave;
These have not lived more undisturbed than I.
But build not upon this; the swollen stream
May shake the cottage of the mountaineer,
And drive him forth; the seaman roused at length,
Leaps from his slumber on the wave-washed deck;
And now the time comes fast, when here in
Ghent,

He who would live exempt from injuries
Of armed men must be himself in arms.

This time is near for all,—nearer for me.

I will not wait upon necessity,

And leave myself no choice of vantage ground,

But rather meet the times where best I may,

And mould and fashion them as best I can.

Reflect then that I soon may be embarked

In all the hazards of these troublous times,

And in your own free choice take or resign me.

Adriana. Oh, Artevelde, my choice is free no more:
Be mine, all mine, let good or ill betide.”—pp.
65–67.

These passages must have sufficiently illustrated
our author's manner. We have not room to fol-
low him through the highly spirited action of his
first drama. Adriana is carried off in the course of it
by a rival lover, a knight of Bruges, faithful to the
party of the Earl; and thus is supplied a strong addi-
tional motive to Artevelde in the resolution which he
at length adopts, of leading a chosen band of the men
of Ghent from the gates of their now straitened and
exhausted city, to the sudden assault of the Earl's
own capital. The battle—the seizure of Bruges—
the deliverance of Adriana—and the narrow escape of
the Earl of Flanders, are powerfully dramatized; but
we are tempted, instead of quoting any part of these
scenes, to give the authority for their most striking
incident in the words of Froissart.

“The Gauntoise pursewed so fiersly their enemyes
that they entred into the towne with them of Bruges;
and as soon as they were within the towne, the first
thyng they dyd, they went streyght to the market
place, and there set themselfe in array. The Erle as
then had sent a knight of his, called Sir Robert
Marescault, to the gate, to see what the Gauntoise dyd:
and when he came to the gate, he founde the gate
beaten downe, and the Gauntoise maisters thereof.

and some of them of Bruges met hym and sayd: 'Sir Robert, returne and save yourselfe if ye can, for the towne is won by them of Gaunt.' Then the knight returned to the Erle as fast as he might, who was comyng out of his lodginge a-horsebacke, with a great number of cressettes and lyghtes with him, and was goyng to the market place; then the knight shewed the Erle all that he knewe; howbeit, the Erle, wyllyng to recover the towne, drewe to the market place; and as he was entreng, such as were before him, seeing the place all raynged with the Gauntoise, sayd to the Erle, 'Sir, returne agayne; if ye go any farther, ye are but dead, or taken with your enemyes, for they are raynged on the market place, and do abyde for you.' They shewed hymn truthe. And when the Gauntoise sawe the clearnesse of the lyghtes comyng downe the strete, they sayd: 'Yonder cometh the Erle, he shall come into oure handes.' And Philyppe Dartuel had commaunded, from strete to strete as he wente, that if the Erle came amonge theym, no man shulde do hym any bodily harme, but take hymn alyve, and then to have hym to Gaunt, and so to make their peace as they lyst. The Erle who trusted to have recovered all, came ryght near to the place whereas the Gauntoise were. Then divers of his men sayd; 'Sir, go no farther, for the Gauntoise are lordes of the market place and of the towne; if ye entre into the market place, ye are in danger to be slayne or taken: a great number of the Gauntoise are goyng from strete to strete, seekinge for their ennemyes: They have certayne of them of the towne with them, to bringe them from house to house, whereas they wolde be: and Sir, out at any of the gates ye cannot issue, for the Gauntoise are lordes thereof; nor to your owne lodginge ye cannot returne, for a great number of the Gauntoise are goyng thither.' And when the Erle hearde those tidynges, which were right harde to hym, as it was reason, he was greatly then abashed, and imagined what peryll he was in: then he commanded to put out all the lyghtes, and said, 'I see, well there is no recovery; let every man save himselfe as well as he may.' And as he commanded it was done: the lyghtes were quenched and cast into the stretes, and so every man departed. The Erle then went into a backe lane, and made a varlette of his to unarme hym, and dyd caste away his armour, and put on an old cloke of his varlettes, and then say to hym, 'Go thy way from me, and save thyselfe if thou canst.'

"The Erle went from strete to strete, and by backe lanes, so that at last he was fayne to take a house, or else he had been found by them of Gaunt; and so he entred into a poore woman's house, the which was not meant for suche a lorde; there was neither hall, parlour, nor chamber; it was but a poore smoky house; there was nothyng but a poore hall blacke with smoke, and above a small plancher, and a ladder of seven steppes to mount upon; and on the plancher there was a poore couche, where the poore woman's chyldren lay. Then the Erle sore abashed and trymblyng at his entreng said: 'O good woman, save me; I am thy lord the Erle of Flanders; but now I must hyde me, for mine enemyes chase me, and if you do me good now, I shall rewarde you hereafter therefore.' The poore woman knewe hym well, for she had been oftentimes at his gate to

fetch alms, and had often seene hym as he went in and out a-sportyng; and so incontynent as hap was she answered; for if she had made any delay, he had been taken talkyng with her by the fyre. Then she sayd: 'Sir, mount up this ladder, and lay yourselfe under the bedde that ye fynde thereas my chyldren sleep;' and so in the meane tyme the woman sat downe by the fyre with another chyldre that she had in her armes. So the Erle mounted up the plancher as well as he myght, and crept in between the couche and the strawe, and lay as flatte as he could; and even therewith some of Gaunt entered into the same house, for some of them sayd how they had seen a man enter into the house before them; and so they found the woman sytting by the fyre with her chyldre. Then they sayd, 'Good woman, where is the man that we saw enter before us into this house, and dyde shutte the door after him?' 'Sirs, (quoth she,) I saw no man enter into this house this nyght; I went out right now and cast out a little water, and dyd close my doore agayne; if any were here, I coulde not tell howe to hyde hymn; ye see all the easement that I have in this house; here ye may see my bedde, and above this plancher lyeth my poore chyldren.' Then one of them took a candle and mounted up the ladder, and put up his head above the plancher, and saw there none other thyng but the poore couche, where her chyldren lay and slept; and so he looked all about, and then sayde to his company: 'Go we hence, we lose the more for the lesse; the poore woman sayth truth: here is no creature but she and her chyldren.' Then they departed out of the house: and after that there was none entered to do any hurt. All these wordes the Erle herde ryght well whereas he laye under the poore couche: ye may well imagine that he was in great fear of his lyfe: he might well saye, I am as now one of the poorest princes of the worlde, and that the fortunes of the worlde are nothyng stable; yet it was a good happe that he scaped with his lyfe; howbeit, this hard and perilous adventure myght well be to hym a spectacle all his lyfe after, and an example to all other."

This is a long extract; but we know no passage in which the peculiar liveliness and simplicity of Froissart's narration are more delightfully exhibited, and every justice is done to them by good Lord Berners. In the succeeding chapters of the same chronicle our readers will find a description equally clear and interesting of the success which attended, for several years, the progress of D'Artevelde's arms; how city after city embraced his alliance, or yielded to his force; how sagaciously and justly he ruled; in what magnificence he lived as "Regent of Flanders," and how nearly he missed founding a permanent dynasty in what was then the richest of the transalpine states. But that the insurrections of Jack Straw, Wat Tyler, &c. were connected in the minds of the English king and nobility with the effect of this prosperous revolt among the Flemings, and that the apprehension spread throughout this country that all these movements were but the first outbreakings of a storm, destined to bury in ruin the whole actual system of European society, there can be little doubt that an English army would have

ed to prevent France from strengthening herself largely as she did by being the sole instrument in giving Philip van Artevelde, and replacing a feud of her own crown in the fairest province of the lands.

poet represents his hero as at length maddened by the circumstances into the full servour of demagogic feeling. The Regent exclaims—

! with the chivalry of Christendom
 e my war—no nation for my friend,
 each nation having host of friends!
 ondsman of the world, that to their lords
 und with chains of iron, unto me
 rit by their affections. Be it so.
 kings and nobles will I seek no more
 friendship, nor alliance. *With the poor*
e my treaty, and the heart of man
he broad seal of its allegiance there,
atifies the compact. Vassals, serfs,
it are bent with unrequited toil,
it have whitened in the dungeon's darkness
gh years that knew not change of night and
day—

demolitions, lodgers in the hedge,
 beggars with raw backs and rumbling maws,
 e poverty was whipped for starving you,—
 you my auxiliaries and allies,
 nly potentates whose help I crave!

rd of England, thou hast slain Jack Straw,
 ou hast left unquenched the vital spark
 set Jack Straw on fire. The spirit lives.”—

vol. II. pp. 190–191.

speech, however, occurs in the second part of Philip van Artevelde,” and belongs to the man by circumstances.

the interval between the first and the second Adriana, the noble and beloved wife of the hero, died; and he has sustained in that bereavement a deeper injury than grief. It has powerfully added to the other great mutations of his lot to unsettle the originally pure and beautiful framework of his life. He has come to have a vein of recklessness entered into his being; he has rebelled against a higher authority than that of his earthly sovereign; and he has found relief, from what he dared consider as unjust, in a certain hardly definable, but poetically mixed mixture, of Cynicism and Epicurianism. In consummate art, however, the author represents the hero as himself unconscious how he has been changed. He has brought with him into his new position, transferred, as it were, into the composition of a new man, the same contemplative mood, the same temperament, that had sat so gracefully on his earlier phasis. He indulges in that error, common among public men, of weighing private or vice lightly in comparison with the superimportance to mankind of his public transactions; he sophizes away to his conscience the taint that lies upon some of the best parts of his original character; and pleases himself with feeling that the high and generosity of his nature have not at all been impaired.

are prepared in short to find Adriana van Artevelde replaced in the second part of the romance

by a heroine of a far different stamp. The following lines come as a sort of *envoy* to the first drama.

“—*Rest thee a space : or if thou lovest to hear*
A soft pulsation in thine easy ear,
Turn thou the page, and let thy senses drink
A lay that shall not trouble thee to think.
Quitting the heroine of the past thou'lt see
In this prefigured her that was to be,
And find what life was hers before the date
That with the Fleming's fortune linked her fate.
This sang she to herself one summer's eve,
A recreant from festivities that grieve
The heart not festive ; stealing to her bower,
With this she whiled away the lonely evening hour.”

vol. i. p. 264.

These beautiful lines introduce a separate lyrical poem, which, if the author had written nothing else, would, as it seems to us, have been sufficient to fix an elegant reputation. We must must content ourselves with broken fragments from the “lay of Elena.”

“A bark is launched on Como's lake,
 A maiden sits abaft;
 A little sail is loosed to take
 The night-wind's breath, and waft
 The maiden and her bark away,
 Across the lake and up the bay.
 And what doth there that lady fair
 Upon the wavelet tossed?
 Before her shines the evening star,
 Behind her in the woods afar
 The castle lights are lost.
 What doth she there? The evening air
 Lifts her locks, and her neck is bare;
 And the dews that now are falling fast,
 May work her harm, or a rougher blast
 May come from yonder cloud;
 And that her bark might scarce sustain,
 So slightly built;—then why remain,
 And would she be allowed
 To brave the wind and sit in the dew
 At night on the lake, if her mother knew?
 “Her mother, sixteen years before,
 The burthen of the baby bore:
 And though forth brought in joy the day
 So joyful she was wont to say,
 In taken count of after years,
 Gave birth to fever hopes and fears.
 For seldom smiled
 The serious child,
 And as she passed from childhood grew
 More far-between those smiles, and few
 More sad and wild.
 And though she loved her father well,
 And though she loved her mother more,
 Upon her heart a sorrow fell,
 And sapped it to the core.
 And in her father's castle nought
 She ever found of what she sought,
 And all her pleasure was to roam
 Amongst the mountains far from home,
 And through thick woods, and wheresoe'er
 She saddest felt, to sojourn there;
 And oh! she loved to linger afloat
 On the lonely lake in the little boat!

"It was not for the forms,—though fair,
Though grand they were beyond compare,—
It was not only for the forms
Of hills in sunshine or in storms,
Or only unrestrained to look
On wood and lake, that she forsook,

By day or night,
Her home, and far
Wandered by light
Of sun or star.

It was to feel her fancy free,
Free in a world without an end,
With ears to hear and eyes to see,
And heart to apprehend.
It was to leave the earth behind,
And rove, with liberated mind,
As fancy led, or choice or chance,
Through wildered regions of romance.

* * * * *

"Much dreaming these, yet was she much awake
To portions of things earthly, for the sake
Whereof as with a charm, away would flit
The phantoms and the fever intermit.
Whatso' of earthly things presents a face
Of outward beauty, or a form of grace,
Might not escape her, hidden though it were
From courtly cognisance; 'twas not with her
As with the tribe who see not nature's boons
Save by the festal lights of gay saloons;
Beauty in plain attire her heart could fill—
Yea, though in beggary, 'twas beauty still.
Devoted thus to what was fair to sight,
She loved too little else, nor this aright,
And many disappointments could not cure
This born obliquity, or break the lure
Which this strong passion spread: she grew not
wise,
Nor grows: experience with a world of sighs
Purchased, and tears and heart-break have been
hers,
And taught her nothing: where she erred she
errs.

"Be it avowed, when all is said,
She trod the path the many tread.
She loved too soon in life; her dawn
Was bright with sunbeams, whence is drawn
A sure prognostic that the day
Will not unclouded pass away.
Too young she loved, and he on whom
Her first love lighted, in the bloom
Of boyhood was, and so was graced
With all that earliest runs to waste.
Intelligent, loquacious, mild,
Yet gay and sportive as a child,
With feelings light and quick, that came
And went like flickerings of flame;
And soft demeanour, and a mind
Bright and abundant in its kind,
That, playing on the surface, made
A rapid change of light and shade,
Or, if a darker hour perforce
At times o'ertook him in his course,
Still, sparkling thick like glow-worms, showed
Life was to him a summer's road:—

Such was the youth to whom a love
For grace and beauty far above
Their due deserts, betray'd a heart
Which might have else performed a
part.

"First love, the world is wont to call
The passion which was now her all.
So be it called; but be it known
The feeling which possessed her now
Was novel in degree alone;
Love early marked her for his own;
Soon as the winds of Heaven had blown
Upon her, had the seed been sown
In soil which needed not the plough;
And passion with her growth had grown,
And strengthened with her strength; and
Could love be new, unless in name,
Degree and singleness of aim?
A tenderness had filled her mind
Pervasive, viewless, undefined;—
As keeps the subtle fluid oft
In secret, gathering in the soft
And sultry air, till felt at length,
In all its desolating strength—
So silent, so devoid of dread,
Her objectless affections spread;
Not wholly unemployed, but squandered
At large wh'er her fancy wandered—
Till one attraction, one desire
Concentred all the scattered fire;
It broke, it burst, it blazed again,
It flashed its light o'er hill and plain,
O'er Earth below and Heaven above,—
And then it took the name of love.

"How fared that love? the tale so old,
So common, needs it to be told?
Bellagio's woods, ye saw it through
From first accost to last adieu;
Its changes, seasons, you can tell,—
At least you typify them well.
First came the genial, hopeful Spring,
With bursting buds and birds that sing,
And fast though fitful progress made
To brighter suns and broader shade.
Those brighter suns, that broader shade,
They came, and richly then array'd
Was bough and sward, and all below
Gladdened by Summer's equal glow.
What next! a change is slowly seen,
And deepeneth day by day
The darker, soberer, sadder green
Prevenient to decay.

* * * * *

"What followed was not good to do,
Nor is it good to tell;
The anguish of that worst adieu
Which parts with love and honour too,
Abides not,—so far well.
The human heart cannot sustain
Prolonged, unalterable pain,
And not till reason cease to reign
Will nature want some moments brief
Of other moods to mix with grief:

Such and so hard to be destroyed
That vigour which abhors a void ;
And in the midst of all distress,
Such nature's need for happiness !
And when she rallied thus, more high
Her spirits ran, she knew not why,
Than was their wont in times than these
Less troubled, with a heart at ease.
So meet extremes ; so joy's rebound
Is highest from the hollowest ground ;
So vessels with the storm that strive
Pitch higher as they deeper drive.

" Well had it been if she had curbed
These transports of a mind disturbed ;
For grief is then the worst of foes
When, all intolerant of repose,
It sends the heart abroad to seek
From weak recoils exemptions weak ;
After false gods to go astray,
Deck altars vile with garlands gay,
And place a painted form of stone
On Passion's abdicated throne.

* * * *

" On Como's lake the evening star
Is trembling as before ;
An azure flood, a golden bar,
There as they were before they are,
But she that loved them—she is far,
Far from her native shore.

* * * *

" A foreign land is now her choice,
A foreign sky above her,
And unfamiliar is each voice
Of those that say they loved her.
A prince's palace is her home,
And marble floor and gilded dome,
Where festive myriads nightly meet,
Quick echoes of her steps repeat.
And she is gay at times, and light
From her makes many faces bright ;
And circling flatterers hem her in,
Assiduous each a word to win,
And smooth as mirrors each the while
Reflects and multiplies her smile.
But fitful were those smiles, nor long
She cast them to that courtly throng ;
And should the sound of music fall
Upon her ear in that high hall,
The smile was gone, the eye that shone
So brightly would be dimmed anon,
And objectless would then appear,
As stretched to check the starting tear.
The chords within responsive rung,
For music spoke her native tongue.

" And then the gay and glittering crowd
Is heard not, laugh they e'er so loud ;
Nor then is seen the simpering row
Of flatterers, bend they e'er so low ;
For there before her, where she stands,
The mountains rise, the lake expands ;
Around the terraced summit twines
The leafy coronal of vines ;

Within the watery mirror deep
Nature's calm converse lies asleep ;
Above she sees the sky's blue glow,
The forest's varied green below,
And far its vaulted vistas through
A distant grove of darker hue,
Where mounting high from clumps of oak
Curls lightly up the thin gray smoke ;
And o'er the boughs that overbower
The crag, a castle's turrets tower—
An eastern casement mantled o'er
With ivy flashes back the gleam
Of sunrise,—it was there of yore
She sat to see that sunrise pour
Its splendour round—she sees no more,
For tears disperse the dream."

—vol. i. p. 286—286.

We have, limited by our allotted space, been obliged to omit many of the finest stanzas of this lyric. It will be more popular, we suspect, with the mass of readers, than the noblest pages of the two dramas which it links together ; yet, if we be not mistaken, it is introduced chiefly to show that the author, if he had chosen, might have employed, with brilliant success, in those dramas, a class of ornaments which he has, on principle, disdained to intermingle in their dialogue. His masculine ambition woos seriously the severer graces. We have quoted, therefore, from "the lay of Elena" thus largely, on purpose to arrest the attention of those who have been so long accustomed to admire poetry of one particular school (in its original masters admirable) as to have lost, in some measure, the power of believing that there may be poetry equally fervid, and powerful, where the execution, as well as the sentiment, is more chastened. But to return to the story before us.

This beautiful Italian lady has of late been "domiciled with the Duke of Bourbon, father-in-law to the exiled Earl of Flanders, and uncle to the boy King of France. She has fallen into the hands of Artevelde, and conceived for him a passion far stronger than the reader of her "lay" could have dreamt she would still be capable of ; she loves the regent for himself—and he loves her also ; but the now hopelessly disturbed temper of his mind is with bold and happy art, made to break out even at the moment when she has first told him her love.

The lady has accompanied the regent's camp to the frontier ; his application to the court of England has just been rejected ; the Duke of Bourbon has induced his nephew of France to muster the strength of his kingdom in the cause of the Earl of Flanders :—(the whole portraiture, by the way, of this stripling monarch, is worthy of Scott himself—it has even a Shakspearian airiness of touch about it ;)—a French envoy has arrived with a secret message from Bourbon, intimating that, if Artevelde will restore Elena, he may yet induce the giddy king to suspend his march, and acknowledge the regent as a lawful sovereign. Philip has allowed the envoy, Sir Fleureant de Heurlée, freedom to deliver letters to the lady herself, and referred the decision of her fate wholly to her own choice. Elena refuses to depart. In going the rounds of his camp at midnight, Artevelde perceives light in her pavilion—he enters, and every one

foresees the issue. This is the close of the dialogue. We need not invite special attention to what we quote: here all real lovers of poetry will be as one.

"*Artevelde.* The tomb received her charms
In their perfection, with no trace of time
Nor stain of sin upon them; only death
Had turned them pale. I would that you had
seen her
Alive or dead.

Elena. I wish I had, my lord;
I should have loved to look upon her much;
For I can gaze on beauty all day long,
And think the all-day-long is but too short.

Artevelde. She was so fair, that in the angelic choir
She will not need put on another shape
Than that she bore on earth. Well, well,—
she's gone,

And I have tamed my sorrow. Pain and grief
Are transitory things no less than joy,
And though they leave us not the men we were,
Yet they do leave us. You behold me here
A man bereaved, with something of a blight
Upon the early blossoms of his life
And its first verdure, having not the less
A living root, and drawing from the earth
Its vital juices, from the air its powers:
And surely as man's health and strength are
whole

His appetites regerminate, his heart
Re-opens, and his objects and desires
Shoot up renewed. What blank I found before
me

From what is said you partly may surmise;
How I have hoped to fill it may I tell?

Elena. I fear, my lord, that cannot be.

Artevelde. Indeed!

Then am I doubly hopeless. What is gone,
Nor plaints, nor prayers, nor yearnings of the
soul,
Nor memory's tricks, nor fancy's invocations,—
Though tears went with them frequent as the
rain

In dusk November, sighs more sadly breathed
Than winter's o'er the vegetable dead,—
Can bring again: and should this living hope,
That like a violet from the other's grave
Grew sweetly, in the tear-besprinkled soil
Finding moist nourishment—this seedling sprung
Where recent grief had like a ploughshare passed
Through the soft soul, and loosened its affec-
tions—

Should this new-blossomed hope be coldly nip-
ped,

Then were I desolate indeed! a man
Whom heaven would wean from earth, and
nothing leaves

But cares and quarrels, trouble and distraction,
The heavy burthens and the broils of life.
Is such my doom? Nay, speak it, if it be.

Elena. I said I feared another could not fill
The place of her you lost, being so fair
And perfect as you give her out.

Artevelde. True,

A perfect woman is not as a coin,
Which being gone, its very duplicate

Is counted in its place. Yet waste no grief
Might you repair, such wealth you have
charms

Luxuriant, albeit of what were her's
Rather the contrast than the counterpart.
Colour, to wit—complexion;—her's was light
And gladdening; a roseate tincture shone
Transparent in its place, her skin elsewhere
White as the foam from which in happy hours
Sprang the Thalesian Venus: your's is clear
But bloodless, and though beautiful as night
In cloudless ether clad, not frank as day:
Such is the tinct of your diversity;
Serenely radiant she, you darkly fair.

Elena. Dark still has been the colour of my fort
And having not serenity of soul,
How should I wear the aspect?

Artevelde. Wear it not;
Wear only that of love.

Elena. Of love! alas!
That is its opposite. You counsel me
To scatter this so melancholy mist
By calling up the hurricane. Time was
I had been prone to counsel such as yours;
Adventurous I have been, it is true,
And this foolhardy heart would brave—
court,

In other days, an enterprise of passion;
Yea, like a witch, would whistle for a
wind.

But I have been admonished: painful years
Have tamed and taught me: I have suf-
ficed much.

Kind Heaven but grant tranquillity! I see
No further boon.

Artevelde. And may not love be tranquil

Elena. It may in some; but not as I have known

Artevelde. Love, like an insect frequent in
woods,

Will take the colour of the tree it feeds on
As saturnine or sanguine is the soul,
Such is the passion. Brightly upon me,
Like the red sunset of a stormy day,
Love breaks anew beneath the gathering clouds
That roll around me! Tell me, sweet Elena
May I not hope, or rather can I hope,
That for such brief and bounded space of time
As are my days on earth, you'll yield you
To love me living—and to mourn me dead

Elena. Oh, not, my lord, to mourn you—why
God!

Why will you say so? You distress me—
You will pursue your triumphs many a year
And victory shall wait upon your steps
As heretofore, and death be distant far.
Take back those words; I cannot bear them
They hang upon my heart too heavily.

Tell me you're sure to conquer, as you are.

Artevelde. So, loveliest, let us hope. It may be
I'll swear it shall be, so you'll swear in turn
To give me up your heart.

Elena. I cannot—no—

I cannot give you what you've had so long
Nor need I tell you what you know so well
I must be gone.

Artevelde. Nay, sweetest, why these tears

Elena. No, let me go—I cannot tell—no no—
I want to be alone—let me retire—
Dear Artevelde, for God's love let me go!"

Elena retires; and Artevelde, after a pause, thus soliloquizes:

"The night is far advanced upon the morrow,
And but for that conglomerated mass
Of cloud with ragged edges, like a mound
Or black-pine forest on a mountain's top,
Wherein the light lies ambushed, dawn were
near.—

Yes, I have wasted half a summer's night.
Was it well spent? Successfully it was.

How little flattering is a woman's love!—

The few hours left are precious—who is there?

Ho! Nieuverkerchen!—when we think upon it,
How little flattering is woman's love!

Given commonly to whoso'er is nearest

And propped with most advantage; outward grace

Nor inward light is needful; day by day,

Men wanting both are mated with the best

And loftiest of God's feminine creation,

Whose love takes no distinction but of gender,

And ridicules the very name of choice.

Ho! Nieuverkerchen!—what, then, do we sleep?

Are none of you awake?—and as for me,

The world says Philip is a famous man—

What is there women will not love, so taught?

Ho! Ellert! by your leave though, you must
wake." —vol. ii. pp. 100–106.

How perfect in its kind is this little snatch of verse
which we find Elena singing shortly afterwards at the
door of the tent of Artevelde—

"Quoth tongue of neither maid nor wife

To heart of neither wife nor maid,

Lead we not here a jolly life

Betwixt the shine and shade?

Quoth heart of neither maid nor wife

To tongue of neither wife nor maid.

Thou wagg'st, but I am worn with strife

And feel like flowers that fade."—vol. ii. p. 177.

We should be sorry to anticipate too largely the
pleasure of our reader in following the action of the
drama through the skilfully diversified scenes in
which war, treason, and guilty but passionate love are
made to play their part. We extract, however, the
gentle vision the night before the fatal field of
Bosbecque—

Elena. You are not like yourself.

What took you from your bed ere break of day?

Where have you been? I know you're vexed
with something.

Tell me, now, what has happened.

Artevelde. Be at rest.

No accident, save of the world within;

Occurrences of thought; 'tis nothing more.

Elena. It is of such that love most needs to know.

The loud transactions of the outlying world

Tell to your masculine friends: tell me your
thoughts.

Artevelde. They stumbled in the dusk 'twixt night
and day.

I dreamed distressfully, and waking knew
How an old sorrow had stolen upon my sleep,
Molesting midnight and that short repose
Which industry had earned, so to stir up
About my heart remembrances of pain
Least sleeping when I sleep, least sleeping then
When reason and the voluntary powers
That turn and govern thought are laid to rest.
Those powers by this nocturnal inroad wild
Surprised and broken, vainly I essayed
To rally and unsubject; the mind
Took its direction from a driftless dream.
Then passed I forth.

Elena. You stole away so softly

I knew it not, and wondered when I woke.

Artevelde. The gibbous moon was in a waning decline,

And all was silent as a sick man's chamber.

Mixing its small beginnings with the dregs

Of the pale moonshine and a few faint stars,

The cold uncomfortable daylight dawned;

And the white tents, topping a low ground-fog,

Showed like a fleet becalmed. I wandered far,

Till reaching to the bridge I sat me down

Upon the parapet. Much mused I there,

Revolving many a passage of my life,

And the strange destiny that lifted me

To be the leader of a mighty host

And terrible to kings. What followed then

I hardly may relate, for you would smile,

And say I might have dreamed as well a-bed

As gone abroad to dream.

Elena. I shall not smile;

And if I did, you would not grudge my lips

So rare a visitation. But the cause,

Whate'er it be, that casts a shadow here,

(kissing his brow)

How should it make me smile? What followed,
say,

After your meditations on the bridge?

Artevelde. I'll tell it, but I bid you not believe it;

For I am scarce so credulous myself

As to believe that was which my eyes saw—

A visual not an actual existence.

Elena. What was it like? Wore it a human like-
ness?

Artevelde. That such existences there are, I know;

For, whether by the corporal organ framed,

Or painted by a brainish fantasy

Upon the inner sense, not once nor twice,

But sundry times, have I beheld such things

Since my tenth year, and most in this last past.

Elena. What was it you beheld?

Artevelde. To-day?

Elena. Last night—

This morning—when you sat upon the bridge.

Artevelde. 'Twas a fantastic sight.

Elena. What sort of sight?

* * * *

Artevelde. Man's grosser attributes can generate

What is not nor has ever been at all;

What should forbid his fancy to restore

A being passed away? The wonder lies

In the mind merely of the wondering man.

Treading the steps of common life with eyes

Of curious inquisition, some will stare

At each discovery of nature's ways,

As it were new to find that God contrives.
The contrary were marvellous to me,
And till I find it I shall marvel not.
Or all is wonderful, or nothing is.
As for this creature of my eyes—

Elena. What was it?
The semblance of a human creature?

Artevelde. Yes.

Elena. Like any you had known in life?

Artevelde. Most like;
Oh! more than like, it was the very same.
It was the image of my wife.

Elena. Of her!
The Lady Adriana?

Artevelde. My dead wife.

Elena. Oh God! how strange!

Artevelde. And wherefore? wherefore strange?
Why should not fancy summon to its presence
This shape as soon as any?

Elena. Gracious Heaven!
And were you not afraid?

Artevelde. I felt no fear.
Dejected I had been before; that sight
Inspired a deeper sadness, but no fear.
Nor had it struck that sadness to my soul
But for the dismal cheer the thing put on,
And the unsightly points of circumstance
That sullied its appearance and departure.

Elena. For how long saw you it?

Artevelde. I cannot tell:
I did not mark.

Elena. And what was that appearance
You say was so unsightly?

Artevelde. She appeared
In white, as when I saw her last, laid out
After her death: suspended in the air
She seemed, and o'er her breasts her arms were
crossed;
Her feet were drawn together, pointing down-
wards,
And rigid was her form and motionless.
From near her heart, as if the source were there,
A stain of blood went wavering to her feet.
So she remained inflexible as stone,
And I as fixedly regarded her.

Then suddenly, and in a line oblique,
Thy figure darted past her, whereupon,
Though rigid still and straight, she downward
moved,

And as she pierced the river with her feet
Descending steadily, the streak of blood
Peeled off upon the water, which, as she van-
ished,

Appeared all blood, and swelled and weltered
sore;

And midmost in the eddy and the whirl
My own face saw I, which was pale and calm
As death could make it:—then the vision passed,
And I perceived the river and the bridge,
The mottled sky and horizontal moon,
The distant camp, and all things as they were.

Elena. If you are not afraid to see such things,
I am to hear them. Go not near that bridge;—
You said that something happened there before:
Oh, cross it not again, my dearest Philip.

Artevelde. The river cannot otherwise be passed."
vol. ii. p. 228.

All this is, of course, pure invention; but the ro-
mancer avails himself also of Froissart's picturesque
account of certain portents that marked, according to
the general credence of the time, this same eventful
night—the crisis of the fate of Artevelde.

For these things we have, unfortunately for our-
selves, no room; and even of the battle that ensued,
as set forth in the romance, as we must content our-
selves with the closing scene. The reader is to un-
derstand, however, that the Knight of Heurlée, by
whose hand the Flemish regent is made to fall, has
been a busy character throughout the second part of
the romance; that he is a traitor double-dyed in un-
famy—who had on a former occasion broken his parole
to D'Artevelde, and been, in consequence, disgraced
and dishonoured in the then chivalrous court of France.
Stung with shame and remorse, he deserts from the
French at dawn of day, and offers his services to the
man to whom he had before outraged. Philip receives
him with calm contempt—and, maddened with hope-
less contumely, the deserter assassinates him in the
course of the battle on the fatal bridge of the *drom*.
The stage direction now gives—

"A PART OF THE FIELD ON THE EASTERN SIDE OF
THE LIS.

*It is strewn with the dead and wounded, and other
wreck of the battle. In front is the body of VAN
ARTEVELDE. ELENA is kneeling beside it. VAN
RYK and one of VAN ARTEVELDE'S Pages are
standing near. Trumpets are heard from time to
time at a distance.*

Van Ryk. Bring her away. Hark! hark!

Page. She will not stir.
Either she does not hear me when I speak,
Or will not seem to hear.

Van Ryk. Leave her to me.
Fly, if thou lovest thy life, and make for Ghent.
Exit Page.

Madam, arouse yourself; the French come not.
Arouse yourself, sweet lady; fly with me—
I pray you hear: it was his last command
That I should take you hence to Ghent by Olen.

Elena. I cannot go on foot.

Van Ryk. No, lady, no,
You shall not need; horses are close at hand.
Let me but take you hence. I pray you, come.

Elena. Take him then too.

Van Ryk. The enemy is near
In hot pursuit we cannot take the body.

Elena. The body! Oh!"

Enter Duke of Burgundy.

Duke of Burgundy. What hideous cry was that!
What are ye? Flemings? Who art thou, old sir?
Who she that flung that long funeral note
Into the upper sky? Speak.

Van Ryk. What I am,
Yourself have spoken. I am, as you said,
Old and a Fleming. Younger by a day
I could have wished to die; but what of that!
For death to be behindhand but a day
Is but little grief.

* We question if any poet has surpassed this exclamation.
The speech of Burgundy is not unworthy to follow it.

Duke of Burgundy.

Well said, old man.

And who is she?

Van Ryk.

Sir, she is not a Fleming.

After the King, the Duke of Bourbon, the Earl of Flanders, Sir Fleureant of Heurlée, the Constable, Tristram of Lestovel, the Lord of Coucy, and many other Lords and Knights, with Guards and Attendants.

King. What is your parley, uncle; who are these?

Duke of Burgundy. Your majesty shall ask them that yourself;

I cannot make them tell.

King. Come on! come on!

We've sent a hundred men to search the field
For Artevelde's dead body.

Sir Fleureant.

Sire, for that

You shall need seek no farther; there he lies.

King. What, say you so? What! this Van Artevelde?

God's me! how sad a sight!

Duke of Burgundy.

But are you sure?

Lift up his head.

Sir Oliver of Clisson.

Sir Fleureant, is it he?

Sir Fleureant. Sirs, this is that habiliment of flesh
Which clothed the spirit of Van Artevelde
Some half an hour ago. Between the ribs
You'll find a wound, whereof so much of this
(Drawing his dagger)

As is imbrued with blood denotes the depth.

King. Oh me! how sad and terrible he looks!

He hath a princely countenance. Alas!

I would he might have lived, and taken service
Upon the better side!

Duke of Burgundy.

And who is she?

(Elena raises her head from the body.)

Duke of Bourbon. That I can answer: she's a traitress vile!—

The villain's paramour.

Sir Fleureant.

Beseech you, sir,

Believe it not; she was not what you think.

She did affect him, but in no such sort

As you impute, which she can promptly prove.*

Elena (springing upon her feet). 'Tis false! thou liest! I was his paramour.

Duke of Bourbon. Oh, shameless harlot, dost thou boast thy sin?

Ay, down upon the carrion once again!

Ho! guards despart her from the rebel's carcass,

And hang it on a gibbet. Thus, and thus,

I spit upon and spurn it.

Elena, (snatching Artevelde's dagger from its sheath.)
Miscreant foul!

Black-hearted felon!

(Aims a blow at the Duke of Bourbon,
which Sir Fleureant intercepts.)

Ay, dost balk me? there—

As good for thee as him!

(Stabs Sir Fleureant, who falls dead.)

* The reader recollects that Sir Fleureant had visited the regent's camp on an earlier occasion, before the close connexion between Philip and Elena took place; hence this speech in which the lost man believes himself to be saying the truth.

Duke of Burgundy. Seize her! secure her! tie her hand and foot!

What! routed we a hundred thousand men,
Here to be slaughtered by a crazy wench?

(The guards rush upon Elena; Van Ryk interposes for her defence; after some struggle, both are struck down and slain.)

Duke of Bourbon. So! curst untoward vermin! are they dead?

His very corse breeds maggots of despite!

Duke of Burgundy. I did not bid them to be killed.

Captain of the Guard.

My lord,

They were so sturdy and so desperate,

We could not else come near them.

King.

Uncle, lo!

The Knight of Heurlée, too, stone dead.

Sanxere.

By Heaven,

This is the strangest battle I have known!

First we've to fight the foe, and then the captives!

Duke of Bourbon. Take forth the bodies. For the woman's corse,

Let it have Christian burial. As for his,

The arch-insurgent's, hang it on a tree,

Where all the host may see it.

Duke of Burgundy.

Brother, no;

It were not for our honour, nor the king's,

To use it so. Dire rebel though he was,

Yet with a noble nature and great gifts

Was he endowed: courage, discretion, wit,

An equal temper and an ample soul,

Rock-bound and fortified against assaults

Of transitory passion, but below

Built on a surging subterranean fire

That stirred and lifted him to high attempts.

So prompt and capable, and yet so calm,

He nothing lacked in sovereignty but the right;

Nothing in soldiership except good fortune.

Wherefore with honour lay him in his grave,

And thereby shall increase of honour come

Unto their arms who vanquished one so wise,

So valiant, so renowned! Sirs, pass we on,

And let the bodies follow us on biers.

Wolf of the weald, and yellow-footed kite,

Enough is spread for you of meaner prey.

Other interment than your maws afford

Is due to these. At Courtray we shall sleep,

And there I'll see them buried side by side."

—vol. ii. pp. 264–272.

We have perhaps some reason to apologize for the length of these extracts. We can only repeat what we alleged at the outset—namely, that years and years have passed since it came in the way of our office to call attention to the appearance of a new English poem at once of such pretensions and such execution. If Mr. Taylor should devote himself to dramatic composition with a view to the stage, he must learn to brace his dialogue somewhat more tightly, and to indulge less in discursive reflection; but he has already done enough to secure himself a place among the real artists of his time.

We have not thought it worth our while to point attention to the numberless passages in which Mr. Taylor's fiction speaks home to the feelings and facts of our own day. He is not, we can perceive, of our own

school as to politics; indeed, in spite of his motto, and, although, by taking Philip van Artevelde, whose father had rebelled while he was in infancy, for his hero, he has escaped most of the difficulties which would naturally have attached to the choice of a rebel hero, he has, we cannot but feel, indicated his own sympathy with the movement cause in general. But still being a true poet, and, therefore, a sagacious man, he has let fall many things which are by no means likely to gratify the powers that be—or rather, indeed, we ought to say, *the powers that seem*. His account of the *ministers* of Philip van Artevelde—of the versatile orator *De Vaux*, in particular, (vol. ii. p. 24,) appears to us to be little else than a bitter contemporary satire.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

RESULTS OF THE TRIUMPH OF THE BARRICADES.*

It is now just four years since Charles X. was precipitated from the throne of France, by a vast and well-concerted urban revolt, seconded to a wish by the treachery of a large part of the military force at Paris, and the mild government of a weak, but beneficent, race of legitimate monarchs, exchanged for the stern rule of military power. Unbounded was the exultation of the Liberal party throughout Europe, at this unlooked-for and unexampled success. Flanders, Italy, Poland, Spain, and Portugal, successively felt the shock. The kingdom of the Netherlands was first partitioned from its influence, and a revolutionary monarch placed on the throne of Belgium: next Poland was precipitated into the furnace, and the liberties of a gallant people, secured for them, by English influence, at the Congress of Vienna, finally extinguished by the consequences of their own extravagance: Italy even followed in the popular career, and her effeminate youth for a moment abandoned the corso and the opera to inhale the spirit of *Tramontane* democracy: and at length Spain and Portugal have been overturned by the catastrophe; the lawful sovereign, the people's choice, in both countries dethroned by foreign aid and revolutionary violence; a quadruple alliance signed which arrays Western against Eastern Europe, and lays the foundations of a desperate future contest between the two great families of the civilized world; and the war against the Christian religion openly commenced by the protégé and ally of England, by the total confiscation of the property of the Church over the whole Portuguese dominions. There is hardly a parallel in the history of the world to such an astonishing series of effects, flowing at once from a single urban convulsion; nor any thing approaching to the rapidity with which it has inverted the relative situation of the antagonists in the war of the first Revolution, given to the vanquished the lead and direction of the conqueror, and induced in the victor a total oblivion of all the objects held dear, and all the glories won, in a contest of unexampled duration and splendour.

* Contre Revolution de 1830. Par Sarrans le Jeune. Ancien Aid-de-Camp de La Fayette. Paris: 1834.
Deux Ans de Regne de Louis Philippe. Paris: 1833.

In a future Number we shall trace the effects of this singular Revolution upon the foreign politics of Great Britain, and recall to our readers the steps which we have been successively led, while consistently professing the principles of non-interference, to regard for the rights and independence of other nations, to oppress and insult our oldest allies, and even to support our bitterest enemies; to surrender to the ceaseless ambition of Russia, to surrender Holland by the seizure for a revolutionary monarch of half of its dominions, dethrone and banish the monarch of Spain, and deliver over Portugal to the violence of domestic revolution, and the rape of foreign mercenaries. All this we shall trace, and demonstrate, to the satisfaction of every impartial observer, that if the days of disaster and ruin do at length come to England; if our enemies combine against our independence, and our national existence is destroyed, if the fleets of Europe cast anchor at the mouth of the Thames, and the jealousy of two hundred nations is gratified by the burning of Portsmouth, by the sack of Woolwich; if we are literally reduced to slavery, and half our population starved, by the closing of every vent for its industry, it is not more than we richly deserve, for our unparalleled treachery and ingratitude to our former allies, and our insidious alliance with our inveterate enemies; and that the results, how terrible soever, are the natural consequences of the political madness of the last three years, and the course of policy pursued, amidst the blind applause of an ignorant multitude, by a presumptuous, reckless and infatuated Administration.

Wide and important as this subject is, it is not to it that we are now about to direct the attention of our readers. Another, and if possible, a still more important field presents itself in the domestic consequences of this convulsion, and the effects upon the cause of freedom all over the world, from the temporary ascendancy acquired by democratic violence in the French capital. Here the prospect is much more consolatory; and seeing although we do, that the ultimate effect of the Triumphs of the Barricades has been to overturn, perhaps for ever, the English Constitution, and implant the seeds of ruin, both in our internal liberties and colonial dependencies, yet we are by no means sure that these disastrous consequences will not be counterbalanced to the world in general, by the settled direction which the French Revolution has now taken, and the important lesson presented to mankind, by what we may now, without presumption, say are the evident and final results of the democratic innovations of Necker and Mirabeau.

Experience has now enabled us to say, that nothing could be so well calculated to induce error and delusion in the human mind, to subvert all the foundations of order and morality, and precipitate other nations into the fatal career of popular ambition, as the state of France under the Restoration. It was in vain that the thoughtful and sagacious, the aged who had witnessed the horrors of 1793, and the learned who had historically made themselves acquainted with its disasters, warned the ardent and impetuous youth of the certain ruin consequent on lending an ear to the siren voice of democratic ambition. All this was nothing, while France remained a splendid monument of the glory, and, as they thought, the freedom to be

olutionary violence. The constant an-
 eral party over all Europe to such mo-
 tions was, that France had *not* suffered
 all the sins and guilt of the Revolu-
 extravagances of one generation had
 by the destruction of that generation it-
 e cause of freedom had gained incalcu-
 e struggle, and that if any doubt could
 existed on that head, it was removed
 ty, tranquillity, and freedom of France
 red monarchs. "Compare France," it
 said from 1815 to 1830, "as he now is,
 was prior to 1789, and no one can
 culable benefits which she has derived
 lution." As France unquestionably
 prosperous and happy during that period,
 to see what answer could be made to
 ions; and the philanthropic, however
 demned the sins and violence of the
 ould not avoid indulging the pleasing
 consequences and punishment of those
 now over, and that centuries of freedom
 d in France, as in England, follow the
 ment of its liberties under its legitimate
 hus the world were deluded by the
 ldnness of the Bourbon sway, into the
 inciples, which could not fail, sooner
 g it to a termination; and the tempo-
 of the consequences of revolution in-
 et, that its atrocities could be indulged
 permanent and indelible consequences
 ult being felt by succeeding genera-
 restoration, in short, was looked upon as
 the drama—the termination of the
 nder however heartrending in its commence-
 ed well for all concerned, and constant-
 as affording decisive evidence, that the
 om was able to purify itself of all its
 and that, though revolutionary violence
 ecated, no lasting or irreparable injury
 of mankind could be apprehended from

anded upon a false and delusive view
 overnment of mankind. Nations have
 ; the present world constitutes at once
 e of their glory, and the appropriate
 punishment. How much soever the
 no precipitate them into public delin-
 suffer in a future state for their share
 ctions, a certain and unerring retribu-
 ices in this world to the people who are
 ch atrocities; and hundreds of years
 fore the mysterious justice of Provi-
 ed out by the agency of human passion,
 ment of the descendants of the guilty
 thus that the atrocious cruelty of the
 loses led to the terrible despotism of
 the spoliation and injustice of the
 the Great Rebellion and the tyranny
 it was thus that the crying injustice of
 ation in Ireland has opened a wound
 ers in the Emerald Isle, and, through
 e British Empire; and that the ambi-
 ice of the French under Napoleon, pre-
 on the disasters of the Russian retreat,
 le overthrow of Leipsic. Human pas-

sions are the scorpions with which the guilty race, or
 the third and fourth generation of the guilty race, are
 punished; the desires and opinions consequent on
 a great act of injustice constitute the instruments by
 which its iniquity is punished, and its consequences
 redressed.

The same universal law of nature was, unknown
 to us, silently, but ceaselessly operating under all the
 apparent tranquillity and happiness of the Restora-
 tion—while the world were dazzled by the gentle-
 ness of its rule, and the justice of its administration;
 while travellers were gazing only on the splendour
 of its edifices, and the smiling aspect of its fields;
 while religion seemed re-established by its solicitude,
 and the last wounds of the Revolution closed by its
 beneficence; the wild passions let loose, the frightful
 injustice committed, the oceans of innocent blood
 shed during that awful convulsion, were preparing in
 silence a memorable instance of national retribution.
 If that generation suffered the most acute anguish
 from the sense of national humiliation, and the
 repeated subjugation of its capital by foreign armies,
 the next was destined to feel the miseries of social
 warfare, and weep under the degradation of domestic
 tyranny. The great deeds of national injustice—the
 confiscation of the church, the spoliation of the emi-
 grants, were producing their appropriate and una-
 voidable consequences, in the dissolution of private
 morals, the extinction of religious feeling, the disap-
 pearance of any middling class in society. The
 French clung with blind, and, we might almost say,
judicially blind tenacity, to the revolutionary law of
 inheritance, till it had broken down the few consider-
 able properties which had survived the Revolution,
 and left in the state only the populace of cities, the
 soldiers of the armies, and the peasants of the fields.
 In such a state the elements of lasting freedom did
 not, they could not exist. What intermediate body
 was to coerce the fury of the populace, or the en-
 croachments of the crown, when the nobles, the aris-
 tocracy, the landed proprietors, the clergy, were
 destroyed? Who was to gainsay the central autho-
 rity of Paris among the eight millions of landed pro-
 prietors into whom the Revolution had divided the
 soil of France? How, out of so vast and indigent a
 body, the richest of whom was scarcely worth £50 a
 year, and the majority of whom had not £5 a year,
 were the elements of resistance to the influence of
 Government to be found? The thing was obviously
 out of the question; the nation as a nation was prac-
 tically destroyed; destitute of leaders, it was a vast
 and helpless multitude, and the Government rested
 entirely on the affections of the army, and of the
 populace of the capital. When the allegiance of
 these, the sole props of authority, had been destroyed
 by fifteen years of efforts on the part of the liberal
 party, it fell to the ground, and with it the last hope
 of freedom to the French nation.

The stern and unrelenting despotism which has
 since succeeded; the vigour with which the Executive
 has been armed; and the repeated defeats which
 successive revolts of the most formidable kind have
 sustained, has been the subject of unmeasured ast-
 onishment to the liberal party in France! And the few
 sincere though deluded friends of real freedom, in
 that country, were lost in wonder at beholding a

Government, elevated to power on the shoulders of the populace, beat down the efforts of anarchy, with a vigour and success to which the legitimate monarchs, who, with a constitutional rule, governed the country, were strangers. Great, accordingly, has been the disappointment, unbounded the vituperation of the Republicans of France, at the conduct of the dynasty whom they seated on the throne, amidst the smoke of the barricades. The change, however, is not only in itself perfectly simple and intelligible, but it was the necessary result of the state in which France was then placed; of the vehement passions excited during the preceding convulsions; and the absence of all restraints upon their indulgences, produced by the demoralizing effect of the triumph of revolutionary principles, in which they terminated. France, under the Restoration, enjoyed the freedom, from accidental causes, which *may* be the lot of a people who have achieved their liberation without political iniquity. She has now received the slavery which *must* be the destiny of those whose triumph has been stained by deeds of injustice.

We regard, therefore, the revolt of the barricades, and the establishment of a military tyranny, which has resulted from its success, as the most fortunate circumstance which has occurred, since the year 1789, to the general fortune of mankind; by the clear demonstration which it has afforded of the ultimate consequence of revolutionary violence, and the illustration it has exhibited of the certain moral retribution, which, sooner or later, in nations, as well as individuals, attends on great and flagrant deeds of injustice. The state of France is now so plain, that the blindest cannot fail to appreciate it: the moral lesson which it conveys is so obvious that he that runs may read. Ever since the mild constitutional sway—a sway of which revolutionized France was utterly unworthy—of the Bourbons was terminated, that great country has been the theatre only of the most frightful disorders; of disorders so frightful, and destruction of property so enormous, that, in utter horror at its continuance, the people have rushed headlong into the arms of absolute despotism, and now invoke the chains of arbitrary power as eagerly, and almost as unanimously, as forty-five years ago they hailed the fall of the Bastille and the rise of revolutionary convulsion. This is a tyranny, too, not like that of Napoleon, dazzling from the splendour it exhibits, bewitching from the talent with which it is accompanied—but a low-born, base, and sordid despotism, unilluminated by one ray of glory—unredeemed by one trait of beneficence—unaccompanied by one generous feeling. The people submit to it, they crouch under it, they lick the dust beneath its feet; not because they love it, not because they are proud of it, but because they cannot avoid it; because the existing Government is the last link which unites France to social order; because, if it is destroyed, revolutionary convulsion, in all its horrors, must inevitably ensue. They have successively swept away all the classes, and ruined all the principles which could mitigate the severity of this despotism, or moderate the fervour of these convulsions. They have extinguished all the intermediate bodies between the throne and the peasant, save civil *employés* and military officers. They have ridiculed, impoverished,

and all but annihilated the Christian religion, the only effectual curb on the inherent depravity of the human heart. They have destroyed, in the fervour of their democratic ambition, all the checks of European freedom; and in consequence, hopelessly and irrecoverably, have subjected the world to the lash of Oriental despotism.

We love to quote the authority of politicians—*ceteris paribus*, we should always prefer that of a friend, because it is more likely to be impartial, at least on our side of the question, and is liable to the imputation of twisting facts to suit a certain political theory. There is nothing more convincing as the truth oozing out of the mouth of an unwilling witness. For this reason, we a few days ago directed the attention of our readers to a remarkable work of M. Sarrans, the aid-de-camp of La Fayette, upon the revolution of 1830; and, in a special manner, the curious revelations which it afforded as to the revolutionary intrigues of the ministers of Louis Philippe in other states, and particularly in Spain, Italy, and Poland, before the bold and unprincipled administration of Casimir Perier, and the period to the system of democratic propaganda. At present, we gladly take up another work of the same author, and request our readers to follow us to the curious and interesting picture which the aid-de-camp of La Fayette, during the three days, draws of the internal state of France subsequent to the great triumph of democracy on that memorable occasion.

The general tenor of M. Sarrans' observations on his new work may be judged of from the following passage in his introduction:—

“From the 14th July, 1789, to the 7th March, 1830, France has in effect been governed by the public voice through the Republic, the Empire, and the Restoration: through prosperity and misfortune, the Republic has ever been the predominant party in the state, the moment which has governed. Strange, that when the people had arrived at the highest degree of civilization and intellectual advancement; when the classes, who have nothing to lose, felt the laws by which every thing is preserved, and power should plunge France into a civil war to react all the principles of the Revolution, and to give time to arrest the generation which is perishing. Four-and-forty years after Mirabeau exclaimed, ‘All the world should declare themselves republicans, and esteem themselves happy to be allowed a monarchy sprung from the people, turned into a monarchy who had petrified it, and said, ‘If monarchy is to be maintained only by the aid of liberty, it is to be feared that the same freedom not being restrained within due limits, will succeed in stifling liberty, the necessary result of republican institutions. Destitute of intelligence, the prey of ignorance, the great body of the people can only offer to society an industry more or less limited; without reason, without intelligence, without foresight of the future, living from day to day, in the centre of society a mass ever restless, constantly subjected to external influences, at the mercy of intrigues, capable only of doing a little good, if chance impels it in the right direction, but of accomplishing infinite evil, ever ready to relapse into its former state.’”

* See Foreign Affairs, Oct. 1832, vol. xxx.

ternal circle of violence and excesses, of follies and contradictions." *

As the result of the Revolution which placed the nation in the possession of supreme power, I shall point out on the one hand, the doubtful exclusion of the Bourbon branch of the Bourbons, the abolition of the right of double voting; the admission of all Frenchmen of thirty years of age, if duly qualified, to the National Representation; the remodelling of the Chamber of Peers: in a word, all that the monarchy now boasts of having conceded as an ample satisfaction for all the blood shed for its behoof.

On the other hand, I shall demonstrate a fixed policy, which has succeeded in exhausting every resource of oppression which was possible, and openly avowing an intention to carry into execution in future what is not yet so; a government bartering for present recognition the glory of forty years, and the fruits of the combats of giants. I will shew personal

freedom daily violated, conspiracies and insurrections systematically organized, the national representation degraded in the person of its members, and the press cruelly tyrannized over in a few months than in the fifteen years of the Restoration; citizens daily arrested, and dragged *en masse* before the tribunals of war, without the fear which deterred even d'Herbois of 'demoralizing punishment;' the rights of justice in Paris resounding again with sentences of death; in fine, the constitution suspended during a period of profound peace, the ordinary tribunals trampled under foot, and the odious system of espionage and *espionage* again elevated into a civil law in the Reign of Terror. I shall shew, by a series of deceptions, despotism, under a new and more dangerous form, has succeeded in deceiving the patriotism of a large portion of the National Assembly in inducing them to support, sometimes by every terror, sometimes by servile adulation, a policy adverse to all the interests of the state, and, without being aware of the desertion, all the principles of the Revolution of July: and all this, it has never ceased to undermine in the dark seat of national institution, and sap the foundation of the very power by which it was elevated to the throne."—*Introduction*, pp. 37, 38.

do not altogether concur in the whole of this sentiment; we beg only that it may be recollected, the person who thus speaks is the aid-de-camp of Lafayette, and one of the most active of the partisans who contributed to the Triumph of the Barricades. "The Government of Louis Philippe," continues the writer, "boasts that it has secured peace in the country; but how can such an assertion be credited, when your dungeons are overflowing with persons condemned for political offences—when the men who have put the sceptre into your hands are sent to receive their reward under the burning sun of Africa, or the Oubliettes of Mont St. Michael—when your newspapers inundate the country with reports of revolts and objects of conspiracy—when you besiege the forts to obtain from them fresh victims—when the National Guards of thirty-four departments have been dissolved; when entire cities have been placed under the ban of legal suspicion; and you cannot boast of six Ans de Regne de Louis Philippe, 234—278; a work published by authority of the French government.

sleep but under the protection of forty thousand bayonets? is it in the midst of such symptoms of hatred and dissolution that you boast of internal peace? Truly you are much to be envied."—Vol. i. p. 58.

"Charles X. perished chiefly in consequence of having erroneously interpreted a doubtful article in the charter against the liberty of the press. But what shall we now say to the government which, in defiance of a literal and undisputed article in the charter, which it has sworn to observe, has torn from writers the right of trial by jury, and delivered them over to councils of war? If sixty prosecutions, instituted under the Restoration, against the press, and twenty or twenty-five convictions obtained during that long period, were among the most powerful causes in bringing about the catastrophe of 1830, what must shortly be the effect of the profligate judgment which the executive daily solicits and obtains from the tribunals, by the aid of a law bequeathed by the Restoration, and evidently repudiated by the letter and the spirit of the charter of 1830? What the result of 411 prosecutions raised, and 143 convictions obtained, against the public press, the 65 years of imprisonment, and 250,000 francs (14,000*l.*) of fines imposed on the periodical press of Paris alone, during the three years of the paternal government of Louis Philippe?

"Whatever may have been the license or disorders of the press since the Revolution of July, it is evident that this enormous mass of prosecutions has been raised up with no other view but to serve the purposes of a counter revolution. Prior to this era, no one has attacked with such an infernal activity the development of public thought, the vigour of the soul. History has only recorded 168 political prosecutions to wither the memory of James II. I have carefully searched the archives of the Restoration, but I can discover nothing in their successive administrations which can be in the slightest degree compared to the outrages heaped upon the freedom of the press by the Government which owed its existence to its exertions. That freedom, the parent of all our other franchises, has been trodden under foot by the ungrateful Government of July;—whilst in England, the land of privileged classes and feudal rights, it forms part of the birthright of every citizen. There it tolerates, here it is tolerated: there it is respected, reasoned with,—here it is brutalized and slain. Here an agent of the police brings, in the most insolent manner, to the editor of a journal the rope with which he is required to strangle himself in his succeeding number, there the right of expressing one's thoughts in written compositions belongs of right to all the world: here a journal cannot appear, but in virtue of a deposit of 50,000 francs (2000*l.*) in the hands of the Government. In England, a person condemned for a libel is treated with some respect, and the regard due to the possible purity of his intentions; here, one convicted of a similar offence, by a simple majority, is manacled with fetters, and thrown into the common jail of felons. In fine, the liberty of the press, such as the government of Louis Philippe has rendered it, is a mere chimera, a perfect illusion;—while in old aristocratic England it is literally established, and flourishing in full vigour."—Vol. i. pp. 66—69.

This passage is very remarkable, and for nothing more than the important testimony here borne by an unwilling, and of this truth unconscious witness, to the superior establishment of the freedom of the Press in an aristocratic than a democratic society. Here we have the most violent of the French democrats pointing with envy to the long duration and perfect establishment of the freedom of the press in aristocratic England, at the very time that he is bewailing its grievous prostration and approaching extinction, under a government established by the most complete revolutionary triumph recorded in modern times. This contrast is to the Jews a stumbling block, to the Greeks foolishness: it is altogether inexplicable to the popular party all over the world; but it is not only perfectly intelligible on the principles which the Conservatives support, but a necessary corollary from them. The freedom of the Press does not exist in England, in spite of its aristocratic institutions, but in consequence of those institutions. It is the weight of the peerage and the landed classes which forms the barrier against the tyranny of the Executive, not less than the madness of the people. If democratic principles obtain a lasting ascendancy in this country, and the aristocratic influence is in consequence destroyed, we may rely upon it the liberty of the press will be 'brutalized and slain,' as, by their own admission, it has been by the revolutionary *regime* on the other side of the water. Is this change approaching in this country? We recollect Lord Durham, and the Whig prosecutions of the Press, and lament to observe the uniformity in the effects produced by revolutionary movements, under every variety of national character and political circumstances.

"The Court of Charles X." continues M. Sarrans, "according to the statement of the Liberal party in France, was continually the theatre of denunciation against innovators, alarms spread, at a great expense by the ministerial journals, gloomy predictions, and all the other arts of despotic power. Certainly it was so; but can any one deny that the monarchy of July has revived and improved upon that deplorable system, revealed in all its hideous features by public acts which can no longer be mistaken? The incessant denunciations against the patriots of July, the alarms published in the hired journals, the libels daily spread in the streets, the diffusion of sinister predictions, constitute the chief lever by which, for more than three years, the government has succeeded in sowing apprehension in the public mind, and displacing all the interests of the Revolution. This is not a vague reproach. A host of fictitious conspiracies, of heads vainly demanded from the courts of justice, prove that at no former period was opinion more systematically assailed.

"The people have run the most terrible risks in order to efface for ever the vestiges and hypocrisy of the restoration. Well! what has that people gained in return for so many efforts and such heroic sacrifices? Not an abuse, a cruelty, an injustice existed under the Bourbons, which has not *re-appeared with tenfold force under the monarchy of July*. In the first rank of the reproaches which were addressed to the government of the restoration, were one or two acts of brutality against writers condemned for politi-

cal delinquencies. In what respect is the government which succeeded it distinguished, except by the increased number of its victims, and the insolence with which they boast of their despotism, and the success with which they can make a sport of revolutions?

"The rancour of favourites has now degenerated into open hostility against every species of freedom. The heroes who fought the battle of the revolution are the subjects of incessant ridicule and sarcasm to a generation of valets and courtiers. The Tuileries have become the patrimony of pride and ridicule. There an aristocracy of bankers, advocates, and professors, an aristocracy destitute of nobility either of thought or descent, holds incessantly to a king without majesty the same language which the old aristocracy held to the elder branch of the House of Bourbon. Do they think that liveries, insolence, and pride are less unsupportable in the antechambers of Louis Philippe, than in those of Charles X.?"—*bp* 75, 76.

The courtier insolence and government oppression here so energetically described, are ascribed by M. Sarrans, and all the revolutionary party of France, to the hold which Louis Philippe and the Doctrinaires got of the Government after the Triumph of the Barricades, and the art with which, by the perpetual diffusion of false or exaggerated alarms, they have succeeded in retaining in their service the armed force and the influential part of the nation. In this observation, he, as well as his whole party, are blind by the intensity of their indignation at the present Government of France. There can be no doubt that Louis Philippe is supported by the shopkeepers, bankers, and moneyed classes throughout the kingdom; and though he has been obliged to dissolve the National Guard in thirty-four of the eighty Departments of France; yet it is clear, that he is cordially obeyed by the great majority of that of the capital and the principal towns in the kingdom. It is ridiculous to pretend that the alarms by which this general support of the moneyed classes has been obtained are fictitious or chimerical, when above a dozen serious revolts have taken place since Charles X. was dethroned, and the last was extinguished only after eight days hard fighting at Lyons, and the slaughter of above 6000 men. It is evident that the property of France is really threatened by an anarchical faction; and that nothing but a general rally of all the respectable classes round the Government, whatever it may be, can avert a frightful catastrophe. It is the sense, the general sense of this danger, which constitutes the strength of the present Government of France; and it is precisely on that foundation, that the despotic authority, which invariably succeeds revolutionary convulsions, has in every age been founded.

"Who could have ventured to assert three years ago," says Sarrans, "that the army, the civil administration, the budgets, the police, the tribune, and the press, stifled or salaried, would not suffice for the defence of the monarchy? Yet that is the doctrine constantly avowed and acted upon by the present government. Already the liberty of the press is placed in one of its most important franchises under the direct control of the police; while the law against associations deprives individual liberty of any sort of

ntee, since it is sufficient to subject every one to any arrest and detention, that government suspects him of belonging to any association of whatever soever it may be. The new government presented to the servile chambers who have led them, acts of the *Haute Police*, measures dictated by rage and passion, subversive not merely of liberties acquired by the first Revolution, but even those guaranteed by the charter of 1814. And this is done in a period of profound peace; when, according to the ministerial accounts, is going with plenty, and overflowing with industry; the taxes are regularly paid, the altars respected, the army faithful, the national guard loyal; and France is bound with fetters as if the air was filled with plots, and ready to rain daggers on our heads."—pp. 235—237.

But France, notwithstanding the ardent passion and freedom, with which a large portion of its inhabitants are animated, should have fallen under this degrading yoke, will not appear extraordinary, when following statement of the subdivision of landed property in that country, since the Revolution, is considered. It is taken from the '*Deux Ans de Regne de Louis Philippe*,' the title of which is prefixed to the article, and recently published from official documents by the Cabinet of the Tuileries.

"Erroneous politicians," says this author, "have attempted to reduce the landed proprietors of the nation to so small a number, two millions at the utmost, but it is of importance to show how widely their calculation is at variance with the truth, and that the number of proprietors forms in truth the great majority of the nation."

If we recur to an official document we shall find in the Report presented to the Minister of Finance, in 1817, by the Royal Commission for investigating the *Cadaastre*, (general valuation of the kingdom) it is stated that there were at that period 1,000 separate properties enrolled in 460 cantons of the kingdom only. New returns made in 1826 have established, that the number of properties in the whole kingdom, which was only 10,083,751 in 1817, and 10,296,693 in 1826, had risen in 1833 to 14,779; which would imply the existence of TEN MILLIONS of proprietors.

Possibly, however, the *Cadaastre* may involve several properties, separately valued, which are in reality vested in one proprietor; but a sufficient allowance for all appearance would be made for this, if the number of proprietors is taken at eight millions instead of ten. Call it even six millions; this, at an average of four to a family, would bring up the population of France and their families to twenty-four millions; in other words, to three-fourths of the French inhabitants."—*Deux Ans de Regne*, 271.

There is a result of revolution enough to make the most innovator hold his breath, and amply sufficient to account for the present and apparently inevitable prostration of the liberties of France. Millions of landed proprietors! It appears from the best statistical accounts that the value of the landed property of France is £66,000,000; * this would make the revenue of each land-

ed proprietor at an average just *six guineas* a-year. Some idea may be formed of the excessive division of landed property in the kingdom, and the great rarity of considerable fortunes from this single circumstance. In point of fact, the Duke of Gaeta, the learned and able finance Minister of Napoleon, states, in the valuable tables annexed to his very curious *Memoirs*, that the number of proprietors in France during the empire, taxed at £40 yearly, and upwards, was only 17,745, and those at £20 and upwards only 58,518, while no less than 7,897,110 were taxed at the rate of £25 each. The land tax of France was then, and is now, about twenty per cent. at an average; it results therefore from these official returns, that in 1815 there were, in the whole kingdom, only seventeen thousand persons holding property to the amount of £200 a year, while nearly *eight millions* had property to the amount of eight pounds a year each.*

It is utterly impossible that a representative constitutional monarchy can exist in such a country. The elements out of which it is composed are wanting. Who is to take the lead in such a crowd of cultivators, all labouring with their own hands, and worn down by daily and incessant toil? Wherein do the cultivators of such a country, each paying 20 or 25 per cent. of their produce to Government, differ from the Ryots of Hindostan, or the boors of Russia? In intelligence they are noways superior; in habits, circumstances, and situation, they are inferior; for their labour is as great, their surplus produce is not greater, and they want the maintenance in sickness and old age, which, in the eastern dynasties, constitutes at once the ground and compensation for servitude.

How then is a country, thus violently bereft of its landed proprietors, and all its natural aristocracy, to find the elements of stable government? We shall give the answer in the words of M. Sarrans, begging our readers to recollect, that, forty-five years ago, Mr. Burke prophesied that "France in the end would fall into the government of a cabal of *bankers, attorneys, and lawyers*; and that in this Serbinian dog all the glories of the monarchy would be swallowed up."

"The essential thing," says our author, "for a new dynasty which is desirous to engraft itself on old principles, is to raise up out of the classes rendered uniform by the Revolution of July a *burgage aristocracy*, which, elevating itself by degrees between the throne and the people, may gradually cause the first to forget its origin, and compel the latter to abandon the principle of its sovereignty. It is towards that end that the House of Orleans marches with swift and steady steps. To replace the scutcheons of the nobility by the privileges of the custom-house or of monopoly; to substitute for the feudal supremacy of land the ascendant of moneyed opulence; to exchange exemption from taxation for arbitrary difference in its distribution; to extinguish the pride of historic descent by the shameful cupidity for gain; to gather round its throne all that is distinguished in finance, the exchange, or the usurer's desks; to blend this degrading aristocracy with the remains of the civil

* Dupin, *Force Com.* ii, 266.

* Duc de Gaeta, ii., 527.

and military *employées* who have grown up under the fluctuating governments of the last forty years; and to mix up with that worn-out political aristocracy the urban notables which have risen to power since the Revolution of the Barricades—such has been its constant policy. Abolition of the principle of popular sovereignty; contempt for the classes who brought about the Revolution of July: a total oblivion of the rights of the nation, are ever foremost in its thoughts. In fine, the dynasty of July has made no difficulty in separating itself from a party, which, since the massacres of the Convention, has no longer a root left in France; but it has done so on the condition of introducing into that worn-out trunk an aristocracy of generals, bankers, and advocates; of professors and prefects; an oligarchy of fortune which, though destitute of the lustre of descent, has not contrived the less to appropriate to itself all the advantages of the social union.”—II. 228, 229.

It may easily be conceived, that a government framed on such principles can have no very cordial affection for the institution of the National Guard. Accordingly, it is admitted in the ‘*Deux Ans de Règne*’ by the Ministers of Louis Philippe, that this institution is inconsistent with the principles of the monarchy of July.

‘There is *not one link in common*,’ says this author, ‘*between a republic and a constitutional monarchy*.’

‘Republican institutions can never coalesce with a constitutional throne. If republican institutions surround a throne, the sound must prevail over the thing signified.’

“One of the most powerful institutions for the support of a monarchy is the National Guard. To wish for still more democratic institutions, is to wish to change the essence of the Government of July, which is monarchical. From such changes must result inevitably either a dictatorship, as on the accession of Napoleon in 1799, or the dissolution of all authority, as on the overthrow of Louis on the 10th August.”—*Deux Ans*. p. 317.

Indeed, so much disposed is the Government of Louis Philippe now to disavow its origin, that it deprecates every species of popular movement, and classes with the worst excesses of the populace in this way that very urban insurrection which placed itself on the throne!

‘The lower classes,’ says the organ of Louis Philippe, ‘are capable of achieving but little good, but infinite evil. At Athens we behold them banishing Aristides the Just; condemning Socrates to drink hemlock, and shortly raising altars to his memory; building a palace to Manlius on the capitol, and condemning him to be cast from the Tarpeian rock: weeping Germanicus, and throwing crowns to Nero who had burned Rome; exclaiming alternately, “Long live the League,” “Long live the Guises,” “Long live Henry IV.,” combating Louis XIV. in the days of the Fronde, and bowing the neck beneath that great king; bearing Marat to the Pantheon, and casting his body into a sewer; murdering the king in 1793, amidst cries of *Vive la République*, and raising shouts of *Vive l’Empereur* in 1805; overturning his statue in 1814, amid cries of *Vive le Roi*; erecting the Barricades in 1830, and again raising them in June, 1832.

‘Strange blindness in those to whom it never teach. wisdom! To pretend to raise the masses of mankind, and direct their movements! Thus the Girondists, w about the catastrophe of August 10, never the revolt of 31st May, which consigned r to the scaffold; and the Dantonists, who mischief on these occasions, never believe pierre would arise.’—II. 254, 255.

Such is the picture which the authors, by, the revolt of the Three Glorious Days of its effects; and such the lesson which instance of democratic triumph teaches a mate effect upon the liberties of mankind. M. Sarrans spoke in such strong and emphatic terms on the subject, in January, 1834, when he published, what would he say now, when the effects of the change have been still farther ed; when a great conspiracy has spread France, which led to a second dreadful re ons, extinguished only after eight days fighting in the streets of that city, and the of 6000 men? The magnitude of the discontent, in France by the measures of the ruling ty, may be judged of by the extent of the tions of that conspiracy, spreading, according to statement of the French Government, over all principal towns of the kingdom, and embracing the discontented and ardent spirits of its vast population. The measure of the forces at the command Government, may be estimated by the complete overthrow of that conspiracy; and the bloody revenge taken on its authors at Lyons, Paris, and St. Etienne, where the principal explosions took place. The force of the insurrection was ten times greater than that of the Parisian revolt, which overturned Charles X.; it greatly exceeded that of the Parisians in the great insurrection at the cloister of St. Merri, in June, 1832, extinguished only, as Sarrans tells us, by a greater military force than that which conquered Austria or Prussia at Austerlitz and Jena. But though the insurgent force is thus formidable, the resisting power has been augmented in a still greater proportion. Marshal Soult and his bayonets are not so easily shaken off as Prince Polignac and his priests; the despotic revolutionary dynasty now installed in power, is a very different Government from the mild and constitutional rule of Charles X. Bred in public tumults—borne forward to power amidst the conflicts of democracy—it has learned how to coerce the fervour from which it sprung—it knows how to deal with the transports so long excited in its own favour. Disregarding all constitutional restraints, careless of the clamours of the press, disdaining all appeals to reason, deaf to all considerations of humanity, it drives straightforward to the single object of suppressing the insurrections of the people. Ten, fifty, an hundred defeats in prosecutions against the press, are to it as nothing; it returns with unflinching perseverance to the charge, and wears out the republican journals in the end, by the expense, the anxiety, and vexation consequent even on hundreds of victories over the power of Government. Heedless of the charge of inconsistency, it warrants the incessant violation of individual liberty; arrests every night numbers of suspected or unsuspected persons in every

town of France; strikes terror universally, by the general insecurity of personal freedom; loads its jails with a multitude of victims; and when no more room is to be found in the capacious prisons of the capital, sends them down by hundreds to the Gothic towers and sea-girt walls of St. Michael. Indifferent to the effusion of blood, it pursues with inflexible perseverance its relentless career. Supporting itself on the armed force of the military, it crushes with a grasp of iron all the efforts of the people for a modification of its rule; answers their cries for bread by discharges of grape-shot; and drowns their cheers for freedom by the thunder of its artillery and the clattering hoofs of its cuirassiers. Such is the Government which France has now substituted, of its own free will, without foreign compulsion, for the constitutional way of a lenient and benevolent race of monarchs; and however much the philanthropist may regret its continuance, the statesman must admit its justice, and discern, in its severity, the bitter but not undeserved retribution of the sins and the suffering of the Revolution.

The means by which this retribution, under the superintending rule of Providence, has been brought about; the principles which now support, and are daily adding to the strength of this revolutionary tyranny, are so evident, that they cannot fail to strike even the most superficial observer. The democratic passions, the wild schemes, the anarchical desires, excited in France by the removal of all restraints, save that of force, on the extravagance of human passion, by the successful issue of the first Revolution, have rendered the existence of a constitutional Government, or of any degree of public freedom, out of the question. The terror of the Allies alone upheld the fabric of a tempered monarchy for fifteen years after the battle of Waterloo; when it subsided, and anarchical ideas resumed their ascendancy, with the rise of a new generation the constitutional throne was overturned, and the wild passions of the Revolution again rose into action. Out of their strife, as out of the combat of wild beasts, has arisen the stern rule of the strongest; a power which openly disdains all restraint on its authority, and crushes the opponent factions by the rude arm of military force. This rule is now settled, and for ever settled over France; Mabeau declared, in 1789, that the National Assembly would never yield to the empire of bayonets; out of forty-five years of struggles have irrevocably fixed upon their descendants. The recent elections—no great majority which the Ministerial candidates have generally obtained, in spite of the severity of the Government, prove that this feeling has become general in the influential classes; that the dread of spoliation has struck deep and universally into the holders of property; and that all men who have any thing to lose, now feel that military despotism is the only remaining barrier left between them and anarchical ruin. Such is the termination of democratic ascendancy in the first of European monarchies.

We had proceeded thus far in our review of these interesting works, when we received the following notice of them from our valued correspondent in Paris, and we gladly stop our own remarks, to give place to his observations.

We take up this work—the production of an author who has become justly celebrated, by several most able political publications since the Revolution—to review it; but not in the controversial spirit in which it is written. It signifies little to us whether Monsieur Sarrans is right, or the work which he undertakes to confute, the '*Deux Ans de Regne*,' emanating from the Philippist government. In our view, of course they are both wrong; and we would not give the toss up of a straw to decide the balance of right and wrong between them. Our object is different. We wish to shew the real motives and aims of the Revolution—to shew the passion that was then, and is now, working in the heart of France; how the objects of the genuine Revolutionists were defeated in a moment of surprise and terror, by a base and pedantic *coterie*; the long conspiracies of this *coterie*, which snatched the victory from the people, and gave away *their* sovereignty to Philippe of Orleans; and to furnish some new and important documents, and instructive scenes—all of which the volumes before us afford an opportunity of doing.

The first thing that strikes us, indeed must strike every one, is the inconsistency, the contradiction of character, between the *cause* of the last Revolution and its *result*. It is in the first place, a mistake to believe that the *cause* of this Revolution is to be found in the Ordinances. They caused it not—they only accelerated it. The long hoarded combustibles were only ignited, and exploded. The cause of the second Revolution is to be found in the first. The French continually recur to that epoch, and so must we, to understand what they would be about. France, in fact, had never been cured of her Republican passions and Utopian views. Reason and experience had been alike unable to disenchant her. The crimes and horrors of the first Revolution proved nothing. The experiment had *manque*—that was all; but the conviction remained, steady and rooted, that it must and ought to be renewed. It has ever been her custom, accordingly, the moment she felt the least interval of freedom, to return with a kind of *alacrity of instinct* to that cherished epoch. Nothing could suppress this perverted bent. Not all the down-trampling power of Napoleon—not all the dazzling spells of his glory, could tread the spark of hope out of her heart, or dim its burning lustre. The downfall of that great autocrat would have been a matter of rejoicing—would not have caused even a passing regret, had she been permitted to return unmolested to the wild work of disorganizing—to her ancient orgies—in order to create something—she knew not what—which might respond to the throbbing passions that filled her veins. As to a rational practical liberty, it is evident she did not, and does not mean that, for she has had it in her power scores of times to secure it by mere modifications and ameliorations, and she has always disdained to do so; all the real liberty she has ever enjoyed has been given to her in spite of herself by foreigners. But such liberty as is really attainable appears to her weak and beggarly. She contemns details, every thing partial and gradual, and will grasp at some *transcendental whole*. This delusion, this singular *deceptio visus* which has its base, we believe, in an infidel de-

duction, viz., that it is given to man to **CREATE**, is the mental disease inherited from the first Revolution. It was this old revolutionary *virus* which attempted to break out in 1830, and which had been fermenting and curdling in the blood during the whole Restoration. It was checked—we shall see *how*—but it still works; and like as a vase is broken by a swelling poisonous liquid confined within it, so will the present, and every other Government that may exist in France, fly to pieces—into shivers—by the mighty fermentations of this imprisoned spirit. Doubtless, the Bourbons, the Emigration, and the Foreign Intervention, which imposed them on France, were odious to her; but these were *not* the radical grievances, for *they* included even the epoch of Napoleon. No, no. All Frenchmen revert to the first Revolution as to the fountain of their country's regeneration. They are not ashamed of it; *they glory in it*; they would rather blot out any other page of their history than that. Both in their conversations and publications, (with the single exception of the Bourbonist or the Emigration,) Frenchmen speak and write of their first Revolution with admiration and affection. Some may, in passing, deplore its excesses, but its *principles* have all their sympathy and approbation. They speak of it as a father would of a wild son, making light of his libertinism, but extolling to the stars his genius and courage, and the grand impulses of power and of virtue which hurried him through his erratic course. It is the expression of this sentiment that *would have* taken place as the result of the Three Days, if a *coterie* of political pedants, previously prepared by long conspiracy, had not stepped in, in the sudden moment of surprise, and shewed the astonished nation that it had been contending, not for liberty and France, but for the *Charte* and *Philippe of Orleans*; both of which, if not decidedly odious, were at least of very equivocal and suspicious significance. That this legerdemain trick was put in practice, Mons. Sarrans makes abundantly evident.

In order to shew this, it is only necessary to cite a few paragraphs issued from the Hotel de Ville during the Three Days. The first dated the 30th, and has the following words—"FRANCE IS FREE:—she accords to the Provisional Government merely the right of consulting her. Till she has expressed her will by new elections, let the following principles be respected:—No MORE ROYALTY:—a mediate or immediate convocation of *all* citizens for the election of deputies: * * No MORE STATE RELIGION." This placard was printed, and stuck up all over Paris, with the formal consent of the Municipal Commission. By it we may see, that the Revolutionists, decided as they were, we believe, to avoid, if possible, the excesses of the first Revolution, were firmly determined, even in the terrible moment of disorganization, to proclaim and act upon its principles, and to revolutionize radically and fundamentally. Every placard issued by the popular Revolutionists is of the same tenor; and we regret that our space will not permit us to cite them, for their almost every paragraph contains a *principle* unequivocally republican. But what we would wish principally here to point out is, that not one of them—and they were the earliest—speak of the *Charte*. It is evident, indeed, that it was not of the *Charte* that they thought or cared

about; and we feel quite sure, that their own national "*rights of man*" was much more in the hearts of the people than a *charte*—the gift of foreigners, and therefore anti-national and odious. But the Orleans faction now stepped in. They consisted of nearly all the 221 refractory members of the Chamber of Deputies, (why they had been refractory was now revealed,) and had at the moment a good deal of popularity from their opposition (the *motive* of which also came to light) to the government of Charles X. It was *they* who set on foot the cry of *Vive la Charte*, which, however, never extended to the streets; and for No MORE ROYALTY, substituted No MORE BOURBON; almost simultaneously Philippe of Orleans was invited, simply to *take upon himself* the lieutenancy of the kingdom. These acts, however, did not escape the animadversion of the popular party.

Several placards were issued from their *reunions*, which were their *authorities*, condemning strongly the designation of any chief, calling for new elections, and for the appointment of Lafayette to the presidency of the Provisional Government. Thus we see the Orleanists, even from the commencement, formed a distinct party from the general Revolutionists. But what is chiefly remarkable, is the *vagueness* of the declarations of this faction. Having caught up the word *charte*, as a convenient shield, they and their purposes are completely masked behind it. Not a single principle of liberty, not a single right or privilege, do they claim for, or guarantee to the nation, or any of its interests; though, by doing this in numerous particulars (we will only mention one, the grant of an *habeas corpus* act,) they might have secured real practical, not revolutionary, liberty to France, and proved themselves to be real patriots. The *charte*, which was their grand all in all, gave the nation nothing it had not before; and they *took care*, as the event has proved, that its provisions should be as insecure and indefinite as ever. To *hide*, however, the vague generality of their professions, they were liberal in ignoble vociferations against the fallen dynasty, and in their lying laudations of the Duke of Orleans. By these declamations, which bound them to nothing, they conceived they might *safely* intimate (not expressing it) their detestation of the principles of the Restoration, and establish an emblem of their devotion to those of the first Revolution, represented, it might be imagined, in the son of *Egalité*. Many were deceived, especially by this last manœuvre, owing to which it was that Louis Philippe escaped being involved in the exclusion of the Bourbons; for the public lie, given out by public authority, that he was not a Bourbon, but a Valois, was detected and exposed immediately. Now, does not this studious refuge-taking in generalities, the careful avoidance of all *specific* grants or pledges to the national interests, these jesuitical double-cross professions, particularly when coupled with the comment of subsequent events, prove a total want of the most honest conviction, at least, in the Orleans faction, that the Revolution, in so far as they were concerned, originated and resulted in *private* conspiracy and contemplated not—as it did not operate—a change of system, but only a change of dynasty? But even so; had Louis Philippe been called to the throne by the convoked authorities of the nation,

ic deliberation, as happened to William III., evolution, we should have deemed his title Public order might have been maintained the deliberations by a provisional government, Lafayette at its head, much more effectually was done during the first six months of Louis's reign, and that time would have sufficed. Every thing like a *national appeal* (which might even in our minds very different from an appealable) was shunned like a pestilence by those men who were at that moment proclaiming the *sovereignty* of the very populace. Now, one of two it is plain, existed: either the people were fit to be trusted with power, or they were not. If fit, it had occurred in which power immediately and unequivocally devolved on them; why, then, the exercise of it—which, if ever, must then have been legitimate—committed to them? But if they were at hypocritical slaves, what base, unprincipled, must those have been, who were at the moment flattering the gross and pitiable ignorance of the people, by declaring their sovereignty over them, while they were juggling them out of the exercise of it. We delight, we confess, in placing these gamblers in the ignorant passions of the multitude between the horns of a dilemma. Here there was no shuffling, no getting out of the scrape. Their proud words have been brought to the test, and they have stamped FALSEHOOD on their own brows. The high-sounding, all-promising philosophy of modern liberalism proved so completely to be a cheat and a cheat. But, perhaps, such words as *sovereignty of the people*, &c. are not to be understood literally; they may have a double meaning; one for the initiated, and another for the populace, whose passions are to be exploited. Truly we believe our mingled abhorrence and contempt is increased! Certainly this double meaning was fully revealed, its literal signification was made manifest by the result of the Three Days; the people were deceived and they were cozened. Louis Philippe imposed upon the nation, was juggled into power, without the will or consent of any party; of the conspiracy, of which he himself was the centre. There let him remain. We have no wish to know the means by which he acquired power should be made insecure; but we must nevertheless furnish details, which Mons. Sarrans has given us of the conspiracy, and of the hypocritical, deeply-dissembling conduct of its head, during the fifteen years of the Restoration.

It is not generally known, we believe, to what extent the present King of the French was bound by obligation to the dynasty whose throne he occupies. Be it known, then, that the imperial property which Napoleon had rescued from the national confiscation reverted, on the Restoration, to the crown; that the Duke of Orleans, on his return to France, had no right or title to it whatever; that his early Jacobanism and active participation in the revolution which had brought Louis XVI. to the scaffold, to say nothing of his father's immediacy in that act of atrocious wickedness, made the restitution of it an act of magnanimity, which he seems not to have expected. Louis XVIII., however, did not wait to be solicited, but at once

freely conferred it on him as an *appanage*. Mons. Sarrans describes the expression of gratitude of the Duke, and of the warmth of his devotion at this unexampled act of munificence, to have been profuse, and Monsieur de Sarrans' sources of information are unquestionable. Again, Charles X. turns this *appanage* into personal property to the Duke and to his heirs-male for ever, although he was obliged to overcome the opposition of the Chambers, and to make the carrying of this point a matter, as he expressed it to them, of personal interest to himself. Again, the Duke of Orleans had long desired most ardently to change his title of serene highness into royal highness. This Louis XVIII. had always refused; but Charles granted it to him. Nothing, he thought, was too much to repay the devotion and affection of his cousin of Orleans; and, indeed, from the warmth of his expressions of homage and gratitude, it was hardly possible to doubt of the reality of these sentiments. "You should have seen," says the author of the history of the Restoration, "his serene highness, at a royal banquet, put his hand to his heart at every toast of the King, to Madame, to the Dukes of Angoulême and Berri; many times during the dinner he would cry out *Vive le Roi*, as if overcome by a sentiment which could not wait for the moment of *etiquette* to express itself." Indeed these manifestations of the warmest loyalty were so frequent and profound, that they seem to have lulled the royal family, in spite of some circumstances which ought to have excited more than suspicion, into the most entire confidence on their affectionate cousin, which continued up to the last moment. Now let us see how this affectionate cousin was seriously engaged. His house, his palace, the gift of his King, was the rendezvous of all the discontented of all the opponents of the government. Under the pretext and mask of a love of literature and the arts, he collected about him all who hated and meditated day and night the overthrow of his royal benefactors. Nay, more than this, he heard them quietly with acquiescence, with approbation, with encouragement, discuss the bringing about of a Revolution, similar to that of the expulsion of James II. from England, in which he himself was to enact the part of William III. Now if there was nothing but this fact, undeniable and undenied by all parties, against Philippe of Orleans, it would stamp him as the most traitorous hypocrite that ever lived. Overwhelmed with benefits by his sovereign, and flattering and fawning upon him with all the affected sensibility of gratitude and devotion, he is at the same time giving ear to, and smiling upon, projects which are to overthrow his government, and raise himself to his throne. How mean, cowardly, and treacherous! We lose sight of the greatness of the object of ambition, in amazement at the littleness and dirtiness of the animal who is wriggling towards it. If this man has on his head the crown of a king, he has in his carcass the soul of a Judas! But let us hear Mons. Sarrans: "From that time," says he, (this was immediately after the second restoration,) "Louis Philippe became the centre, around which the new school of the Revolution of 1688 converged; all the historical analogies which approached this period were examined and compared in the presence of his Serene Highness, who com-

V.

A THOUGHT OF THE SEA.

Dearest memories to thy shores are bound—
 solemn shores—thou ever-chanting Main!
 At rich sunsets, kindling thought profound
 My lone being, made thy restless plain
 The vast shining floor of some dread fane,
 As if with glass and fire! Yet oh, blue Deep!
 That no trace of human hearts dost keep,
 Ere to thee did Love, with silvery chain,
 My soul's dream, which through all nature
 I sought
 At waves deny,—some bower for *steadfast*
 Bliss:
 Ere, to twine with fancy, feeling, thought,
 With sweet flowers. But chasten'd hope for
 this
 Turns from Earth's green valleys, as from
 thee
 To sole, changeless World where "there is no
 more Sea."

VI.

THE Distant SOUND OF THE SEA AT EVENING.

Calling far up some green mountain-dale,
 Let me hear, as oft-times I have heard,
 How swell, thou Deep! when eve calls home the
 bird,
 How fills the wood; when summer tints grow pale,
 How rough the gathering of a dewy veil;
 How peasant-steps are hastening to repose;
 How gleaming flocks lie down, and flower-cups
 glow,
 How fast whisper of the falling gale.
 Ah, midst the dying of all other sound,
 How in the soul hears thy distant voice profound.
 How worshipping, and knows that through the
 night
 How all worship still, *then* most its anthem-tone
 Asks to our being of the Eternal One
 How birds tired Nature with unslumbering might!

VII.

THE RIVER CLWYD, IN NORTH WALES.

Dear old Clwyd River! with slow music gliding
 Through pastoral hills, old woods, and ruin'd towers;
 Amidst thy reeds and golden willows hiding,
 How gleaming forth by some rich bank of flow-
 ers,—
 How flow'd the current of my life's clear hours
 With thine, whose voice yet haunts my
 dream,
 How through time, and change, and other mightier
 powers,
 How in thy side have borne me. Thou, smooth
 stream,
 How winding still thy sunny meads along,
 How murmuring to cottage and gray hall thy song—
 How sweet, unchanged. My being's tide hath
 pass'd

Through rocks and storms; yet will I not com-
 plain,
 If thus wrought free and pure from earthly stain,
 Brightly its waves may reach their parent-deep at
 last.

VIII.

ORCHARD BLOSSOMS.

Doth thy heart stir within thee at the sight
 Of orchard blooms upon the mossy bough?
 Doth their sweet household smile waft back the
 glow
 Of childhood's morn?—the marvel, the delight—
 In earth's new colouring, then all strangely bright—
 A joy of fairy-land? Doth some old nook,
 Haunted by visions of thy first loved book,
 Rise on thy soul, with faint-streak'd blossom white
 Shower'd o'er the turf, and the lone primrose-knot,
 And robin's nest, still faithful to the spot,
 And the bee's dreamy chime?—Oh, gentle friend!
 The *World's* cold breath, not *Time's*, this life be-
 reaves
 Of vernal gifts;—Time hallows what he leaves,
 And will for *us* endear spring-memories to the end.

IX.

TO A DISTANT SCENE.

(A Woody Dingle in North Wales.)

Still are the cowslips from thy bosom springing,
 O far-off grassy dell! And dost thou see,
 When southern winds first wake the vernal singing,
 The star-gleam of the wood-anemone?
 Doth thy shy ring-dove haunt thee still?—the bee
 Hang on thy flowers, as when I breathed farewell
 To their wild blooms? and around thy beechen tree
 Still, in rich softness, doth the moss-bank swell?—
 Oh, strange illusion, by the fond heart wrought,
 Whose own warm life suffuses Nature's face!
 My being's tide of many-coloured thought
 Hath pass'd from thee; and now, green, flowery
 place,
 I paint thee oft, scarce consciously, a scene
 Silent, forsaken, dim—shadow'd by what hath been.

From *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*.

MRS. SIDDONS.*

Part I.

MRS. SIDDONS was the daughter of Roger Kemble, the manager of a theatrical company that performed chiefly in the midland and the western towns of England, and of Sarah Ward, whose father was also a strolling manager. "I remember," says Mr. Campbell, "having seen the parents of the great actress in their old age. They were both of them tall and comely personages. The mother had a somewhat austere

* Life of Mrs. Siddons, by Thomas Campbell. Effingham Wilson. London: 1834.

stateliness of manner, but it seems to have been from her that the family inherited their genius and force of character. Her voice had much of the emphasis of her daughter's; and her portrait, which long graced Mrs. Siddons's drawingroom, had an intellectual expression of the strongest power; she gave you the idea of a Roman matron. The father had all the suavity of the old school of gentlemen. Persons who cannot for a moment disjoin the idea of human dignity from that of station, will perhaps be surprised that I should speak of the dignified manners of a pair who lived by the humble vocation which I have mentioned. It is nevertheless true, that the presence and demeanour of this couple might have graced a court; and though their relationship to Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble of course enhanced the interest which their venerable appearance commanded, yet I have been assured by those who knew them long before their children became illustrious, that in their humblest circumstances they always sustained an entire respectability. There are some individuals whom no circumstances can render vulgar, and Mr. and Mrs. Kemble were of this description. Besides, in spite of all our prejudices against the players' vocation, irreproachable personal character will always find its level in the general esteem."

Mr. Roger Kemble being, like his ancestors, a Catholic, whilst his wife was a Protestant, it was arranged that their sons should be bred in the Catholic faith, and the daughters in that of their mother. They had twelve children, of whom four died young; but three sons and five daughters arrived at adult years—and they almost all chose the profession of their parents, though Mr. Campbell says, "I have no doubt that Mr. and Mrs. Roger Kemble were anxious to prevent their children from becoming actors, and that they sought out other means of providing for them; but they made this attempt too late, that is, after their offspring had been accustomed to theatrical joyousness. For parents who are players themselves, it is hardly possible to keep their children from following the same life. The conversations—the readings—the books of the family—the learning of the parts—the rehearsals at home—the gaiety diffused by the getting up of comic characters before they are acted—and the imposing dignity of tragic characters—the company—every thing, indeed, which the children of play-acting parents hear and see, has a tendency to make them more prone to the stage than to any other such plodding and drudging occupations as the most of them would be otherwise destined to pursue."

Sarah was born at Brecon, July 5th, 1755, in a public-house called the Shoulder of Mutton—and a friend of Mr. Campbell has given us a drawing and description of it, as he remembers seeing it stand of old, with its gable front, projecting upper floors, and a rich well-fed shoulder of mutton temptingly painted over the door. The Shoulder of Mutton being situated in the centre of Brecon, was much resorted to by the neighbouring inhabitants of the borough; and Mr. Kemble, we are told, was neither an unwilling nor an unwelcome member of their jolly associations. He was, says Mr. Campbell's correspondent, "a man of respectable family, and of some small hereditary property in Herefordshire, and having married the daughter of a provincial manager, he received a com-

pany of strolling actors, and a manager h
lic-houses, and from t
language here employed, one m
ger Kemble had been the lan
Mutton. Yet that could hardly be the case, as he was an actor before his marriage, and married Miss Ward against her father's will. Manager Ward disapproved of his daughter marrying an actor, and when he found that her union with Kemble was inevitable, he was with difficulty persuaded to speak to her. He then forgave her, with all the bitterness of his heart, crying, "Sarah, you have not disobeyed me; I told you never to marry an actor, and you have married a man who neither is nor ever can be an actor." Even in this judgment Sarah disagreed with her father—for she alleged "that her husband was an unparalleled Falstaff."

Sarah Kemble shewed herself for the first time on the stage when a mere child—and was about to retire in a fright, on account of the uproar among a fastidious barn-audience offended at her infantile appearance—when her mother led her to the front of the stage, and made her repeat the fable of the "Boys and the Frogs," which not only appeased the pit, but produced thunders of applause, so that she was a successful *débutante*. At thirteen she was the heroine in several English operas, and sang tolerably—at that period occasionally warbling between the acts. She used then, too, to be Ariel in the *Tempest*—and must have been a beautiful creature of the element.

When she was about seventeen, Mr. Siddons, an actor in her father's company, wooed and won her, much to the dissatisfaction of her father, who played over again the part of old Ward. The lover had been bred to business in Birmingham, but being handsome and active, and not without versatile talents for the stage, as his range of characters extended from Hamlet to Harlequin, he had gained provincial popularity before Sarah Kemble's heart.

The people of Brecon, suspecting that her parents were not giving the lovers fair play, took a warm interest in their attachment—and Mr. Siddons, being jealous of a certain opulent squire named Evans, causelessly as it appeared, for his supposed rival "died an insolvent bachelor," made an appeal to the people of Brecon on the hardship of his case, at his benefit, which was a bumper. He had, in consequence of some "impetuous language" to Mr. Kemble, received his dismissal from the company—but having been injudiciously allowed a parting benefit, at the conclusion of the entertainments, in which we are told whether he performed Hamlet or Harlequin—probably both—he sung a song of his own composition, describing the pangs of his own attachment, the coldness of Miss Kemble, and the perfidy of her parents—in strains which, Mr. Campbell observes, "do so remarkable credit either to his delicacy or poetical genius."

"Ye ladies of Brecon, whose hearts ever feel
For wrongs like to this I'm about to reveal:
Excuse the first product, nor pass unregarded
The complaints of poor Colin, a lover discarded.

"When first on the shore of fair Cambria he trod,
His devotion was paid to the blind little god,

aid and assistance each day he'd implore
at him his Phyllis—he wanted no more.

And seem'd to threaten, each bar was removed:
her, though silent, with silence approved:
other at last, bestow'd her assent,
Phyllis seem'd pleased, and Colin content.

As he thought, in a treasure so dear,
no duke, lord, nor squire, had he reason to fear;
but strange the reverse to all things brought
out,
and last undersign'd has poor Colin thrown out.

For fame, who we all are inform'd is a liar,
and of late that a wealthy young squire
received from the fair an invincible dart,
Robin, sweet Robin, had thrill'd through his
heart.

Length the report reach'd the ears of his flame,
and nature he fear'd from the source whence it
came;
acquainted her ma'a, who, her ends to obtain,
sought to drive poor Colin from the plain.

Easily turn'd, she her project pursued,
and art of the shepherd was instantly view'd;
the charms of three hundred a-year, some say
more,
never find out a thousand she ne'er saw before.

Colin, whose fame bids all slander defiance,
not help being moved at their talk'd-of alliance;
means so alluring, so tempting the bait,
Colin consider'd, and dreaded his fate.

Still on his Phyllis his hopes were all placed,
her vows were so firm they could ne'er be ef-
fected;
on she convinced him 'twas all a mere joke,
and his rose up, and her vows were all broke.

Ladies, avoid one indelible stain,
and me, I beg, if my verse is too plain;
guilt is the devil, as has long been confess'd;
and a heart like poor Colin's must ever detest.

Your pardon he begs, as your pity he might,
and 'tis confess'd you have shewn it to-night;
and merits, though small, you have amply reward-
ed,
except the poor thanks of a lover discarded."

His effusion was received with the most tumultu-
ous applause; and though Mr. Campbell does not say
there can be no doubt that it was over and over
encored; but "the course of true love never
runs smooth," and Colin, after his oft-repeated last
with that clamorous sympathy yet discordantly
ringing in his ears, and all that waving of handker-
chiefs yet dingily whitening before his eyes, on retir-
ing to the green-room, was met by the stately mo-
tion of Miss Kemble, who, with her "characteristic
glance," pitched into him, till by a consecutive series
of ill-planted facers and nobbers, she made his op-
erated his auricles familiar with a species of thun-

der and lightning far beyond the art of the property-
man to produce. But after a storm comes a calm.
The feud was healed, Colin cured of his jealousy,
Phyllis found to be faithful, and after a year's resi-
dence of the lovely shepherdess in the family of Mrs.
Greathead, of Guy's Cliff, Warwickshire, "where
her station was humble, but not servile," her principal
employment being to read to the old gentleman, who
left a highly accomplished son (then a mere boy,) who
"took an interest in the great actress that lasted
for life," the lovers were married at Trinity Church,
Coventry, November 26, 1773, and on the 4th of Oc-
tober following, their eldest son, Henry, was born at
Wolverhampton.

In the course of the year 1774, Mr. and Mrs. Sid-
dons were both engaged to act at Cheltenham; which,
says Mr. Campbell, though now an opulent and con-
siderable town, consisted in those days of only one
tolerable street, through the middle of which ran a
clear stream of water, with stepping-stones that serv-
ed as a bridge, and it must have been a pretty place.
Here an interesting incident occurred, which must
have had no small influence on the life of this illus-
trious woman.

"At that time, the Honourable Miss Boyle, the on-
ly daughter of Lord Dungarvon, a most accomplished
woman, and authoress of several pleasing poems, one
of which, 'An Ode to the Poppy,' was published by
Charlotte Smith, happened to be at Cheltenham. She
had come, accompanied by her mother, and her mo-
ther's second husband, the Earl of Aylesbury. One
morning that she and some other fashionables went to
the box-keeper's office, they were told that the tra-
gedy to be performed that evening was 'Venice Pre-
served.' They all laughed heartily, and promised
themselves a treat of the ludicrous, in the misrep-
resentation of the piece. Some one who overheard
their mirth kindly reported it to Mrs. Siddons. She
had the part of *Belvidera* allotted to her, and prepar-
ed for the performance of it with no very enviable
feelings. It may be doubted, indeed, whether Otway
had imagined in *Belvidera* a personage more to be
pitied than her representative now thought herself.
'The rabble, in 'Venice Preserved,' shewed compas-
sion for the heroine, and, when they saw her feather-
bed put up to auction, *'governed their roaring
throats, and grumbled pity.'* But our actress antici-
pated refined scorers, more pitiless than the rabble;
and the prospect was certainly calculated to prepare
her more for the madness than the dignity of her part.
In spite of much agitation, however, she got through
it. About the middle of the piece she heard some
unusual and apparently suppressed noises, and there-
fore concluded that the fashionables were in the full
enjoyment of their anticipated amusement, tittering
and laughing, as she thought, with unmerciful deri-
sion. She went home after the play, grievously
mortified. Next day, however, Mr. Siddons met in
the street with Lord Aylesbury, who inquired after
Mrs. Siddons's health, and expressed not only his
own admiration of her last night's exquisite acting,
but related its effects on the ladies of his party. They
had wept, he said, so excessively, that they were un-
presentable in the morning, and were confined to
their rooms with headaches. Mr. Siddons hastened
home to gladden his fair spouse with this intelligence.

"wooden O." Yet is she a magician, and, at the waving of her wand, our imaginations are peopled with beautiful and majestic creations of a nature kindred to our own. The poet Gray was, like Campbell, a great admirer of Southerne. But modern criticism has discovered that the *Elegy in a Country Church-yard* is but a poor performance! Scattered in attempting, in imitation of the elder dramatists, comic intermixtures with tragic matter, and, in its original state, there was in the *Fatal Marriage* a complete and comic underplot. In tragedy some such scenes may perhaps be permitted for the sake of relief, but they should never be farcical or outrageously humorous, and we know what happened to the old dramatists in their imitation of Shakspeare. The comic underplot which Southerne threw in, "in compliance with the grotesque taste of the time," has been cut off; and "the small critics, wielding their delicate pens," who accuse "*Isabella*" of being oppressed by heavy and confused incidents, speak utter nonsense. Neither is the main incident unfit for the tragic drama, as has been weakly said—harrowing, indeed it is, but in Southerne, it is not shocking or repulsive—and the character of *Isabella* sustains the dreadful trial with a dignified, though agonizing distress. Mr. Campbell says nobly, "the deeply affecting story has an air of fatalism, that always reminds me of the Greek stage. Perhaps in all powerful tragedies this air is to be traced. It is a cold dramatic achievement to shew us only the ordinary and necessary connexion between the passions and the misfortunes of our species. The poetic invention that affects us to the deepest degree, is that which teaches us by what surprising coincidences the passions of the bad may work more misery than even they themselves intend; and how the shafts of cruelty may strike the innocent with more than their natural force, coming like arrows impelled by the wind."

All her provincial fame, bright as it had been for years, could not dispel from the heart of Mrs. Siddons the most oppressive fears of a second failure on the London boards. She remembered how she had been *but merely tolerated*, and then let take her unregretted departure into the shades of oblivion. She who was about to enter on her rule over all hearts, and to remain for ever sole sovereign queen of the passions, trembled like a slave. How affecting, and in triumph how humble, her account of her first appearance!

"For a whole fortnight before this (to me) memorable day, I suffered from nervous agitation more than can be imagined. No wonder! for my own fate, and that of my little family, hung upon it. I had quitted Bath, where all my efforts had been successful, and I feared lest a second failure in London might influence the public mind greatly to my prejudice, in the event of my return from Drury Lane, disgraced as I formerly had been. In due time I was summoned to the rehearsal of '*Isabella*.' Who can imagine my terror? I feared to utter a sound above an audible whisper; but by degrees enthusiasm cheered me into a forgetfulness of my fears, and I unconsciously threw out my voice, which failed not to be heard in the remotest part of the house, by a friend who kindly undertook to ascertain the happy circum-

stance. The

flattering

boldened;

and was even

King, who

planned. This

October, 1782,

and on the evening

of the 10th,

with a nervous

hoarseness, which

showed me

very earnestly

did, at least to

know the voice

went to bed,

therefore, in a

state of dreadful

surprise.

The next

morning, however,

though as if

refreshing sleep,

I found, upon

awakening,

and, that my

voice was very

much cleared.

This, of course,

was a great

comfort to me;

and, moreover,

the sun, which

had been

completely

obscured for

many days,

shone brightly

through the

curtains. I

hailed it, though

tearfully, yet

truly, as a

happy omen;

and even now

I am not

satisfied

of this (as it

may perhaps

be called) childish

superstition.

On the

morning of the

10th, my

voice was

most happily,

perfectly

restored; and

again, as

the

blest sun

shone

brightly on

me." On this

evening

day my

father

arrived to

comfort me,

and to be a

great

source

of

consolation

to me.

He

accompanied

me to my

dressing-

room at the

theatre. There

he left me;

and I

was

one of what

I call my

desperate

tranquillity,

which

usually

impresses

me under

terrible

circumstances.

There

completed

my dress,

to the

astonishment

of my

attendants,

without

uttering

one word,

though

my

sighing

most

profoundly.

"At

length I

was called

to my

fiery trial.

I

found

my

venerable

father

behind

the

scenes,

little

less

agitated

than

myself.

The

awful

consciousness

that

one

is

the

sole

object

of

attention

to

that

inner

space,

lined

as

it

were

with

human

intellect

from

top

to

bottom,

and

all

around,

may

perhaps

be

imagined,

but

can

never

be

described,

and

by

me

can

never

be

forgotten.

"Of

the

general

effect

of

this

night's

performance

I

need

not

speak:

it

has

already

been

publicly

re-

corded.

I

reached

my

own

quiet

fireside,

on

retir-

ing

from

the

scene

of

reiterated

shouts

and

plaudits.

I

was

half

dead;

and

my

joy

and

thankfulness

were

of

too

solemn

and

overpowering

a

nature

to

admit

of

words,

or

even

tears.

My

father,

my

husband,

and

myself,

sat

down

to

a

frugal

neat

supper,

in

a

silence

un-

interrupted,

except

by

exclamations

of

gladness

from

Mr.

Siddons.

My

father

enjoyed

his

refresh-

ments;

but

occasionally

stopped

short,

and,

laying

down

his

knife

and

fork,

lifting

up

his

venerable

face,

and

throwing

back

his

silver

hair,

gave

way

to

tokens

—room. It is impossible to conceive my gratification when I saw my own figure in the self-same mirror which had so often reflected the face and form of an unequalled genius; not perhaps without some fanciful hope of a little degree of inspiration.

About this time I was honoured by the body of the Law with a present of a purse of three hundred guineas."

Siddons performed *Isabella* eight times between the 10th and 30th of October, and poor Mrs. Siddons suffered more than a partial eclipse.

In *Euphrasia* in the "Grecian Daughter," with the aid of her own powerful acting, she still maintained a degree of rivalry with Mrs. Siddons—but it was a resemblance—and her friends complained in

"of the infatuated attention that was paid to the rising actress." The friends of the rising actress had no temptation to retort—for there she stood before them "in the blaze of her fame." Mr.

with a fine enthusiasm which age could not thus write, forty years after the event:—

"I struck even prejudice with astonishment, from the number of her requisites. So full a measure had not fallen to the lot of any one daughter of the

Mrs. Yates was majestic; Mrs. Crawford; Miss Younge enthusiastic. The voice of the first was melodious; that of the second harsh; the third tremulous. As to features, Mrs.

was after the antique, but she had little flexibility. Mrs. Crawford was even handsome, but the

expression of her countenance was rather satirical. Miss Younge, the features wanted prominence

in the nose, and the eye had little colour. Yet sensibility impressed her countenance, and lifted plainness into consequence and interest.

In the style of action they differed considerably: Mrs. Yates studied to be useful; Mrs. Crawford was vehement—and then

arms went from side to side, struck the bosom with violence in bursts of passion, and took all fair

advantages of her personal attractions; Miss Younge acquired the temperance in action which Shak-

espeare recommends, and in every motion was correct, refined, delicate and persuasive.

Their rivalry was valuable in their respective requisites, and more than all; her mental power seemed

of a firmer texture, her studies to have been regular, and partaking less of what may be termed

professional habits. The eye of Mrs. Siddons was an incontestable distinction; no rival could pretend to

like her."

The next character was *Euphrasia*, in Murphy's "Grecian Daughter"—a play which one of the news-

critics of that day—so inferior to those of this, are often men of the finest talents, as in the

actor, *Examiner*, and *Atlas*—denominated "an abortion of *Melpomene*." It is no abortion, but a

born birth, though not of celestial conception. "It," says Mr. Campbell, with his characteristic

"a tolerable tragedy in all but the words." The words are often far from being much amiss,

Murphy was a scholar. But its merit, which is tolerable, we agree with our critic, "is that of

best pantomimes and melodramas." The incidents and situations are well arranged for effect—

being striking or impressive is always moving, the eye—and powerful appeals may be made

in it by a great performer to the best feelings of our nature. No wonder that Mrs. Siddons shone in *Euphrasia*. She possessed, beyond all others, that power of putting poetry into action, where there is little

or none of it on the author's page, which Mr. Campbell thinks worthy of better discussion than he can

bring to it, but which needs no discussion at all. He has thrown more light on it by one poetical image

than a score of metaphysicians could by as many tomes. "It is not more certain that the Northern

Lights can play upon ice, than that electrifying acting has often irradiated dramas very frigid to the

reader." Glorious words do of themselves awaken transports—add glorious acting as they issue from

glorious lips—and then the whole divinity burns within us—as when Siddons speaks, and looks, and

moves as a creation of Shakspeare's. But she even could speak, look, and move Murphy—till by the added grandeur he grew sublime.

He was Murphy no more—and all hearts were shaken—all eyes wept. There is no mystery in the affair—if you still think

there is, Mr. Campbell himself enlightens it. "The greatest acting, it is true, cannot 'create a soul under

the ribs of death,' nor reconcile us to false or insipid views of human nature. A tragedy, to affect

us by the best possible acting, must assuredly have some leading conceptions of grandeur, some general

outlines of affecting character and situation. Nevertheless, it is astonishing how faint and general those

outlines may be, and yet enable, or rather permit, the great artist to fill up what he finds a comparative

blank into a glowing picture. Mrs. Siddons did this in the "Grecian Daughter;" and so did Fanny Kem-

ble. Mr. Campbell, in illustrating the subject, which he seems to think he cannot fitly discuss, asks,

"What is the 'Cato' of Addison to our perusal; and yet how nobly John Kemble performed its hero!"

With all admiration of our friend, we answer—the "Cato" of Addison is much even in perusal. The

language may be rather too stilted—but it is classical, and not seldom in itself stately; the sentiments

are always dignified, and often noble; and surely the situations in spite of the objections, acutely urged by

Dennis, are impressive and affecting to a high degree, so that Addison's *Cato* is no bad Stoic. John

Kemble looked him to perfection, all high associations were gathered round that heroic mould, power

so incorporated was felt to be something more majestic than Addison had genius to imagine; but

still there is power on the silent page, and "Cato" elevates the mind even in perusal, if not "above the

smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth," to our thinking, at least, up among its more elevated

regions and purer atmosphere. We have no objections to what Mr. Campbell says of Murphy, "Shak-

speare's plays would continue to be read if there was not a theatre in existence; whereas, if poor Murphy,

as a tragedian, were banished from the stage to the library, it may be said, in the fullest sense of the

phrase, that he would be laid on the shelf." But Addison must not be laid by his side in that "sleep that

knows no waking;" for there is vitality in "Cato," and we object to any man's being buried alive. Yet

in playing *Euphrasia*, Mrs. Siddons increased her reputation. She seemed not merely to act the character, but to create it. Mr. Campbell says finely,

ords were pronounced with thrilling
as when Mrs. Siddons uttered that

forsaken, Royal little ones!"

in *Jane Shore* would have baffled
pencil, for it was a succession of
ges. Her eagle eyes, obedient to
parted with its lustre, and, though
tless and bewildered; but resumed
rfully, when '*with life's last spark*
expired,' she turned to her hus-
the heart-piercing words,

me!—but forgive me!"

be doing justice to Mr. Boaden
y that his remarks on the play and
ough not written with the same
t as truthful, and altogether conge-
criticism. Thus—"So highly in-
thor and his great actress worked
s imagination, that when tyranny
engeance, and its ministers were
e her perish for want, an involun-
ame over the mind that the fate
nd that the very stones would be-
r than that a hair of that beauteous
n." And again, when she is perish-

The appearance of Mrs. Siddons at
ed pity, but not disgust; there was
may be called the silent cant of
seemed enfeebled, and her fea-
prominent; her eye, ever obedient
arted with its brilliancy, and every
be summed up in *caution*, when it
und, to make sure that the appeal
ould not injure that dear friend,
pected to receive it. There was,

such a permanent property as a
theatres, and the proscenium be-
when *Shore* was pushed from the
ned round and staggered till sup-
projection behind her. Here was
ull in the eye of the pit, and Mrs.
amazing value of it. The entrance
nad, or only sensible enough for
nd to all rational feeling, and is a
upon the character of *Shore*. It
aws to a close, and some amends
nterview with her husband. The
ithos here abound, and are wound
fecting line that expiring frailty
to the ear of an injured being—
forgive me!" I well remember the
among the tenderer part of her
se tears which manhood at first
ress, but at length grew proud of
hen, indeed, knew all the luxury
erves of many a gentle being gave
ensity of such appeals; and faint-
frequent alarmed the decorum of
almost to suffocation."

November, Mrs. Siddons appeared
s *Calista* in "The Fair Penitent."
d the play for thirty years; never
in it, and cannot, by rubbing our

forehead, burnish up our memory of it into a distinct
drama. The character of *Calista* gave, says Mr.
Campbell, "a new modification to that passion of
pride which she was unparalleled in expressing;"
but while he admires the power shewn in the play,
and the knowledge, too, of woman's heart, he con-
fesses that *Calista* is "not perhaps a fair penitent
for the stage, though a strong picture of unfortunate
human nature." He says, what all must feel, or have
felt, "that the exposure of a frail woman's dishonour
seems a bad tragic subject to set out with. Her er-
rors are not, like those of *Jane Shore* herself, hid
from us by the conception of their remote occurrence,
but are blazoned in fresh discovery. The mind re-
coils from the reception of a proud and beautiful
female upon the stage, being prepared by the descrip-
tion which her betrayer gives of the scene and cir-
cumstances of her seduction." Nothing can be more
utterly disgusting; and though the play is one of
great power, and "the protracted martyrdom of *Ca-*
lista very affecting," we return for relief to the Sid-
dons in *Belvidera* in "Venice Preserved," a tragedy
of which Mr. Campbell says, "it so constantly com-
mands the tears of audiences that it would be a work
of supererogation for me to extol its tenderness."
Hear this, ye shallow-pates, who pretend to despise
Otway! Hear one of the greatest of our poets de-
clare that "*Belvidera* might rank among Shaks-
peare's creations"—that "Venice Preserved is as
full as a tragedy can be of all the pathos that is
transfusable into action." True, as he says, that as
Otway first painted him, *Pierre* is a miserable con-
spirator, impelled to treason by the love of a courte-
zan, and his jealousy of *Antonio*. But his character,
as it now comes forward, is a mixture of patriotism
and of excusable misanthropy. Until the middle of
the last century, the ghosts of *Jaffier* and *Pierre* used
to come in upon the stage, haunting *Belvidera* in her
last agonies, which, God knows! exclaims our noble
poet and critic, require no aggravation from spectoral
agency! The alterations of "Venice Preserved,"
have redeemed it, he says, as a public spectacle, and
as a work of taste; and of his short critique, how
exquisite the close! "Never were beauties and
faults more easily separable than those of this trage-
dy. The former, in its purification for the stage, came
off like dirt from a fine statue, taking away nothing
from its symmetrical surface, and leaving us only to
wonder how the author himself should have soiled
it with such disfigurements." Mr. Campbell tells
us, that when he saw Mrs. Siddons perform *Belvide-*
ra, she was in the autumn of her beauty, large, au-
gust, and matronly, and that he may have judged of
her unspiritually, and too much by externals, so that
he could have conceived another actress to have
played the part more perfectly. So was it with our-
selves. But when she was young, there were, he
says, no two opinions about her perfection in the part.
She was beautiful to the last; but, "Oh! the days
when she was young!" Majesty must then have
mingled with loveliness, wisdom with majesty, as if
Juno, Minerva, and Venice had all met in one divine
human face and form—a goddess indeed. We re-
member a passage in Boaden, though we cannot turn
to it, where he says, that they who have but witnessed
the force retained in her decline, cannot conceive the

exquisite tenderness which she breathed in youth. Her genius was latterly so devoted to characters of power and majesty, that they who first saw her then, doubted if she could ever have been as mighty a mistress of the pathetic. *Lady Macbeth* and *Queen Catharine*, and *Constance*, and *Volumnia*, effaced the recollections of *Isabella*, *Jane Shore*, *Belvidera*, and *Euphrasia*; as well might they efface the tenderest records ever written on human hearts. But in her earliest seasons pathos prevailed; voice, eyes, lips, looks, figure, motion, all were then softly beautiful at will; and she stood "pouring out sorrows like a sea." Grief and pity seemed sometimes the sole emotions of humanity, and melting bosoms knew of no other tribute to pay to her genius but unmeasured tears. Even the O'Neil herself, one of the loveliest of God's creatures, was not such a *Belvidera*.

In *Zara*, in the "Morning Bride" of Congreve, she appeared for her second benefit, March 18, 1783, and Godwin, to an expression of Mr. Campbell's wonder, "how any powers of acting could throw magnificence around a character so vicious, so selfish, and so hateful, (strong words, my dear sir,) as *Zara*"—and to a question, "how the part of *Almeria*, who indeed ought to be the heroine of the tragedy (oh no!) had affected him," replied, "I recollect nothing about the acting of *Almeria*; for the disdain and indignation of the Siddons, in *Zara*, engrossed all attention, and swept away the possibility of interest in any thing else. Her magnificence in the part was inexpressible. It was worth the trouble of a day's journey to see her but walk down the stage. Her *Zara* was not inferior even to her *Lady Macbeth*." In the same conversation, the author of *Caleb Williams* spoke fervidly of Garrick; but said, "that, in spite of Garrick's superior versatility, Mrs. Siddons shewed at times conceptions of her characters, which he thought more sublime than any thing even in Garrick's acting."

Mr. Galt, in his "Lives of the Players," which he says in the preface, is among the most amusing books in the language," after alluding to the presence of the court at each of her characters during the first season, and her being afterwards appointed reading preceptress to the princesses, says, that "the greatest compliment, however, was paid in the justness of sentiment with which she was uniformly regarded; calm admiration, and anxiety, with the profoundest sympathy, were her constant attendants. Those paroxysms of rapture, with which the vulgar and fantastical idolize some kinds of theatrical talent, are proofs rather of its mediocrity, than of excellence. Judicious admiration is a quiet feeling, and the correctness of taste with which this gifted lady was throughout regarded, was something akin to the calm delight with which the works of Shakspeare and Milton are studied and enjoyed." There is much truth in the observation, but it must be taken with some limitations and corrections, to be entirely true. Mrs. Siddons herself, in her *Recollections*, records various instances of the mania which she inspired; and one, especially amusing, which is described in *Cumberland's Observer*. Miss Monkton, a fashionable, (afterwards Lady Cork,) invited her to her house to meet only half-a-dozen mutual friends, on a Sunday evening, but the astonished Siddons

had to face "the sudden influx of such a people as I had never before seen collected at a private house. It counteracted every attempt that could make for escape. I was therefore in a state of indescribable mortification, to sit down till I knew not what hour in the morning for hours before my departure, the room I was so painfully crowded, that the people absolutely sat on the chairs, round the walls, that they might get over their neighbours' heads to stare at me in the morning, though she had given orders not to be disturbed, her servant could not hinder the intrusion of a person of very high rank; "a tall, elegant looking person," with a tail of four, who, like the domestic lioness, with a most inveterate twang and unintelligible dialect, with wonderful effect—"You must think it strange to see me intrude in this manner upon your privacy. I must know I am in a very delicate state of health, and my physician won't let me go to the theatre to see you, so I am come to look at you here." In the evening, down sat her grace, stared for some time, and then, grieved, and retired with her appendage. "I could not find no humour to overlook such insolence, and I must depart in silence." But all such vulgar and unbecoming conduct from persons in their own belief the sole objects of homage must have been trifles to one who received homage from the truly great, and the respect of royalty.

"I cannot now remember the regular order of my various characters during this my first season, 1782-3. I think *Belvidera* came soon after *Zara*, who almost precluded the appearance of *Almeria* for a very long time; but I well remember the tears and ready tears on each subsequent effort should fall from my high exaltation. They collected about my carriage, at my outgoing, and the gratifying and sometime remarks I heard on those occasions, were extremely diverting. The royal family very frequently attended me with their presence. The king was moved to tears, and the queen at one time, in her gracious manner and broken English, her only refuge was actually turning her back on the stage, at the same time protesting that she was 'indeed too disagreeable.' In short, I prospered on most prosperously; and, to complete my triumph, I had the honour to receive the commands of their majesties to go and read to them, which I did, both at Buckingham-house and at St. James's. Their majesties were the most gratifying of audiences, because the most unremittingly attentive. I was a most judicious and tasteful critic, both in prose and dramatic composition. He told me that he endeavoured, vainly, to detect me in a falsetto, and very humourously repeated many of my remarks. Smith's, who was then a principal actor, was particularly recommended the propriety of my total repose in certain situations. This, he said, is a quality in which Garrick excelled. 'He never could stand still—he was a great actor.'

"I do not exactly remember the time (I continue) that I was favoured with an invitation from Dr. Johnson, but I think it was during the height of my celebrity. The Doctor was then a confirmed invalid, and had requested my friend, Mr. V

persuade me to favour him by drinking tea with me, in Bolt Court. * * * * * The doctor spoke highly of Garrick's various powers of acting. When Mr. Windham and myself were discussing some point respecting Garrick, he said, "Madam, do not trouble yourself to convince Windham; he is the very bull-dog of argument, and will never lose his hold." Dr. Johnson's favourite female character in Shakspeare, was *Katharine*, in "Henry VIII." He was most desirous of seeing me in that play, but said, "I am too deaf and too blind to see & hear at a greater distance than the stage-box, and have little taste for making myself a public gaze in a distinguished situation." I assured him that nothing would gratify me so much as to have him for an auditor, and that I could procure for him an easy chair at the stage-door, where he would both see and hear, and be perfectly concealed. He appeared greatly pleased with this arrangement, but, unhappily for me, he did not live to fulfil our mutual wishes. Some weeks before he died, I made him some morning visits. He was extremely, though formally polite; always apologized for being unable to attend to my carriage; conducted me to the head of the stairs, kissed my hand, and bowing, said, "Dear madam, I am your most humble servant;" and these words were always repeated without the smallest variation.

"I was, as I have confessed, an ambitious candidate for fame, and my professional avocations alone, independently of domestic arrangements, were of some incompatible with habitual observance of parties and concerts, &c. I therefore often declined the honour of such invitations. As much of time as could now be stolen from imperative affairs was employed in sitting for various pictures. I had frequently the honour of dining with Sir Joshua Reynolds, in Leicester Square. At his house were assembled all the good, the wise, the talented, the rank and fashion of the age. About this time he produced a picture of me in the character of the Tragic Muse. In justice to his genius, I cannot but remark an instantaneous decision of the attitude and expression of the picture. It was, in fact, decided within the twinkling of an eye. When I attended him, for the first sitting, after more gratifying encomiums than I can now repeat, he took me by the hand, saying, "*Ascend your undisputed throne, and graciously bestow upon me some good idea of the Tragic Muse.*" I walked up the steps, and instantly adopted myself in the attitude in which the Tragic Muse now appears. This idea satisfied him so well, that without one moment's hesitation he determined not to alter it. When I attended him, for the last sitting, he seemed to be afraid of touching the picture; and, after pausingly contemplating his work, he said, "No, I will merely add a little more colour to the face." I then begged him to pardon my presumption in hoping that he would not heighten that hue of complexion so deeply accordant with the chilly and concentrated musings of pale melancholy. He most graciously complied with my petition; and, some time afterwards, when he invited me to go and see the picture finished, and in the frame, he did me the honour to thank me for persuading him to pause in heightening the colour, being now perfectly

convinced that it would have impaired the effect; adding, that he had been inexpressibly gratified by observing many persons strongly affected in contemplating this favourite effort of his pencil. I was delighted when he assured me that he was certain that the colours would remain unfaded as long as the canvass would keep them together, which, unhappily, has not been the case with all his works: he gallantly added, with his own benevolent smile, "And, to confirm my opinion, here is my name; for I have resolved to go down to posterity on the hem of your garment." Accordingly, it appears upon the border of the drapery. Here ended our interview; and, shortly afterwards, his precious life. Her gracious Majesty very soon procured my dear little boy admittance to the Charterhouse; and the King, who had been told that I used white paint (which I always detest,) sent me, by my friend Sir Charles Hotham, a condescending message, to warn me against its pernicious effects. I cannot imagine how I could be suspected of this disgusting practice.

"Sir Joshua often honoured me by his presence at the theatre. He approved very much of my costumes and of my hair without powder, which at that time was used in great profusion, with a reddish-brown tint, and a great quantity of pomatum, which, well kneaded together, modelled the fair ladies' tresses into large curls like demi-cannon. My locks were generally braided into a small compass, so as to ascertain the size and shape of my head, which, to a painter's eye, was of course an agreeable departure from the mode. My short waist, too, was to him a pleasing contrast to the long stiff stays and hoop petticoats, which were then the fashion, even on the stage, and it obtained his unequalled approbation. He always sat in the orchestra; and in that place were to be seen, O glorious constellation! Burke, Gibbon, Sheridan, Windham: and, though last, not least, the illustrious Fox, of whom it was frequently said, that iron tears were drawn down Pluto's gloomy cheeks. And these great men would often visit my dressing-room, after the play, to make their bows, and honour me with their applauses. I must repeat, O glorious days! Neither did his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales withhold this testimony of his approbation."

During the summer recess of 1784, Mrs. Siddons visited Edinburgh, and went through the fiery ordeal—or, in other words, the fiery furnace, of the most enlightened theatre in Europe. We need not say that not a hair of her head was singed—and that Melpomene was declared immaculate. The overheated houses, however, which she drew, caused an epidemic, which got the name of the Siddons' Fever; and though it seldom proved fatal, the faculty flourished, and were in a palmy state. The physicians owed her a token, Mr. Campbell hints, more immediately than the lawyers, from which we conclude the lawyers gave her one, after the example of their London brethren—though Scotland has never been celebrated for subscriptions. Proposals are issued, apparently with much national enthusiasm, but is cools on the people being requested for their names in autograph, and on the brink of delivery the dust expires. But let it be recorded, to the immortal honour of our native land, that the price of the pit

ticket was raised, during the engagement of the Siddons, to five shillings, without a national convulsion, while we believe the boxes rose in the same proportion. Her reception was worthy, says Mr. Campbell, "of a land already enlightened by Philosophy and the Muses." She would have produced a sensation in Otaheite or Kamschatka. But the old school of Edinburgh critics was far superior to the middle and the new, with Home and Mackenzie at its head, and inspired the public mind with its own taste and fervour. There were judges in those days of dramatic and theatrical genius—although it is manifest that even then the best Edinburgh audience must have been inferior to the worst London one that ever sat before the Siddons. Now we are in advance of the spirit of the age in ignorance and presumption, and believe that Kean trembled before us in *Richard, Shylock*, and *Othello*. The admiration of the Edinburgh audience, in the case of the Siddons, was sincere, like that of other savages; and without orders from their chiefs, they expressed it naturally in breathless silence and floods of tears. In calling them savages, we mean no offence, but a compliment. They surrendered themselves to the art of the enchantress, and were rapt in passion. But she had to put forth all her power to move a sluggish mass, which, when moved, heaved like a sea. "The grave attention," said she, in a conversation with Mr. Campbell, "of my Scottish countrymen, and their *canny* reservation of praise till they were sure she deserved it, had well nigh worn out her patience. She had been used to speak to animated clay; but she now felt as if she had been speaking to stones. Successive flashes of her elocution, that had always been sure to electrify the South, fell in vain on those northern flints. At last, as I well remember, she told me she coiled up all her powers to the most emphatic possible utterance of one passage, having previously vowed in her heart that if *this* could not touch the Scotch, she would never again cross the Tweed. When it was finished, she paused, and looked to the audience. The deep silence was broken only by a single voice exclaiming, "*That's no bad ! ! !*" This ludicrous parsimony of praise convulsed the Edinburgh audience with laughter! But the laugh was followed by such thunders of applause, that, amidst her stunned and nervous agitation, she was not without fear of the galleries coming down!" Were we then a nation of gentlemen, or a nation of savages? Of both. In no country, much cultivated, could there have occurred on such an occasion such an exclamation, "*That's no bad!*" The consequent laughter shewed that civilization had made some way among the body of the people—and the danger of the galleries proved that the upper ranks had reached even a high grade of refinement. But "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and eleven nights of Mrs. Siddons introduced Christianity into the metropolis of Scotland. If we seem not to be sufficiently serious, let the wonderful lady speak for herself in her Autograph Recollections, in which she assumes a more solemn tone than in her colloquy with Mr. Campbell:—"On the first night of my appearance, I must own I was surprised, and not a little mortified, at that profound silence, which was a contrast to the bursts of applause I had been accustomed to hear in London. No; not a

hand moved till the end of the scene: but then indeed I was most amply remunerated. Yet, while I admire the fine taste and judgment of this conduct on the part of the audience, I am free to confess that it rendered the task of an actor almost too laborious; because customary interruptions are not only gratifying and cheering, but they are really necessary, in order to give one breath and voice to carry one through some violent exertions; though, after all, it must be owned that silence is the most flattering applause an actor can receive." O the intolerable fools that clap their greasy palms,—and rough with their sweating feet, "at every pause the nightingale has made!" Not so did the Athenian mob behave during the representation of a tragedy of Eschylus—and was Clytemnestra a more hushing horror than the wife of the Thane? "Silence! brutes in the galleries!" we once heard an old gentleman indignantly cry—and that command should be remembered over all the house while a great genius is on the stage. As the great genius disappears—then, if you will, let there be thunder.

It was not till a year later, we believe, that our worthy friends—the people of Glasgow—welcomed the great actress to their beautiful city, and then they presented her with a massive piece of plate, with an inscription, purporting that they sent it as a proof of their being able to appreciate theatrical genius as well as the people of Edinburgh. That was so like them! T'other day, at the great Conservative dinner of the West, a burly burgher asked a thin, slip of a friend of ours from the East, "if they could get up such a shine in Emboro?" No—we could not—we have not the sense and spirit. Not that we grudge our guinea—at least "that not much"—but our unanimity is nominal—and we go about chattering in *cafés* instead of charging *en masse*—the wise are not consulted by the foolish—and the intrepid are overlooked by the pluckless. It is otherwise with the bold men of the West. But we are falling into politics—and Mr. Campbell reminds his fellow-citizens of Glasgow—among whom, Tories and all, he is justly held so dear—Whig though he be—that in the days of their "imagined godliness, they shewed more practically than the people of Edinburgh, how well they could appreciate theatrical genius, by tugging and burning-out the *unfortunate historians*." But lo! the end of our page. Next number we shall meddle with still higher matter.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF MONSIEUR DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

No. III.

WE have already furnished our readers with two articles containing copious extracts from these delightful Memoirs. In the present number we shall present them with some anecdotes and fragments which are too precious to be lost; and in a fourth we hope to again enrich our periodical with further portions, coming in a direct manner from Monsieur de Chateaubriand himself. We do not regret, that on the present occasion we are only able sparingly to inlay our pages with his golden sentences, for we

we have been burning for some time to give the sentiments which the subject-matter of our former articles inspired, and which the press extracts obliged us to refrain from. We seize the present opportunity. Monsieur de Chateaubriand's is a name which inspires enthusiasm. No man can be acquainted with his career, who can read his works, and above all, who can have read those pages of his life, of which we have been able to catch some of the echoes, and not feel the want of rendering the homage of a full heart to such a genius and such a character? We confess we are, and we are glad of the opportunity of dising ourselves of some of our enthusiasm; we believe—being somewhat alien from our subject—being somewhat alien from our subject himself. But, in truth, is not his life his works himself? Never was a soul impressed so vividly and so variously on every view, on every situation of humanity, as in his. But let us speak of the man. What strikes us as brightly peculiar in him is that he is the last remnant, an old Corinthian column, with its decorated head amid ruins, the lingerer of a race which has passed suddenly away from the earth, the survivor of the ancient nobility, the last of French gentlemen; and surely the setting sun of this calumniated race, tarrying above the ocean's brim, has shed its rays of intense brightness upon this their last descendant. When he makes his exit, the final exit of French noblesse—of chivalry, of honour, of refinement from France—will be accomplished. The old nobility, even in an individual, will never appear above the horizon; but the bright halo which will settle upon his name, will shed its light upon the shades of the great family to which he belongs. He *does* belong to that family more in mind and character than even by

It is impossible to identify him with any other of men; but the moment we behold his traits of nature, we are struck with the idea, that he is destined to vindicate the character of his injured race and to claim for them, in his own person, that grandeur and distinction of which calumny and misfortune had robbed them. But another and still more characteristic of Monsieur de Chateaubriand is that he is the representative as it were of all the political transformations of the mind and history of his epoch; the Republic, the Empire, the ancient monarchy, have all seen him an active agent, preserving a unity and simplicity of character, a real, unshaken consistency of views and principles, throughout. There is something wonderful in this co-existence, when we find in positions so different, in circumstances so differing and opposed, the individual preserving his original stamp of character unaltered; trait for trait, opinion for opinion, principle for principle, all retain, at every comparable point, their identical sameness of character: we find no time-serving, no expediency, no Protean suit to Protean times; but the warmth, energy, nobility, and boldness of his heart, seem to have been the outward elements of his destiny—which were generally the controllers, not the controlled—of his shapes, as it consisted with honour—bright,

strict, and inflexible—to pursue. This is genius of moral character. But let us now turn to his genius of mind, and open his books. Not less multifarious, not less individualized does he appear therein. The traveller, the sceptic, the believer, the poet, the Frenchman, the Royalist, the friend of liberty, the gentleman, the citizen, the soldier, the historian, the defender of fallen kings, the minister, the youth, the sage; passions, pleasures, meditations, hopes, regrets, dreams; the whole man, in all his moods, varying as the shadows cast by summer clouds, are brightly noted down. Truly has he said,—“*My works are the proofs and justifying pieces of my memoirs. What I am may be there read beforehand.*”

But now for an extract, or rather for an anecdote, for extract it cannot be called, as it is only a recollected passage. It shall be taken from some school scenes on which Monsieur de Chateaubriand seems to dwell with peculiar delight. These are related with an infantine grace, which is perfectly charming. The smallest accidents of this period are detailed minutely, as if their recollection rejuvenated—and it does in the example before us—age itself. There is a regret for all the friends of boyhood who have passed away; among others, for a noble youth named Regile, a Vendéan and devoted Royalist. Being prisoner at Quiberon on his parole, and seeing an English vessel approach the coast at a dangerous time, Regile flung himself into the sea, and, at the risk of his life, approached the vessel to give warning of the danger. The English wished to take him in, and thus insure his escape. But this his chivalric honour forbade; he had given his parole, and preferred returning—as he did—to certain death, to breaking his word. On reaching the land, he was led out upon the coast and shot, his last words being a cry of *Vive le Roi*. Here was another example of the high spirit of the old French nobility. But to our anecdote.

At the college of Rennes, it was expressly forbidden to indulge in one of the most pleasurable pastimes of boyhood, bird's-nesting. One day, however, during a walk, a group of merry pupils discovered a pie's nest on the top of a lofty tree. The mother pie was seen making circles about it, and then settling on the nest. But how to get at it was the question. The boys pointed at the object of their desire, and clamoured together as to who should first climb the tree. Will you, Louis? Will you, Victor! Will you, Francis? “I will,” exclaimed Francis, seeing the others hesitate; and up he climbs, higher, higher, higher, his companions gazing on. At last arriving near the nest, the mother bird seeing the depredator, flies away. Francis plunges his hand in; there are no birds, but several eggs. Not to come down with empty hands, he seizes upon this prize, and thrust it into his breast-pocket; when suddenly a cry is heard, “*The master is coming, the master is coming.*” His young companions take fright, and scamper away. One only remains behind—“Quick, Francis, let yourself slip down; put your foot on that stump, hold fast by this branch.” At last he is fairly down, and runs away to rejoin his companions, when, Oh, horror! Oh, accident unforeseen! the eggs are broken, his waistcoat has changed its colour, the embryo birds cry vengeance against him, and the master de-

clares he shall be whipped. In vain young Francis expostulates; in vain he begs for some other punishment; the black hole, dry bread, or two hundred verses of Horace to learn by heart. No, he shall be whipped. The master approaches to put his threat into execution, but finding prayers in vain, the young gentleman determines to defend himself by force against what he considered, even in childhood, an indignity. He plants himself against the wall, he kicks, he strikes, he scratches, he bites, he hides himself under the bed, fortifies himself behind the wardrobe; in fact, defends himself like a young lion. At last the master, smiling perhaps, at his defence, or admiring the sense of shame which prompts it, yields in all the forms of war, and the young culprit escapes punishment altogether.

It is impossible to conceive from this faint sketch of the charming manner in which this anecdote is narrated.

We will now give another. It is a perfect little romance, with its adventures, its surprises, its touching interlude, and extraordinary rencontres. We only regret that we are not able altogether to lift the veil and give it in the words of the Memoirs themselves. The scene is England. Mons. de Chateaubriand was then an emigrant. In a retired country town, whither he had betaken himself to decipher some old manuscripts for a bookseller—then his only resource for subsistence—there lived a widow with her daughter. He makes their acquaintance, and shortly after lodges with them. During this time he breaks his leg by a fall from his horse at a hunting party, and Charlotte, the daughter, has the care of him during his convalescence. A gradual, almost imperceptible intimacy, takes place. Petrarch and Dante are read together by the maiden and her foreign guest; the monotonous days of this secluded life fly by unperceived. Meanwhile a warm sentiment of affection in one bosom, and a softer emotion in the other, has grown up, when suddenly the peace of this peaceful house is broken by these words, like a thunderclap, "*Madam, I am married.*" Twenty years elapse, and one morning a lady dressed in black, with two children in the same attire, enter the cabinet of the French Ambassador at London. An electric recognition takes place; then the *epanchemens du cœur*, the mutual recollections, the detailed history of the last twenty years—but we must break off. It is one of the most touching episodes in the whole Memoirs.

Nothing is more interesting to mark than the first literary aspirations of a great author. It is surprising what homage, even in their earliest years, what deferential homage, what timid respect, they render to that excellence of which they feel the seeds to be in themselves. This is, perhaps, a kind of occult selfishness. They bow down to themselves, placed upon a pedestal. That is myself, say they, but myself fully developed. I have it all within me, but I cannot yet

t. And, therefore, their exaggerated wonder at seeming magicians who can discover the secrets of their own minds, and reveal them to

This may explain the trembling anxiety of Mons. de Chateaubriand—as often first introduced into literary circles. I have seen him at the same age boldly present

himself before the king (Louis XVI.;) at first sight the familiar friend and companion of the venerable Malesherbes; and declare at his interview with Washington, that the face of a great man never troubled him; yet his Memoirs confess that he was disquieted and timid in the presence of such a fellow as Champfort, whom he has compared (he confesses ridiculously,) in one of his earliest works, his "*Essay on Revolutions*," to the sages of Greece,—Champfort, whose *blue eyes darted lightning*. But there was another name, now wholly forgotten, who had still more of dis wonder and respect,—Flins. And who was Flins? every one will ask, and no one can answer; but a great poet he was at that time, and called the *celebrated Flins*. "Epimenides," exclaimed Mons. de Chateaubriand, at that time, "he paid his tribute to Mr. Flins in furnishing him with a subject for his comedy." And he has made an excellent commentary on this exclamation, in a note to his Memoirs. "Who would not believe," says he, "that he was reading one of those grotesque apotrophes which Diderot introduces in his history of the two Indies—Oh banks of Aajinga, you are nothing, but you have given birth to Eliza!"

This paper is intended as a kind of *collectanea* of scraps, preparatory to our gratifying, we hope, our readers with more complete passages. It is the *extremets* between the courses. But the interest is less broken, in writing of Mons. de Chateaubriand in this manner, than it would be of any other person. There is so much soul in his every sentence; a single phrase reveals, with such a tract of light, the whole man, that we have *him* at least ever before us. Now, in this consists, in our opinion, the great charm of his Memoirs. Revelations, as far as we have been hitherto permitted to peep, he has made none; the events which he has dwelt upon are old familiar things; but himself, the exhibition of his own character, which is perhaps involuntary on his part, the grand theme of his eloquence has an uncommon attraction. Childhood, youth, manhood, and age,—the spring, summer, autumn, and winter of life, seem to coexist in his own person. This is singular, and may, from its great rarity be called a *phenomenon*. The secret of it consists in one word,—*Sensibility*. We have, fortunately, the means of giving an example of this in two short extracts. The first is from a chapter of the second volume of his Memoirs, dedicated "To THE UNHAPPY!" What a fulness of sensibility there is in the very idea of breaking off one's personal narration to console and counsel the unhappy!

"I picture to myself," says he, "the avidity with which the unhappy, who may read this chapter, will devour its contents. I have myself experienced the same sentiment, when, in reading our moralists, I have turned restlessly to the portions which treated of human misery, hoping to find there some consolation. I picture them to myself, again, deceived like myself, and turning to me and saying,—You teach us nothing—you give us no balm for our pains: on the contrary, you prove that they exist not. Oh! my companions in misfortune, your reproach is just. I wish, indeed, to dry your tears, but you must implore succour from a hand more mighty than man's. Yet do not suffer yourselves to be utterly discouraged. Among many calamities there are some joys. See!

to shew you the blessings that may be the condition even of the most misery—you may draw more profit from it than the pomp of Stoic precepts.” He then gives directions. He advises the unhappy man to quit his shelter only at night to go and lofty thoughts from the solemnity and magnificence of the sky; to avoid the crowded streets, and illuminated places; to take himself to some retired faubourg, where he sees the feeble light of a lamp from some garret window, to say, “There, there I have brothers; there they throb in unison with mine. In this darkness of the miserable will become satiety, and he will be far removed from the tinsel glitter of prosperity.

His conduct shews the same temperament, the same texture of nerves; which, it is remarkable, constitutes the *only* species of genius distinguished from talent. There is a difference between genius and talent. Though we feel it. Rousseau and Chateaubriand are the genius of *sensibility*. We do not find the name, except, perhaps, in an inscription on the tomb of la Martine; but of genius of *strains of mind, or revelations of genius*, we do not recollect a single example. This is a cope, clever *mimickings* of genius. But to return to our extract. We go more back into the woods of America. We have seen Rousseau thrown into the sight of a periwinkle, and Sterne laid dead as a dead ass, so shall we see Mons. de Chateaubriand, but with much more genuine, and more consistency, recording the emotions which a persecuted cow gives rise to. One day, as he was walking through a meadow, he saw a poor cow grazing peacefully. Suddenly, five or six fat cows into the same meadow, and he saw the lean one with sticks and stones, a spectacle, our traveller was so moved by, that he turned aside from his route; and here he speaks himself—“An appearance as miserable as the cow of her isolated hut, advanced towards the animal, called to it gently, and offered food from her hand. The cow ran towards him, stretching out its neck, and uttering a low moan. The colonists made menacing gestures at a distance, and she returned to the cow followed her. It stopped at the woman, who stroked and patted it soothingly, and the animal shewed its gratitude and affection.”

And this passage without an emotion which dictated it, or without applying it to human life, where the miserable are mal-prosperous (the fat ones,) and find only sympathy from those who are miserable!

We present the extracts which we are able to present on this occasion from the Memoirs of Chateaubriand; but we shall subjoin a letter by him to the *Gazette de France*,

1st, Because it is a strictly biographical piece, and will doubtless find a place in his Memoirs; and, 2dly, because it gives us the opportunity of furnishing the true key to the political conduct of Monsieur de Chateaubriand. This last has been mistaken. It has been supposed that he has always been animated with the mere love of opposition; that he has thrown himself continually into opposition, because it afforded him the finest occasions for the exhibition of his eloquence; that he has sought contrasts, in order to appear in strong lights, and so attract the public attention and admiration. Now, in this view we cannot acquiesce. We have only to consider that Monsieur de Chateaubriand, even from the beginning of his career, has found himself, owing to the ever-changing political state of France, almost constantly in *false positions*. What then? Was he to hide his talent in a napkin; to renounce public life, and deprive his country of his services? No; by no means. This would have been to shew a sullen discontent against Providence. But he was to do what he has done: throw himself boldly into the arena, and, not being able to control events, endeavour at least to modify them, so as to bring them as near as possible to his own views of the public good. This is not serving expediency. Expediency is the having *no standard of right in one's own mind*; and consistency is having a standard (Monsieur de Chateaubriand's is *monarchical liberty*) never out of sight and pursuit, even when out of reach. Tried by this rule, Monsieur de Chateaubriand will appear one of the most consistent men that ever lived; and applied to every situation he has been in, it will shew why he must almost always have been in opposition. But there is another and even more honourable reason for his frequent *boutades* (as they appear to mere trading politicians,) and this is the principle that private honour—albeit its inspirations may be concealed totally from the world—should never yield to the public exigencies. But it is this very setting up of individual honour above all political considerations (the instances we might mention are numerous,) and making the latter, multifarious as they are, bow down before the Unit, the sacred Unit, which has given to Monsieur Chateaubriand's conduct the appearance of singularity—what are we saying?—real singularity—and made many imagine that he aims at dramatic effect, merely because he will not pluck that bright gem out of the casket of his bosom, and throw it under the hoofs of a party.

The letter we subjoin will shew how this sentiment has prevailed with him, independent of all other considerations, in determining his whole conduct since the Revolution. It is as follows. It is dated 27th June, 1834:—

“SIR,—In this morning's number of the *Gazette de France*, you have the goodness to point me out for the re-elections which will take place at Marseilles and Toulon, in consequence of the quadruple nomination of Monsieur Berryer. I thank you sincerely, but I cannot accept of the proposed honour.

“At present, sir, the Colleges have terminated their operations; and in manifesting again my private opinion, I have no fear of frustrating the plan adopted by the Royalists. Discharged from all responsibility, it is permitted me to break a silence, which deference to judgments much superior to my

own had imposed upon me. It has given me great pain to see a great number of suffrages uselessly lost, by being given to me. I beg, therefore, that independent electors may give in future their votes to a candidate whom no obstacle hinders from taking his seat in the popular Chamber.

"In my letter of thanks, which I addressed some months ago to the electors of Quimperle, I declared my firm resolution of refusing the oath of allegiance. Neither my position nor my principles have since changed. Fortunate *fusillades*, innocent massacres, persuasive butcheries, benign domiciliary visits, liberal prosecutions of the press, little budgets of a million and a half dexterously juggled through, have not converted me. Success is often a bad reason. I shall not go to meet it. I shall never wait for victory to engage myself with a party. As—thanks be to heaven—I am not a king, nothing obliges me to recognise what I despise.

"My discourse in the Chamber of Peers, my declaration to the son of Madame the Duchess de Berri, have traced a rigorous circle around me. I will not procure to the only government which, during the course of the Revolution, has thrust me within the gates of a prison, the pleasure of hearing me pronounce an oath of fidelity. Still more, sir, either *with an oath or without an oath*, I do not believe I have a right to participate in the labours of the present legislature. It would be easy to give my reasons; but they would lead me to *St. Pelagie*, and I wish to enjoy my liberty for the cause of the liberty of France.

"Think not, sir, that, wedded to sentiments and theories, I am one of those troubadours and dreamers who regard not times and events. I neither sing nor misreason. I know very well, that in social transformations, individual resistances, honourable to the individuals themselves, are vain against facts. Every opinion that is not lodged in an assembly which gives it power, informs it with a will, and furnishes it with a tongue and arms, dies impotent or frenzied. In the present state of the world, it is, and always will be, by legal or illegal bodies that revolutions are, and will be brought about.

"I am, then, far from disapproving of the policy which leads the Royalists to the elections. I think, on the contrary, that they do well to enter into the contest, and to defend, by the authority of their characters, the general interests of France; but, attached to the new monarchy by liberty, I hold to the ancient monarchy by honour. After all that I have done during the last four years, an oath would place me far beyond all the oath-takers by profession. I have no wish to be opposed to myself, or to be beaten in the morning with my discourse of the evening. If I have any weight, it is in the public esteem, and I believe myself to have merited this esteem. I should lose it by denying myself, and not accomplishing my sacrifice to the end.

"It is because I remain faithful to legitimacy and misfortune, that I have a right to love liberty so much better than a republican. I will not desert my two altars. Some think, that, in pronouncing my oath, I could destroy it by an energetic protestation; that I could say, *Gentlemen I swear, and I do not swear*. I do not understand this; but certainly if I slew my

oath, my oath would in turn slay me. A mock thrust, we should remain both on the battle, and the party would not be equal. to flatter myself that my life is worth more of an adversary so dishonoured.

"I conclude, by offering my sincere gratitude to the electors, who, in the different Colleges, deemed me worthy of their suffrages. My country knows that I am devoted to her with the affection of a son, and the sincerity of a Breton. She has given me a proof of her maternal attachment, in sending to receive my ashes. She has given me the only place I have demanded of her. Let me represent her better in the general council of the country."

We have already instituted a short comparison between Monsieur de Chateaubriand and Monsieur Talleyrand. We find, since, that the same spirit struck a French periodical writer of great name, Monsieur *Jules Janin*; and as his comparison is to be strikingly just, and to set the two characters in contrast in their most prominent light, we shall insert this article by transcribing it.

"Chateaubriand is the heir of Bossuet, the defender of the religious principle; Talleyrand, the heir of Voltaire, who has never bowed down but to the truth. The one regards the past with a view to the future; the other holds to the present, as the sole object of the future; the one an enthusiast, and confident; the other an ironist, and always ready to be contradicted; the one eloquent in the tribune, and in the assembly; the other eloquent nowhere but in a *tertium* in his arm-chair by the corner of his fire; the one a man of genius, and who proves it—the other a man who has made all the world believe him to be so; the one full of love and human sympathy; the other less of an egotist than is believed; the one good,—the other less wicked than he would appear; the one advances by bounds and impetuous as thunder or a torrent,—the other creeping, and always arriving first; the one shew himself whilst the other hides, speaks when the other is silent—the other arriving at the nick of time, but unseen, hardly ever heard, but every where present; the one sees all, knows all; the one intelligent by his heart; the other intelligent by his head; the one a man among the people, the other a gentleman among gentlemen; the one has partisans, enthusiasts, admirers—the other has only confidants, flatterers, valets; the one always young, the other always old; the one always beaten, the other always victorious; the one the victim of ruined causes, the other the hero of causes triumphant; the one will die, no one knows where—the other will live, a prince in his house, with an archbishop by his side."

From the *Edinburgh Review*.

The Poetical Works of Anne Radcliffe. As they appeared in the original Abbey; a Metrical Romance. With other poems. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1834.

BOOKSELLERS are certainly a peculiar people, who do venture to play very fantastic tricks with

c. Here are two volumes given to the world, for the first time, without a hint of their having appeared before, bearing with all solemnity the date of 1834 on the titlepage; and yet these self-same books were printed and published in 1826. So palpable indeed is the patchwork, that what ought to be the first page of the first volume, is actually page y-first; the truth being, that all these poems were added to Mrs. Radcliffe's posthumous romance of *Constance*. The tale occupied two volumes, and ninety pages of the third; the remaining one and a half being occupied with the sheets which are now "done up" in these two volumes, bearing the date of 1834. The publisher, in short, disjoined them from the romance, and has sent them forth in a new cover, apparently in the expectation that the oblivious public would receive them as a new arrival.

We do not much quarrel, however, with their appearance. Their merits are certainly not high; but they are less than they are, they would still be read with grateful interest, as the last relic of a young and gifted and amiable mind, which, in its day, exercised no mean influence over the spirit of literature, and the charm of whose productions has perhaps been acknowledged more universally, and with less dispute, than that of any other English writer of the last century. Tastes have no doubt greatly altered

since the days when each successive tale of mystery from her pen was hailed with curiosity and delight; but her people have arisen that know not Joseph; and her principles of composition, other objects of interest, have superseded, in novel-writing, the stimulus of wonder and superstitious fear; nor, with the exception of the anonymous romance of *Forman* (which we collect perusing with deep interest, and which, though its name is probably unknown to most of our readers, we had the satisfaction of finding had been a favourite with Sir Walter Scott,) and the wild visions of Maturin, in his *Montorio* and *Melmoth*, has any author of superior talent for a long time past tried to strike the chord which had, in her hands, made to discourse such eloquent music. Yet there is a charm in her compositions which can never entirely fade; and she need have little apprehension for her posthumous fame, whose romances have been praised by Sheridan, commented on with approbation by Fox, placed by Scott among the élite of English fiction, and associated by Byron with the names of Shakspeare, Otway, and Schiller, as having been imprinted upon his mind, by anticipation, the image of the City of the Sea.*

Mrs. Radcliffe has shared the fate of many an imitator. She has been made answerable for the sins of her imitators; and the just tribute to which she was entitled, as having opened up an original walk in composition, has been withheld, from disgust at the extravagances of the "rabble rout" who had followed in after her, filling every dingle and bushy of that wild wood into which she had forced an entrance. Not perceiving that the very effect of her romances was dependent on the skill with which she knew how to relax, as well as to press, the springs of horror and suspense; to transport the reader, wear-

ied with the darkness visible of Apennine castles, or the scenes of torture in the vaults of the Inquisition, to the moon-illuminated streets of Venice, or the sunset dance by the Bay of Naples; from the fierce encounters of condottieri, to the quiet and mournful solitude of Le Blanc or La Vallee, they laboured to eclipse her in her own field by the simple expedient of crowding wonders and terrors on each other without an interval of repose. In their hands, her "dreary passages," always too long, now becomes ten times longer and more intricate; the castles more and more perplexing in their architecture; the *personnel* of the robbers more truculent; the gleam of daggers more incessant; the faces of the monks more cadaverous; and the visits of ghosts so unjustifiably obtrusive, that they came at length to be viewed with as much indifference by the reader as they were of old by Aubrey or Dr. Dee. No wonder if this school of romance, which, resting as it undoubtedly does, at the best, on no very elevated sources of interest, requires peculiar caution and dexterity in the handling of its materials, should soon have fallen into utter discredit, from the coarse, bungling workmanship of its disciples, and should now recall to our recollection little else than a mass of peurile and revolting absurdity, into the perusal of which we are ashamed to think that, even in boyish days, we should ever have been betrayed.

But Mrs. Radcliffe was as truly an inventor, a great and original writer in the department she had struck out for herself; whether that department was of the highest kind or not, as the Richardsons, Fieldings, and Smolletts, whom she succeeded and for a time threw into the shade; or the Ariosto of the North, before whom her own star has paled its ineffectual fires. The passion of fear, "the latent sense of supernatural awe, and curiosity concerning whatever is hidden and mysterious;" these were themes and sources of interest which, prior to the appearance of her tales, could scarcely be said to be touched on. The *Castle of Otranto* was too obviously a mere caprice of imagination; its gigantic helmets, its pictures descending from their frames, its spectral figures dilating themselves in the moonlight to the height of the castle battlements, if they did not border on the ludicrous, no more impressed the mind with any feeling of awe, than the enchantments and talismans, the genii and peris, of the *Arabian Nights*. A nearer approach to the proper tone of feeling, was made in the *Old English Baron*; but while it must be admitted that Mrs. Radcliffe's principle of composition was, to a certain degree, anticipated in that clever production, nothing can illustrate more strongly the superiority of her powers, the more poetical character of her mind, than a comparison of the way in which, in these different works, the principle is wrought out; the comparative boldness and rudeness of Clara Reeve's modes of exciting superstitious emotions, as contrasted with the profound art, the multiplied resources, the dexterous display and concealment, the careful study of that class of emotions on which she was to operate, which Mrs. Radcliffe displays in her supernatural machinery. Certainly never before or since did any one more accurately perceive that point to which imagination might be wrought up, by a series of hints, glimpses, or half-

* Childe Harold, canto iv., st. 18.

heard sounds, consistently at the same time with pleasurable emotion, and with the continuance of that very state of curiosity and awe which had been thus created. The clang of a distant door, a footfall on the stair, a half-effaced stain of blood, a strain of music floating over a wood, or round some decaying chateau—nay, a very “rat behind the arras,” become in her hands invested with a mysterious dignity; so finely has the mind been attuned to sympathize with the terrors of the sufferer, by a train of minute details and artful contrasts, in which all sights and sounds combine to awaken and render the feeling more intense. Yet her art is even more visible in what she conceals than in what she displays. “One shade the more, one ray the less,” would have left the picture in darkness; but to have let in any farther the garish light of day upon her mysteries, would have shown at once the hollowness and meanness of the puppet which alarmed us, and have broken the spell beyond the power of reclasping it. Hence, up to the moment when she chooses to do so herself, by those fatal *explanations* for which no reader will ever forgive her, she never loses her hold on the mind. The very economy with which she avails herself of the talisman of terror preserves its power to the last, undiminished, if not increased. She merely hints at some fearful thought, and leaves the excited fancy, surrounded by night and silence, to give it colour and form.

Of all the passions, that of Fear is the only one which Mrs. Radcliffe can properly be said to have painted. The deeper mysteries of Love, her plummet has never sounded. More wearisome beings than her heroines, any thing more “tolerable and not to be endured” than her love tales, Calprenede or Scudery never invented. As little have the stormier passions of jealousy or hatred, or the dark shades of envious and malignant feeling, formed the subjects of her analysis. Within the circle of these passions, indeed, she did not feel that she could walk with security; but her quick perception showed where there was still an opening in a region of obscurity and twilight, as yet all but untrodden. To that, as to the sphere pointed out to her by nature, she at once addresses herself; from that, as from a central point, she surveyed the provinces of passion and imagination, and was content if, without venturing into their labyrinths, she could render their leading and more palpable features available to set off and to brighten by their variety the solemnity and gloom of the department which she had chosen. For her purpose, that of exciting a deep, undefinable interest, ever apparently on the point of being gratified, yet, like the bird with Camaralzaman’s ring in its beak, always flying before us as we follow; an ever-increasing sensation of awe and superstitious fear,—the preliminary agency of powerful passions was, no doubt, necessary. But it was quite sufficient to exhibit them in their results, and any minute analysis of their growth or action, any great anxiety to give individuality of character to the beings represented, would have been thrown away; if indeed, it did not actually interfere with, and run counter to her object. The moral interest involved in the actual play of passion would, at the best, have imperfectly amalgamated with the state of restlessness and sus-

pense occasioned by the investigation of a train of mysterious occurrences, or the thrilling scenes of the supernatural. Nothing, indeed, in her indicates the possession of any power of character-drawing; nor would it, in our opinion, have materially increased their fascination, if her pages had been discriminated by more characteristic traits. For her object it was quite sufficient, the representatives of classes, those leading characters should be sketched with a firm and spirit, that the heroine in white satin should be supported by the confidante in white muslin; the bandit chief of the Appennines wore his mantle plume with a true Salvatoresque grace; the demure look or villanous scowl of the monk touched in by a few decided and striking traits; the chattering attendant, the thick-witted peasant, the thoughtless lazzaroni, the brutal robber, all be grouped together, acting in their various parts, and should be so placed and opposed to each other that, in the language of the melodrama, the characters should “form a picture” upon the most received principles of stage effect. Mrs. Radcliffe’s romances are to the tales of her predecessors, what the pictures of Martin are to those of the ordinary masters of historical painting. In Martin’s pictures, how little of the effect lies in the figures! The groups, indeed, are good, the mass tells; but in those slight sketches forms and features, indicated only by a spot of colour, what microscope shall detect the working of passion, or trace the differences of feeling? The spell which binds the imagination lies in the scene where the personages are placed, and the atmosphere of certain light and shadow by which they are surrounded in those vital pillows of Titanian architecture springing off into endless perspective, those colossal columns of Belus or Nimrod rising into the moonlight and strange radiance of the prophetic characters of the wall, the lightnings which traverse the sky, the vastitudes, “beyond number numberless,” which fill the dim-discovered background; in all those appointments of grandeur and terror with which the artist has invested the scene, and in which the leading figures, though they are so placed as to secure effect, form, after all, but one, and perhaps the most striking, source of emotion. So also in Mrs. Radcliffe’s romantic pictures. The figures are well sketched, though with a hasty pencil; but the scenes through which they are led, the sketches which she scatters over them her light and of the magnificence or terror of the background which they are relieved, the variety of the situations in which they are placed, and the sweet transition from danger and anxiety to tranquillity and repose which she delights, which give them their main interest on the imagination and the memory.

The truth is, as has been very beautifully remarked by a critic, that though Mrs. Radcliffe’s supernatural machinery is represented as influencing her characters, we tremble and weep not for others, but ourselves. It is on us directly that it properly operates. “Adeline, Emily, Vivaldi, and Ellena, are things to us save as filling up the scene; but it is ourselves who discover the manuscript in the deserted abbey, we who are prisoners in the castle of Uffo, we who are inmates of Spalatro’s cottage

re the secret tribunal of the Inquisition, there are startled by the mysterious and its horrors. The whole is a prodigious entire as to surround us with illudicrously arranged as to harrow up the soul, the face of a real person would spoil its value. As figures, all the persons are adapted with skill to the scenes in which they appear as they are part of one entire con-

the profusion of landscape painting. Mrs. Radcliffe has been reproached, and readers may have thought carried to absurdity adopted on system, as an element. Even while it tires us, as suspending the story, it probably attunes the mind to the coming events, and, like an artist's hints and shadows of what is to come, her landscapes are often vague—that is, to those who read them would draw from them scarcely know whether to consider them as not. It is not always desirable to be too minutely; it is a matter which depends wholly on the object the author has in view. In relation to the general tone of Mrs. Radcliffe, the vague mist with which her scenes and precipices are surrounded, the haze she spreads over her gentler scenes, probably impress the mind more perfectly than she wishes to excite, than the most exact description in the spirit of an architect or painter.

could paint with the firmest pencil, who, at the first glimpse of Udolpho, with the lighting up its weather-beaten towers, as if we not actually see before us that the Mediterranean, with the scudding winged sea-birds, the stormy sea; the scene for the murder of Ellena by her father, cannot figure to his mind's eye that in its broken tower, the scene of some event, in the deserted courts of which were checked by Spalatro? Or those enchanting landscapes, dew-besprinkled, or sun-illumined, which she has surrounded the half-deserted, which affords an asylum to La Motte?

resist the temptation of comparing her landscapes, with which every one is acquainted, to some of Mrs. Radcliffe's actual sketches. Fresh, dewy, bold, instantly impressing their truth and vigour; as if she had embodied in the words of her journal, the tints of the scenes among which she was living. She was accustomed almost to take a short tour with her husband, to the southern and western coasts of England, to snatch a moment at the inns where she committed to paper the impressions and say, though without the most distant intention. In these sketches, her acute eye is beautiful and picturesque, and her eyeing her impressions in language has a corresponding impression on the remarkable. Like Turner's, her empire is that of the air; light and its effects, the glow of sunshine—twilight, to the
—No. 149.

azure depth of moonlight, as seen on the woodland landscapes, the ruined tower, or the freshening sea, she depicts with singular skill and felicity. To us there is a great charm in the brief and picturesque style of these journals, of which some extracts accompanied the posthumous publication of *Gaston de Blondville*, but which we think ought to have been given to the public entire. They are far more interesting, and a thousand times more graphic, than her published Journal of her tour to Holland and Germany, where much of the original spirit of the sketches seems to have evaporated in the process of preparation for the press.

Here is a sea-scene near, but not in sight of, Beachy-head. See with what a clear and Crabbe-like truth the leading outlines of this marine picture are sketched!

“A shore of ruins under the cliffs, which gradually rise from what is called the Wish-house, a small white building, standing sweetly near the beach, to the summit of the Cape. Large blocks of granite imbedded on the shore, and extending to the waves, which rage and foam over them, giving one dreadful ideas of shipwreck. Sometimes patches of gravelly sand or pebbles, soon ending against masses of granite or chalk, between which it is difficult, and not always possible, to walk: some of them must be stepped on. Within half a mile of the great front of Beachy-head, unable to proceed farther, sat down on a block, wearied out, desiring William to go on: he was soon hid by a turn in the cliffs. Almost frightened at the solitude and vastness of the scene, though *Chance* [her favourite dog] was with me. Tide almost out; only sea in front; white cliffs rising over me, but not impending; strand all around; a chaos of rocks and fallen cliffs far out into the waves; sea-fowl wheeling and screaming; all disappeared behind the point beyond which is the great cliff; but we had doubled point after point, in the hope that this would be the next, and had been much deceived in the distances by these great objects. After one remote point gained, another and another succeeded, and still the great cliff was unattained; the white precipices beautifully varied with plants, green, blue, yellow, and poppy; wheatears flew up often from the beach; *Chance* pursued them. At length William returned, having been nearly, though not quite, in front of the great promontory. Slowly and laboriously we made our way back along the beach, greatly fatigued, the day exceedingly hot, the horizon sulphurous with lowering clouds: thunder rolled faintly at a distance.”

A close like this is a good introduction to a nocturnal storm, in the Isle of Wight, which she visited in the autumn of 1801. After describing a “fiery sunset in the evening, with sullen clouds,” she proceeds with this brief but graphic description of the thunder-storm which followed.

“After dark, a storm with thunder and lightning; listened to the strong steady force of the wind and waves below. The thunder rolled, and burst at intervals; and often the sound was so mingled with that of the wind and waves, as to be scarcely distinguished from it. *No complaining of the wind, but a strong and awful monotony. Lightning very blue, showed at moments the foaming waves far out. Glad*

to hear from the other side of the house cheerful voices talking or singing. When the storm subsided, the thunder rolled away towards the Sussex coast. This display of the elements was the grandest scene I ever beheld; a token of God directing his world. *What particularly struck me was the appearance of irresistible power which the deep monotonous sound of the wind and surge conveyed. Nothing sudden, nothing laboured; all a continuance of sure power without effort.*"

Passing with reluctance some beautiful sketches of Kenilworth, (a spot which, by-the-by, so deeply impressed the mind of Mrs. Radcliffe, that its recollections gave rise to her latest romance of *Gaston de Blondville*), of Penshurst and Blenheim, we would request the reader to compare the following night-scene on the terrace at Windsor, with some of her pictures of Italian fortresses. How closely, for instance, does it recall to recollection those scenes where Emily is represented as watching the veiled figure which paces nightly the terraces of Udolpho! In how many points had the romance which appeared in 1794, anticipated the realities of 1802!

"We stood in the shade on the north terrace, where a platform projects over the precipice, and beheld a picture perfect in its kind. The massy tower at the end of the east terrace stood up high in shade; but immediately from behind it the moonlight spread, and showed the flat line of wall at the end of that terrace, with the figure of a sentinel moving against the light, as well as a profile of the dark precipice below. Beyond it was the park, and a vast distance in the faint light, which spread over the turf, touched the avenues, and gave fine contrast to the deep shades of the wooded precipice on which we stood, and to the whole line of buildings which rise on the north terrace. Above this high dark line, the stars appeared with a very sublime effect. No sound but the faint clinking of the soldier's accoutrements as he paced on watch, and the remote voices of people turning the end of the east terrace, appearing for a moment in the light there, and vanishing. In a high window of the tower, a light. Why is it so sublime to stand at the foot of a dark tower, and look up its height to the sky and the stars?

"What particularly strikes at Windsor is the length of terrace in the east thus seen by moonlight; the massy towers, four in perspective, the lights and shades of the park below, the obscure distance behind them, the low and wide horizon, which you seem to look upon, the grandeur of the heavenly arch which seems to spring from it, and the multitude of stars which are visible in so vast and interrupted a view. Then the north terrace stretching and finally turning away from them towards the west, where high dark towers crown it. It was on this terrace surely that Shakspeare received the first hint of the time for the appearance of his ghost.

Last night of all,

When yon same sun that westward from the Pole
Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one."——

One other quotation from these journals, and we have done. Independently of its beauty—and it seems

to us to
and spark
pieces—it is
kind which
the last ent

had been suffering from occasional spasms of Asthma, during which period, the public were told, devoutly believed, that the author of *Romance of the Forest*, the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, and the *Italian*, a victim to the terrors she herself was the melancholy inmate of a lunatic asylum. Only was the story not true, but a priori, could be conceived more improbable or uncritical, since, if these tales of hers have any fault, it is precisely, that she all along has had her imagination too completely at command, and her effects too calmly and elaborately, and, after all, to the manifest detriment of her own, upon explaining, by natural causes, what was rather leave enveloped in the vague obscurity of conjecture.

"*Ramsgate, Saturday Morning, October 1st.*
Stormy day; rain, without sun, except that narrow line of palest silver fell on the horizon, here and there. Distant vessels on their ships riding in the Downs, exactly on the over the entrance into the harbour, opposite windows, were but dim, and almost shapeless of what they were. Many vessels, with sails making for the port; pilot boats rowed out into the harbour to meet them; the tide rolling in, the foaming waves at its entrance, where vessels of all kinds, from ships to fishing-boats, appeared in succession at short intervals, dashing down the foam, and rushing into the harbour. The black boats around them often sank so low in the surge as to be invisible for a moment. This busy harbour, encircled by noble piers, might be considered as a grand theatre, of which the east and the sea beyond were the stage, the two heads the portals, the plain of the harbour the stage, and the houses at the end of it the front. This harbour was not now, as some hours since, it was edged with a silver light, but grey and dull, in quiet contrast with the foaming waves at its entrance. The horizon thickened, and the scene around seemed to grow in, but the vessels, as they approached, though dim, became more visible and distinct, the sails half set, nearly wholly set. They all kept away a little to the westward of the west pier, the wind southwest, then changed their course, and dashed round the light pier-head, tossing the foam high about them, and pitching head-foremost, as if going to the bottom, and then rolling helplessly and reeling in, settled in the waters."

These beautiful sketches have somewhat seduced us, however, from our subject; and, indeed, we have dwelt longer on them, and on our recollections of the impressions produced by Mrs. Radcliffe's early Tales, because we really feel that, with all our admiration of her powers, we can say little that is favourable to her *Metrical Romance*. Even the tale which originally accompanied these Poems, *Gaston de Blondville*, was quite unworthy of its predecessors. It might have been an improvement on the *Castles of Athol* and *Dunboyne*, or the *Sicilian Romance*, but it was

king after the grand and impressive *Alpho* and the *Italian*. The truth was, omitted of no development—no progress interest. The discovery of a murder, and appearances of the murdered man, afforded materials for one of those episodes which Mrs. Radcliffe has occasioned with such success, as related by some; it might have been very effective, condensed into the same space as that of the story of Sir Bevys of Lancaster, who is represented as perusing during a watch in the chateau of Le Blanc; but in three volumes, narrated in the obsolete style, and filled with antiquarian descriptions, by-the-by, we greatly doubt the accuracy of chronology,) the story drags most heavily, too, could reconcile us to Mrs. Radcliffe's system of explaining every thing by nature. In former romances, it would be to see in this she has failed in the management spirit, for here all her early tact deserted her; her spectre appears so little reason, and in situations so little set off his spiritual dignity,—such as the battle and the tilt-yard,—that the reader is perfectly reconciled to his exits and entrances and is prepared to receive him with the mark with which Hamlet greets the ghost in the cellarage," "Art thou there, old True-

one might have naturally inferred, from the character of Mrs. Radcliffe's mind, as in her romances, that she had little turn for meditative and reflective kinds of poetry, and could hardly have anticipated her total neglect of the poetical romance. For this species of poetry is wholly objective, as our German neighbours might say, being little beyond a picturesque eye, and, or perhaps some ingenuity of plot, and no study of character, and but little personification,—one would have thought it extremely well suited. There seem, however, to be some who are poets in prose, but forsake them the moment they attempt to write ideas in verse; and one of these was Mrs. Radcliffe. In her *St. Alban's* she has strung together a few incidents, supposed to be connected with, or to follow, the story of the Lancastrians by Richard of York, but so miserably told, so broken and tedious descriptions, that though we wade through the ten cantos which compose it, we have the most indistinct notion what it is about. We have some visions of battles of St. Alban's—monks gazing on the Abbey walls, alarms, retreats, dirges, processions and banquets—but the whole is in such a hazy mass, as absolutely to fail at decomposing it into its particular parts, with the exception of some of the architecture of the Abbey, we can scarcely lay our finger on a single passage approaching to poetry, save the description of the tomb of the king, which is not very striking, certainly, but is unaffectedly told. A father is searching for his son among the different biers

in which the dead are placed, when a dog is seen, with a mute and forlorn look, to draw near, from one of the coffins, and then to gaze up in the stranger's face.

"A little Spaniel dog was he,
All silver white his hair,
Save some few spots of red tawney,
With forehead high and fair.
His lively eyes were hazel bright,
And mild and tender too,
And full of sympathy's quick light,
Artless, and warm, and true.
Full often gaily had he run
In sport o'er field and wood,
With his dear lord round Alban's town,
Now crimson'd with his blood!
And all for sport had sought this day
His master's step afar,
'Till coming where he bleeding lay
Upon his bed of war,
He knew him through his dead disguise,
And own'd him promptly with loud cries;
Then silent crouch'd him by his side,
Faithful the utmost to abide.

* * * * *

Now as the stranger turn'd his view,
He his lost son's companion knew,
And then, the shield from which he crept,
Where he for hours mute watch had kept;
Then was the mournful truth made plain,
A father could not doubt again;
He saw his dead son resting here,
And check'd no more the bitter tear.
The dog, who late had drooping stood,
With fixed and earnest eye,
Soon as the stranger chang'd his mood
To sorrow's ecstasy,
Own'd his dear master's sire in grief,
And sprang as if to give relief
By sad responsive cry,
And even strove those tears to dry,
That now came rolling by.
Stronger no human tongue could speak,
Soothing and comforting,
Than his who dried the mourner's cheek
With tender ministring."

Of the other pieces in these volumes, we are compelled to say, that their merits are inversely as their length. The longer pieces, *Stonehenge* and *Edwy*, are very tiresome, though some pleasing moonlight scenes in Windsor Park, in some measure, relieve the tedium of the latter. But in the shorter pieces which are scattered through the book, there is frequently a fine power of description, a pleasing though vague melancholy, and occasionally considerable happiness of expression. The following lines on "A Second View of the Seven Mountains," written during her tour on the Rhine, are full of truth, picturesque, and pleasing. She had last seen them under the splendid effect of a thunderstorm.

"Mountains, when next I saw ye, it was noon,
And Summer on your distant steeps had flung
Her veil of misty light; your rockwoods hung,
Just green and budding, through in pride of June;

"And pale your many-spiring tops appear'd,
While here and there, soft tints of silver grey
Mark'd where some jutting cliff received the ray,
Or long-lived precipice its brow uprear'd.

"Beyond your tapering pinnacles, a show
Of other giant-forms more dimly frown'd,
Hinting the wonders of that unknown ground,
And of deep wizard vales, unseen below.

"Thus on the long and level plains ye rose
Abrupt and awful, when my raptured eye
Beheld ye. Mute I gazed! 'Twas then a sigh
Alone could speak the soul's most full repose;

"For of a grander world ye seem'd the dawn,
Rising beyond where Time's tired wing can go,
As, bending o'er the green Rhine's liquid lawn,
Ye watch'd the ages of the world below."

There is much melody, and a fine twilight solemnity, in the stanzas to the river Dove.

"When Evening's distant hues
Their silent grace diffuse
In sleepy azure o'er the mountain's head;
Or dawn in purple faint,
As nearer cliffs they paint,
Then lead me 'mid thy slopes and woodland shade.

"Nor would I wander far
When 'Twilight lends her star,
And on thy scenes her doubtful shades repose;
Nor when the moon's first light
Steals on each bowery height,
Like the wing'd music on the folded rose.

"Then on thy winding shore
The fays and elves once more
Trip in gay ringlets to the reed's light note;
Some launch the acorn's ring,
Their sail, papilio's wing,
Then shipp'd, in chase of moonbeams gaily float.

"But at the midnight hour
I woo thy thrilling power,
While silent moves the glow-worm's light along;
And o'er the dim hill-tops
The gloomy red moon drops,
And in the grave of darkness leaves thee long.

"Even then thy waves I hear,
And own a nameless fear,
As 'mid the stillness the night winds do swell,
Or (faint from distance) hark
To the lone watch-dog's bark,
Answering a melancholy far sheep-bell.

"O Nymph! fain would I trace
Thy sweet awakening grace,
When Summer dawn first breaks upon thy stream;
And see thee braid thy hair,
And keep thee ever there,
Like thought recover'd from an antique dream."

We must now bid adieu to these poems. They are little calculated certainly to increase the reputation of Mrs. Radcliffe; and perhaps her friends would have acted more judiciously if they had allowed them to remain in that obscurity in which they were left by their amiable authoress. Yet we are glad of the opportunity they have afforded us of expressing our admiration of her powers as a writer of romance, and of reviving in some measure the recollection of that fascination which her scenes of beauty and horror once exercised over our fancy. That a critical perusal of them at the present moment, with the eye of middle age, would probably point out to us many incongruities, and many weaknesses, is very probable. It is an experiment which we shall take care not to hazard. We prefer leaving them as they float at present in our memory, here and there faintly remembered in their better parts, the rest fading into distance and half forgotten; on the whole, a pleasing pageant of gloomy castles and caverns, moon-illuminated streets and places,—dance and Provençal song, and vintage mirth,—aerial music floating over fairy-haunted forests,—or choral chant of monk or nun, borne to the ear over the still waters of the Adriatic.

From the *Edinburgh Review*.

The Autobiography, Times, Opinions, and Contemporaries of SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, Bart. (Perlegem terræ,) Baron Chandos of Sudeley. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1834.

We have read this work with feelings of considerable pain. It presents to us an elaborate picture of a species of literary character, that may be expected to appear, at times, in that heated and high-wrought civilization, to which the world has attained;—a character that has all the acute sensibilities of poetical genius, without its energy and its power—its irritable temper—its wayward self-engrossment—its early relinquishment of the common pleasures of life, for one feverish and jealous object. This is often a painful picture, even when, as in the case of Byron or Rousseau, it is gilded with all the glory of success, placed in the long gallery of fame, and destined to become immortal. But how much deeper is the pain with which we gaze on these melancholy colours, when we feel them fading as we gaze; or when we know that in a little while the picture will be thrown aside, amidst the lumber of the age, to perish and be forgotten.—All these visionary repinings in which happiness is lost—this morbid susceptibility to the opinion which a no less morbid pride affects to disdain—this sacrifice of health, both of frame and heart—this dreaming youth—this unsocial manhood—this dissatisfied, yet still enterprising old age,—the aching brow without the laurel wreath—the torments of Rousseau without his triumphs! What object more sad or more impressive, in the complex calamities of authorship, ever seemed to present itself to our survey? Yet, no doubt, we exaggerate the melancholy of the prospect. He who feels most the peculiar pains, feels most the peculiar pleasures of the poet: no matter what the silence of the crowd, his own heart is never silent; it whispers fame to

statue is not in the market-place. For on he expects the chaplet for his tomb. Before us, for example, is as intimately the reality of his powers, of the solidity on, as if the loud huzzas of the literary world were to his retreat. The *amabilis in-* vasion is too proud, too strong for ordi- heats, soothes, flatters, to the verge of that criticism could prove, all that net of all critics, could teach, fall vain on the sons of a nature of this mould. tastes and habits of genius, it mistakes the capacities; in the habits (making e) it feels its reward; and if the indi- were the sole concern of the critic, stop at once, leaving him in undisturb- of a delusion it would be idle and cruel ut criticism has a more catholic and : duty; it seeks less to correct the au- struct his kind. Criticism is literature xamples; and therefore, we have sek, dealing with it as gently as we may, n it proffers us, to warn others to avoid, et be time, the errors which it is now icate to the subject of these memoirs. ved, that a certain degree of happiness d in the mere cultivation of literary ie self-esteem which they engender, inattended by the fame and success, erhaps, the guiding motive, and pro- e certain meed. But is that happiness not certain self-indulgences greatly bitter it? This is the question which apher suggests to us. We would wish happiness from the purest and noblest minish, as much as possible, the *quid-* its countervailing pains;—to chasten ile we augment its degree.

denied, that no inconsiderable propor- rary men, immediately preceding the ave been more or less characterized by too acute and sensitive, which incline ocial. Sometimes the disease is mild i its symptoms; sometimes dark and times it is but reserve; at others, mis- e weak but kindly Shenstone—perhaps ble specimen of the morbid species of cter—appears never to have suffered t to corrupt into uncharitableness. He ir Egerton Brydges has done—and this excusable infirmity his work displays— al grudges by individual acerbity. ich in the country; both suffered from act of ‘rural thanes;’ both, probably, nt of candour, complain of the uncon- eir neighbours, without reflecting that n often is the first to commence offence, tubborn to resent it. With a little tact, od-humour, we believe there are few ever rustic, which a man of intellectual ll not propitiate. Men feel jealousy, ose who differ from them in pursuits, ose who attempt to rival them in the and the merits of a man of letters, in a l where men of letters are scarce, will, onours meekly, be more exaggerated,

than depreciated. In his very complaints of the boors around him, Sir Egerton Brydges inadvertently and unconsciously confesses himself to blame. He admits that his own manners ‘were not very conciliatory!’ he admits that his society was ‘a wet sheet’ to the country squires: then why be so angry at their imitating the example of constraint and coldness that he had set himself? Why—and this is our especial accusation against Sir Egerton Brydges—why indulge an unworthy and bygone spleen? why rake up the decent obscurity of private life? why drag forward, with all particulars of home and circumstances, persons of whose very existence the world till now neither knew nor cared? why manure his pages with the bones of the humble dead? why tell us that Mrs. — (we do not give additional publicity to the name thus unhandsomely traduced) ‘was a virago, the most garrulous, vain, foolish, presumptuous, and ill-tempered of women? The same law that makes public property of public names, forbids, to a high and generous mind, the posthumous gibbeting of obscure and private foes.’ This, which we have just quoted, is not a solitary instance of spleen; the volumes of our Autobiographer display many instances of an equally small vengeance and poor injustice. Whoever does not acknowledge his pretensions, whether to Parnassus or a Peerage, are equally hateful to the eyes of Sir Egerton Brydges. He does not deem it possible that those who voted in the House of Lords against his claim, could be actuated by other than unworthy motives: some are ungrateful, others envious, all commonplace in ability, or questionable in birth.

There is this consequence of a moody and absorbed concentration in self; it vitiates the whole character: learn to consider yourself alone; make yourself a god; and you deem all who dispute your pretensions little better than blasphemers. You are like the ancient geographers ridiculed by Plutarch, who drew out a map of the little territory that was known to them; and to all beyond, applied the description of impassable sands, or horrid wastes. Yourself, your pursuits, your circle, your admirers, are your chart; beyond, are only

‘The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders;’—

and this habit of isolation of thought and heart gradually destroys as much of the charm of genius as of the dignity of character. So it is with the complaints of Sir Egerton Brydges—complaints it is impossible to sympathize in, because they are wholly selfish. There is ever something generous in true pathos; it either asks us to sympathize for a loss that affects more than the mourner, or it interests us in the mourner, by showing us that his sorrow is not purely selfish. Rousseau, in the most egotistical of his lamentations, always seduces us into a belief of his benevolence for others; and reveals the glimpses of a nature in which the genial and kindly feelings appear not stifled but perverted. Byron, when he mourns for Thirza, affects us to sympathy with himself, by a sympathy, with the love or the loveliness of the dead, which, less, in the gloomiest passages of *Childe Harold* in a broad the selfish griefs of the poet exalted. At night they bursts of sympathy with the misfortune, the atmosphere

of the world, with the struggles of the free, with the vexations of the wise, with the disappointments of the impassioned. But, in Sir Egerton Brydges, the lamentations are solely for self, and for selfish objects—a poem neglected, or a peerage refused. Nor does he ever seek to connect sympathy with himself by sympathy with others. We know nothing of the family, the wife, the children, of Sir Egerton Brydges. He does not burst forth with apostrophes, which every lover, every husband, every father can feel in his heart of hearts. To his “Night Thoughts,” there is no Narcissa: for his Pilgrimage, no Ada. Once only he seems aroused into a lukewarm lamentation for a friend, and the few words in which he mentions the death of Lord Tenderden are really the most pathetic in his book. We would warn, then, by this example, the example of a man of elegant tastes, and, doubtless, (for perhaps all poets are,) of original and early kindness of disposition; the younger race from self-indulgence and self-absorption, which make martyrs of the intellect as well as of the heart.

It is not that egotism is in itself revolting, nor the love of solitude in itself a disease; it is the abuse and perversion of both that are dangerous and unworthy. A certain degree of self-esteem is not only natural to all lofty minds, but it is necessary to their exertions. Without it we are echoes of all vulgar cries; the hangers-on and creatures of the crowd. We neither love nor honour Milton the less for his august and frequent reference to himself—a reference more frequent in his prose writings than in his verse. Perhaps in the whole history of literature, there is no passage more egotistical or less selfish than the following: “For the world, I count it not as an inn, but a hospital; and a place not to live but die in. The world that I regard is myself. It is the microcosm of mine own frame that I cast mine eye on; for the other, I use it, but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perusing only my condition and fortunes, do err in my altitude, for I am above Atlas his shoulders.” (Here follows the high excuse for this lofty self-exaltation.) “The earth is a point, not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us. That mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind. That surface that tells the heavens they have an end, cannot persuade me I have any. I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty. Though the number of the arc do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my mind. Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity to us; something that was before the elements, and owing no homage unto the sun. He that understands not thus much, hath not his introductions or first lesson, and is yet to begin the alphabet of man.”

In this magnificent passage—“a solemn procession, of purple thought”—who will not allow that the self-esteem is the charm? That self-esteem dignifies us as well as its object; we are elevated with its elevation; we are called upon to sympathize with an egotist who reveals to us *our* nature as well as his own; we are raised to a sense of our own majesty by contemplating that of another; what *he* is, that are we; “something that was before the elements, and

owes no homage to the sun.” It is not then that either in self-esteem, or in egotism, which is often its expression, there is any thing degrading in itself. To confess is no shame; shame is in that which we confess. When, therefore, it is the natural inclination of genius to reveal its nature, its thoughts, sentiments, or sufferings, it is as foolish as it is vain for criticism to resist the inclination: all that we can suggest is this: the man who does betray the mysteries of his own soul, should study to keep the temple pure and holy; and should ask our sympathy, not because he has thought, nor because he has suffered, but because he has thought deeply and suffered nobly.

But if, in the indulgence of egotism, there be nothing in itself to blame or to condemn,—if, on the contrary, it is this autobiography of opinion, and of thought, which often constitutes one of the most valuable and charming portions of literature,—if we wish indeed with a restless longing that it had been a more frequent habit of mind with our great authors—and if we still search laboriously through the sonnets of Shakspeare—through the correspondence of Montesquieu—through the Latin verses of Milton—for every allusion, every avowal, that makes us more intimately acquainted with the workings of their souls,—still less can we affect to disdain or impugn a more frequent and necessary literary passion—the love of solitude;—a love natural to all contemplative natures—a habit not necessarily selfish in itself; its uses are noble—its abuse only dangerous. It is a bath to the mind relaxed in the feverish atmosphere of crowds; it braces the nerves of the intellect—it renews its vigour. But then we are not always to live in a bath, which strengthens in moderation weakens in excess. Properly considered, the use of occasional retirement from the world is not to sever, but to confirm the ties that bind us to others. The literary character is necessarily sensitive; so much are its efforts connected with the love of esteem, that it is easily susceptible to mortifications—it magnifies annoyance—it imagines slight:

“it shapes

By choice the perils it by chance escapes.”

Hence the wholesome effect of retiring at from the great mart of competition. The calm stores us: at a distance we review the causes humbled or enraged, and wonder to find that the tre vanishes, in the clearer light by which it is examined; and as the desire of fame returns, it returns our legitimate benevolence for those proportion that fame in proportion to its utility to It was from that cavern, yet to be seen in the of Plutarch, to which Demosthenes retired, that great author emerged with new heart and vigour, to thunder forth those divine sympathies with the liberties of mankind which are still the inspirers of public virtue. Viewed in this light, solitude is the no of action, no less advantageous than natural to energies of genius. But a solitude that is the ment of misanthropy—the den of hatred; the phitic and noisome cave from which evil oracles are emitted—is the retreat, not of genius, but of envy which is at war with genius. “There is,” said Colley, the solitude of a god, and the solitude of a wild beast.” It was a noble comment by one addict

ide, and comprehending all its uses, ed saying of Pythagoras, that he was of life,"—"Men," said Lord Bacon, 7, that in the theatre of human life it is d angels to be *spectators*."

de these remarks, first, in reference tly incensed at the maudlin of modern argued against what are vitally ne- natures—a confessional and a hermit- dly, as a warning to others who would to abuse. We have said, that how- the result, and however imbittered ngs, there is always something of hap- rsuits of literature. But it is easy / much purer and how much greater ay be made by the temper of the stu- tant resistance to all the petty and ons of spleen and envy; by a watch- at all-exacting and never-compromis- which sensitive minds, in search of o liable to form. It is impossible for be social, but all may be benevolent; ishing what innumerable sources of en to ourselves, by compelling the alm and retirement, to take an inter- d action of the world. This interest om all the stagnation and selfishness ennobles success, it consoles for fail- re, indeed, is less common to persons mind; for it requires a great genius Morose. But the menial adorns it- n resolved to be useful is sure to ac- ject.

At these remarks occur somewhat in think we recognise in the rising gene- y men a more wholesome and mascu- ind than that which characterized a f their immediate predecessors. And s the political constitution becomes enius of every description is perhaps elled to become more social. One of he Reform Bill was, that it threw desirous of entering public life, at eople,—familiarizing both the candi- d with the pretensions and qualities yet this audacity in a student was ssible by the advocates of the old sys- s urged as one of the inestimable ad- se boroughs, that through them, and lone, could men of literature and sci- d to Parliament; as if it were desira- them that fastidiousness and reserve ily diminish their utility in active life. s from the roar of the hustings, will no less from the eye of the Speaker. for the old system, under pretence of character of the student, were nurs- alities that were to secure his failure. vantages of an enlarged political cir- m with the pursuits of the scholar, are him from his closet to public life,— e public may lose as often as it may i familiarizing his ear and his heart of the actual world. The agitation, ment—the lively, the unceasing, the t in political concerns, which it is the

nature of popular governments to create,—meet him in every circle; insensibly they force themselves on his meditations—they colour his studies—they trans- fuse their spirit into his compositions. This it was which so singularly characterized the literature of Athens; bringing in close contract the statesman and the student,—giving vitality to the dream of the poet, and philosophy to the harangues of the orator. And by a necessary reaction, the same causes which render the man of letters more interested in the affairs of men of action, interest the men of action in the aims and character of men of letters. The connexion is as serviceable to the world as to the scholar; it corrects the dreaminess of the last,—it refines the earthlier calculations of the first; and thus popular institutions insensibly become the medium of ex- change, which barter and transfer from the most dis- tant quarters, the most various commodities in the intellectual commerce of mankind.

From the United Service Journal.

SKETCHES OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

"I hear a lion in the lobby roar;
Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door,
And keep him out? or shall we let him in,
To try if we can turn him out again?"

At Fort Beaufort one experiences, in a remarkable degree, the very great, though gradual difference of climate between the summer and the winter, which I have mentioned as characterizing also the vicinity of Cape Town. While the winters are rendered delightful and invigorating by the happy union of sun- shine and cool or even cold weather, with just enough rain to spread a carpet of verdure over the country and enrich the luxuriance of the evergreen copses, the summer heats are great, and the grass on the em- browned plains and parched hills becomes as dry and easily ignited as tinder; so that sparks falling from the pipes of the Hottentots, or blown away from the remaining embers of the fires kindled by them in travelling, quickly communicate, and set fire to con- siderable tracts of country, which continue burning, sometimes for hours, sometimes for days, in fact, till the conflagration is extinguished by a heavy fall of rain, or arrested by meeting in its course a barrier of the thick and succulent shrubs. One sees their traces in the wide deep-brown patches, lying naked amid surrounding slopes of yellow hay, stewed with cin- ders and charred twigs of heaths or young mimosas, or else tinged with a fresh green, where the young grass begins to sprout richly from the fertilized sur- face, and generally bounded by the shrubbery, where a girdle of bushes, drooping and scorched into a sick- ly brown, denote the victims that have stood between the rest and the devouring element.

The progress of these fires is curious to watch. A straight or irregular, but connected, line of little flames goes steadily on in the wind's eye, fed by the overhanging grass that bends to the current of air, sending up a chain of little columns of smoke, which unite in an opaque screen, and drift away in a broad canopy of solid-looking dull vapour. At night they produce a beautiful effect, lighting up the atmosphere

above and around them with a lurid red, and frequently so numerous, that one might fancy their long scattered lines on the sides of the hills to be the watch-fires of hostile bands.

During the continuance of the drought, the valleys or standing pools of water (generally the only dependence of the cattle, and sometimes of the farmer) become dried up or evaporated to a thick and noisome puddle of scarcely liquid filth; and when this continues long the cattle turn blind or even die, unless the boor removes with his household and herds to a temporary residence on the banks of some river. As the heat increases, thunder-storms become frequent; and during a period of six weeks or more, few days pass in which the clouds do not begin to rise around the horizon, or in some quarter, about twelve o'clock or a little later, and slowly spread in a lowering grey veil above. Faint distant gleams precede the gradually more vivid and brilliant flashes of lightning, which are soon accompanied by remote mutterings, that deepen as the day wears on into louder murmurs and bellowing peals of thunder. Beneath the still, melancholy, colourless grey expanse dark streaks hang in the distance, while overhead murky broken masses of clouds and fantastic fleecy wreaths sail up to the zenith. The dazzling flashes and sharply-defined zigzag lines, down which a continued stream of intense fire seems to run, piercing the entrails of earth, increase in brilliancy, and anon longer threads of white flame play fitfully nearer, while occasional crashes of tremendous din interrupt the dead pauses between the intervals of the rolling peals and loud echoes of the mountains. There is a passage in "Tom Cringle's Log," which approaches the nearest of any description I know to giving an idea of the sublime and terrific sound of the report instantaneously accompanying the blinding flash, where, speaking of a thunder-storm in Jamaica, he says "The sound of the thunder was a sharp, ear-piercing crash, as if the whole vault of heaven had been made of glass, and shivered at a blow;" so utterly unearthly is its loudness, yet so ringing and sharp its tone. These storms were generally attended by heavy rain, but often only in the distant hills. When it extended to the lower grounds, one could see it driving rapidly on in a solid white mass, preceded by violent eddies and minor tornadoes, which whirled the sand and branches of trees aloft in the air; and when it reached you, you might have thought that the bottom of some vast lake in the upper regions had given way; with such resistless violence did the broad sheets of water come down, deluging the country to the depth of two or three inches, which yet the thirsty soil quickly drank in. When it grew dark, the brilliancy of the flashes was most dazzling, and the whole country to the horizon would stand forth distinct as in the meridian blaze of the sun, but tinged with the variously-coloured light. These commotions of the elements generally die away in the distance about nine or ten o'clock; but the yellow gleams of lightning are seen much longer, and often continue visible through the greater part of the night.

It has been already observed that the regular "commandos" against the Caffres have been latterly discontinued, but only within the last five years. In 1827 (as well as I can recollect) one took place, in

which Lieut. W., commanding a party of the Corps, went by appointment to meet and wait Commandant of Caffraria, in a valley about miles to the eastward of the colonial front. The party fell in with several lions, and one young one was killed. This circumstance gave rise to the project of a "lion-hunt" in the habited district; and a party of four soon afterwards went out for some days, and succeeded in killing several. Since that time they have taken place every year, starting from Fort Beaufort; and the preparations for them, the anticipations of the sport, and the recollections of the various occurrences and adventures of former similar expeditions, afford a subject of interest and animating conversation at the post for a considerable time previous to the start.

The principal management and lead in the sport is vested, by a sort of prescriptive right, from their practised experience and skill in the sport, in three gentlemen, who are (without exception) the A. B. C. of lion-hunting. The names of C., Capt. A., and Mr. B., a resident for some years back at Fort Beaufort, are so well known to the public, that I trust they will excuse my alluding to them so openly. Indeed to attempt a detailed description of the amusement without particularizing would rival that performance of "Hamlet," let me out, by particular desire, the part of the Prince of Denmark."

Conducted in its present form, there are many conveniences requisite for an expedition of this kind, such as waggons and oxen, Hottentot servants, which these gentlemen possess in their establishments, in addition to the advantages already mentioned, and that of being near to the scene of operations. As the parties do not admit of many adventurers, it is a matter of no little favour to be elected among the select few; and with the requisite qualifications of a quick eye and steady hand, a good barrelled fowling-piece, of as large bore as is conveniently carried, will be found the best and superior to a rifle in lightness and ease in use, and quite as certain in throwing ball for the sudden shots required, besides the obvious advantage of a second shot. As the best method of giving a correct idea of the style of the thing, I shall give a description of a lion hunt at which I "assist" (I use a Gallicism) in March, 1833, the scenes and occurrences of which made a vivid impression at the time.

Four other officers besides myself were to join the party, which was the largest that had ever gone out. We were to be absent for ten days. The commandant and an other officer were to remain on the ground for a couple of days. The fortnight preceding our departure was employed in seeing that the waggons were in perfect repair, and collecting teams of the fattest and strongest oxen, and inspecting the condition of the steeds intended for our own riding and for our servants; besides an ample store of powder and balls, grain for the horses, and finally material for the mess, wherein large quantities of claret, sherry, and malt, were not forgotten among the innumerable items. Some cows and sheep were also purchased; and two days before we were pointed for our start, the four waggons (an ad-

having been hired by us for the trip) were duly loaded with their multifarious loads of tents and es, beds, trunks, and gun-cases, canteens, claret, and sacks of barley, which were piled amicably together up to the very roof of their white cantilets. The next day the waggons, having to take a circuitous road through the mountains, were off under an escort of some of our servants; having watched them till the sharp crack of the whips alone announced that they were getting all right," after the turn of the road through 'Poort' concealed them, we lounged about till the arrival of those who joined from Gra-town; and the jovial party at mess that night the walls ring.

Early the next morning the cavalcade of the remaining servants and Hottentots with the led horses followed, in two hours by their masters on reback, accompanied part of the way by some men from the post; and no doubt making a brave and goodly appearance, as, gleaming in the broad sunshine, with our white shooting jackets and leather trousers, one solitary "rasée" black beaver distinguished amid a cluster of broad-brimmed white hats, nodding with ostrich feathers to keep off the sun, we wound slowly through the scattered shrubbery over the plain leading to a half-worn rugged path up a steep rocky hill, which made the horses sweat a little. A long ride over stony mountains dotted with the thorny mimosas and other trees, by which we were invisible except to the leaders and the Hottentots, brought us in sight of the halting-place for the night, just as the sun was darting forth from behind a curtain of heavy crimsoned-fringed clouds his farewell beams, which tinged the rocky summits of the hills with a warm roseate hue, while the valley to which we were descending lay dark in the shade of evening. Our waggons were already there, the tents pitched, and oxen loose grazing. Little was unpacked that night; but after disqualifying some bottles for accompanying us farther, we turned in; those who were in that happy mood to pique themselves on being particularly careful, previously taking a last look at their horses, who were quietly standing in their clothing, tied up in squads, under the shelter of thick bushes, while some of the Hottentots were sitting round the red fire of dry sticks, eating and chattering.

We started early the next morning, and winding through a long rich valley, where a few Hottentots divide little scattered patches allotted to them, on the very verge of the Caffre territory, we reached a steep, narrow spit of hill, and halted for breakfast at the foot of a tremendous long spur, running down from a lofty mountainous chain over which it offered the only approach. "Hic labor, opus"—our toil was but commencing. Far as we could see upwards the ascent continued; and during our halt various bets were laid as to the chances of precedence among the waggons surmounting it, and reaching the top in safety. The first started, and pushed up slowly but determinedly; but in a deep watercourse crossing the road at the very foot of the ascent, the third stuck fast, and in vain was every effort to move it. Most of the

party had gone on after the first waggons, but I and the owner of the distressed one, after standing by for some time contemplating the exertions of the indefatigable Hottentots, rode slowly up a part of the way, when we dismounted and sat down, anxiously awaiting the result, which threatened to delay at least, if not spoil our expedition. The track-touw, (a long plaited rope of hide,) which is secured to all the yokes, and by which alone the waggon is dragged, broke repeatedly; and at last the oxen, terrified and sulky, would not draw, in spite of all the shouts of the Hottentots and tremendous blows of the clanging whip. After two hours of fruitless toil, the team of the fourth waggon, all this time detained in the narrow pass behind, was put to in addition, and after a few unsuccessful attempts at last moved it, and to our great joy dragged it fairly out.

We waited to see no more, but went on after our companions; and in due time arrived at the encampment, seated in a deep dell under two savage craggy mountains, whose frowning peaks rose stern and menacing amid a rack of gloomy thunder-clouds. Away to our right rose in the distance one of those immense masses of tabular rock, so commonly seen among the mountains of South Africa. This one is called "Gaika's hill," and is a very distinguished landmark in that tract of country, which consists principally of long undulating ridges, covered with a rank pasture, which the Dutch colonists call "zuire veldt." Here, while the tents were pitched, and the arrival of the two waggons waited for, we amused ourselves in firing ball. Our target was a gnu's skull, which lay beside the little stream, a relic of some savage feast, and the first visible sign of our approach to the resort of the herds of game which are always followed by the lions. The waggons at last made their appearance, and the creaking and rumbling of their wheels, and the occasional reports of the whip, were succeeded by comparative silence, or a confused murmur of voices, relating how it took both teams united to drag each of the heavy waggons up the long hill in turn. The usual bustle of unpacking commenced, and we shot on, or rambled through the long grass.

By the time that preparations for dinner were in a forward state, the night had gathered its tempest, and heavy rain was falling, accompanied by rattling volleys of heaven's piercing musketry, reverberating and echoed among the naked crags high up. The horses were driven in, fed, and made fast to the rear of the waggons; and soon after the oxen, with the usual scene of driving, crowding, dodging to get hold of the thongs about their immense horns, &c., were duly secured to the wheels, where they stood for the night, or lay huddled together steaming under the heavy shower. Our party assembled in the mess-tent, not the less noisy for the stunning thunder-peals and continual sheets of lightning, which, glaring brightly, threw the interior of the tent, in spite of the candles, into apparent darkness, while behind the black figures of its inmates, the outside was lighted up for minutes together most brilliantly; nor for the want of the still unpacked plates and forks. With boxes and canteens for tables and seats, and an amicable sharing of the motley platters and

goblets, we kept it up (that is, some few—one or two had retired *non computes* before) long after the night had resumed its quiet solemnity.

I shall never forget the two singular little creatures who served and cleared away that night, and who were from thenceforth appointed by acclamation to the sole superintendence and attendance of the mess-tent. Illustrious “Umtata” and immortal “Donald!” how shall I convey an adequate conception of your merits, unique and incomparable pair,

“Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo.”

Umtata was a young Mantatée, (a nation resembling the Caffres, but even blacker,) who had been brought away when almost an infant along with one or two others, by a commando then in the country, and had fallen to the possession of Captain A., who, by constant drilling, had formed him into a most active smart little valet, butler, and factotum, of twelve years old; and Umtata’s entreaties not to be left behind had obtained him leave to accompany his master’s waggon; and now he seemed at the summit of felicity, gliding about to shift plates and glasses, stammering his cheerful “Y’-y’-y’-ya, sir,” and watching Captain A. with his large lustrous eyes, and mouth widely displaying his ivory teeth, and little woolly black head, set off by his clean white cotton jacket; altogether contrasting strongly with the pale, dirty yellow complexion, the small sleepy eyes and diminutive features of his companion Donald, who was much smaller and slighter, though many years his senior. Donald was a Bushman, and one of the smallest specimens of that pigmy race. Though now full-grown, being near twenty years old, his stature and slight figure, and his small beautifully formed hands and feet, were those of a child of eight or nine years at most. A broad bald patch on one side, gave an additionally-singular appearance to his head, which, like that of all the Bushmen, was devoid of any thing like hair, but dotted over with small pea-like knots of black wool growing at considerable intervals, in regular transverse lines over the smooth, yellow skin.* A most singular creature was little Donald; detesting the inside of a house (like all of his tribe, and indeed the Hottentots too,) an attempt to confine him to it was sure to make him run away for days; in fact, Donald had given leg-bail, some two or three years before, to his rightful master, who was at this time living at a considerable distance, and, as I accidentally heard afterwards, when riding down to Cape Town, imagined that he had escaped to his own people. In ordinary, Donald sauntered about the post with a diminutive bow and arrows of his own manufacture, shooting small birds, or took out the dogs for exercise; but his delight and ambition was, mounted on a tall, raw-boned horse, to carry a second gun, and attend his master when out shooting. He had the eye of a hawk; and his word was without appeal in all disputed points about the species of any object too distant to be clearly made out. This night the two

urchins, after our revel was over, assisted—conscience I believe conducted—their masters and soundly we all slept.

On the following morning the repacking of the waggon, and issuing very necessary orders about arrangement of the tents and the appointment of a spot for encamping, where the sportsmen, who shortly to separate from the waggon, should meet them in the evening, detained us till past 8 o’clock when we rode off, at first along the waggon-road more deeply worn than we expected to find it after crossing a clear rocky stream, of most irregular appearance to anglers, we diverged to the left on a stiff ascent, from the top of which spread before us a plain, dipping suddenly about two miles off to the right the little river came round with a long sweep. We were accompanied by two dogs, one a fox pointer belonging to Captain A.; the other a mongrel hound, as large as a Newfoundland, which had been employed in former hunts.

Scattering a very little, we rode slowly over a considerable distance over a deeply undulating plain covered with a short olive-coloured pasture, in the bottoms of the winding hollows, where of a dark rich green denoted a moister soil, the principal of which long belts or occasional ridges of lofty reeds fringed the narrow channels of streams or the chain of stagnant pools that were in winter, while masses of reeds peeped out from the steeper banks. We had seen nothing but a solitary roebuck, and a single antelope that ran away at our approach, his white tail floating in the gentle breeze. The Hottentots’ keen eyes scanned all the country around; and still moving on, we saw on a hill about three quarters of a mile a-head, eight or nine dark spots, easily distinguished on the monotonous expanse of the plain. “Quaggas;” as we advanced they retreated over the brow; and when we arrived at the top we seen at a similar distance cantering heavily over the summit of the next ridge. Tired of our blank hunting’s work we pushed on, and rising the next ridge saw also one or two scattered gnus, easily distinguished by their lighter gallop and playful antics. We dismounted to relieve our horses; and after a halt again resumed our slow search, still seeing few scattered game in the distance. As we advanced the country gradually rose in a succession of wave-like but immense ridges towards an irregular tabular mountain of rocks, about two miles long on the southern side, where it was more lofty and perpendicular, to the northern extremity, which terminated in a sudden cleft, and then a perfectly conical hill. It is called the Winfogel Berg, and its most striking and peculiar feature in the country is its deeply cleft and fissured sides, feathered with bushes about the base of the cliffs, looking in the distance like a gigantic battlemented wall clothed with ivy.

A herd of some thirty gnus, old and young, were described grazing in a valley beneath us; and for a nearer view, some of the younger hands were sent on circuit to get below them, while two of us rode to the brow of the hill, there somewhat startled and as the alarmed herd swept by, we had a be-

* This peculiarity is not confined to the Bushmen; the Hottentots and Caffres’ heads are similarly adorned; but in the latter the little balls grow irregularly all over the head.

graceful forms, which they displayed in leaps and curvettings, with their heads erect and silvery tails switching and streaming. At the few shots fired at them were no more. Re-loading, we overtook the leaders of the previously sanguine hopes of sport, and to be damped by the extreme scarcity of game in the country we had passed over they were now dead and alive with wild animals, and they were in our progress the scenes of various lion-hunts. The unpleasant recollection of the worn appearance of the road coincided with the deserted scene in exciting our fears at the visits of the boers and Hottentots, who never had driven away the herds of antelope and consequently the lions, to other yet more fertile regions farther north. The sky, which, at the dawn of the morning, had been brilliant and sunny, had gradually filled with grey clouds, which still were rising and covering every quarter; and with hopes equalled, we resumed our leisurely climbing of the mountain, while the younger sportsmen still stood to gaze at some distant speck, denoting the individual of the (to him) new and unknown lions of the waste.

We reached the summit of a considerable eminence, but a few scattered spring-bucks were visible over the widely-extending plain. About mid-day, and by this time a dark line of clouds which had been hanging over the dreary "Winfogel Berg," deepened into a wall of crags into an inky hue, was rapidly approaching, and seeming to attract wisps of vapour. A sombre stillness reigned, and occasional red gleams and flickers of light played about the hill, among the coming storm announced itself in the perilous situation on this elevation of a single shrub or plant threatened by the approaching deluge no joke. We were to descend to the valley, where there was a pool of water, and unsaddle our horses for as we moved on for this purpose in no order, happening to drop behind, I observed the Hottentots riding in the rear along the river, conversing in a whisper, and with eyes fixed on some distant point in the distance. After a long, silent and intent gaze, as they simultaneously looked up as if at some other's thoughts, and one said in a low voice in Dutch, "They are lions." The darkness of the day, and both renewed their suspicions of the suspected objects with greater reason soon with symptoms (but in silence) of standing.

Major C., I informed him that the men saw lions, and the intelligence caused

While he and Captain A. strained to make out the various indistinct objects, the Hottentots coming up, made in decided and loud voices the cheering announcement of "lions!" and pointed to two brownish objects which were to be in motion in the dark green narrow valley. A short examination

left no doubts of the joyful fact; and after a hasty exhortation to keep together, and to pull up and dismount at once on receiving the word from Captain A., we grasped our double-barrels, and gave the spur to our steeds to overtake the chase, who were soon out of the long grass, and going off up the opposite slope. Captain A.'s clear "Tally ho!" was chorused loudly as we galloped down the brae, cheering to bring them to; when from the same rushy bottom emerged two others, going off to the right, and for them we immediately rode, and quickly swept through the firm, though rank grassy hollow. As we were fast gaining on them up the rise, they suddenly swung round in succession, like two cutters suddenly letting go anchor while carrying a press of canvass off the wind; and there they lay couched, two lionesses seemingly, with heads erect, and glaring eyes, and jaws half opening, and swinging tails.

Captain A. warning us to be cool and steady, or else there would be mischief, (as an encounter with two at once is dangerous, from the chance of one breaking in while the other receives all or most of the shots,) directed us rather to the left, that we might gain equality of ground, and keeping a wary eye on the nearest, he said quickly, as we came within about sixty paces of her, "Let's dismount now, and be smart, or she'll be in upon us before we know where we are—she looks d—d savage." There was an immediate halt and dismounting. Two seconds sufficed for Captain A. and myself to stand "ready," gun in hand, as our horses stood unheld; but about a minute elapsed before the servants (except three who carried second guns) had secured the reins of all the steeds; and after a rapid glance at our locks and copper caps, we advanced in a line at about two paces' distance from each other, the servants in our rear.

The scene was now magnificently grand and exciting. Broad sheets of lightning flashed from every part of the heavens; heavy drops were falling, and a general gloomy mist half veiled the hills, but unheeded, for every eye was fixed on one spot, where the noble savage lay facing us, with a stern countenance; her wide, round, yellow eyes, with small jet-black pupils glaring fiercely, and her massy fore-paws half raising from the turf her milk-white chest and throat. She lashed the ground heavily on either side alternately with her tail, which swung over her back in regular pendulum-like vibrations, and her formidable jaws opening with a grim yawn, seemed to emit from time to time hollow, half-suppressed roars, which, however, were inaudible from the now uninterrupted rattle of the thunder. Her companion lay about twenty paces behind her. Major C. begged us to let him have a first shot at her, to try a new rifle he had brought as his second gun, and we halted while he fired at about thirty-five paces; but his ball fell three yards short, and to our surprise was quite unnoticed by the lioness, who still lay as we again advanced. Suddenly the two dogs made a violent rush forward, and Captain A. alarmed for his favourite, exclaimed, "Let us fire now!"

He and Mr. B. fired, and wounded her, when instantaneously bounding on her feet, she was coming in with a heavy lumbering gallop, when a volley of four shots sent her rolling over head-foremost; and

the dogs running in, began to lay hold and bite at her hind legs, instinctively keeping at a respectful distance from her head; but she was quite dead.

We re-loaded to prepare for the other, but she, or he (for we had afterwards reason to believe it was a young male) had risen on the first rush of the dogs, and turning about a hundred yards off, one of the shooters had seen him couch again. However, he was now nowhere to be seen, having probably stolen off during the smoke of our shots; and we ran up to where the first lay, and stood gazing in admiration of our prize. She was a very handsome full-grown lioness, measuring nine feet from nose to tail; her skin beautifully sleek, and the upper part of a rich tawny, darker down the spine, while the jaws, throat, belly, and inside of the legs were of a pure milky white. Her bright yellow eyes were wide open and life-like, while five bullet-holes in her chest and shoulders out of the six shots, reflected no disgrace on our shooting.

We called up the servants with our horses, and remounting, rode briskly under the heavy rain, with our guns pointed upwards, for fear of accidents from the lightning, in the direction we supposed the other to have taken; but after a short unsuccessful search, it was determined, as the shower was nearly over, and the thunder rolling away in the distance, to off saddle and turn our horses loose to graze and roll, previous to commencing a pursuit of the first two lions. While the servants knee-haltered and watched the horses, we returned on foot to where the corpse lay, and while yet at a distance, observed it already covered with about a dozen of large grey vultures, while others stood round in little groups, and numbers more were descending from the sky; some wheeling in gradually lower and diminishing circles, others yet but specks sailing in the upper air. At our approach they heavily took flight, and retiring to a little distance, remained watching for our departure.

It is almost incredible within how short a time these birds assemble from every quarter of the sky upon the death of any animal. Often, on killing an antelope, we looked up to the heavens to observe if one was in sight; but though not a speck denoted a living creature in the broad expanse, before a minute had elapsed, there they were sure to appear, some like motes sailing across from the distance, others dimly becoming visible as they descended from their aerial altitudes, from which their farpiercing ken must take in an immense circuit of earth.

We set three of the Hottentots to flay the lioness, an operation they perform very neatly; and as the pliant white skin peeled from the body, we tyros were surprised at the extremely delicate colour of the white and pale-blue muscles.

The paws, when stripped, were as beautifully blanché as the most exquisite female hand, but the ropy white sinews were as thick as one's thumb, and hard as iron; in fact, a knife could scarcely divide them. As the process descended, suddenly an overpowering odour most unlike "Arabia's spicy breath," caused a spasmodic elevation of hands to noses, and we bolted precipitately to return for our horses, which were driven in, saddled, and remounted.

Passing by the scene on our way, the spoils of the

lioness were carefully rolled up, tied and secured behind on Donald's horse, and we set off in a scamper line to explore along the valley, where it was supposed the lions must have taken cover. We fell in with a troop of gnus; but intent on nobler game we disregarded them, although nearer to us than we had seen; until a shot from one of the party fell on the hill-side, followed by a second, which drew our attention, and a fine large gnu came tearing down the slope, heading for the herd who were now close upon us. As he pushed to pass between the two down of the sportsmen, we bundled off our guns, and he regularly ran the gauntlet, barrel after barrel going off at him within 130 yards; but he came off unhurt, and when beyond our reach behind, he turned about, whisking his tail, prancing and butting in the air, as if in derision of us. The general mischief followed by a general laugh. We imagined to bring down so large a mark, but afterwards, by experience that it is very difficult to disable a lion, however severely hit.

Following the declining valley for a mile or more to the north, we turned to the right up the face of a hill, and circled round the summit, then following a long ridge for some way, came to a sudden descent.

Beneath us lay an extensive undulating tract, glowing in the golden sunshine, and studded over with large scattered parties of spring-bucks, gnus, and blaes-bucks (a fine large pied antelope,) which as the hunt descended began to move, the nearest constantly tiring, while fresh troops appeared in the hollows, and the numbers increased to the sight.

Having little hope of seeing more lions this day, we broke through all restraint, and dispersing rode in different lines at the game, separating widely from each other as we galloped on in the ardour of the chase. My little horse pricked up his ears, and pulled hard on the rein, stretching along after the strings of blaes-bucks and gnus with surprising eagerness and enjoyment; while the white shooting-jackets of my companions gleamed every minute more distinctly on my left, as they scoured away after the specks that wheeled and sailed along before them, and an occasional popping shot was heard distant and faint on the breeze. The spring-bucks and antelopes quickly gained and kept at a considerable distance; but two or three herds of gnus never came far behind. Racing with each other, wheeling sharply round with their horns down, as if about to charge their pursuer, then bounding away with a kick and a snort, frolicking and switching their light tails, they kept up a perpetual inter-bustle and change of place among themselves, now and then a fresh squadron would come sweeping over the brow of a slope, and suddenly stop and frequently I pulled up shortly, and sprung off my horse to get a shot at them, while he stood perfectly still, though with head erect, and his full black eyes gazing at the animals he had been chasing with evident delight. But however short the interval, from the inequality of the ground, they generally came over the brow of the ridge, or dipped the hollow suddenly, that I fired but few shots, and though confident of having hit once or twice, not one was ped.

ing on this way for about an hour, I was obliged to rejoin the party, now long gone; and crossing away to the left for this or long I met Mr. B. and another, who, I had outridden the rest in pursuit, but had nothing. We shaped our course in a direction pointed out by Mr. B.'s Hottentot, as the encampment; though how he could have guessed me at the time, and I question if natives or half-savages could steer their way over such confidence and accuracy over such ridges and swelling slopes running into the distance in endless succession; all apparently so small the smallest plant or bush, that, to ordinary eyes the only distinguishable features were the low hills and the peculiar distant mountains in the eastern horizon.

As we met a large string of spring-bucks, I intended to get shots, one following the top of the hill, the others taking each a side; but I fired, but without result. As we crossed a sedgy hollow, a jackal bolted out and I gave chase for his life, Mr. B. firing at him close, and going so close above and under the wind of the bullets made him twist like a cork. As he had re-loaded we were proceeding, a shot in our rear attracted our notice, and we saw on a distant hill a horseman riding forward as if in perplexity, and finally short.

The Hottentot recognised him as one of our party, and tried to attract his attention by shouting, but to no purpose, and at last firing shots, but to no purpose. At last the lad brought him up, and slowly they overtook us before long, and our guide presented a comical figure, covered with mud, and carrying in his arms a monstrous spring-buck, newly discovered; and from his pockets he drew a pair of what seemed bits of leather, the ears of another. He had lost sight of the herd while in chase of a large herd, and had only left two spring-bucks, but being unarmed and unassisted on his horse, he had cut off the ears and proofs of his prowess with a knife.

It was late to send back for the game, and we reached the rendezvous, which was in a dell, where a bend of the stream circled the gentle slope covered with long hay, and clumps of bright green mimosas. The sun shone brightly in the sinking rays of the day, declining behind the purple range of the "Blue Berg," and the numerous oxen and horses grazing in a level lawn beyond the stream, and a thick column of smoke rising among the busy figures bustling about, gave the scene a lively air.

Most of the party had arrived before us, and preparations for our temporary residence were far advanced. Two tents nearest the stream were already occupied by servants and Hottentots, who had got their things and carosses with them; four others were pitched in line for our own beds and trunks, and the space between stood for the mess-room, the careful disposition of canteens and boxes, and the tables and seats. The waggons were drawn

up in line above all, where the oxen were secured at night; and our servants had taken advantage of the spreading trees and interwoven cut-down branches to form half-open inclosures for their masters' horses.

Having fired off our guns, and set a Hottentot to stretch and salt the lioness's hide, we descended to the river to bathe, and afterwards wiled away the time shooting at empty bottles at twenty and thirty paces, and breaking several, till the announcement of dinner, at which our performance was worthy of Ulysses' companions—

“στ' ἦσαν καταδύναται

Ἡμεῖς δ' αὖ μὲν κέραι τ' ὑπὸ πτεῖρα καὶ μίθ' ἑδύ.

Corkscrews were at a premium, and many a mimic report preceded the qualifying of black bottles unnumbered for morning ball-practice. Our spirits were elated by early success, and vivid descriptions of former adventures awakened the enthusiasm of the experienced lionkillers, and kindled the emulation of those now embarked under their auspices. As the long-necked bottle passed from hand to hand, various sage and grand calculations of the number to be slain were made, till Captain A., reproving our inordinate cupidity, decided that we must not be unreasonable; “Twelve, yes, positively twelve is the proper number; we must leave some to breed, and I prophesy we shall bag exactly a dozen.”

Early in the morning, partridges and pheasants were crying all round the encampment, and some of the party went out through the long wet grass with their guns; one or two, like myself, lay still, listening to their shots till seven, when we too rose, and after our morning ablutions, were occupied in cleaning our double-barrels, replenishing our powder-flasks and pouches, and making out the roster of the servants and horses for the day. The shooters returned with eight or nine brace of birds, and we were soon seated round kettles of tea and coffee, flanked by various solid viands.

On this our second day, we rode over a great extent of country, similar to what we had traversed the preceding, and saw considerable numbers of quaggas, antelopes, &c., but nothing like a lion, though every belt of reeds, every likely green bottom was tried. In the latter part of the day we had a great deal of galloping and shooting at the troops of game, and killed one or two, and in the course of the afternoon fell in with four or five “bastards,” who had found the way here to shoot bucks for some days. They rode miserable little hacks, and carried very long coarse guns, and we had an opportunity of witnessing their method of killing game. I have already observed, that the gnus and antelopes constantly got off from us, unless struck in a vital part, or disabled by a completely broken leg, and probably became the prey of the hyenas and wild dogs, as we would not take the trouble of following them; whereas, the Hottentots, when they wound an animal, which one can tell by the peculiar *flop* of the ball against the flesh, watch and dog it quietly at a distance, letting it stand till the stiffness of the wound enables them easily to ride it down, even on their half-starved ponies.

They had not seen any lions, but informed us that two other parties of Hottentots and boers were in

the neighbourhood, killing bucks for belting, (the meat dried in the sun in strips,) and had shot on the mountain several elands, (an immense heavy antelope,) a piece of intelligence by no means agreeable, but which explained the extraordinary scarcity of game. Here, on the ground where we at no time saw more than four thousand head at once, Major C. and the others assured us that, in their former expeditions, the numbers were incalculable; the country looked a perfect forest of horns.

We returned home late, the sun throwing long orange gleams over the wave-like ridges, while their sides and hollows were immersed in a deep neutral purple. We were less sanguine in our hopes, though still flattering ourselves that trying new ground would bring us on lions yet; and we determined to remove the encampment to a spot about a mile higher up the stream, where there was better grazing, and a more abundant supply of fuel from the dried trunks and arms of the mimosas.

I shall not weary my readers, following the incidents of the next four days. They were all blank, as far as lions were concerned, and our hopes sank, as day after day we tried the country for miles around the long "Winfogel Berg." Yet it was a delightful week, the constant exercise in the fine invigorating air imparting a vivid sense of existence, and a keenness to the sight, and to say the truth, to the appetite, that in the latter amounted to voracity; and though our guns furnished game, (by-the-by, "buck-soup," properly *doctored*, with claret and spices, is a superb mess,) yet we had so many mouths to feed, (particularly after the arrival of the expected guests, who came through three hours of the most tremendous rain, accompanied by a troop of orderlies, &c.) that we were obliged to sacrifice one of the team-oxen. He was a little tough, to be sure, but nothing comes amiss to the persevering mastication of the Hottentots, whose capacity for solid comestibles is beyond conception. Positively three of them will sit round a fire all night, and eat a whole sheep before morning.

At a little distance from our new position was a charming natural basin, in the rocky bed of the stream, overhung by a stony mound, adorned with the dark protruding trunks and clustering spikes of the scarlet-flowered aloe. Here we used to assemble every morning early, to bathe and swim in the icy-cold water; and the first day we saw with surprise the mark of a fearful adventure on Captain A.'s arm. In the preceding lion hunt twelve months before, Captain A. had outwitted on a fleet horse his companions, in pursuit of a lioness, who, when pursued, instead of turning to couch, had wheeled and charged him at once. He had barely time to throw himself off, and sinking on one knee, to fire both barrels, when the furious animal made her spring, and he went down holding up one arm to save his head. The savage seized it, making her fangs almost meet, but fortunately without injuring the bone or artery. Captain A. had the presence of mind enough not to move, further than saying, "By —, this is a d—d pretty business!" and she lay upon him with his arm in her jaws for about two minutes, when the rest of the party coming up at full speed, she relinquished her hold, and after upset-

ting his servant, was going off, when several shots at once killed her. His arm was much lacerated, and his chest bruised, but he was otherwise uninjured, his escape being attributed to her having one fore-paw disabled by a wound, (since the first blow is generally fatal;) but even now, after so long an interval, five inches of his upper arm were of a deep livid purple, almost black.

In our daily rides over the hills, we found them strewn with skulls and horns of gnus and antelopes, bleaching in the sun, and sometimes a freshly-picked skeleton of a quagga; the hyenas never let them lie long, but carry them off to their caves and lairs about the bushy roots of the mountain cliffs. One day four or five of us had a gallop of three miles up a long hill, after what were thought lions, but turned out to be wolves (as the hyenas are called;) but we blew our horses uselessly, for though awkward in their shuffling gallop from the shortness of their hind-legs, they had such a start, that gaining the summit before us, it was vain to pursue them down hill after we discovered our mistake. The Hottentots, and even little Donald, maintained to the last, that the third, which disappeared during the run, was really a lion; but though staggered by their positive confidence, we were nearly convinced that all three were alike.

After the commandant and his companion left us, while sitting in debate, after dinner, on the disappointment of all our fair hopes, and the mortification of returning to the post with but one skin, to-morrow being the last day we could remain on the ground, it struck us at last to try as a last expedient, sending out three of the mounted Hottentots before dawn, for the chance of seeing lions, if there were any in the country; and if they did, to follow them to their lair, and while two remained in observation, to despatch the third with the news to us, and a subscription was forthwith entered into, to reward them if successful. Schumacker, a dark visaged bastard, of well-known nerve and eagle eye, was called into council, and after a little hesitation at first, agreed to go, and we told him to choose his companions; he pitched on two, both equally well acquainted with the country, and some hours after they departed before daylight.

In the morning, after we had bathed and breakfasted, we shot at empty bottles, and the bright sunny day wore on; the guns were duly cleaned and laid by loaded, and we looked at our watches, and began to despair, when about twelve o'clock, a Hottentot was seen slowly approaching on a tired horse. Captain A. ran down to meet him, and we saw him hold a brief and earnest converse, and then hold up both hands as a signal. It was quite enough, servants were loudly summoned, horses saddled, and guns brought forth; and then the guide having got a fresh horse, we started in high glee, the man informing us as we went along, how they had descried a "leüwe" and "weife" in the morning; how they had approached and followed them as they slowly moved away, frequently turning round and growling at them, and how at last they entered and lay in a rushy hollow. An hour's ride brought us to the spot, very near the scene of the first day's find, and as we approached, we saw the two Hottentots dismounted

on the opposite slope above the hole they made signals that the lions lay long green sedges and reeds. We to them, and ascertained that they had animals for the last two hours and y pointed out the spot where they were certain of their not having moved; led on foot in a concave line to the long rank grass and sedges, and shouted to her, Schumacker's bold companion he front, and assailing the female with various epithets, to make her come out, tentot servants, one and all, hung back the way, not liking an approach to an. Indeed, we had great difficulty to making shields for us, and in getting behind, but in the intervals, as we were in more danger of getting shot by trepidation than of missing the lions, come out. Out, however, they would we slowly beat down the edge of the grass to get the old hound to range it, single scamper through the high grass, the other side, not seeming to like it. impatient of the delay, wanted to enter this was loudly remonstrated against totos, and overruled by our experienced who knew the danger of one of the upset by a sudden spring of the animals, ers could get a shot. At last the lioning up, and with a short roar or snort, ant toss of his head and mane, bounded the little valley, one of the Hottentots mounting and pursuing him, with loud last firing a shot, when he couched in of reeds; the man remaining like a declivity, to watch him. The impatient two now overcame all caution, and in a line in the high sedges, when they went off with a similar leap and another direction, a shot fired by me having no effect. She lay again in about three hundred yards off, and we were of her. We immediately followed, nearest edge of the cover, here about across, with some coaxing got the dog after beating a little, he was crossing when all at once, as if fascinated, he lay, with his head on one side, and his tail to a spot not three yards from him, look of most ridiculous amazement, in the middle of a heap, as they say; but quickly backed out of the scrape. On a shot at the spot, up she bounced with a sharp bound at first came towards us, bounding through the high grass with a few short hollows as if quailing at our formidable numbers, then to our right, when a volley laid her down: she fell, some shameful dropping shots of our servants tore the grass about her, and rolled her off her back. The dog had fired re-loaded, and we hastily rushed on for her mate. We had the advantage height, about five-and-twenty paces from the edge of reeds, when he started up, and

wheeled away across us with the same appearance of adopting second thoughts; three or four shots were fired, and he fell head over heels into a sunken pool of water, heavily struck in the body. He swam across to the side next us, and as we descended, we saw his head and bristling mane and glaring eyes protruding through the screen of reeds, as the wounded but undaunted creature clung to the bank, struggling to drag himself up and charge. A few shots in the head put him out of pain, and he fell back. When we looked over the edge, he lay quite dead, and almost under water; so having found a place where the bank shelved to the bottom, two of the party stripped, and plunged in, and one taking him by the head, the other by the tail, they swam across to the creek. The scene was highly amusing and novel, the sun shining brightly on the animated party above, and on the oily brown skins of the naked Hottentots, standing in the water, and the white gleaming shoulders and arms of the swimmers, as they impelled the half-seen corpse through the deep bay mirror of the reed-fringed pool.

When brought to land, he was flayed and decapitated for his skull. He was a young male, scarcely so large as a lioness, and his imperfect short *tawny* mane showed him to be not nearly full grown, which accounted for the most unusual circumstance of his declining fight, instead of coming in at once. The female, to which we returned, was of tolerable size, though not so large nor handsome as the first killed, though she had *four* unborn whelps, with downy skins, striped like the tiger. Our horses did not exhibit the least appearance of alarm or dislike to approach her close, but it is well known that they become paralyzed with terror at the rush of the living lion.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in "yoicking" and shooting at the troops of game; and the following morning we packed up and despatched the waggons, shooting over a different line to the night's halt. It was with regret I left this wild and sunny region, and returned to the comparative tameness of Fort Beaufort, where we arrived two days afterwards, the waggons being a day longer on the road.

The slight specimen I have seen of this magnificent sport would certainly lead me to rank it above any others I have tried. The tiger-hunting of India, I imagine, cannot be put in comparison, as they want the exciting run after the chase; and how tame the plodding through jungle and reeds, cooped up in a howdah on an unwieldy elephant, above the reach of the tiger's spring, beside the glorious range over the open mountain-side, and the manful encounter on foot with this nobler if less beautiful animal, knowing that the strife is for death, for the lion will always come into the last while life remains. Fortunately none of the few accidents that have occurred in these hunts have been fatal.

One hears frequently of lions killed by the boers, but their method is very different from this sporting style of attack. They ride up in a party to a certain distance from the animal, and then backing their horses, which they keep between themselves and him, take a steady aim from behind them, with their long rovers, or guns of great bore; and as they are ca

marksmen in this deliberate way, they seldom fail to kill him, and should he possibly be able to charge, the hind quarters of their horses receive the shock.

I am aware that this imperfect sketch is far from doing justice to the subject; and could any of the celebrated lion-hunters I have alluded to be prevailed on to give their reminiscences to the public, they would form a most attractive and interesting detail of scenes and adventures to sportsmen.

I have not touched on the pursuit of the elephant, nor of the hippopotamus, rhinoceros, and buffalo. Few of the first are now found in the colony, though in the neighbourhood of the Fish River, and the sea-coasts, they were extremely numerous some years since. They are gradually retiring before the march of civilization (or intellect?) to the dark kloofs and forests of Caffreland, and the south-eastern coasts, where they exist in immense herds, and are the largest in the world. I have been assured that they have been shot of *eighteen* feet in height.

The chase of the rhinoceros and the buffalo is still keenly followed in the thick bush, and these sports are sufficiently exciting and dangerous for the most daring sportsman; but I must leave to abler hands the task of describing them, and take my leave, hoping that the Recollections of Caffraria, promised to the readers of the United Service Journal, may fill up the many blanks in my hurried outline.

H. R.

From the Gem.

THE STORY OF FIESCO,

By the author of "May You Like It."

"How justly am I punished for being such a proud, such a happy bride!" said the gentle Countess of Lavagna to herself. "How deeply did I feel the triumph, which I did not show, when Fiesco was mine—when the dream was realized, the sweet and dazzling dream, that Fiesco loved me! Alas! I have loved him too well! I have only felt my existence in his presence! and now I had but just begun to lose the awe which mingled with my love for him—to lose the timid, trembling awe of a girl's love, in all a wife's fond, free affection. Yet all my happiness seems breaking up! Fiesco is changed—wherefore, I know not; how, I can scarcely tell; only this poor heart feels the change. Only feels it, did I say? Do I not know it? for he is not here. Where is your master?" said the young Countess, turning suddenly to her nurse, who at that instant entered the room: "has not my Lord returned?"

"Ah no, my sweet one!" replied the old and loving nurse: "that is, he is not now at home. He came in soon after yourself, but only to change his dress for gay and masquerading garments, and went out, unattended, even by a single lacquey."

"And left he no message for me? How could you see him depart, without using the privilege which my love has given you? Dear nurse! had not your woman's wit a word to keep him?"

"I made bold to speak to him," she answered; "to ask him when he would return—what message he

would leave with me. He stared at me, as if his thoughts were wandering, at first; but at the repeated mention of your name, a soft and gracious smile came like light over his countenance, and he bade me bear a thousand loves to my dear mistress."

"But his return!—spake he not of his return, nurse?"

"No, sweet one! not a word did he say. I would have asked again, but he was gone while the words were on my lips."

"Well, nurse! good night!"

"Good night! Why, my own child! you are not undressed yet! Shall I send your maidens to you!—or, let me stay to-night; for you seem sad and thoughtful, and might not please to bear the gaze of young and careless eyes."

"Dear nurse! good night! I need no help at present, I shall not go to rest just yet; indeed, I could not rest. Yet stay awhile. Take hence these glittering baubles—on this aching bosom they hang too heavily. Untwist these jewels from my hair. Why am I thus bedizened, unless in mockery of an aching heart? Nurse, dear nurse, how kind you are! 'Tis sweet rest to my head upon your bosom—it has been often laid there."

"What is the matter, darling?" said the nurse, looking down fondly on the soft downcast eyes of her beloved lady, and smoothing the beautiful hair on her brow with her wrinkled hand. Leonora did not answer just at first; but when she did reply, she gently raised her head, and said, almost pathetically,

"Perhaps, dear nurse! I can scarcely tell, myself, what I have to complain of; and, if so, I am sure I ought not to trouble others with my fancies." The old nurse was discreet enough to see that her mistress did not wish to be questioned.

* * * * *

Long before hour of matins the Countess of Lavagna entered the ancient church where she was accustomed to perform her devotions. An attendant followed her, bearing a basket of orange blossoms and white roses. They passed onward through the long and dusky aisles to a little vaulted chapel. The gentle lady knelt for a few minutes before the altar, and then filled the silver vases there with her fresh and snowy flowers. As her attendant quitted the chapel, she turned to an old monument that stood at the farthest end. It was the monument of a former Count of Lavagna, a brave and gentle warrior, who had been killed in battle a short time after his marriage. The figure of the young nobleman, carved in white marble, lay upon the tomb. His young widow had erected the monument not long before her death, for she had died within the year of her widowhood; and her own tomb had been erected at the foot of her husband's.

"I was wont to pity thee," said Leonora. "I was wont to come hither, and feel that I could have mourned with thee, young and melancholy lady; deprived so soon of thy dearest earthly treasure! but now I almost envy such a lot. 'Tis better to mourn the high-minded, honourable dead, than to bewail, as I do now, the lost glory of the living. I almost wish this aching heart of mine was freed from the wretched vanities of the unsatisfying world."

while the gentle lady stood in deep anguish upon the marble monument of the owed Countess of Lavagna: then she thought that it was not merely to bewail her that she had entered the sacred edifice, to confess that she herself was weak and to pray for patience to bear the trials of life, to walk meekly and resignedly.

She rose up from her quiet prayers comforted in spirit. Nay, she left the impression with the sinfulness of mortal trial she might be called upon to encounter. Her eye fell upon an old painting of the Count, standing in the midst of cruel combat, in a purple robe, with the crown of thorns and the reed in his hand. Underneath it was written, "He pleased not Himself." This conveyed to the heart of Leonora the necessity to learn, and to learn at

Fiesco's own apartment was partly open, as she passed by, pushed it a little and said playfully and gently, "May I know your answer?" Her answer was returned; and, peeping in, she repeated her question. Fiesco lay himself back on the couch where he had been and was fast asleep. Lightly and cautiously he crossed the room, and, bending down, kissed his forehead. Still Fiesco did not seem too wearied to feel so slight a disturbance. A gentle voice, and the light footfall, of Leonora. She sat down opposite to wait quietly his awaking; and, as he rested on his countenance, she thought, "Can this be the most thoughtless man? Can that broad, thoughtful brow, yes, those lips so closely shut, and so firm and firmness, can they be the features of Fiesco's real character? Is it that a man should be utterly given up to wanton pleasures?" Just then, a shadow crossed the brow of the sleeper, and his lip and mouth slightly curled with an indignant and

He struck his firmly closed hand upon the pages of a book that lay upon the table, and a few muttered words escaped. The book fell, and, as Leonora took it from the floor, she saw her eye.

When reading the Orations of Cicero," Fiesco awoke, offering him the volume

he said, carelessly taking the book, a little confused. "You mean, my husband, have not been able to keep awake the whole volume."

He had become the wife of Giovanni Fiesco, Count of Lavagna, soon after the acquisition of his paternal inheritance. His was one of the oldest and most noble among the families of Genoa La Superba, as that city of heroes has long been named. Not long ago, to the astonishment of all, Fiesco died being. The quiet manliness, the thoughtfulness of his character, left him became, to all appearance, madly devoted to pleasures and follies of the most pro-

No. 149.

fligate society in Genoa. Some thought he was an infatuated gambler: others looked upon him as the dupe of some shameless woman; and his name was coupled with the names of many ladies high in rank, but light and wanton in their demeanour. Some few, and those utter strangers to the gentle, lovely Leonora, expressed their fears that he was disappointed and wretched in his marriage, and that the wife of his choice made his home unhappy. Leonora herself said nothing, made no complaint, bore every indignity with an undisturbed sweetness; but she became meekly and quietly sad, though she smiled and spoke as usual.

* * * * *

"Will you not stay beside me a little while, my Fiesco?" said Leonora, as, leaning on his arm, they ascended the marble staircase of the Doria Palace. "'Tis to please you that I come, and yet we are as strangers to one another, whenever we appear together. Do I tease you, my beloved husband?" she continued, observing that Fiesco's head was turned away. "Do I tease you? Forgive me, if I do; and I will be silent."

Fiesco had not heard her first question; but he recovered, with a smile, from his deep abstraction. "'Tease me! (he repeated her words) you charm, you delight me, at all times."

As he spoke, the doors of the splendid saloon were thrown open by the servants who attended them; and, in a minute, Fiesco was at the side of a vain and beautiful woman, and one distinguished for her boldness and levity, though exquisitely beautiful and of high rank.

Leonora herself was soon annoyed by the familiar and offensive attentions of Giannettino Doria, the nephew of the venerable Andrea Doria, then the first man in Genoa. Giannettino was an ill-educated, vulgar-minded fellow, long the sworn enemy of the Count Fiesco; but now, to the astonishment of every one, his friend and intimate associate. This Giannettino did not attempt to conceal his admiration of the lovely Countess of Lavagna. Deeply pained and disgusted with his insolent familiarities, the chaste and modest Leonora could not help turning her eyes once or twice, almost unconsciously, towards her husband. She saw the gaze of his dark proud eye, fixed for a moment, full and sternly, on Giannettino, but only for a moment: the most calm and careless smiles succeeded.

"Dear husband," she said to Fiesco, when she was alone with him afterwards, "how could you leave me so the whole long evening? I cannot expose myself again, indeed I cannot, to such attentions from Giannettino Doria. Are you not indignant at his insolence?"

"Am I not rather charmed at his exquisite taste?" replied Fiesco, smiling.

"At any rate, my Fiesco," said Leonora, "I shall take care not to put myself in the way of such insulting familiarities again."

"Really, cried Fiesco, you judge poor Giannettino a little hardly. I find little to complain of about him."

"Is that your true opinion, my Fiesco?"

He stared at her a moment: then drawing her gently towards him, he playfully twined a long ring-

let of her luxuriant hair around his fingers, and kissed the downcast lids of her modest eyes, now swelled with tears.

"Yes, yes!" he answered, "it is my true opinion, sweetest wife; but why do you weep?" for now her tears fell fast.

"For the simplest reason, my Fiesco," she replied, fixing her tearful eyes, with an appealing look, upon his countenance; "I weep because I am unhappy. My heart is full of grief whenever I behold my husband, the first, the noblest mind in Genoa, as I have this night beheld him. I must speak, if only to remind you of talents, of no common order, that you seem to have forgotten, of your station in this our beloved Genoa. Does not the state demand your services? Do you not live as if you had forgotten all this, my husband?"

"My fair and eloquent monitor," replied Fiesco, archly coaxingly, "are these the subjects fit for ladies' lips?"

"No, not for ladies' lips, but for your lips, your mind, your heart, Fiesco."

"It must be very late; 'tis long past midnight," remarked Fiesco, his countenance and manner expressing only careless unconcern. "We must to rest, my Leonora. I will send your woman to you, as I go to my dressing room. You are pale with much fatigue."

"Not with fatigue, Fiesco," she said, sighing deeply, as she spoke; but he was gone, and her words, if not unheard, were quite unheeded.

* * * * *

"I scarcely thought to see you here," said Paolo Pansa; he was sitting in the library of the Lavagna Palace; "but I am glad to see you, Count Fiesco. I have been wishing to tell you that your levity has not made me your dupe. Those very smiles upon that face of yours, are as out of place as the gaudy weeds in which your limbs are fancifully clad. Do I not know that, even from a youth, your countenance has ever worn a grave, deep thoughtfulness? Young as you are, the lines of thought are deeply graven there. You never studied aught in attire but a manly simplicity. Why is the eagle in the peacock's plumage?"

"Perhaps," said Fiesco, carelessly, "I am as others have often been before me; as many a dull and mopeish boy has become when he has escaped from his tutor, and left off pouring over books. Perhaps I am tired, heartily tired, of your lessons, with all due deference to yourself, my dear and honoured tutor. Forgive my yawning, but the sight of you brings to to my remembrance the old worn-out story of freedom, and the public voice, and the rights of free-born men. Pshaw! it makes me sick! I was once like you, most honoured sir!—a lover of the fabled follies of old Rome. I have done dreaming and doating about heroes; Leonidas, the Spartan; Themistocles, of Athens; and Tully, your favourite, the sweet and forceful orator of Rome; or the stern Cato, which is worshipped now. What are you reading? Ha! the Life of Socrates; 'tis rather fine."

Pansa closed the book, and, looking Fiesco in the face, not sternly, but very calmly and searchingly, he said: "I remember, among the fables of old Rome, Fiesco, the story of a deep and crafty fellow,

who played the fool till he persuaded all men he was witless, and then burst forth among them like a fire-brand. His name was? What! you have forgotten, or care not to remember. Am I to interpret that upraised eyebrow, and that smile of unconcern, into such language? Well, well, 'tis an old story that you have studied to some purpose, count of Lavagna: names, we know, are nothing; but the plot of Brutus has not been forgotten with his name. Nay, nay, do not look offended. If you wish your secret to be safe, tell me to be silent; but do not think to dupe me. Do not mistake your friend; I ask no confidence. I wish to know nothing that you would not freely tell me, quite unasked; but, my friend, (my child, I had almost said,) can you seriously imagine that I am to be deceived like the crowd?—I who have known and studied you so long?—I who have watched over you since your early childhood! There is a secret, is there not?"

"There may be, and there may not be," replied Fiesco, rather haughtily.

"That is," said Pansa, "you own the fact, but do not choose to take me into your counsels."

"I did not say so," replied Fiesco; "but —" and he hesitated.

"Nay, my friend," exclaimed Pansa, "you need not hesitate as if you thought it right to weigh well the advantages of making me a confidant or not. I tell you plainly that I should decidedly refuse that confidence, it were tendered. I wish for an answer to one question, and I have done. I expect your fiery spirit will take it as an insult; but for that I care not. Are you seeking any selfish end? Answer me this question."

"I had struck down almost any man at such a question," said the Count of Lavagna; "but to you I answer at once. I have no selfish end in view, but one as grand and glorious as an ancient Roman's."

"I will not doubt your word, my son; but beware, lest in this secret plot of your's in which you evidently make so many dupes—beware, lest you are making yourself the greatest. You know I always had a rough, blunt way of speaking; and, therefore, you may bear with me while I tell you I like not your affected friendship with Giannettino Doria, a man you hate. I saw you arm in arm with him a few days since. I saw you coming with him from the Doria Palace this very morning. I saw you take his children, his motherless children, in your arms, as if you loved them. There may be policy in this, and many other ways of your's that I have lately noted; but there is a lack of honesty that I cannot tolerate."

"Stop, stop, I entreat you," exclaimed Fiesco, in a voice scarcely louder than a whisper, his cheek becoming of ashy paleness, and his eyes glaring in their deep sockets. "'Tis well that I respect those snow-white hairs. I shall go mad, if you continue speaking such stabbing words."

"There's no occasion for all this violence, boy: no, no, not boy," said Pansa, checking himself, and looking with affection on his pupil. "I meant not to insult or hurt you. Not boy, except in one sense, except when I address you as my son; for as my son I ever must regard you."

t entered here, announcing to his master
gnors Verrina and Calioigno were waiting

ee them presently," said Fiesco.

I," said Pansa, "wish to see neither one
r, (for, to tell the truth, I have no opinion
shall take my leave. This door will lead
not, Fiesco? to the apartments of your
loveliest and the sweetest gentlewoman
ever known."

always sees you with delight," said
wing open the door for Pansa; "and you
r in her favourite room, or on the terrace,
ards the sea."

children!" said Fiesco to himself, when
"he touched me there. I felt a villain
ed those children! A woman passed and
man's a father;" and Giannetino, whom
ed with such fond, paternal love, that all
turned, for a moment, back upon myself.
f no father, but a low, treacherous villain.
great enemy of man entered my heart, it
kissed those children."

minutes, he walked up and down the
p in thought; and he managed in those
find arguments and excuses enough to
self. "I am justified," he said, "tho-
rtainly justified, in using any means for
d!—Calioigno, Verrina, my good friends,
it welcome!"

te will be magnificent to-night, Lady,"
Panso, as, many days afterwards, he en-
partment where the Countess Lavagna

!" replied the lady, looking up with a
onishment: "I never had less idea of a
less inclined for one, than on this even-
e been reading in this my favourite sa-
no sound but the light splashing of that
in, in my ears. Open the lattices, Bianca:
n has left us, the light breeze may enter
weet will. Shall we remain here, by the
he fountain, or shall we go into this open
sit down among the jasmines and orange
fête will be magnificent indeed!" she
iled. "See how the large and full-orbed
ng! Out of the very waves, she seems to
rich golden urn of light; and now she
stre back into the sea, and leaves a qui-
lengthening line of light, as she glides
lightening as she rises. Thousands of stars
g overhead, and the deep azure dome, that
the glittering stars—these are the splen-
fête."

ot like to interrupt you, sweet lady, in
tion of such splendours as I would have
they are splendours fresh from the hands
and great Creator; but tell me, did you
ne?"

's welcome you with much delight," re-
dy.

u did not expect me?"

e more pleased to see you."

knew not of my coming?"

"Well then, I did not," said Leonora, "if you will
have me answer bluntly."

"I have a billet, Lady, from the Count, your hus-
band, inviting me to meet his gentle wife and him-
self; and I was about to blame you for bidding me to
such a crowded entertainment, when I find you al-
most as unconscious as myself of the preparations go-
ing on below."

* * * * *

"Have my orders been obeyed?—are none permit-
ted to go forth?—have any offered to do so?—are the
guests many?" These questions were asked, in a
hurried voice, by one who stood at the entrance-gate
of the Lavagna Palace, muffled up in a large dark
mantle. The porter knew his master's voice, and
answered with low and rapid words; but the Count
Fiesco stopped not to hear them: he had hastened
onward into the Palace with a band of armed men,
that passed through the gates just as he stood speak-
ing to the porter.

In less than half an hour he was again before the
Palace gates. "How many have entered now?" ex-
claimed Fiesco. "It is well!" he replied, as the num-
ber was told him; and springing forward, he flung to,
with his own hands, the massy gates, and drew the
bolts, and summoned, at the moment, a close guard
of soldiers. "Let no one pass," he cried. "Keep
fast the gates: they open not but at my order."

"And now, my guests!—my friends!—my noble
gentlemen!" said the Count Fiesco—he had entered
the great banqueting hall, by a small door at the
upper end—"there is scarce time for particular salu-
tations; but I must address you all as a most courte-
ous host. You stare about you with astonishment,
finding no banquet spread, but on all sides armed men.
Still, the welcome that I give you, is a more honest,
heartly welcome, than ever silken lordling gave at his
most gorgeous feast. You have known me, latterly,
as a fool, a profligate, a most contemptible and sense-
less fellow! The time is come when I must throw off
the mean disguise. I do so as entirely as I fling off
this clogging mantle." He threw off the mantle as
he spoke, and stood before them, clad from head to
foot in close and glittering armour, every limb and
his whole body covered, all but his graceful throat and
head and they were bare. "The time is come," he ex-
claimed, "and Genoa must be freed from the tyranny
of certain of her nobles. An hour hence, and Genoa
will be free. Behold the fête to which I have invited
you! That dolt, Giannetino Doria, would fain be mas-
ter of this Genoa—of our free and beautiful Genoa. I
have written proofs of his intrigues and treacheries,
and at the proper season you shall see them. He
feels, and he has cause to do so, that I will never
submit to his insolent ambition. He would willingly
get me out of his way; and he has sought to do so.
He has tried poison and the assassin's dagger, but in
vain; for I am here to lead you to the downfall of his
whole faction, and himself among them. Be free,
and follow me. I go to raise our lost Republic from
its ashes, to build up again the noble edifice in
strength and glory; the blood of Doria will cement
it well. My plans are well and deeply laid; and,
believe me, I know not what it is to fear on this oc-
casion. My friends, I love and honour you. I would

make you my comrades in this grand design. I have three hundred armed soldiers within these very walls. My well-manned fleet is floating in the harbour. The guards, both at the Palace and in the Port, are in my interest. Fifteen hundred of our poor mechanics watch for my signal to fly to arms. Two thousand of my vassals, and two thousand soldiers, furnished by the Duke of Placentia, are at this moment entering the city; and all this has been done with the most perfect secrecy. Not the slightest suspicion of my proceedings has got wind as yet: I have foreseen and obviated every risk, though many a perilous risk have I encountered. But the glory, my brethren, the glory that will this day be mine, it must be shared by you."

* * * * *

Fiesco hastened to the apartments of his wife. Leonora sprang forward to meet him. "I am half fearful," she said, "and half bewildered. Not an hour since, they brought me word that many guests had arrived, in most superb attire, to a fête; a fête and banquet in this very mansion. Our friend," she added, turning to Pansa, "received an invitation to pass a quiet evening with my beloved husband and myself. I have not known, my Fiesco! what I should do to please you, the wish to please you being my highest object. The nurse came bustling in, not long ago, affronted that I had not told her of our festivities; then wondering at the plainness of my dress, and bidding me attire myself at once. I sent her to my dressing-room to please her, with orders that my jewels and rich dresses should be laid out in readiness. Others of my women came soon after, saying the courts below were full of armed men. I sent one back, bidding her seek thee, and request thy presence; but she returned at once, and told me we were prisoners, in this, my range of chambers, the great door at the staircase foot having been locked since she had passed it last. We sat down, therefore, to wait in patience, till we knew your pleasure. But you are come, Fiesco, my dear lord! and you will let me hear, from your dear lips, some reason of this mystery. Is there a fête?—some masque, perhaps, intended as a pleasant surprise for me, kindly intended, though I take no pleasure in such poor shows? Is this your masquing suit to night?" she said, and smiled, as the gleam of his armour met her eye, beneath his loose mantle. "Fiesco, my Fiesco! you do not smile; and now I bethink me of those armed soldiers. Say, is there danger to thy person?—are they come to seize thee for some offence thou never hast committed?—has word or look of thine been construed as an insult against that ancient foe to thee, that would-be tyrant, Giannettino Doria? Speak, for suspense creates a thousand fancies, that you may smile at, but that make me wretched."

Fiesco had stood gravely silent while his wife addressed him; his countenance was grave and full of thought, and his attention seemed all fixed on her; but every now and then, his restless eye glanced on his friend, and former tutor, Paolo Pansa. As he entered, he had placed a written paper in the hands of Pansa, and when the latter had perused it, and come forward, Fiesco said—One word will do; you promise not to leave her, you promise to attend to all I ask?"

"I do, I do," said Pansa, slowly, and thoughtfully, and then added, even more deliberately: "I promise most faithfully; but ——"

"I have no time, not a moment, for your remonstrances; you have promised, I ask no more. And now, my Leonora, my noble, lovely, injured Leonora!—injured, for I have wronged you by appearing what I was not, and what you could not love; hear me;" he said, with a look of tenderness, and a voice of winning sweetness, that contrasted strangely with the stern clank and glitter of his armour (for he had now thrown off his mantle for the last time :) a naked sword was in his hand, for which he wore no scabbard, and daggers in his girdle:—"Hear me, my noble wife: you see me as I am, as I have ever been, under my witting's garb. You see me fulfilling your own wishes, fired with a noble ardour for great deeds, determined to avenge great wrongs. Hear me, when I declare that I have ever loved you above myself, and second only to mine honour. I have loved the print of your small footsteps in the common dust, before the brightest glances of those eyes you thought I basked in. Your words of censure, had they been unkind (and they were never yet unkind,) would have been sweeter to my ears than the best praises of an angel's tongue. I have now no time for explanations, my sweet Leonora. Fear not for my safety—fear nothing. After one little hour, I shall return." He took her hand and pressed it to his lips. He gently drew her towards him, and kissed her cheek, and then her lips, with one long, fervent kiss. Leonora could not speak; her whole countenance was changed; her whole frame trembled with a strong hysteric agitation. Her lips unclosed, as if to speak; and still she did not speak. Gently and pityingly her husband led her to his friend. "With you, my honoured friend, I leave this treasure above all price," he said, in faltering accents.

"Wait, wait a moment," cried the distracted lady; "all you tell me perplexes me, confounds me. Why this haste? Sit down, my husband; let me sit beside thee, and let me hear enough to calm my terror; to stop the throbbings of this heart, that feels as if it would burst my bosom. Stop a little while, not to gratify aught like a woman's idle curiosity; only in pity stop, in gentlest pity!"

Fiesco took the little trembling hands that were so piteously extended to him, in his own. "All depends," he said, "on doing what is to be done, at once; there is no danger but in loss of time. I must not wait to tell you more than this. Within an hour, the influence, the tyranny of the Dorias, will have ceased for ever. Within an hour, Genoa will be free. Within an hour, when I take this hand, 'twill be to hail thee, not as the loveliest only, but the first lady in Genoa, the Magnificent. No, no, look not so sad, and so affrighted still. There is no danger to your husband, lady, but in delay, and trifling in your chamber. My tarrying here perils my life, for I am losing time. My going forth guards me, preserves me, assures me of the triumph almost in my grasp."

"It may be true," replied the lady, wiping away the tears that fell fast over her pallid face; "it may be true, but I am certain there's to be bloodshedding within this hour, Fiesco." The good old Andrea Do-

ria is to die, and Giannettino, with all his sins full blown and unrepented of; he's to be sent to his great dread account: they must be both murdered; murdered by treachery, in the silent night. I know that this must happen, and I know not where the dreadful carnage is to end. 'Tis easy to talk of one short hour. It is just as easy to throw a spark into a magazine of gunpowder, and say only a barrel or two shall explode there."

"Sweet Leonora," replied Fiesco, "you are talking, as women sometimes will, of what they know nought."

"Must there not be bloodshedding to night?" she said: "that's all I ask."

"I am already detained too long," he said, with some impatience.

"If you go," she cried, "promise me you will not murder them."

"If I go not at once," he answered, "Genoa will be bound with double fetters, and I shall be murdered at your very feet."

"My Fiesco, my own Fiesco," cried Leonora, tenderly clasping his arm, but shrinking away, when the hard, cold armour met her hand: "any thing is better than the cold-blooded murder of those men."

"Leonora, I entreat, I command you to be silent, and let me go. You, you yourself, have oftentimes reproached me with my inglorious life of late. You have often urged me to avenge the honour of this, our Genoa."

"To preserve, but never to avenge it, unkind Fiesco. Openly and manfully to preserve the freedom and the honour of the state."

"Silence!" he cried; "we have had enough of this!"

Leonora fell at his feet, and again entreated him to hear her; but now Fiesco was almost furious: roughly he tore himself away, and with a deep, stern voice, commanded her to speak no more; yet, as he was striding from the chamber, he turned his head, to take one last look at her he loved so well. She was kneeling where he had left her, her hands clasped, her meek, expressive eyes fixed with a look of anguish on the ground. He stopped, and, gazing tenderly upon her, "Forgive my brutal roughness, gentle love," he said.

"One moment, only one moment," she exclaimed, with a trembling voice: "take leave of me, Fiesco. We shall not meet again. Take me to your bosom, and kiss me for the last, last time." She rose up, for Fiesco came towards her. Tenderly he took her in his arms, her head sunk on his shoulder, and once she pressed her lips to his bare throat; but when he raised her, there was no breath upon her pallid lips; her eyes were closed, her graceful arms hung lifeless. Leonora did not recover from that long and deathlike swoon, till the whole Palace was shut up, and quiet as the grave.

The plans of Fiesco had all been made with admirable skill and foresight; every precaution had been taken, every contingency prepared for. In every quarter the most complete success attended his conspiracy. Giannettino was slain at the onset: but the loved and venerable Andrea Doria, though ill and feeble, was carried in safety, by his own faithful domestics, to Masona, a country-seat, about fifteen miles from Genoa. Every quarter of the city was

now suddenly in motion, and men of all ranks rose up to terror and dismay. But while to one party every thing wore the aspect of one scene of inextricable confusion, in which the only wise and safe way was to submit to the other party; to Fiesco, and the whole of his conspirators, to whom he had given orders, at once the most minute and the most decided, all was one clear, well-organized, well-working plot.

It is a remarkable fact, that in this celebrated conspiracy, every one had been thought of but the One all-wise disposer of all human events. Every thing had been foreseen but the interference of his wise providence. Fiesco, with all his consummate skill and policy, had probably forgotten that no cause can prosper which is not attended with the blessing of God. Perhaps he felt that there was too much of selfishness, and too much of downright crime, in his well-laid and executed plot, for God to tolerate, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.

It sometimes pleases that often forgotten, often insulted Being, to disconcert, in a very quiet and simple way, all the skilful arrangements of earthly policy.

The dauntless head and chief of this extraordinary conspiracy was already triumphant. His every plan was crowned with wonderful success. His lofty form was seen, his voice was heard, in every quarter. He shouted liberty! and the cry spread like a blazing wild-fire on all sides. Not liberty alone, but Fiesco and liberty, became the cry. Fiesco was seen running to the Port, and, as he ran, shouting liberty. The galley slaves, awakened by the cry, repeated it; and Fiesco seems to have feared lest these convicts should burst their chains and escape. There was a little plank leading from the shore to the galleys. It is supposed that Fiesco's foot slipped in passing along this plank; nothing more was known with certainty. The inquiry, however, began at length to be made, Where is Fiesco? The conspirators waited his further orders. The Senate, who had assembled at the Palace, waited to hear his terms, and even to submit to them. His presence was required and waited for every where, but he appeared not. As the truth broke upon them, the people began to lose their ardour in furthering the conspiracy. That one false step changed the aspect of the whole affair. It was not till the fourth day after the breaking out of the conspiracy, that the body of Fiesco was found. His last mortal agonies had met no human eye, his last cries had not been heard. Clogged and forced down by the weight of his heavy armour, he had been drowned.

It was not long after the death of the young and gallant Count of Lavagna, that an aged man entered the church of ———, in haste. His countenance was troubled, and he was clad in mourning garments. As he passed along the beautiful but gloomy aisles, he looked from side to side with anxious eyes, as if in search of some one he had lost. He went towards the chapel of the Lavagna family, but came back unsatisfied. At last he stopped. A slight and girlish figure, in the deepest mourning, was kneeling on the pavement in a dark corner of the ancient church: her pale hands were clasped, her eyes timidly raised, and her lips moved in humble prayer. The aged man knelt down, but at some distance, as if fearing

to disturb her; and when at length she rose, then he came forward. She turned to greet him, not with smiles, but with a calm and melancholy sweetness, more pleasing than any smiles. She thanked him for his kind anxiety about her; then gently pointing to an old picture, she said, "The painting and the words are nothing; but I have been praying that their lesson may be taught me by the Spirit, and for His blessed sake, my Father! 'He pleased not Himself!'"

From the United Service Journal.

THE FRENCH FISHERMAN.

WE had scarcely swallowed our meagre breakfast of weevilly biscuit and cocoa next morning, when our poor old captive was sent for to be examined by the Captain. His sloop lay at anchor within half a cable's length of our starboard-quarter. Her sails were neatly furled, and, as if to mock the misery of the old man's feelings, she looked better than he had ever seen her look before. The English union-jack hung in loose folds over a small cotton tri-coloured flag at her mast-head; and the little skiff, which had carried the old man to his cottage for more than forty years, was moored under her stern. The sea, extending along the coast from Rochelle to L'Isle Klie, was covered with fishing boats, which were grouped together, as the morning breeze had left them; and the lively songs of the fishermen might be distinctly heard, as their voices swelled over the smooth surface of the water.

Our aged prisoner was habited in the costume of his humble station; a large pair of boots, drawn loosely over his trousers, had settled down in ample folds over the knee; a blue and white striped Gurnsey frock fitted closely the upper part of his slender person, and a pea-jacket of considerable dimensions covered his shoulders, very much in the style of a handspike in a purser's bread-bag. In the days of his youth he must have stood, at least six feet two; but age had materially crippled his height, and his weather-beaten features were wrinkled by time. His hair showed itself in silvery whiteness beneath the margin of his night cap; and he held in his shrivelled hands a ball of twine and a mesh with which he had been mending his nets the day before. He was eighty-three years old, and his little grandson stood timidly by his side, gazing in mute astonishment at the order in which every thing was beautifully arranged on the quarter-deck.

During the examination of the old man, we all listened with eager attention to every syllable that was said. The inquiry was carried on through the medium of an interpreter, one of our fore-castle men, who spoke French so fluently that, upon one occasion, when he was himself a prisoner of war, he narrowly escaped being shot for a spy. As the vessel was not worth sending to England, we all concluded she would be given back to the poor old fisherman, and I think we all hoped so; when, however, it was announced to the afflicted captive that his sloop would be set on fire that night, he clasped his hands in silent energy, and raising his mild eyes to heaven *with an air of pious resignation*, stood for some mo-

ments transfixed to the spot, as pale and as motionless as a marble statue. I cannot recollect a more painful incident in my life; and I have at this moment the meekness of the captive's attitude so strongly pencilled in my memory, that I can scarcely imagine more than twenty years have elapsed since I witnessed the event. Relaxing from his humble posture, the countenance of the old man underwent a sudden change; his features became convulsed with agony; the blood rushed to his temples, and snatching up his grandson in his arms, he held him forward as an appeal to the feelings of the Captain, while he invoked a blessing on the children of the British warrior. He called on the names of his beloved wife and the father of the youth, pointed to the cottage on the beach about a mile from Rochelle, wherein he had dwelt for sixty years; and when he found that the usage of war enforced the severity of his destiny, he laid the little boy beside him, and cursed it with all the bitterness of despair.

As soon as the Captain communicated with the commander-in-chief, the sloop was hauled alongside our ship and dismantled. In a short time nothing was left but the shell of the sloop; her planks and rafters were cut away, and at sunset she was set on fire.

Towards midnight, all that remained visible of the sloop was a glimmering spark on the horizon, which became fainter and fainter as it receded from our view.

* * * * *

When I returned to the quarter-deck, I found the officer of the middle watch waiting to relieve me; but my thoughts were so much engrossed with the expected story of the fisherman, which he promised to narrate to us before I went down to the captain, that, instead of going to my hammock, I re-seated myself in a coil of rope close to the mizen-mast, and after we had each of us taken a glass of grog to keep the cold out, the old man began his story thus:

"Were I to go back, gentlemen, to 1729, the year in which I was born, I should probably speak of events in which, at this distant period, you cannot feel much interest, especially as they relate to the history of an humble French fisherman. It will, however, astonish you to hear that my ancestors were English; and little did our progenitors think, when, after the capture of Rochelle, they were induced to remain there, that the welfare of their children would be for ever blasted by the cold-blooded, unnatural decree of their own country. At the age of five-and-twenty I married the daughter of a respectable innkeeper of Rochelle, and with our small capital I purchased the sloop, of which there does not now remain the shadow of a shade. She was all we possessed in the world, and well and faithfully she served our purposes for a period of sixty years! We had five children—three boys and two girls, but they all died in their infancy, except the youngest, who was the father of my little boy here, and he was taken away from me in my old age to fight under the banner of the Emperor.—'Vive l'Empereur, mon fils!'—'Vive l'Empereur!'—'Vive Napoléon!'" responded the boy, as he drew from his bosom the little cotton tri-coloured flag, which, in the bustle of the day, had escaped the observation of every one else. I will not attempt at this distant period, to describe

the powerful effect which this little incident had upon the old man; he caught his grandchild in his arms, clasped him with energy to his bosom, and it was some moments before he recovered himself sufficiently to renew his narrative.

"The father of this boy, gentlemen, was, ten years ago, the finest looking man I ever beheld. He was tall, athletic, and vigorous. He had the strength of a lion, with the docility of a lamb. My child," said the old man, as the tear glistened in his eye, "was both brave and generous. Mais hélas, messieurs—We carried on our humble occupation together with every prospect of happiness. During the summer we helped to supply the market of Rochelle with the produce of our labour, and in the winter our sloop brought wine from Bordeaux. We were one evening seated, after the toil of the day, upon a rude bench, which he constructed in the front of our cottage, when the fatal mandate arrived which made my only child a conscript. His wife—poor Annette!—was getting our evening meal ready; alas! poor thing, it was the last she ever prepared for us—they took her husband away from her, and she died that night in giving birth to this boy.

"For sixty years every thing had gone on so smoothly with me, that I was ill prepared, in my old age, to stand this blow—I felt it rankling at the very core of my heart. My cottage looked sad and mournful—my sloop looked deserted, and in sorrow I prayed to be taken to the grave where my daughter lay. But Providence willed it otherwise. After days and weeks of restlessness and disquietude, I suddenly resolved on going to Paris. The Emperor, said I, is generous; he will hear the prayer of an old man, and restore his son to him. This idea gave me the energy of youth. I travelled to Paris on foot; and there the scene of bustle which every where met my astonished eye, lulled for a moment my resentment and my sorrow. It was just before the battle of Austerlitz. The boulevards were thronged with the gaudy equipages of the rich and powerful. Peers, councillors, and senators were crowding to the palace, to make their homage to the Emperor. Praise and adulation re-echoed from every street and square in the capital; and the military energies of France were in full preparation for war. Hurried along—I knew not whither—by the impetuous rush of the multitude, I found myself in the Champ de Mars, where thousands of the finest looking troops in the world were assembling amidst the enthusiastic cheers of the Parisians. In vain I cast my searching eyes along the ranks—my boy was nowhere to be seen. A sudden and convulsive movement announced the approach of the Emperor. The air resounded with acclamations. The countless multitude rushed simultaneously towards the post of honour. I was carried along with it—resistance was vain; and scarcely knowing what would become of me, I raised my eyes, and discovered my son in the body-guard of Napoleon. With the energy and vigour of my early days I made an effort to get near him, and at the moment he seemed within my grasp, I was borne away in another direction by a counter movement of the crowd. I called upon the name of my son, but my feeble cry was lost in the deafening shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur!'

"Again the stream took another course, and I found myself within a few yards of the Emperor. My despairing cry of 'Mon fils!' opened me a passage—it caught Napoleon's ear; he turned round; I rushed forward, and throwing myself at his feet, besought him to restore my son to my arms.

"'France,' said Napoleon, 'has need of all her sons. Grieve not, old man. These,' he added, extending his hand towards the magnificent array before him—'these are all my children!'

"The air was rent with shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur! Vive Napoléon!' Overcome with grief, I turned from the Champ de Mars, and wandered to an obscure hostelry at the other end of the town. The hopes which had sustained me on my long journey were shattered, and I felt my frame sinking under the weight of my miseries. My child, my only child, was on the eve of quitting France. The glory of our country was to be purchased only by oceans of her blood.

"Slowly and in sadness I traced my feeble steps back to my home; but how changed was its aspect; no longer the abode of contentment and happiness; no more, after our anxious toil upon the deep, was the glad song of the fisherman to enliven our frugal meal—no more the lively voice of our poor Annette to cheer us after the peril of some stormy day. Still I would not despair—my little boy tied me to life. I looked forward with anxious hope to the return of his soldier-father, and joyed in my anticipations of presenting him his son. During my absence, my boy contrived, with a touch of paint, to make our old sloop look well again; he had, moreover, mended our nets; and, encouraged by the good example my child set me, I renewed my daily occupation.

"Thrice only did I hear of Jerome. Shortly after the glorious day of Austerlitz, when the star of our Emperor shone forth in all its magic brilliancy, I received the first tidings of my boy: he had distinguished himself on that bloody but memorable field; he had drawn upon himself the notice of his commanding officer, and was promoted. After an interval of some months, again I heard of his increasing fortune. Little did the Emperor consider, when he presented him with the cross of the Legion of Honour, that this was the soldier whom the poor old fisherman claimed of him in the Champ de Mars. These glories, gentlemen, raised my heart within me. Did not Ney, Davoust, and Lannes, said I, rise from the ranks, and may not the humble fisherman live to see his son a general—a marshal of France?

"Alas! alas! honour and rank lead but to death. In the next battle—fired by the praise he had received, stimulated by ambition—my boy was foremost in the fight, and fell—covered, said the letter I received,—covered with glory.

"It was then I felt in all its force the vanity of my aspirations. Humbled though I was, and little as I had to bind me to this world, I struggled to suppress my grief; and many a long winter's night, when the pitiless storm has dashed against the casements of my cottage, have I exerted myself to conceal the sorrows of my aching heart. Le bon Dieu has left me, said I, in this boy, the image of my child; for him shall my grief be forgotten; for him will I labour on; and for his sake have I continued to stem the

tide of my affliction. But I felt the infirmities of age creeping on me; I had no longer the manly assistance of my son to lessen the dangers to which the appearance of your squadron exposed me. I could no longer venture, as we used to do, along the coast with the boldness and freedom of an expert mariner. My little voyages were protracted; my sloop, like myself, was almost worn out; and upon one occasion, a cannon-shot from that black schooner of yours,* struck us on our starboard bow, tore away our bulwark, and nearly deprived me of my boy. Yesterday morning we returned to Rochelle with a cargo of wine; the old sloop almost knew her way along the coast; and I had made up my mind, if God spared me my life, to work for my boy, until I earned enough to purchase a small *chasse-marée* for him. By that time I hoped he would be man enough to manage a vessel of his own, and his poor old grandfather might then sink in quietness to his grave.

"Mais, l'homme propose et Dieu dispose!—the event of last night has withered all my hopes. I have seen my poor old sloop—my friend, my companion for sixty years—broken, unmercifully broken to pieces, and her shattered remains burnt to the water's edge. 'Twas a sad sight, gentlemen, for an old man of eighty-three years to behold; and as the timbers crackled in the blaze, I thought my poor heart would break from its feeble tenement; and now what am I? a broken-down captive in the hands of a powerful enemy."

The old man checked himself; he seemed to feel that his grief was hurrying him into expressions which he should not give utterance to; and raising his eyes, he touched his cap in silence as an atonement for what he had already said. The recital of his simple narrative seemed to be a relief to his mind, and he thanked us with a modesty I shall never forget for our kindness in listening to it.

To sleep that night was out of the question; in fact we had not much time to think of it, as it struck seven bells (half-past three o'clock) just as the fisherman finished his story, and we were in one of those smart frigates the regulations of which obliged us to turn out of our hammocks every morning at five bells, just allowing those who had the middle watch a two hours' restless nap, amidst the almost suffocating fumes of the finer particles of sand which enveloped them from the dry holy-stoned deck. I thought a good deal of the French fisherman; and my reflections carried me with delightful rapidity from the dark cockpit to the command of a noble frigate: I imagined myself in all the pomp of power and authority, looking with benign compassion on the sorrows of the poor old captive. I thought of the happiness I should feel in restoring to him the remnant of his property; in fact my aspirations carried me so far, that I actually dozed off into the visionary idea of being a post-captain, and to complete the fabric of my dream, I was one of the finest post-captains in the service; when the hoarse voice of the master-at-arms, who shook my hammock until he almost shook me out of it, roared out, "Past five bells, sir!" I then discovered I was but a youngster. I had scarcely dropped off into another nap—for I

generally stood a second call—when the voice of the quarter-master roused me: "The first lieutenant wants you on the quarter-deck, sir." I gave a spring from my hammock in right good earnest. Such a summons, and at such a time, boded nothing good; instead of looking forward to what I would have done in my dream, I looked back to what I had left undone in my waking moments; but my thoughts were too confused to take a distinct glimpse of any thing retrospective. Dressing myself with amazing alacrity, for a second call in this case was quite out of the question, I was on the quarter-deck with the speed of lightning, when, to my horror, the first objects that met my eye were the signal-flags we had used the night before, lying in disorder abaft the mizen-mast, an empty black-jack, scraps of cheese and biscuit, and my Britannian metal tooth-cup—the sorry remnants of our middle watchers. The first lieutenant, to do him justice, never passed over the delinquency of the youngsters; and I verily believe that one or two mast-headings in the morning sharpened his appetite for his breakfast. On the present occasion he eyed me with a malicious grin, which had more of pleasure than reproof in it, and to give my midnight frolic its full effect, had given strict orders that the flags should not be touched. Habit had accustomed us to each other; that is to say, I knew my man; for I walked quietly to the Jacob's ladder, and slowly ascended the rigging to the main-top-most head, while he called out "Four hour, youngster."

This sudden transition somewhat cooled the enthusiasm of my dreaming lucubrations, especially when I thought of the assistant surgeon, who lay snugly shrouded in his hammock, whilst I was trying the difference of the temperature between the cockpit and the mast-head. The moment the first lieutenant descended to breakfast I took the immediate liberty of descending also; and calculating the exact time he would take to masticate his hot roll—which, by-the-by, I had learnt on former occasions to estimate to a nicety—I ascended again, and had just resumed my elevated post when he returned to the quarter-deck. His first glance was at the mast-head. He called me down. "Well, youngster," said he, "have you recovered the effects of your middle watcher?" "I have," said I, rather meekly. "Very well; you may go down to your breakfast."

The worst part of the affair was, however, to come. The first lieutenant had ordered the midshipman's black-jack to be thrown over board, and the offender must be punished. I was tried by a court martial, fined six for one, and received a feeling mark of the caterer's striking propensities, which again convinced me of the fallacy of my dream.

At twelve o'clock a boat with a flag of truce left the ship, under the command of my friend Mr. Elwin, with the fisherman and his son. I ran up to the main-top with my telescope, that I might uninterruptedly watch their progress to the land. A crowd of fishermen collected round the old man's cottage, as soon as they observed the boat leave our ship; but when they perceived she was pulling in towards the town, they all hastened to welcome the old man's arrival; and at two o'clock he was restored to his aged wife, a heart-broken bankrupt.

* H. M. S. Arrow.

From the Friendship's Offering.

THE CLIENT'S STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SPAIN IN 1830," &c.

It was late one Saturday evening in December, when I received a letter, which, on opening, I found to be from Walter Moreton: and the purport of the letter was, to request my immediate presence at Cambridge, in the capacity both of a friend and of a lawyer. The letter concluded thus: "Do not delay your journey many hours after receiving this. My urgency will be explained by the change you will perceive in yours, Walter Moreton."

I had known Walter Moreton in youth, and in childhood: we had been intimate, without having altogether friends; and the attraction which his company possessed for me, arose rather from the shrewdness of his remarks than from any sympathy of feeling betwixt us. Of late years, I had seen comparatively little of Moreton: I knew he had married; that he had been in straightened circumstances; that his father-in-law had died, leaving him a rich widower; that he had married a second time, and that he was now the father of three children. From the tenor of the letter I received, I could scarcely doubt that Walter Moreton had been seized with some dangerous illness, and was desirous of settling his worldly affairs. My old intimacy with Moreton would of itself have prompted me to obey his summons; but the requirement of my professional aid of course increased the celerity of my obedience. Early next morning, therefore, I put myself into a Cambridge coach; and after despatching a few lines to my dinner at the Hoop, I walked to Walter Moreton's house in Trumpington street.

I was prepared for a change, but not certainly for a change as that which presented itself. Walter Moreton could not have been forty, but seemed a broken-down man; gray haired,—visaged,—and cadaverous. His expression, however, was changed; there was an uneasy restlessness in his eye; his lips had grown thin; and he appeared, moreover, to be under the influence of some nervousness.

He received me with apparent kindness; thanked me for my ready compliance with his wish; and informed me at once that he had need of my professional services in the disposal of his property; but I had no difficulty in perceiving, from a certain reserve and distractedness of manner, something beyond the mere making of a will had brought me to Cambridge. I did not of course make any observation upon the change which I observed in his appearance; but expressed a hope that his desire for my professional assistance had not arisen from any apprehensions as to the state of his health; to which he only replied, that his health was not worse than usual, but that it was always well to be prepared; and he added, "Come, Thornton, let us to business;" and to business we

proceeded scarcely say, that I was prepared for intentions to divide the father's fortune according to the rule of division,—or, perhaps, of some peculiar preference, among his children—two sons and one daughter, children yet of a tender age—and to secure a life-rent interest to his wife. It, therefore, was my surprise when Mr. Moreton, after mentioning a few trifling legacies,

named, as the sole successors of his immense fortune, two individuals unknown to me, and of whose connexion with the testator I was entirely ignorant.

I laid down my pen, and looked up:—"Mr. Moreton," said I, hesitatingly, "you have a wife and children?"

"I have children," said he; "but God preserve them from the curse of wealth that does not belong to them."

"Moreton,—Walter Moreton," said I, "you are over-scrupulous. I know indeed, that this large fortune has come to you through your first wife; but it was her's to give; she became the sole heiress of her father, when his three sons of a former marriage were unfortunately drowned in the —"

"Hush, Thornton!" interrupted he, hastily; and in a tone so altered and so singular that it would have startled me, had I not at the moment been looking in his face, and seen the expression that passed over it, and the convulsive shudder that shook his whole frame. I perceived there was a mystery, and I resolved to be at the bottom of it.

"Moreton," said I, rising and approaching him, and laying my hand gently on his shoulder, which slightly shrunk from my touch, "we were once companions,—almost friends; as a friend, as well as a lawyer, you have sent for me. There is some mystery here, of which I am sure it was your intention to disburden yourself. Whatever the secret be, it is safe with me. But I tell you plainly, that if you are resolved to make beggars of your innocent children without giving a sufficient reason for it, some other than Charles Thornton must be the instrument of doing it.

"Thornton," said he, in a grave tone, and without raising his eyes,—there is a mystery,—a fearful mystery; and it shall be told this night. That done, neither you nor any man can be the friend of Walter Moreton; but he will have no occasion for friendship. Reach me some wine, Thornton, and pour it out for me; my nerves are shattered:—another glass,—now, sit down,—no, not there,—ay, ay,—another glass, Thornton."

"I took my place in a large high-backed chair, as Walter Moreton directed me; and he, placing himself a little out of my view, spoke as follows:—

"It is now upwards of ten years, as you know, Thornton, since I married my first wife, the daughter of Mr. Bellenden,—old Bellenden the lawyer. She, you also know, was the child of a former marriage,—and that the large fortune of my father-in-law which in the end came—no matter how—to me, belonged to him, or rather to his three sons, in right of his second wife, who was also dead at the time of my marriage. I could not have indulged any expectation that this fortune would ever reach me; for although I knew very well that, failing my wife's three half-brothers, it came entirely into her father's power, yet there could be no ground for any reasonable expectation that three healthy boys would die off, and make way for Agnes. Mark me, Thornton, I did not marry for money; and the thought of the succession which afterwards opened, never entered my mind. I will tell you, Thornton, the first occasion on which the hope dawned upon me. There was an epidemic in this part of the country; and my father-in-law's three sons were seized with it at one time. All the three were in the most imminent danger; and one evening when

the disease was at its height, and when my wife seemed greatly distressed at receiving a message that it was doubtful if any of the three would survive till morning.—‘And if they should die,’ said I, within myself!—This supposition constantly recurred,—and was so willingly entertained that I lay awake the whole of that night, planning within myself the disposal of this large inheritance; forgetting, at the time, that another life, that of my father-in-law, stood betwixt us and the succession. Next morning, however, a favourable change took place, and eventually the three youths recovered: but so strong a hold had the hopes, which had been thus suddenly created, taken of my mind, that in place of their being dissipated by the event, which naturally deprived them of any foundation they ever had, I was not only conscious of the keenest disappointment, but felt as if an untoward accident had defrauded me of something that was all but within my reach. ‘How near I have been to affluence,’ was a constantly recurring thought; and when I heard every morning, that this person was dead, and that person was dead, a feeling of chagrin was invariably felt. You are perhaps incapable of understanding these feelings, Thornton; and so was I, until the events took place which gave birth to them.”

Moreton paused a moment; but I did not interrupt him; and, after passing his hand over his forehead, and filling out with an unsteady hand another glass of wine, he proceeded:—

“You must understand, Thornton, that these were mere thoughts, feelings, fancies: if I had stood beside the sick beds of these boys, when the flame of life was flickering, I would not have blown it out; if two phials had stood by, one containing health and the other death, do not suppose I would have administered the latter:—no; I was no murderer, Thornton—no murderer—then!

“You know something of the river here; and of the passion for boating. The three boys often indulged in this exercise; and it sometimes happened that I accompanied them. One day about the end of August, we had spent the day at Eel-pits, and it was not far from sunset when we set out to row back to Cambridge. It was a fine calm evening when we left that place, but it soon began to rain heavily; and in the scramble for cloaks and umbrellas, which the suddenness and heaviness of the shower occasioned, the boat was all but upset; but it righted again, and served only as matter of mirth to the boys; though in me a very different effect was produced. More than a year had elapsed since the presence of the epidemic had given rise to the feelings I have already confessed to, and the circumstances had been nearly—but not altogether forgotten. At that moment, however, the thoughts that at that time had continually haunted me recurred with tenfold force. ‘If it had upset!’ I said within myself, while sitting silent in the stern,—‘If it had upset!’ and the prospect of wealth again opened before me. The three boys, Thornton, were sitting shouting, and laughing and jesting, and I sat silently in the stern, putting that question to myself. But it was only a thought, a fancy, Thornton; I knew that no one but myself could swim; but any thing premeditated was as far from my thoughts as yours. I only contemplated the probable results of an event which was nearly taking place.

“Well,—we continued to row and it soon fell dusk,—and then the moon rose; and we continued

to ascend the river,—ours the only boat until we were within less than two miles of bridge. I had occasionally taken a turn in the oar; but at that time I sat in the stern; something continually whispered to me ‘the boat had upset!’ I need not tell you, Thornton, that little things influence the greatest one of those little things occurred at this time. I had a dog in the boat, and one of the boys said something to it in Latin. ‘Don’t speak to the dog,’ said another, ‘for it’s master doesn’t understand Latin.’ ‘Yes he does,’ said the third. ‘Mr. Moreton understands dog Latin.’ That was a little matter, Thornton,—but it displeased me. There was always a good deal of assumed superiority, especially on the part of the eldest, on account of his university education; and annoyances of this kind were frequent. It was precisely at this moment that something was seen floating towards us: it chanced to come in the glimpse of the moon on the water, and was seen at once by us all; and as it approached, till it was about to pass within the length of the boat—You have heard the story, Thornton—you said, if I recollect, that you knew the boys were”—Here Moreton suddenly stopped, and hastily drained the wine he had filled.

“Drowned in the Cam,” said I:—“yes, of this misfortune; but I did not know the boys were present.”

“I was—I was—*present!*” said Moreton, with a peculiar emphasis on the word. “Ay, Thornton,—you’ve hit the word.—I was present: listen: I told you the dark object floated within the length of the boat; at once the three made a spring to the side of the boat, each with arms and oars to intercept it: and—in an instant the boat was keel uppermost!”

Moreton pronounced the last words in an under tone.—and stopped: he rose and took the wine decanter from the table, but let it drop. Moreton had yet said nothing to criminate himself; the incident appeared, from his manner, purely accidental; and I therefore said, “Moreton—the boys were unhappily drowned: it was the consequence of their own imprudence.”

“Thornton,” said he, “you are there to hear my confession; I am here to make it;—’tis a confession I shrink from: fill me a glass of wine, my hand trembles.—Now,—two of the boys, the youngest, I never saw; as God is my judge, I believe if I had seen the youngest, I would have done my uttermost to save him. I suppose he sank beneath the boat, and floated down to the surface. The eldest, he rose close to the surface, were not twenty yards from the bank; I might have saved him. I believe I *would* have saved him, if he had cried for help. I saw him at that moment. I think, when I struck out to help him, I kicked him beneath the water—under the boat, Thornton,—undesignedly: but I did not turn to help him; I made for the bank, and reached it, and it was then too late. I saw the ripple of the water, and the boat floating away; but I did not see else.—Thornton—I am his murderer!”

When Moreton had pronounced this, he seemed to be somewhat relieved, and he imagined his communication had ended. He ventured to say that although it was only a possibility that the inheritance which had become his would revert to the heirs of those who had been deprived of it,—supposing them to have been deprived of it,—it was proper to consider the

There was such a thing as an over-sensibility; and it was perhaps possible that, under circumstances attending the awful event, his mind had been incapable of judging what he might have too much coupled with which had preceded the event, with itself; and that want of presence of mind had been mistaken for something more. I confess that, in speaking thus, I believed that such reasoning might in the present case, I had little hope in the present case. There was a man in the mode of Moreton's confession—most commanded belief; and besides, he was no creature of imagination. He had been a shrewd and strong-minded man in fact, all his life, a man of reali-

Thornton," said he, "I am no fancier: I will be as I have told you. But if you have doubted,—as I do not believe you would have been dispelled by what I have yet to hear. I am not going to give a narrative of my life; and shall say no more at this time that immediately followed the event related. The fortune became my father's; and my wife became an heiress. Under the present circumstances were no wise prospects led to increased embarrassments thickened around me something of these, Thornton; you recollect, ineffectually, to extricate them. Meanwhile, my father-in-law, got over the loss he had sustained, and laughed,—of Agnes, my wife,—as a joke, and boasted and talked much of his wealth, though it made no difference in his mode of life. 'Not one shilling, Walter, till I die,'—was the only word in his mouth: and not a shilling would he ever offer, although he well knew the difficulties in which we were placed. I only once ventured to ask him for the money; but the answer was the same. 'Not one shilling, Walter, till I die: patience, patience, all must go to Agnes.' I confess it, Thornton? yes—I may confess after what I have already confessed. 'Not a shilling till I die,' were the words in my ears. The event that had been within my power frequently recurred to my memory; and with it, the conviction of no way benefitted by it: the nearer death only made the want of it more felt. The 'ifs,' and fancies, that had frequently arisen in my mind, had all been put to rest. The crime,—ay, Thornton, the crime had placed an inheritance within my grasp, the blacker since no advantage had been made, and the oft-repeated 'not a shilling till I die,' repeated, and re-repeated with a complete, and on occasions the most inopportune within me an insatiable longing to know the matter?—for the moment it should be fulfilled. I reflect very well, Thornton, my application in December, 182—, six years ago. Its extreme urgency, and the paroxysm which attended it, sufficient however to get me out of a jail. You might well, as you would be surprised that my wife's father was in such a state of things to be; but he was a man of no other thing, save parting with his mo-

ney; he was a miser; the love of riches had grown with their possession: and I believe he would have suffered me to rot in jail rather than draw upon his coffers.

"It was just at this time, or at most a week or two subsequent to it, that Mr. Bellenden was attacked by a complaint to which he had been long subject,—one, requiring the most prompt medical aid; but from which, on several former occasions, he had perfectly recovered. Agnes was extremely attentive to her father; and on Christmas evening, as we were both on the way to the sick-chamber, we met the family surgeon leaving the house.

"'You are perhaps going to spend some time with my patient?' said Mr. Amwell.

"'My husband,' said Agnes, 'means to spend an hour or two with my father: I have a particular engagement at present,—and am only going to ask how he does.'

"'I have some little fears of another attack,' said Mr. Amwell; 'do not be alarmed, my dear madam,—we know how to treat these things; promptness is all that is required. It will be necessary, my dear sir,' said Mr. Amwell, addressing me, 'to lose no time in sending for me, should Mr. Bellenden experience another attack; all depends upon the prompt and free use of the lancet. There is no occasion for any alarm, madam. The good old gentleman may live to eat twenty Christmas dinners yet.'

"Mr. Amwell passed on, and we entered the house, and ascended to the sick-chamber. My wife remained but a few minutes,—she had some particular engagements at home; and as she left the room, she charged me not to lose a moment in calling Mr. Amwell, should there appear to be any occasion for his aid. She shut the door, and I seated myself in a large chair near to the bed.

"Mine was a singular situation. I, who for many years had had my hopes directed towards a great inheritance—I, who had seen, and rejoiced to see, the most formidable obstacles removed, and who had myself been instrumental in removing them, was now watching the sick-bed of the only individual who stood between me and the succession,—an individual, too, whose death I had looked forward to and had allowed myself to hope for. I could not help smiling at the singular situation in which I was placed; and as I looked towards the sick-bed, and heard only the uneasy breathing of the old man in the silence of the room, I felt—very like a criminal.

"There was a table near to me with several phials upon it. I took them up one by one, and examined them. One was labelled 'laudanum.' While I held it in my hand, all the demon was within. My pecuniary difficulties seemed to augment; the excellence of wealth to increase; the love of enjoyment grew stronger; and my estimate of the value of an old man's life weaker. At this moment, the sick man asked for drink. Thornton!—need I hesitate to confess that I was strongly tempted—but I resisted the temptation; I held the fatal phial for a few moments in my hand; laid it down, pushed it from me, and assisted the old man to his needs. But no sooner had I done this, and re-seated myself, than I began to accuse myself with inconsistency. These, thought I, are distinctions without any real difference. A youth, who stood betwixt me and fortune, was

drowning; and I did not stretch out my hand to save him: there are many kinds of murder, but in all the crime is the same.

"I had nearly proved to my own satisfaction that I was a fool, when certain indications that could not be mistaken assured me that Amwell's fears were about to be realized, and they instantly were, to the fullest extent. Mr. Amwell's parting words recurred to me: 'all depends upon the prompt use of the lancet.' My heart beat quick; I rose,—hesitated,—re-seated myself,—rose again,—listened,—again sat down,—pressed my fingers on my ears, that I might hear nothing,—and leaned my head forward on the table. I continued in this posture for some time, and then started up—and listened. All was silent; I rang the bell violently; opened the door, and cried out to call Mr. Amwell instantly,—and returned to the chamber—which I believed to be no longer a chamber of sickness, but of death; and re-seated myself in the chair, with a strong persuasion that the last obstacle to fortune had been removed. But,—Thornton,—again I knew that I was, a second time, a murderer!"

Here Mr. Moreton paused, and leaned back in his chair, apparently exhausted. I again thought his communication had ended; and although I could not now address him as I had addressed him before, I was beginning to say that to make absolute beggars of his children could not be an acceptable atonement for crime,—when he interrupted me, heedless, apparently, of my having addressed him.

"In a few minutes Mr. Amwell entered the room. He approached the bed, bent over it, turned to me, and said, 'I fear it is too late, Mr. Moreton.'

"'Perhaps not,' said I; 'at all events make the attempt.'

"Mr. Amwell did of course make the attempt; and in a few moments desisted; shook his head, and said, 'A little, and I have reason to believe only a *very* little too late,' and in a few minutes I was again left *alone*.

"Thornton, since that hour, I have been a miserable man."—Another long pause ensued, which I did not attempt to break; and Moreton at length resumed.

"Since that hour, I say, Charles Thornton, I have never known a moment's peace. My wife's tears for her father fell upon my heart like drops of fire; every look she gave me seemed to read my innermost thoughts; she never spoke that I did not imagine she was about to call me murderer. Her presence became agony to me. I withdrew from her, and from all society—for I thought every man looked suspiciously upon me; and I had no companion but conscience,—ay, conscience, Thornton,—conscience that I thought I had overcome; as well I might, for had I not seen the young and healthy sink, when I might have saved? and how could I have believed that? but so it was, and is: look at me, and you will see what conscience has made of me. Agnes sickened, and as you know, died. This I felt as a relief; and for a time I breathed more freely; and I married again. But my old feelings returned, and life every day becomes more burdensome to me. Strange, that events long passed become more and more vivid.—but so it is. The evening on the Cam, and the death-chamber of old Bellenden, are alternately before me.

"Now, Thornton, you have heard all. A now ready to frame the will as I directed? possessed of a quarter of a million, and it be to the heirs of those for whom it was originally destined."

Some conversation here ensued, in which object was to show that, although the large property at Moreton's disposal ought never to have been his, yet, if the events which he had experienced had not taken place, it never could have fallen into the possession of those for whom he had destined it. I admitted, however, the propriety of the principle of restitution to the branch of the family in which it had originally been vested, but prevailed with Mr. Moreton, in having a pecuniary competency reserved for his own children and wife, who married in the belief that he was to provide for her. And upon these principles accordingly, the testament was framed and completed the same evening.

It grew late. "Walter Moreton," said I, to take leave, "let this subject drop for the present. When we meet again, let there be no allusion to the transactions of this evening."

"Thornton," said he, "we shall never meet again."

"There are remedies, my friend, said I, could I refuse to call the wretched man before me my friend?—"there are remedies for the accusations of conscience: apply yourself to them; if they were relieved by religious consolations, your health would return. You are yet little past the prime of life; I trust we may meet again in happier circumstances. Conscience, Moreton, is given to us to kill, but to cure.

Moreton faintly smiled. "Yes, Thornton," said he, "There are *remedies*; I know they will not fail to seek *their* aid. Good night!"

I returned to the inn, and soon after retired to bed; as may easily be believed, to think of the singular revelations of the evening. For some time these thoughts kept me awake; but at last I fell asleep. My dreams were disturbed, however, about Walter Moreton. Sometimes he was swimming in the river, or standing on the bank, pointing with his finger to a human head that was just sinking; sometimes he was sitting by the side of old Bellenden, examining the phial; sometimes he was walking on tiptoe to the door, and listening; sometimes the scene of the past evening was renewed, when I sat and listened to his narrative. Then again, he had a phial in his hand, uncorked it; and in raising it to his mouth, it was revealed to be a small pistol; and just at this moment I awoke.

The last scene remained forcibly and vividly on my mind. It instantly occurred to me that I might have meditated suicide, and that that was the *remedy* of which he spoke. I looked at my watch; it was an hour past midnight. I had dressed, and hurried to Trumpington Street. There was a light in one of the windows; I knocked gently at the door; and at the same time applied my hand to the knob, which yielded. I hurried upstairs, directed by the situation of the light I had seen, and entered the room. Moreton stood near to the bed, beside a small table, with a phial in his hand, which, at the moment I entered, he laid down. I sprang forward and saw it was already empty. "Ah, my friend!" as I said, but farther speech was useless. Moreton was already in the grasp of death.

From the Forget Me Not.

THE BEAR OF CARNIOLA.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

lents of the following tale, romantic as appear, are attested by the chroniclers of and verified by the existing monuments in which they are laid.

ing, in winter, the Emperor Maximilian at table, surrounded by the principal court. The night was far advanced, a brimming goblet had given birth to a merry sally. One by one had been toasted beauties of the day, each being seasoned with a scandal of the times, and each anecdote eliciting the hilarity of the guests. The Emperor, it was said, had not been spared, so the wine of Hungary had the generous drinkers, and tolerance to the monarch was reclining in his chair, lined with red skins, one hand of the prince played with the ringlets of a page, who stood by his side. He listened with a smile to the story of the Baronesse of Ebersdorff. A sudden knock at the door of the chamber. The two guards who guarded the entrance recoiled, as if by a powerful effort; and a knight of the empire, wearing over his hauberk a huge surcoat, strode boldly up the hall and paused before the steps of the Emperor. "Who is this insolent intruder," cried the emperor, "who dares thus to penetrate my presence, and beat down my guards?—show before whom he stands?" "I am," replied the stranger, bluntly. "You are the Emperor; and if it be my duty to obey you as supreme head of the empire, I will do so in your wars, it is yours to do so when I need it. And can I find for my time more fitting than when you are occupied by no business, by no cares, and no more pressing occupation than that of taking your pleasure?" The emperor darted around the assembly glances with astonishment and anger. "Will you," he cried, "tell me who is this strange knight who appears here as if he had fallen from the sky, and speaks as haughtily—God pardon me as if he were an elector of the Holy

knight, who, in spite of copious libations, retained some presence of mind, at once spoke silence. "Sire," said he, "if the savage dress which distinguishes this knight did not of itself identify him, his bear-like language would proclaim him to be Herrmann, Lord of Lueg, commonly known as the Bear of Carniola."

"I do not understand," said the Emperor, "how he has quitted his forests, allured by the splendour of the imperial kitchen. Lord of Lueg, your castle is far from Vienna; what pressing motive has given you to this journey?—Is it hunger? Or have a few robbers taken your domain by assault, and have you come to apply for aid of our men to aid you in reconquering your castle?"

"I am neither from hunger nor from cold. If I please your majesty to honour it with a

visit, I take upon myself to feast you and your retinue with fresh meats, green vegetables, and juicy fruits, in that rigorous season when, as I here perceive, your majesty's table is covered only with confectionary and dried fruits. As for an attack on my castle by a few robbers, so far from needing your majesty's aid in such a peril, I should not be afraid to undertake its defence against your majesty's self, in case you should take it into your head to besiege it with your entire army."

A long and unanimous burst of laughter replied to this declaration of the knight's. Maximilian himself, in spite of his efforts, was compelled to join in the general merriment. Herrmann's eyes flashed fire upon the assembly; and when they fell upon the Emperor it was evident that respect for his authority alone restrained the utterance of his indignation. The monarch at length perceived that the dignity of his rank was suffering from this scene, and he assumed a tone more befitting himself, as he again addressed the knight.

"High and puissant Lord of Lueg," he said, "who possess such mighty riches, and a fortress of such strength, what can you have to ask at hands weak as ours?"

"I have said it, sire—Justice!—justice on one of your vassals, who has deeply wronged me!"

The Emperor frowned. "Justice," he murmured; "that eternal word, justice, is even in all their mouths. One would think, to hear them, that a sovereign once seated on the throne of the Cæsars had no future occupation save that of listening to complaints. Herrmann! could not you, after the practice of so many of your class, do yourself justice?—and, if not, think you that you have chosen a place and an hour the most fitting to put the wisdom of our judgment to the proof?"

"The rank of the offender," gravely replied the knight, "did not permit me to take justice into my own hands, until I had first tried the effect of an appeal to your sovereign decision. As for the time and place which I have chosen, they seem to me fitting, since your majesty can at once hear the parties, and form your opinion, my adversary being now in your presence."

"Here!" cried the Emperor; "your foe here!—who, then, is he?"

"Behold him!" cried Herrmann, pointing to the noble who sat on the monarch's right hand; "I demand justice against the grand marshal, the Count Pappenheim!"

"Pappenheim," exclaimed the Emperor, "thou hearest! What dealings can there be between the Bear of Carniola and thee?—How hast thou wronged him?"

The grand marshal, according to his custom, was the least sober of the company. He had arrived at that middle state, between sleeping and waking, in which it is alike fatiguing to hear, to speak, or to think. At his master's question, however, he raised his eyes heavily, gazed stupidly on Herrmann for a moment, then let them fall again, and replied, in a voice broken by hiccough, "I never saw the man in my life—I have no dealings with him."

"More than you think, Count Pappenheim," said Herrmann. "It may be that you know me not; but you have not forgotten the young girl whom you carried off last summer from the monastery of Inspruck, and foully abandoned at Salzburg."

"A young girl carried off? Is this true Pappenheim?" said the Emperor mildly to his favourite.

"By my faith, another of thy wily tricks this! Wilt thou be for ever incorrigible?"

The grand marshal made a prodigious effort at attention, and sought from amid the chaos which the wine had produced in his brain to muster a few recollections. At length he appeared to have succeeded, for he made an attempt at a smile, and murmured, in an under-voice, "At Salzburg! Oh, Ida! the charming girl!—Ay, by my faith, she *was* handsome!"

"That Ida," cried Herrmann, in a voice which sounded as if it issued from a tomb—"that Ida whom her beauty has plunged into the ruin which you prepared for her—that Ida was my own blood—my only child—the last scion of the house of Lueg!"

At these words, a deep silence fell upon the assembly, and its gayety went out, as by a sudden chill. The face of the Emperor became grave, and his voice was solemn and kind when he again spoke to Herrmann.

"Knight of Lueg," he said, "the charge which you prefer against our grand marshal is a heavy one. This matter shall be investigated with scrupulous care; but, at this moment, Pappenheim is, as you see, in no condition to reply. Return to-morrow, and we will take counsel on the means of healing this grievous wound."

"And how, then, does your majesty imagine that a quarrel like this can be reconciled?" vehemently asked the knight of Carniola.

"Only by proportioning the reparation to the greatness of the outrage and to the rank and fortune of the offender," replied the Emperor.

"One only reparation is possible!" vociferated Herrmann, in a voice hoarse from the concentration of many feelings. "And, oh! that I should be driven to receive *that* from a man degraded by debauch, like him whom I now see before me! But honour sways all other feelings. Your majesty has heard from that drunkard's mouth the avowal of his crime and the proof of my wrong. There needs no counsel, and can be no delay. Here, on this spot, and at this moment, your majesty will order the Count Pappenheim to espouse my daughter, whom he has seduced and dishonoured."

There was a moment's silence, during which the guests whispered with each other. The grand marshal gazed by turns on the Emperor and the knight, and seemed suddenly to comprehend what was passing: for, bursting into a drunken laugh, he exclaimed, "I!—I marry Ida!—Ha! ha!"

The Emperor darted on him an indignant look, and for an instant seemed uncertain how to act. At length he turned towards the knight, with that air of princely dignity which he could assume upon occasion, and thus addressed him: "Lord of Lueg—were it even fully demonstrated that your complaint is well-founded—that all the blame is on the side of the grand marshal alone—that your daughter is, in truth, the victim of seduction, carried on by artifice and crowned by perfidy—and were I—overlooking all the difficulties which stand in the way of this unequal union—to employ all my authority in compelling him to contract it—he could not obey me. Pappenheim is married."

As he spoke, a sudden and deadly paleness overspread the face of Herrmann of Lueg, and his teeth chattered as with mortal cold. A violent spasm shook his whole frame; and a sort of growl struggled from his throat, which made the assembly shudder. Even the intoxication of Pappenheim seemed to vanish before the savage aspect

of his furious accuser. He half rose from the ground and gazed on his foe with a livid lip and a staring eye. At a sign from the Emperor, the guards had placed themselves by the side of Herrmann, who struggled fearfully with the thought that for many seconds were his uncontrolled. At length, and after terrible efforts, he succeeded in regaining articulation; and his broken and interrupted at first by the storm of the passions, grew clear as he proceeded, and, before he ceased, was loud, and shrill, as when he shouted his war-cry in the midst of the whirlwind of the fight.

"Married!—monster!—my poor, poor, —for ever lost!—no more of reparation!—appeals to justice!—but blood!—vengeance!—seducer! To the sanctuary of this place I swear that this moment is not the last of thee. I defy thee!—Count Pappenheim, I demand mortal combat, afoot or on horse, with sword, and dagger! Take my battle—may it be a presage of thine overthrow!"

While thus speaking, Herrmann had raised his arm a heavy gauntlet of iron, and, with a prodigious force, he hurled it with prodigious force at the grand marshal. The blow was such that Pappenheim, overthrown, fell on the ground, the Emperor, bathing the royal garment in his blood. His left temple was beaten in by the stroke of the terrible gauntlet. A mortal spasm convulsed him—his limbs stiffened, and there remained in the arms of Maximilian the corpse of his favourite.

The spectators rushed forward with horror and affright, and the next movement to seize the murderer. But he was gone, and the guards were rising slowly from the ground, which he had been flung; and the other yonder, cowering under a blow which Herrmann, in his retreat, had inflicted. Some of the party rushed into the hall, in the hope of overtaking him before he could pass the guards stationed at the palace gates; but it was soon discovered that he had entered these apartments by a door communicating with the exterior of the palace, which was usually kept closed, was left unguarded, and he had effected his unobstructed escape.

On the following morning, the trumpet and heralds sounded in the streets of Vienna; proclaimed a reward of four hundred gilden to any one who should bring in, dead or alive, the knight Herrmann of Lueg, murderer of the grand marshal. Orders were also despatched to the governors and councils of the different provinces of the empire, to seize him wherever he was found. The funeral of Count Pappenheim was celebrated with great pomp, and the marble raised to his memory may still be seen in the cathedral of St. Stephen.

A month passed away without tidings of the knight of Carniola. At the end of that month, a following report from the commander of the district of Laybach was transmitted to the chancery:—

According to intelligence which I have received, it appears that the knight Herrmann of Lueg, after passing through this town about three weeks ago, was accompanied by a young girl, who travelled on behind him. They were met by two inhabitants of Idria, in the morning, a few miles from this town, on the mountain. The horse, worn out with fatigue, had broken down; and Herrmann was in the act of abandoning it, carrying in one hand his cl

the other supporting the young girl, who was very weak and ill, and whom the peasants to have been his daughter. They lost their way amid the winding paths which surround the castle of Lueg.

Receipt of this information, I sent a sergeant and ten men-at-arms to seize the murderer in the neighbourhood. The sergeant has not returned, and one only of his companions has this morning come back, bringing the following extraordinary particulars:—

The castle of Lueg is but a day's journey from Trieste. In the winter, the men were unable to reach their destination before the second evening. The difficulty of travelling at this season of the year, by paths now, cut through gloomy forests and along precipitous pices, was partly the cause of this delay; greatly increased by the absolute necessity of guides and the great difficulty of procuring them.

The peasants of the neighbourhood, at the purpose of the expedition, fled at the sight of the soldiers; and the women only remained behind, who assured them that the castle was impenetrable and defended by unearthly powers. In the evening, a young peasant was forcibly placed at the head of the detachment, and compelled to show the way to the fortress. Arrived at the foot of the mountain on which the castle stands, the soldiers began to follow a narrow and dangerous road which conducts to the principal entrance; but, before they had proceeded far, they were stopped by a wall of snow, of great height, and extending directly across their path. At last they were seeking some means of passing over it; their attention was attracted by a large bear; and, looking up, they saw (says the peasant) a troop of bears, furiously pawing amid the snow, and growling defiance, as it were, against the wall.

While their attention was riveted upon this sight, the terrified guide fled, and the soldier was directed by his sergeant to pursue him. The order saved his life; for, at the moment when he was about to follow, the wall of snow was shaken, and an avalanche, huge as a mountain, descended upon his miserable companions.

He affirms that at the moment he heard the hideous roar of the bears, he felt like a shout of victory, and that he saw the snow falling like shadows towards the pinnacle of the castle. The dreadful and momentary scene was followed by an awful silence; and the two soldiers returned to make their report of it to me. Even the silence of their route this singular catastrophe only confirmed the terrified peasants in their previous opinion—that the castle of Lueg is protected by supernatural agents.

Receipt of this report, the Aulic Council dispatched immediate orders to the military governor of Carniola, to invest the castle of Lueg, to destroy it by fire and sword, and to seize the murderer, who should be found without exception.

But, before this order reached him, several more extraordinary than those I have narrated had occurred to strengthen the opinion of the neighbourhood in the magic power of the castle. On the morning which succeeded the mission of the expedition, the inhabitants of Wipach, in Upper Italy, situate to the left of the road from Udine to Laybach, and more than five miles from Lueg, discovered on the steps of their church, in the public square, several men. They were recognized by their uniforms as soldiers of the imperial guard; but on attempting to question them, it was found impossible to learn the motive of their entering the states

of Venice, then in profound peace with the Emperor. As they appeared to be suffering and exhausted, the local magistrate ordered refreshments to be distributed to them, and furnished them on the following day with a conveyance to Adelsberg, the nearest imperial town, where they were taken before the commandant of the castle. To his unbounded astonishment, they turned out to be the sergeant and the nine soldiers who were believed to have been lying for two days beneath the snow in the gloomy valley of Lueg.

No rational or satisfactory account of their strange adventure could, however, be extracted from the men. They were separately examined, and unanimous in declaring that they were ignorant of the means by which they had been brought to Italy; having no consciousness of any thing which had happened to them since they were stricken insensible by the falling snow. They appeared to be quite as much astonished at the event and at their present situation as their interrogators. One of them related, as the confused and wandering recollection of a painful dream, that he had been in hell; where he had beheld demons dancing round a huge fire, and been forced to swallow burning liquids; and all were firmly persuaded that they had been under the influence of evil spirits, who had ultimately carried them through the air, and laid them down in the square of Wipach.

The governor, however, despising the popular rumours, set about executing his orders, and, in person, led a body of troops to the siege of Lueg. He took with him two very light pieces of artillery, of a kind then recently come into use, called falconets; and made all possible arrangements for supplying his camp with provisions as amply as the severity of the season and the sterility of the country would permit.

The castle of Lueg is built in an immense hollow, formed by nature in the face of a perpendicular rock, about two thirds of its height, the sides of which shelter it in every direction, except towards the east. From the almost inaccessible summit of the mountain which overhangs it a stone would fall to the bottom of the hollow, passing in front of the castle, but without striking it. It cannot be seen from the foot of the rock, or from the valley which it commands, and is visible only from the surrounding heights, which are too great a distance for artillery planted on them to bear upon the fortress. At the time of which we speak, a narrow path, cut in the face of the rock, and winding in many zigzags, was the only one which afforded access to the castle; and it was at the entrance to this path that the soldiers first sent against Herrmann had been overwhelmed by the falling snow.

Having reconnoitred the fortress, and decided that it was inaccessible by any other way than the winding path in front, the governor signified his approach to the besieged by a discharge of arquebuses and artillery. The balls broke off some splinters from the rock, but not one of them reached the castle, which, at this point, as we have said, was invisible to the engineers. Guards were placed on all the adjacent heights; the neighbouring forests were in vain explored in all directions, to ascertain if no other road than that which we have described could be discovered; and, as this only path was completely choked up with ice and snow, and a single man could, under such circumstances, have readily stopped the advance of an

entire army along its narrow and sinuous defiles, the governor deemed it advisable to convert the siege into a blockade, and endeavour, by the aid of famine, to conquer those whom nature had taken pains to defend by so extraordinary a position.

It was drawing towards the close of December; the cold was piercing, and the tents of the besiegers afforded very inadequate shelter. Their provisions, brought from a considerable distance, were mostly frozen on the way. At the same time, the thick smoke which rose from the castle overhead indicated that its occupants possessed all the requisites for defending themselves against the severity of the season. To the shouts of menace which were directed against them they had only replied by mocking cries. Each evening, the echoes of a falconet, discharged by the besiegers to awaken the attention of their outposts, resounded through the valley; and it was invariably replied to by a similar discharge from the castle; after which the soldiers occasionally fancied they could hear the sentinels relieved on the Alpine platform overhead.

Things continued in this state till towards the beginning of March; and the governor felt assured that the besieged could not possibly hold out much longer; for he had learned that the castle was but slenderly provisioned at the moment of its investment, and that Herrmann had not had time or opportunity for collecting stores. His conjectures appeared about to be realised, when, after a siege of more than sixty days, he beheld, one morning, a white flag planted at the summit of the path which led to the castle, and two or three unarmed men waving handkerchiefs over the parapet of the platform. Convinced that the besieged were making signals of surrender, he sent two officers to meet their flag of truce and conduct the bearers into the camp. At the same time, he perceived advancing down the tortuous path a superintendent and four men, bearing large baskets on their shoulders, which they finally deposited at the foot of the rock. Their leader at the same time delivered a despatch for the governor, and then with the rest of the envoys immediately began to reascend the precipice.

The baskets and the despatch were carried to the camp. The latter contained a letter from Herrmann to the governor, counselling him to abandon his useless enterprise, and save himself and his soldiers from perishing with cold, in the attempt to blockade a fortress defended by a power mightier than that of the sovereign who had sent him. It condoled with him on the numberless privations to which he had been subjected in the discharge of his difficult duty; and knowing, said the letter, how much the governor must suffer from the scarcity of provisions in this rude season, the writer requested his cordial acceptance of the little present therewith sent—which present he undertook to renew, during the continuance of the inclement weather, as often as the governor would do him the honour to accept it.

After the reading of this singular epistle, the baskets were opened. The first was filled with Cyprus wines, Italian liqueurs, and choice confections; the second, with fish of various kinds, which appeared to have left its native element but a few hours; the third, with oranges and lemons of great beauty and excellent quality; and the fourth enclosed green herbs, salads fresh gathered, and strawberries and raspberries in full ripeness.

The surprise which this extraordinary gift excited in the camp soon resolved itself into a participation, by no means equivocal, of the popular terrors on the part of the soldiers, who could not help attributing to sorcery that which it was impossible to account for by natural means. A few days afterwards, the governor, having determined to accept the challenge of Herrmann, for the purpose of ascertaining how far it might be mere bravado, requested a supply of fresh provisions for the festival of Mid-Lent, which, he reminded the knight, was a *flesh-day*; and to this demand Herrmann replied by sending him the four quarters of an ox and a dozen roasted lambs. The murmurs of the soldiers rose louder with their increased conviction of the magic defences opposed to them; and there was great reason to apprehend that the panic which had spread among them would render the further prosecution of the enterprise useless. The governor, however, had come to a different conclusion; and, on the same day, he wrote to his court the assurance of a speedy and successful termination to the siege, in consequence, he said, of circumstances which had just been communicated to him.

The severe season was drawing towards its close. The snow yet covered the whole of the Julian Alps, amid which the castle of Lueg is situated; its streams and lakes were still frozen. But, at the southern foot of this chain, the soil of Italy had begun to put on its garb of greenness. The wood-cutters of Carniola were still shut up closely in their smoky cabins, while the dwellers on the banks of the Isonce, at only a few leagues' distance, had already spread themselves abroad over the fields, and, cheered by the earliest beams of a March sun, resumed their rustic occupations.

In the little town of Gorice, the capital of that happy country, had, for many years, resided an honest disciple of Esculapius, who, in the quiet and benevolent exercise of his useful art, had conciliated the respect and affections of the simple people amongst whom he dwelt. And truly did the Doctor Belgarbo deserve the reputation which he enjoyed, and which had somehow spread beyond the neighbourhood which might have seemed to be the natural limit of its influence. An exterior somewhat rude, and manners which had taken their tone and forms from the mountains, were combined with an upright spirit and a gentle heart. To his skill as a physician he added the fidelity and judgment which made him a sure and fast friend, and, in cases of difficulty, a safe and prudent counsellor.

It was towards the close of Lent, in the year which witnessed the events just narrated, that a servant in livery, and leading by the bridle a riderless horse, richly caparisoned, stopped one morning at the doctor's gate. He was the bearer of a letter, written in the most pressing terms, which intreated Belgarbo to set out without delay for a castle in the neighbourhood of Idria, in order to employ the resources of his skill in behalf of a lady of rank, who was severely indisposed. Not unaccustomed to such summonses, the doctor at once took his cloak and case of instruments; and, having delivered a few instructions to the assistant, who supplied his place during his short absence, he mounted the horse brought for him, and set out with his guide in the direction of Germany.

After a few hours' riding, they passed through the village of Wipach, and about sunset arrived at the extremity of the valley leading to the foot

mountains, over which lies the road into their ride, the doctor had time to reflect that the letter mentioned neither the sick lady nor that of the place to which he was thus suddenly summoned; and he had once endeavoured to extract some information on these subjects from his guide. But either could not or would not give him a better explanation than the assurance that he would reach the place of their destination the same evening.

At length, at the entrance of a very confined road on the brink of a stream whose noisy waters were crossed by a rude bridge, his guide turned aside, and struck into a narrow and difficult path to the right, following the edge of the mountain in a direction contrary to its course, and passing among steep and abrupt rocks whose unevenness formed its rough bed. The doctor could not feel any surprise that such a path should lead to any habitation; in fact, after a few minutes' travel, the by-road itself disappeared at the foot of a perpendicular cliff, whose lofty and precipitous front was separated by a kind of esplanade, a few fathoms in breadth, from a precipice, the dark foot of the torrent flowed with a disordered murmur. Here his guide paused and dismounting the doctor to do the same. "The journey," said he, "can be performed without any great difficulty."

The doctor threw a distrustful and uneasy glance around him. The sun had sunk below the horizon; but, by the imperfect light which shone in the heavens, he perceived, at a short distance, the entrance of a low cavern. His eye was fixed upon it, two men issued from its mouth, and began silently busying themselves about the horses, the bridles of which they were hanging from shrubs which clung to the face of the rock. Their spatterdashes of leather, and the gleam of the skin of the wild-boar, gave them the appearance of miners; but they wore, besides, on their shoulders, each a bear-skin cloak, reaching down to the waist.

At the same time, however, that he had completed his survey, his guide had struck a light; and the two men who had issued from the cavern having each a torch, he turned to Belgarbo, and by a motion of the finger, directed him to a subterranean passage. The doctor was of firm resolution; and, without giving way to any alarm at the somewhat extraordinary circumstances in which he found himself, he resolved to penetrate the mystery. Turning to his conductor, he addressed him in a firm tone and manner.

"I am here to visit a sick lady in a knightly manner," he said, "and not to explore gloomy caverns with unknown companions. Unless the object which I have been brought hither, the manner in which it is proposed to conduct me, and the necessities of the parties having need of my services, explained to me in clear terms, I refuse to proceed further, and will at once endeavour to return by the road by which I have been led into this place."

"You are wrong," said his guide, in a mild tone, "trust us. No danger awaits you. The lady to whom I serve has, in truth, placed himself in my power, since I have conducted you, without taking any precautions for secrecy, into a place of which it is of high importance to him that he should know. My orders are to lead you into his presence; but I am forbidden to employ any means of compulsion. If you persist in your refusal to follow us, it will be my duty to conduct you back to Gorice, without further condition on your part than your word of honour never to point out to living man the spot on which we now stand. But, trust me, should you complete the journey, you will find no cause to repent it. My master is generous, and will freely requite the services he seeks at your hands—to say nothing of the urgency with which humanity calls on you to exert the powers of your art for a beautiful and unhappy lady, whose real danger alarms all who love and grieves all who serve her."

During this harangue, the doctor fixed his eyes searchingly on the open countenance and composed features of the speaker; and the deep and earnest gaze appeared to satisfy him. As the man proceeded, his reluctance seemed gradually to vanish; and the concluding words determined him to pursue the adventure at all hazards. Though past the age of passion or enthusiasm, the image of a young and suffering woman had still a powerful interest for the doctor; and the sentiment of manly pity was, on the present occasion, strongly reinforced by that of curiosity, which, also, the doctor had not outlived. After a short pause, therefore, he expressed his willingness to follow his conductors.

They then entered the cavern. The miners led the way, one of them carrying a torch, and the other a plank, which served as a bridge for passing over the gaps and fissures, which in many places crossed their path. The doctor followed, and the order of march was closed by his travelling companion carrying the other torch.

After a progress of a few minutes, the vault seemed to terminate; and the two leaders, having removed with great effort a huge block of stone, which turned on a secret pivot, discovered a low and narrow passage, which could only be entered singly and in a stooping posture. This inconvenient path, after some hundreds of paces, opened into an immense hall, whose sides, embellished with stalactites of varied and grotesque forms, reflected in all directions the glare of the flambeaux, and produced the effect of a thousand lights.

The floor of this immense cavern was traversed in its centre by a torrent which flowed through a fissure in the rock. Having crossed this melancholy stream by means of the plank, the path passed at some little distance from its banks over a narrow ledge, suspended, as it were, above a dark precipice, whose depth could only be guessed at; and, after having led them painfully up a steep and toilsome ascent, terminated, at length, in a series of caverned halls of different dimensions, whose varied incrustations and transparent columns, startled into splendour by the lights which they carried, almost blinded them with their sudden and dazzling brilliancy. Their progress continued long amid the windings of this vast and splendid labyrinth; and the amazed doctor would gladly have paused more than once both for rest and that he might examine more closely these natural wonders. His guides, however, walked silently and steadily on; and the echoes of their footsteps died solemnly and mournfully away amid the far recesses and beneath the vast and gloomy vaults.

The wearied doctor at length began to think that this subterranean maze was to have no end.

XXV.—No. 149.

It appeared to him, judging from the fatigue and hunger which he began to feel, that he must have walked for many hours along this damp and dangerous floor, when he found himself at the entrance of a corridor, whose sides, hewn and wrought with care and regularity, indicated, at length, the handiwork of man. At the further extremity of this artificial passage, a thick iron door creaked on its massive hinges, and disclosed a flight of thirty or forty steps, at the foot of which the two peasants stopped. Up this staircase his first guide alone preceded him, carrying the light; and, on arriving at its summit, a small door, invisible without, was opened from within: and Belgarbo found himself in a saloon, magnificently furnished and warmed by a blazing fire, and in presence of a man of noble appearance, who advanced to meet him.

* * * * *

"By my faith," said the doctor, setting down his glass on the table at which he and his host were seated, "the honest fellow was right when he said that I should not repent following him, since I find myself once more in companionship with an old acquaintance—I think that I may venture to say a friend—of my youth. But why was I brought hither with such mysterious precautions?—and why by that infernal route?—A word of yours, Lord of Lueg, would have drawn me to you by the highway, which—unless I am out in my reckoning—must pass very near this hill-fortress of yours."

"I could not be sure," replied Herrmann, "that the memory of our ancient ties would suffice to determine you upon this expedition; and, in the event of your refusal, prudence required that my name should not be disclosed to you. As for the way, it was impossible for me to select a more commodious one, the troops which besiege me occupying all the other approaches to the castle."

"You in a state of siege!" exclaimed the astonished doctor: "wherefore?—by whom?"

To these questions Herrmann replied by a recital of the events with which the reader is already acquainted, adding some particulars which he has yet to learn.

"The ten soldiers," said he, "who were buried beneath the avalanche which my people had prepared in front of the castle terrace, were speedily extricated from it. They were brought, in a state of insensibility, into this hall, and restored to life. Scarcely had they regained the use of their faculties, when we administered to them a sleeping potion, which, in their exhausted condition, soon reconverted them to unconsciousness. In this state they were carried, by the same route which conducted you hither, till they reached the frontier of Italy. There, a faithful agent, with two covered cars, awaited them, conveyed them to Wipach, and laid them down in the market-place, while its inhabitants were buried in slumber. Thus did I contrive to get rid of these inconvenient guests, without the necessity for more bloodshed, and without compromising the important secret of my defence. With the exception of you alone—of the three men whom you have seen, and of whose fidelity and prudence I am assured—and of myself—no living being knows the avenue by which you have reached this castle."

"And now," said the doctor, after a moment's pause, "what is your intention? Do you reckon upon holding out, with a dozen peasants, against the forces of his imperial majesty?"

"It would be mere madness!" said the knight. "A month hence, the ice and snow which render this castle unassailable will be dissolved, and the vigorous attack of a few hours would force an entrance. My design is to withdraw into the state of Venice, to which city I have already transmitted all that I can realize of my property."

"Then the sooner the better," said the doctor. "I marvel that, having a sure retreat at your back, you have not sooner taken the wise step on which you have resolved."

"Ten days ago," replied Herrmann, "I should have abandoned this castle but for the illness of my child, who appears to me too weak to bear removal. It is precisely to assist me in overcoming this difficulty that I have need of your skill. When you have seen my poor girl," continued he, ringing a bell which stood on the table, "you will tell me if it be possible, without destroying her life, to transport her by the route which you have traced this evening. If not, I must stay here and perish with Ida."

The large door of the saloon opened, and a servant appeared. "Tell my daughter," said the knight, "that the physician whom I expected is here, and ask her if she is ready to receive him."

The servant seemed scarcely conscious of the order which he had received; he remained as if turned into stone, with his eye fixed upon the doctor. The strangeness of his demeanour excited the notice of Belgarbo, who met the stupified gaze of the man, and in his turn began to scrutinize his features.

"Well!" cried Herrmann, "why do you linger there?—Did you not hear my commands?"

The servant left the room without uttering a word; and Herrmann was about to resume the conversation which his entrance had interrupted, when he was stopped by Belgarbo, who, laying his hand solemnly on the arm of the knight, inquired, in an earnest tone of voice, "Who is that man?—is he well known to you?"

"He is an old servant of our house," replied Herrmann, "who, since the siege, has discharged in this castle the functions of major-domo."

"Beware of him!" earnestly answered the doctor. "I have looked well upon the lines of his physiognomy, and they speak of no good."

The smile of an instant passed across the features of the knight of Lueg. "You must forgive me," he said, "if I suffer many years of faithful service to outweigh in my mind the loose and experimental rules of a conjectural science."

"Despise not those rules, though you know them not. I have been rarely deceived in their application. Again I say, beware of that man! I have read him closely. The prominent cheek-bones, the thin lips, the pointed chin, the sunken eyes, the triangular forehead—these, when they come together, are the unfailing indices of treachery and crime."

"I will not dispute with you," said Herrmann. "I have, however, nothing to fear from that man. He is not one of those whom I intend to make the companions of my flight; and the secret of the subterranean outlet is entirely unknown to him. To this circumstance is owing the grotesque surprise which he exhibited on seeing you here, without being able to divine whence you could have sprung: and the place which I shall select for my retreat will remain equally unknown to him."

Belgarbo received these assurances as an bo-

paid to science by one whom he had succeeded in convincing; and the conversation red to the subject which this incident had interrupted. "I have told you," said the knight, "the declining health of my unhappy child is the only obstacle to my immediate departure. Her arrival in this castle, my fair girl has loved daily, and our coming was too sudden for me to make the necessary arrangements for her departure. I am almost her sole attendant; and that circumstance has forced me to see, more closely than I can well bear to think of, the bloom daily fading on her cheek, and the light fading in her eyes."

My poor Ida, the sole remnant of my house, looks as her head like a dying lily. To all my representations of the necessity of our immediate relief she answers with looks which seem to tell its utter impossibility in her own case; and, she implores me to leave her here, those looks add, what her tongue spares me—to Doctor! the fortunes of my ancient and undivided house have waned with that sweet and me, dying girl. But I cannot leave her here to the chances of that which must ensue upon my departure; and, if her removal cannot be effected in safety, then must Maximilian avenge his misfortune, and I must remain and perish with the blossom she reared in vain."

"I shall go hard," said the doctor, after a pause, "I did not redeem his voice from faltering—"it goes hard but we will contrive to remove her as my dwelling at Gorice, where she can be in safety and secrecy till the soft breath of Italian air has enabled me to restore her to her father, with the roses of the south upon her cheek."

"Could that be effected," said Herrmann, straining his hand of his old and kind friend, "I should owe a larger debt of gratitude than I could repay. But see my child, and judge for yourself. This man will conduct you to my daughter."

The major-domo had just entered, with a lamp in his hand. The doctor rose, and, approaching the knight, sought to resume the course of his physiological observations upon the repulsive features of the man; but the major-domo escaped further observation for the present, by turning round to his way towards the apartment of the Lady Ida. A moment afterwards the doctor found himself alone with his young and beautiful patient.

Belgarbo returned into the saloon his face as pale, and his eye rose not to meet the gaze of the anxious father.

"What think you of my daughter's state?" said the knight of Lueg, earnestly. "May we prepare to depart?"

"We are arranged with the Lady Ida," said the doctor, "for our departure on the second day from this castle—Lord of Lueg!" he continued, looking up, as he heard the deep and long-drawn sigh on which proclaimed that a heavy weight had fallen from the listener's heart—"Herrmann, I have no consolation to offer you. We must, in all events, try this journey. It is, on all accounts, necessary, and may be so conducted that you shall be no great sufferer from its fatigues."

In my quiet dwelling she will be better than the anxieties which beset her here on this account; and remember, my friend," he continued, as he took the hand of the knight, "remember that I speak of both hope and fear when I say that the soft air of the plains is essential to the recovery of your daughter."

There was a long pause: and the doctor was relieved from a silence which, understanding as he did its meaning, was growing painful to him. When it was at length broken by the tolling of the castle bell. The knight raised his head at the sound, and, as he returned the grasp of Belgarbo's hand, his face was calm, and his voice clear, but mournful.

"Eleven. It is the hour in which this arm unintentionally but most justly slew that villain. He perished amid a debauch, all unprepared for the tribunal to which my rash hand dismissed him. That crime, each evening, at this hour, I strive to expiate. Go with me! let us pray for the soul of Pappenheim!—And," he added, after a moment's pause, but in a voice that had lost its clearness and trembled sensibly, "we will pray, too, for my daughter."

"On leaving the hall, they were met by the major-domo, with a flambeau in his hand, who conducted them to the door of the chapel, a small edifice, of which it is indispensable, for the understanding of the subsequent events, that we should give some description.

At the extremity of the platform, or forecourt, of the castle of Lueg, on the side fronting its entrance, the rock is rent by a vertical fissure, visible from the outside, and descending to the level of the plain below. At the foot of this chasm, there existed, in ages prior to the time in which our narrative is laid, a reservoir fed from neighbouring springs; and, as the castle was, in summer, well supplied with water, its ancient possessors had taken advantage of this accidental circumstance to remedy that inconvenience. Over the summit of the fissure, and on the margin of the castle terrace, a little building had been erected, projecting over the edge of the precipice, and furnished with a windlass and pulley. The floor had in its centre an opening like that of a well—and in truth this building was made to serve the purpose of a well, by the help of two buckets and a rope some hundred feet in length; by which water was slowly raised from the reservoir in the plain, when the supply from the hills was insufficient for the wants of the castle.

But for many years this slow and laborious mode of supply had been superseded by the discovery of a spring in the side of the rock which shelters the fortress. Herrmann's father, on giving up the well, took it into his head to convert the building which covered it into an oratory. A strong floor was laid down over the opening of the former well; and on the spot was erected an altar, before which a lamp, suspended from the roof, was kept burning. Such was the chapel of Lueg, which exists to this day, although now devoted to profane purposes.

The knight and Belgarbo, having performed their devotions, quitted the chapel. The brow of the former, though sad, had recovered all its serenity. They spoke together like friends of many years, and Herrmann pointed out to the doctor the singular situation and explained the peculiarities of the castle. At this moment they had reached the grand terrace. A parapet, of no great elevation, separated them from the edge of the precipice. From the platform on which they stood they could perceive, at a fearful depth, the lights of the besiegers in the valley, and the watch-fires of their outposts on the distant heights. To their left was the difficult path which led upward to the platform, with its numerous windings. At

their backs the buildings of the dwelling, reared against the rock, seemed to form a portion of it. The air was sharp, and the night dark, although the sky was studded with stars.

Suddenly the knight paused, as if startled by an unexpected sound, and leaned over the parapet, in an attitude of attention. "What can it be," he said, "that disturbs at this hour the watch of my sentinels? Some one is ascending the path. Come—let us meet him!"

They approached the gate, which was guarded, as usual, by four soldiers, under the orders of the warden. In a few minutes a breathless man presented himself outside, gave the pass-word, was admitted, and stood before them.—It was the major-domo!

"Whence come you at this hour?" abruptly inquired his master.

"I was going—I thought—" stammered out the terrified servant—"I fancied I heard—give me time to breathe, and I will explain to you."

"Bring a light!" exclaimed the doctor; "let me look once more upon the face of that man! His voice seems parched and husky to me—the truth will have great difficulty in making its way out of his throat!"

The doctor's examination was unfavorable to the major-domo. In vain the latter, having gained time to recover from his surprise, endeavoured to persuade his hearers that he had merely left the castle to discover the cause of some sounds which he asserted he had heard. Belgarbo interrupted his explanation. "Thou liest!" he said. "God knows what has been the motive of thy sally! But I am prepared to swear, by the principles of the science which I profess, that thou art hatching some treason. Lord Herrmann!—I have said it before, and I say it again—beware of that man!"

"By my faith, and I intend to follow your counsel!" said the knight, who had been an attentive spectator of the scene. "His nocturnal ramble, without any plausible motive, is quite enough to confirm your suspicions, and to justify the precautions which I design to adopt.—Frank!" continued he, addressing the warden, "this man is henceforth a prisoner within the precincts of the castle; and you will not allow him, on any pretext, to pass beyond them.—And thou!"—to the major-domo, "go and fulfil thy functions within; and remember that thy conduct will from this moment be strictly watched. If thou attemptest to pass the limits of this terrace, I will have thee thrown over the precipice!"

On the evening of the following day, the knight and the doctor, seated by the fire, occupied themselves in arranging for their departure on the morrow. The three trusty servants of the cavern, admitted secretly into the saloon, received orders to prepare a covered litter, adapted for passing easily along the various defiles of the subterranean route, and warmly lined with skins, for the conveyance of the youthful invalid. A darker cloud than usual rested upon the brow of Herrmann; there was a look of deep melancholy in his eyes, and an almost imperceptible motion about the muscles of his mouth, which told of some gentler feeling, whose influence redeemed and controlled his sterner thoughts, and perhaps prevented some wild outbreak of his rash and fiery spirit. In truth, Herrmann had cause enough for all these emotions, the ruder of which were awakened by the thought that he was about to abandon for ever the castle of his ancestors and his place in the

land; and the gentler by fears for his child, who seemed unable to endure the fatigue of removal, and whose farewell to him that night had been spoken in words and darkened by forebodings which had almost broken his strong heart.

The doctor saw and understood all that was passing in the breast of his companion, and strove to lead him into the discussion of projects for the future with some success. The two friends sat long together; and it was not till the turret-clock struck eleven that Herrmann rose to proceed to his accustomed devotions; and, pressing the hand of the doctor, intreated him to visit the couch of the invalid once more before he retired to rest.

As he left the hall, the knight found the major-domo waiting at his accustomed post with his lighted torch. For a moment he hesitated how to act towards this man, whose presence had become odious to him; and he almost resolved to take the light from him and proceed alone. But, after an instant's reflection, he determined to let him discharge his ordinary service for that night, and motioned to him to lead the way.

When he reached the gate of the chapel, the Lord of Lueg turned suddenly round to look upon the face of his servant. The sinister expression of the man's features struck him more forcibly than it had ever done before. All the doctor's suspicions flashed strongly through his mind, and he came to the resolution of having them cleared up on the spot. While he was meditating on the means to be pursued for this purpose, the major-domo had left him as usual; and, imagining that his master would at once commence his devotions, he proceeded stealthily to place his flambeau on the edge of the parapet. The knight, having re-passed the door of the chapel, followed the man's steps, and seized him by the arm as he turned to leave the wall on which he had left the light.

"Listen!" said he, as he dragged him forcibly back towards the chapel, and compelled him to kneel before the altar; "listen!—I have somewhat to say to thee. Here, in the presence of the God who hears and sees all things, will I be satisfied from thine own lips as to the designs of which thou art accused. I will trust thee again if thou wilt swear to me here, by thy hopes of eternal salvation, that thou art not a traitor!"

"Here!—oh! not here!" screamed the wretched man, in a voice shrill with terror. "Fly!—fly!—take me from this spot, and you shall know all!"

"Ah! villain!" exclaimed the knight, as with a strong arm he held down the struggling wretch, "thou wert then about to betray me!—Go on—Confess all—here, before God, who is listening to thee!"

The screams of the major-domo rose wilder and shriller, and the hair stood straight up on his head. "I am guilty!" he cried: "but, oh! fly!—fly!—or we are both lost!—the abyss is about to open beneath us!"

But his desperate efforts were vain. The knight, attributing the terrors of the writhing villain to religious horror, held him forcibly down on the fearful spot in front of the altar. At this moment a loud explosion arose from the foot of the rock. The lamp of the shrine was extinguished, and a deep silence succeeded the shrieks of agony which terrified the warders. The nearest sentinel on parade fancied he heard after some moments the sound of groans, and at length gave the alarm. The chapel was entered; and a frightful spectacle presented itself.

mann had died instantly. A ball from a gun, guided by a line and lead, descending in a hole bored for the purpose in the floor of the rock, had passed through his head.

A splinter from one of the beams, broken by the murderous projectile, had pierced the forehead of the major-domo, and mangled them both. Some gold pieces, the fruits of his robbery, which he carried concealed beneath his garments, were buried in the dreadful wound. He died for an hour in hideous torments, and then, before he expired, the horrible means by which he had concerted with the bearers for the burial of his master, and to which he had become the victim.

Lord of Lueg was spared, by his own fate, the bitter pang of learning that his master was dead. The young and beautiful expired in the arms of the Doctor Belgarde. At the very same moment that her father was only cut off.

Lordship of Lueg, on the extinction of the last of its ancient owners, devolved to that of the new, in whose possession it still remains. The wall which terminated the life of Hermann is still shown to the curious who visit the castle. It is half buried in the vaulted roof of the chapel; and the traces of its progress have been effaced. The peasants of the neighbourhood yet tell many a tale, which tradition has handed down to them, besides this fatal one, of the fall of CARNIOLA.

From the Friendship's Offering.

THE FIRST SLEEP.

THE AUTHOR OF THE "FURITAN'S GRAVE."

easy to imagine that the first man would soon tire of using his eyes and ears, and of seeing his new made scenes. Every sight new, and seeing itself was new;—and, as we have said, speaking of the human race at large, his eye is never satisfied with seeing,—it is to suppose that the first man's first day must have been one of intense and abiding interest. Adam had not upon his shoulders the cares of the world; he was placed in a world of surpassing beauty, with senses to perceive, with faculties to apprehend, with leisure to contemplate, with taste to admire,—and his whole mind was absorbed with the external world, and it to be, as God had pronounced it to be, good. The first man looked out upon the world with the eye and feeling of a philosophical man; wonder came not upon him gradually, slowly uplifting of the curtain of ignorance, the whole scene of the good and beautiful was manifest at once; there was no sensation of the new, yet there was a strong sensation of the good and delightfulness; he had come out of an unlighted darkness into a glorious light,—from an un-ordered chaos into an exquisite order; his first sensations were blended into one, not as yet defined; for man begins not to analyze till he is used to enjoy, even as a child when he is first his playthings begins to destroy them. The music of the birds, and the fragrance of the earliest flowers, the freshness of the un-
d air, which had not as yet been breathed

in sighs, or made vocal by execrations,—the pretty plumage of the birds, the stately march of the mightier animals, the meandering movement of the wily serpent,—the dazzling light which shone from heaven, and the sweet reflection of the sky's bright blue, from the living stillness of the unruffled water,—the rich fruits hanging in harmonious clusters from vines and trees, and the leaves glimmering with an emerald brightness in the light of the sun,—all formed together a mass of mingled beauty which made life glorious.

Did the first man, on the first day of his being, soliloquize? Did he feel glad, and did he shout forth his gladness? In what language did he speak, or with what cadence did he utter the joy which his heart did feel? He could not be silent; light hearted gladness, which has never known care, must burst forth in voice. The birds were all singing around him. He had organs of utterance, and a power of modulation; and if he were moved to utterance by the influence of sympathy with the sweet voices about him, his first vocal expression must have been singing. Man's first devotion must have been therefore a hymn of praise. The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted with joy at the creation of this lower world; and doubtless he, the first parent of all those for whom this world was formed, set forth his gladness at his birth melodiously. And did he grow weary of the beauty with which he was surrounded? Was his curiosity soon gratified? Did his rapture presently subside into calm satisfaction and philosophical approbation?—No; there was growing novelty in every scene, there was an increasing interest in every living creature, in every opening flower, in every green herb; when the lark sprang upwards, cleaving the air with its dancing pinions, and shouting its lively gratitude, then did man by the power of sympathy with which his Maker had endowed him, feel his soul awaken by a kindred emotion of gladness. He was not soon tired of admiring the beautiful plumage of the birds, and the pretty gambols of the newly created animals rejoicing in their being. Nor was he wearied with the bright monotony of his first day's cloudless sunshine; but as the day advanced he marvelled at the movement of the sun in its path through heaven; he almost wondered why it was that a light so glorious should abate of its strength; he marvelled at the lengthening shadows of the lofty trees, and he fixed his eyes with a dreamy admiration on the glowing orb as it slowly descended to its evening bed, not curtained as yet with gorgeous clouds, and he vain would have run towards the apparently near horizon to catch the setting splendour,—but his own spirit sympathized with the coming sleep of all things around him. He saw the gentle blossoms of the flowers, which had expanded their beauties to the sun, now folding themselves up with a curious carefulness, and his own eyes felt a sympathy with the unfolding of the flowers. He was struck with the abatement of the day's music in the sky, and amidst the trees of the grove; for the lark had sunk down to her rest, and the many-coloured tenants of the trees were fixed in a beautiful stillness; there was an awfulness in their sleep which forbade him to disturb them. The bright eyes of the statelier animals, which had gazed upon him with a look of intellect and admiration, were now closed, and the lion had stretched its lordly length upon the ground.

And now, when with a pleasant sadness Adam had turned away from the western sky, having watched the last light of the sun, as of a glory never to return, he turned his eyes to the east, and there he beheld a milder light, a kind of sleeping sun, pale, placid, and benignant, climbing up the heavens and looking down upon the earth like a discreet comforter, who brings the silent look of compassion to those who have lost the delight of their eyes. Then came out the sharp and glancing light of the stars, twinkling here and there, with a dazzling uncertainty; and all this was exceedingly beautiful, so that he knew not which to admire the most, whether the bright and glorious day, or the milder and more subdued beauties of the night; and as by day his sympathy with surrounding music made his breath vocal with the hymns of praise, so now, by a similar sympathy with universal silence, his hymn of praise had subsided into the gentle stillness of meditation, which enriches and fertilizes the soul more effectually than the loudest gladness of passionate praise, even as the steady flowing of the equable stream is more nourishing to the land through which it flows than is the sublimer dashing of a furious torrent.

All around him saw the living creatures in the attitude of rest, having their eyes closed and their limbs motionless, and their tongues sealed up in silence;—and yet they were not quite so motionless as the earth on which they lay, for there might be perceived the gentle heaving of the frame in the involuntary movement of the inward life, and there might be heard their faint breathing like the sighing of the distant breeze. Then, prompted by what he saw around him, and by that inherent courtesy of conformity which so naturally belongs to an unpolluted mind, not touched as yet by the conceits of vanity, or disturbed by the conscious degradation of sin, man also assumed the attitude of rest. As yet he had scarcely felt the sensation of fatigue, but a sufficient languor had crept upon his frame to render him conscious of the pleasures of repose; and as during the day, and amidst the living and the dancing gaiety of nature, he had felt how good a thing is light, and how pleasing the sound of the cheerful voice, and the movement of the vigorous limbs, so now, having been saturated with day's delight, he felt how beautiful was night, how sweet its stillness, and how welcome its repose; and he admired the wisdom which had formed the day, and the kindness which had ordained the night, and he felt that the day and night were both good. He felt it good to be awake, and he felt it good to be falling asleep; but as yet he knew not what sleep was; and his sleep came slowly upon him, for it was protracted by a bland astonishment; he marvelled about what new and pleasant variety of being was provided for him—of not being he had no conception, nor did he think that the gradual sealing up of the outward senses was a prelude to the cessation of his existence; he felt it rather as some new modification of it, delightful, because wonderful; for though the outward senses were shutting themselves up like the folding leaves of the sun-loving flowers, yet there were shut up within them a murmuring memory of the past-day's music, a softened and confused picture of its sights dimly painted, but beautiful as the hills and valleys in a morning mist. His delight was gratitude, and his admiration praise. This was the moonlight of his being,

—a mild reflection of the day; there was a consciousness, yet so faint, that it was as nothing compared with the vividness of waking thought and full sensation.

And what were the dreams of man's first sleep? Who shall awaken the memory of that most placid hour in the whole experience of humanity? Who shall tell how one by one the senses fell asleep,—how sight, by a voluntary weariness, drew the curtains over its windows,—how the fragrance of the flowers gradually ceased to be distinguished, and how the night breeze died away on the no longer attentive and listening ear? Care and sickness, sin and sorrow, hope and fear, form the sad elements of our dreams in our Eden world; but in the first sleep man ever slept, there were no such thorns as these in the pillow of his rest. He was at peace with all the world, and all the world was at peace with him. He had no remorse for sins of a past day, and no looking forward to pains, toils, and sorrows for a coming day; whether any other day was coming he knew not, thought not, inquired not, cared not. Waking or sleeping, he felt himself to be in the safe keeping of the Almighty, and every moment of time was complete in itself, independent of the past and the future.

Night is the time for thought. The images and feelings of the day are then collected together, and they settle down into one condensed mass; so night brings to man his first lesson of wisdom; for true wisdom comes not by a laborious and pains-taking application of the soul curiously searching out the causes of things, but by the attentive and silent meditation which without passion or agitation reflects upon being and events. Wisdom comes not so much from man's seeking as from God's guidance. Even in dreams there is instruction, and from man's first night began man's first thought. So the ancient heathens said, "Dreams come from Jove." Man has no wisdom till he reflects, and dreams are for the most part a reflection of the past. The dream of the first sleep was compacted purely of the elements of the sensations of the first day; thus, by a wonderful arrangement, the past became present again, and the mind had sensations without the help of the senses. Thus was man led to thought and meditation, and by the apparent infirmity of sleep, which for a while seemed to place him on a level with the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field, he was elevated to the rank of intellectual, and advanced to a communion with the spiritual and invisible. When his body first slept, his mind first woke, and an impulse was given to the internal spirit. While, during the hours of his first day, his senses were pleasingly occupied and agreeably filled with surrounding external objects, with shapes, sounds, and colours, there was nothing but the animal consciousness awake,—a pleasing wonder absorbed every feeling—a wonder too pleasant to require or invite analysis. It was the quiet change from day to night, and the shadowy state of things placing them, as it were, in a double point of view, that gave man an introduction into the mysteries of thought, and taught him reflection. That which is seen once by the eye is seen merely by the animal part of our nature,—that which is seen by the mind's eye is seen intellectually. So man's first sleep awakened the powers of his mind; a pause was given to his senses, but none to his mental consciousness; even in sleep he felt himself to be

and there was a seeing of sights not pre-
to the eye, a hearing of sounds not physically
to the ear. Hence, then, spring up at
e hardly recognized inquiry,—what sees if
cees not, or what hears if the ear hears
so by a beautiful and striking arrangement
hit was caused to cast light upon the day,
into day uttereth speech, and night unto
howeth forth knowledge." Surely, by this
mon the Psalmist intended to set before us
at and beautiful truth, that the alternation
and night is one of the prime sources of
dge and the earliest nutriment of the intel-
But the birth of knowledge and the spring-
of thought in the mind were as yet imper-
e, nor was it till the first sleep began to de-
at its mysteries began to be developed, and
ciples of instruction to be made known to
id. The first night revealed the mysteries
first day, and the second day made known
tructions of the first night.

ere was a curious and interesting awaken-
the mind by the first falling asleep of the
frame, there was a still more interesting
rent of the thinking powers by the waking
rom sleep. When man first woke to his
ade being, it was of course without reflect-
e he was unconscious of the state from
e rose; but when he woke from sleep, it
en a weaker to a stronger sense of being
waking was as gradually developed as his
g had been. The mystery of sleep was not
d till the sleep was over, nor its beauty
ended till the frame was awake again, even
riddle of life itself is not solved till life be-

Waking from sleep was beautiful, both
novelty and for the sweet refreshment
t brought. It seemed to make the world
or with Adam's first waking the world it
e waking again; the morning songs of the
unded more gay; there was a livelier look
rees as their leaves trembled in the morn-
eze, and gleamed to the glancing of the
arliest rays; the little flowers, which had
their blossoms up for the repose of the
t the departure of yesterday's sun, now
their beauties to the light, and by the glad-
their graceful forms looked to the day as
is which they could not speak; the very
new and fragrant, and there was an expe-
ence of wonder in the newly risen sun
a fresh and pleasant impulse was given to
t, and a new topic of adoration to the in-
ventor. Gladness is gratitude, and pure
raise to the Maker of all things. With
d wonder and increased delight man look-
e the awakened animals moving gracefully
him, and there was a greater interest in
ng of the second day than there had been
of the first. At first he had looked upon
ld with pleased admiration; but after his
ep he regarded it with curiosity, and a
f philosophical investigation; and as his
as not darkened by sin nor clouded by pain,
nothing of the evil principle had yet been
ced or developed, knowledge and inquiry
urely satisfactory and unimpeded he
not with a mad ambition for knowledge
s too high for him; he was not wearied in
quiries nor baffled in his pursuit; but, on the
y, all that he sought was accessible and
he acquired was delightful.

s is something truly divine in the pure de-

velopment of thought, in the consciousness of a
reflecting power; and the world looks more beau-
tiful in proportion as it is regarded with an intel-
lectual attention. As man's being is not complete
without his intellectual powers, so his pleasure in
being is not complete without the exercise of those
powers, and these powers were developed and
awakened by man's first sleep. He was taught
by the closing of a bodily eye to open the eye of
his mind. How different man's first sleep, from
the nights of pain, of anxiety and even of horror,
that have since been passed on earth! But even
yet, "day unto day uttereth speech, night unto
night showeth knowledge," if man were wise
enough to learn.

From Fraser's Magazine.

MISS LONDON.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON! Burke said, that
ten thousand swords ought to have leaped out of
their scabbards at the mention of the name of
Marie Antoinette; and in like manner we main-
tain, that ten thousand pens should leap out of
their inkbottles to pay homage to L. E. L. In
Burke's time, Jacobinism had banished chivalry—
at least, out of France—and the swords remained
unbarbed for the queen; we shall prove, that our
pens shall be uninked for the poetess.

As to writing the history of her birth, education,
and all other such particulars, we must decline
so doing for many reasons; of which we may spe-
cify one, viz. that we look upon it as the most in-
defensible of all things to inquire into the chrono-
logical history of any lady—in which sentiment, it
will be seen on examination, that all the compilers
of all the peerages agree with us. Nor shall we
detain ourselves by long details of her works.
Quæ regio in terra? says Virgil: but we forget;
we are writing about a lady, and must abjure
Latinising, and content ourselves by paraphras-
ing Virgil's question in English, and ask, In which
quarter of our literary world is not L. E. L. known
and admired? From her *Improvisatrice* (a word
guzzling to pronounce to the average natives of
Cockney-land, and which she, not having the fear
of *Hela Crusca* before her eyes, spelt with a
single e, thereby deluding into that practice many
ingenious young gentlemen and ladies,) which,
we believe, was her first work published in the
substantive shape of a volume, to her last illustra-
tions of the gatherings of Fisher or Heath,
through the verse of her *Golden Violet* and the
prose of her *Romance and Reality*, all her works
have been favourites with every body, but espe-
cial pets of the press. We do not doubt that the
forthcoming *Francesca Carrara* will receive an
equally favourable

There is too much about love in them, some
cross-grained critic will say. How, Squares-toes,
can there be too much of love in a young lady's
writings? we reply in a question. Is she to write
of politics, or political economy, or pugilism, or
punch? Certainly not. We feel a determined
dislike of women who wander into these unfemi-
nine paths; they should immediately hoist a mus-
cliche—and, to do them justice, they in general do
exhibit no inconsiderable specimen of the hair-lip.
We think Miss L. E. L. has chosen the better
part. She shews every now and then that

she is possessed of information, feeling, and genius, to enable her to shine in other departments of poetry; but she does right in thinking that Sappho knew what she was about when she chose the tender passion as the theme for woman.

Whether she merely writes on this theme as a matter of abstract poetry, or whether there is any thing less unsubstantial to inspire the sentiments of her flowing verses, is a question which we have no right to ask; but this we shall say, that she is a very nice, unbluestockingish, well-dressed, and trim-looking young lady, fond of sitting pretty much as Croquis (who has hit her likeness admirably) has depicted her, in neat and carefully-arrayed costume, at her table, chatting, in pleasant and cheering style, with all and sundry who approach her. The only verses of which we ever knew Archibald Constable, the bookseller, to be guilty—and these, the erudite reader will perceive, are not altogether original—were in praise of Miss Landon, whom he met while travelling to Yorkshire:

"I truly like thee, L. E. L.;
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this is fact, I know full well,
That I do like thee, L. E. L."

And the quatrain of the bibliophile will be cheerfully agreed to by all who know her; though they, not being under the necessity of parodying the epigram of Dr. Fell, will probably be afforded sufficient reasons.

But why is she Miss Landon?

"A fault like this should be corrected," as Whistlecraft says.

From the Friendship's Offering.

BEATRICE.

A LOVER'S LAY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

GENTLE, happy Beatrice,
Visioned fair before me,
How can it a wonder be
That many so adore thee?

Old, and young, and great, and wise,
Set their love upon thee;
And if gold could purchase hearts,
Riches would have won thee,

Social, cheerful Beatrice,
Like a plenteous river,
Is the current of thy joy,
Flowing on for ever!

Many call themselves thy friends;
Thou art loved of many;
And where'er the fair are met,
Thou'rt fairer far than any.

Pious, duteous Beatrice,
All good angels move thee;
Meek and gentle as a saint—
Most for this we love thee!

I can see thee going forth,
Innocent and lowly,
Knowing not how good thou art,
Like an angel holy:

See thee at thy father's side,
Most touching is thy beauty,
Gladdening that benign old man,
With cheerful love and duty.

I can see his happy smile,
As he gazes on thee;
I can feel the boundless love
That he showers upon thee!

What a happy house thou mak'st,
Singing, in thy gladness,
Snatches of delicious song,
Full of old love-sadness!

How I've sat and held my breath,
When the air was winging,
From some far-off chamber lone,
Breathings of thy singing.

How I've listened for thy foot,
Sylph-like stepping, airy,
On the stair, or overhead,
Like a lightsome fairy.

What a happy house it is,
Where thou hast thy dwelling!
Love, and joy, and kindness,
There evermore are welling.

Every one within the house
Loves to talk about thee:—
What an altered place it were,
Sweet Beatrice, without thee!

I can see thee, when I list,
In thy beauty shining,
Leaning from the casement ledge,
Round which the rose is twining.

I can see thee looking down,
The little linnet feeding;
Or sitting quietly apart,
Some pleasant volume reading.

Would I were beside thee then,
The pages turning over,
I'd find some cunning word or two
That should my heart discover!

I would not heed thy laughter wild—
Laugh on, I could withstand thee,—
The printed book should tell my tale,
And thou shouldst understand me!

I know thy arts, my Beatrice,
So lovely, so beguiling,—
The mockery of thy merry wit,
The witchery of thy smiling!

I know thee for a syren strong,
That smites all hearts with blindness;
And I might tremble for myself,
But for thy loving-kindness;

But for the days of bygone years,
When I was as thy brother:
Ah, happy, faithful Beatrice,
We were meant for one another!

I'll straightway up this very day,
And ask thee of thy father:
And all the blessings life can give,
In wedded life we'll gather.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

JACOB FAITHFUL.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEWTON FOSTER," "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

"Bound 'prentice to a waterman,
I learnt a bit to row;
And, bless your heart, I always was so gay."

"JACOB," said Tom to me, pulling his wherry into the *hard* alongside of mine, in which I was sitting, with one of Mr. Turnbull's books in my hand; "Jacob, do you recollect that my time is up to-morrow? I shall have run off my seven years, and when the sun rises, I shall be free of the river. How much more have you to serve?"

"About fifteen months, as near as I can recollect. Tom.—Boat, sir?"

"Yes; oars, my lad; be smart, for I'm in a hurry. How's tide?"

"Down, sir, very soon; but it's now slack water. Tom, see if you can find Stapleton."

"Pooh! never mind him, Jacob, I'll go with you. I say, Jones, tell old '*human natur*' to look after my boat," continued Tom, addressing a waterman of our acquaintance.

"I thought you had come up to see *her*," said I to Tom, as we shoved off.

"See *her* at Jericho first," replied Tom; "she's worse than a dog vane."

"What, are you *two* again?"

"Two indeed—it's all two—we are two fools. She is too fanciful, I am too fond; she behaves too ill, and I put up with too much. However, it's all *one*."

"I thought it was all *two* just now, Tom."

"But two may be made one, Jacob, you know."

"Yes, by the parson; but you are no parson."

"Any how, I'm something like one just now," replied Tom, who was pulling the foremost oar; "for you are a good clerk, and I am sitting behind you."

"That's not so bad," observed the gentleman in the stern sheets, whom we had forgotten in our colloquy.

"A waterman would make but a bad parson, sir," replied Tom.

"Why so?"

"He's not likely to practise as he preaches."

"Again, why so?"

"Because all his life he looks one way and pulls another."

"Very good—very good indeed."

"But, sir, good in practice, but still not good in *deed*—there's a puzzle."

"A puzzle, indeed, to find such a regular chain of repartee in a wherry."

"Well, sir, if I'm a regular chain to-day, I shall be like an irregular watch to-morrow."

"Why so my lad?"

"Because I shall be *out of my time*."

"Take that, my lad," said the gentleman, tossing a half-crown to Tom.

"Thanky, sir; when we meet again may you never have more wit than you have now."

"How do you mean?"

"Not wit enough to keep your money, sir—that's all?"

"I presume you think that I have not got much."

"Which, sir, wit or money?"

"Wit, my lad."

"Nay, sir, I think you have both: the first you purchased just now; and you would hardly have bought it, if you had not money to spare."

"But I mean wit of my own."

"No man has wit of his own; if he borrows it it's not his own; if he has it in himself, it's *mother* wit, so it's not his."

We pulled into the stairs near London Bridge, and the gentleman paid me his fare. "Good bye, my lad," said he to Tom.

"Are you well, for well you've paid your fare," replied Tom, holding out his arm to assist him out of the boat. "Well, Jacob, I've made more by my head than by my hands this morning. I wonder, in the long run, which gains most in the world."

"Head, Tom, depend upon it; but they work best together."

Here we were interrupted—"I say, you waterman, have you a mind for a good fare?" cried a dark looking, not over clean, square built short young man, standing on the top of the flight of steps.

"Where to, sir?"

"Gravesend, my jokes, if you a'n't afraid of salt water."

"That's a long way, sir," replied Tom; "and for salt water, we must have salt to our porridge."

"So you shall, my lads, and a glass of grog into the bargain."

"Yes; but the bargain a'n't made yet, sir. Jacob will you go?"

"Yes; but not under a guinea."

"Not under two guineas," replied Tom, aside. "Are you in a great hurry, sir?" continued he, addressing the young man.

"Yes, in a devil of a hurry; I shall lose my ship. What will you take me for?"

"Two guineas, sir."

"Very well. Just come up to the public-house here, and put in my traps."

We brought down his luggage, put it into the wherry, and started down the river with the tide. Our fare was very communicative, and we found out that he was a master's mate of the *Immortalite*, forty gun frigate, lying off Gravesend, which was to drop down the next morning, and wait for sailing orders at the Downs. We carried the tide with us, and in the afternoon were close to the frigate, whose blue ensign waved proudly over the taffrail. There was a considerable sea arising from the wind meeting the tide, and before we arrived close to her, we had shipped a great deal of water; and when we were alongside, the wherry, with the chest in her bows, pitched so heavily, that we were afraid of being swamped. Just as a rope had been made fast to the chest, and they were weighing it out of the wherry, the ship's launch with water came alongside, and whether from accident or wilfully I know not, although I suspect the latter, the midshipman who steered her, shot against the wherry, which was crushed, and immediately went down, leaving Tom and me in the water, and in danger of being jammed to death between the launch and the side of the frigate. The seamen in the boat, however, forced her off with their oars, and hauled us in, while our wherry sank with her gunnel even with the water's edge, and floated away astern.

As soon as we had shook ourselves a little, we went up the side, and asked one of the officers to send a boat to pick up our wherry.

2 H

* Continued from page 257.

VOL. XXV.—No. 149.

"Speak to the first lieutenant—there he is," was the reply.

I went up to the person pointed out to me: "If you please sir——"

"What the devil do you want?"

"A boat, sir, to——"

"A boat! the devil you do!"

"To pick up our wherry, sir," interrupted Tom.

"Pick it up yourself," said the first lieutenant, passing us, and hailing the men aloft. "Maintop there, hook on your stays. Be smart. Lower away the yards. Marines and afterguard, clear launch. Boatswain's mate."

"Here, sir."

"Pipe marines and afterguard to clear launch."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"But we shall lose our boat, Jacob," said Tom to me. "They stove it in, and they ought to pick it up." Tom then went up to the master's mate, whom he had brought on board, and explained our difficulty.

"Upon my soul, I dar'n't say a word. I'm in a scrape for breaking my leave. Why the devil didn't you take care of your wherry, and haul a-head when you seen the launch coming?"

"How could we, when the chest was hoisting out?"

"Very true. Well, I am very sorry for you; but I must look after my chest." So saying, he disappeared down the gangway ladder.

"I'll try it again any how," said Tom, going up to the first lieutenant. "Hard case to lose our boat and our bread, sir," said Tom, touching his hat.

The first lieutenant, now that the marines and afterguard were at a regular stamp and go, had, unfortunately, more leisure to attend to us. He looked at us earnestly, and walked aft to see if the wherry was yet in sight. At that moment up came the master's mate, who had not yet reported himself to the first lieutenant.

"Tom," said I, "there is a wherry close to, let us get into it, and go after our boat ourselves."

"Wait one moment to see if they will help us—and get our money, at all events," replied Tom; and we both walked aft.

"Come on board, sir," said the master's mate, touching his hat with humility.

"You've broke your leave sir," replied the first lieutenant. "and now I've to send a boat to pick up the wherry through your carelessness."

"If you please, they are two very fine young men," observed the mate. "Make capital foretopmen. Boat's not worth sending for, sir."

This hint, given by the mate to the first lieutenant, to regain his favour, was not lost. "Who are you, my lads?" said the first lieutenant to us.

"Watermen, sir."

"Watermen, heh! was that your own boat?"

"No, sir," replied I, "it belonged to the man that I serve with."

"O! not your own boat? Are you an apprentice, then?"

"Yes, sir, both apprentices."

"Show me your indentures."

"We don't carry them about with us."

"Then how am I to know that you are apprentices?"

"We can prove it, if you wish it."

"Will you please to send for the boat, sir? she's almost out of sight."

"No, my lads, I can't find king's boats for such service."

"Then we had better go ourselves, Tom," said I, and we went forward to call the waterman who was lying on his oars close to the frigate.

"Stop—stop—not so fast. Where are you going, my lads?"

"To pick up our boat, sir."

"Without my leave, heh!"

"We don't belong to the frigate, sir."

"No; but I think it very likely that you will, for you have no protections."

"We can send for them and have them down by to-morrow morning."

"Well, you may do so, if you please, my lads; but you cannot expect me to believe every thing that is told me. Now, for instance, how long have you to serve, my lad?" said he, addressing Tom.

"My time is up to-morrow, sir."

"Up to-morrow. Why, then, I shall detain you until to-morrow, and then I shall press you."

"If you detain me now, sir, I am pressed to-day."

"O no! you are only detained until you prove your apprenticeship, that's all."

"Nay, sir, I certainly am pressed during my apprenticeship."

"Not at all, and I'll prove it to you. You don't belong to the ship until you are victualled on her books. Now I sha'n't *victual* you to-day, and therefore you won't be *pressed*."

"I shall be pressed with hunger, at all events," replied Tom, who never could lose a joke.

"No, you shan't; for I'll send you both a good dinner out of the gunroom, so you won't be pressed at all," replied the lieutenant, laughing at Tom's reply.

"You will allow me to go, sir, at all events," replied I; for I knew that the only chance of getting Tom and myself clear was my hastening to Mr. Drummond for assistance.

Pooh! nonsense; you must both row in the same boat as you have done. The fact is, my lads, I've taken a great fancy to you both, and I can't make up my mind to part with you."

"It's hard to lose our bread this way," replied I.

"We will find you bread, and hard enough you'll find it," replied the lieutenant laughing; "it's like a flint."

"So we ask for bread, and you give us a stone," said Tom; "that's 'gainst Scripture."

"Very true, my lad; but the fact is, all the Scriptures in the world won't man the frigate. Men we must have, and get them how we can, and where we can, and when we can. Necessity has no law; at least it obliges us to break all laws. After all, there's no great hardship in serving the king for a year or two, and filling your pockets with prize money. Suppose you volunteer?"

"Will you allow us to go on shore for half an hour to think about it?" replied I.

"No; I'm afraid of the crimps dissuading you. But I'll give you till to-morrow morning, and then I shall be sure of one, at all events."

"Thanky for me," replied Tom.

"You're very welcome," replied the first lieutenant, as laughing at us, he went down the companion ladder to his dinner.

"Well, Jacob, we are in for it," said Tom, as soon as we were alone. "Depend upon it, there's no mistake this time."

"I am afraid not," replied I, "unless we can get a letter to your father, or Mr. Drummond, who, I am sure, would help us. But that dirty fellow, who gave the lieutenant the hint, said the frigate

sailed to-morrow morning; there he is, let us speak to him."

"When does the frigate sail?" said Tom, to the master's mate, who was walking the deck.

"My good fellow, it's not the custom on board of a man-of-war for the men to ask officers to answer such impertinent questions. It's quite sufficient for you to know that when the frigate sails, you will have the honour of sailing in her."

"Well, sir," replied I, nettled at his answer "at all events you will have the goodness to pay us our fare. We have lost our wherry, and our liberty perhaps, through you; we may as well have our two guineas."

"Two guineas! It's two guineas you want, heh?"

"Yes, sir, that was the fare agreed upon."

"Why, you must observe, my men," said the master's mate, hooking a thumb into each arm hole of his waistcoat, "there must be a little explanation as to that affair. I promised you two guineas as watermen; but now that you belong to a man-of-war, you are no longer watermen. I always pay my debts honourably when I can find the lawful creditors; but where are the watermen?"

"Here we are, sir."

"No, my lads, you are men-of-war's men, now, and that quite alters the case."

"But we are not so yet, sir; even if it did alter the case, we are not pressed yet."

"Well, then, you will be to-morrow, perhaps; at all events, we shall see. If you are allowed to go on shore again, I owe you two guineas as watermen; but if you are detained as men-of-war's men, why then you will only have done your duty in pulling down one of your officers. You see my lads, I say nothing but what's fair."

"Well, sir, but when you hired us we were watermen," replied Tom.

"Very true, so you were; but recollect the two guineas were not due until you had completed your task, which was not until you came on board. When you came on board, you were pressed, and became men-of-war's men. You should have asked your fare before the first lieutenant got hold of you. Don't you perceive the justice of my remarks?"

"Can't say I do, sir; but I perceive that there is very little chance of our being paid," said Tom.

"You are a lad of discrimination," replied the master's mate; "and now I'd advise you to drop the subject, or you may induce me to pay you 'man-of-war fashion.'"

"How's that, sir?"

"Over the face and eyes, as the cat paid the monkey," replied the master's mate, walking leisurely away.

"No go, Tom," said I, smiling at the absurdity of the arguments.

"I'm afraid it's *no go* in every way, Jacob. However, I don't care much about it. I have had a little hankering after seeing the world, and perhaps now's as well as any other time; but I'm sorry for you, Jacob."

"It's all my own fault," replied I; and I fell into one of those reveries so often indulged in of late. as to the folly of my conduct in asserting my independence, which had now ended in my losing my liberty. But we were cold from the ducking we had received, and moreover very hungry. The first lieutenant did not forget his promise: he sent us up a good dinner, and a glass of grog each,

which we discussed under the half-deck between two of the guns. We had some money in our pockets, and we purchased some sheets of paper from the bumboat people, who were on the main-deck supplying the seamen; and I wrote to Mr. Drummond and Mr. Turnbull, as well as to Mary and old Tom, requesting the two latter to forward our clothes to Deal, in case of our being detained. Tom also wrote to comfort his mother, and the greatest comfort which he could give was, as he said, to promise to keep sober. Having entrusted these letters to the bumboat woman, who promised faithfully to put them into the post-office, we had then nothing else to do but to look out for some place to sleep. Our clothes had dried on us, and we were walking under the half-deck, but not a soul spoke to us, or even took the least notice. In a newly-manned ship, just ready to sail, there is a universal feeling of selfishness prevailing among the ship's company. Some, if not most, had, like us, been pressed, and their thoughts were occupied with their situation, and the change in their prospects. Others were busy in making their little arrangements with their wives or relations; while the mass of the seamen, not yet organised by discipline, or known to each other, were in a state of disunion and individuality, which naturally induced every man to look after himself, without caring for his neighbour. We therefore could not expect, nor did we receive any sympathy; we were in a scene of bustle and noise, yet alone. A spare topsail, which had been stowed for the present between two of the guns, was the best accommodation which offered itself. We took possession of it, and, tired with exertion of mind and body, were soon fast asleep.

At daylight the next morning, we were awakened with a start by the shrill whistles of the boatswain and his mates piping all hands to unmoor. The pilot was on board, and the wind was fair. As the frigate had no anchor down, but was hanging to the moorings in the river, we had nothing to do but cast off, sheet home, and in less than half an hour we were under all sail, stemming the last quarter of the flood tide. Tom and I had remained on the gangway, watching the proceedings, but not assisting, when the ship being fairly under sail, the order was given by the first lieutenant to coil down the ropes.

"I think, Jacob, we may as well help," said Tom, laying hold of the main tack, which was passed aft, and hauling it forward.

"With all my heart," replied I, and I hauled it forward, while he coiled it away.

While we were thus employed the first lieutenant walked forward and recognized us. "That's what I like, my lads," said he; "you don't sulk, I see, and I shan't forget it."

"I hope you won't forget that we are apprentices, sir, and allow us to go on shore," replied I.

"I've a shocking bad memory in some things," was his reply, as he continued forward to the fore-castle. He did not, however, forget to victual us that day, and insert our names in pencil upon the ship's books; but we were not put into any mess, or stationed.

We anchored in the Downs on the following morning. It came on to blow hard in the afternoon, and there was no communication with the shore except by signals, until the third day, when it moderated, and the signal was made, "Prepare to weigh, and send boat for captain." In the meantime, several boats came off, and one had the post-

man on board. I had letters from Mr. Drummond and Mr. Turnbull, telling me that they would immediately apply to the Admiralty for our being liberated, and one from Mary, half of which was for me, and the rest to Tom. Stapleton had taken Tom's wherry and pulled down to old Tom Beazeley with my clothes, which, with young Tom's, had been despatched to Deal. Tom had a letter from his mother, half indited by his father, and the rest from herself; but I shall not trouble the reader with the contents, as he may imagine what was likely to be said upon such an occasion.

Shortly afterwards our clothes, which had been sent to the care of an old shipmate of Tom's father, were brought on board, and we hardly had received them, when the signal man reported that the captain was coming off. There were so many of the men in the frigate who had never seen the captain, that no little anxiety was shown by the ship's company to ascertain how far, by the "*cut of his jib*," that is, his outward appearance, they might draw conclusions as to what they might expect from one who had such unlimited power to make them happy or miserable. I was looking out of the main deck port with Tom, when the gig pulled alongside, and was about to scrutinize the outward and visible signs of the captain, when I was attracted by the face of a lieutenant sitting by his side, whom I immediately recognized. It was Mr. Wilson, the officer who had spun the oar and sunk the wherry, from which, as the reader may remember, I rescued my friends, the senior and junior clerk. I was overjoyed at this, as I hoped that he would interest himself in our favour. The pipe of the boatswain re-echoed as the captain ascended the side. He appeared on the quarter-deck—every hat descending to do him honour; the marines presented arms, the marine officer at their head lowered the point of his sword. In return, the omnipotent personage, taking his cocked hat with two fingers and a thumb, by the highest peak, lifted it one inch off his head, and replaced it, desiring the marine officer to dismiss the guard. I had now an opportunity, as he paced to and fro with the first lieutenant, to examine his appearance. He was a tall, very large boned, gaunt man, with an enormous breadth of shoulders, displaying Herculean strength, (and this we found he eminently possessed.) His face was of a size corresponding to his large frame; his features were harsh, his eye piercing, but his nose, although bold, was handsome, and his capacious mouth was furnished with the most splendid row of large teeth that I ever beheld. The character of his countenance was determination, rather than severity. When he smiled, the expression was agreeable. His gestures, and his language, were emphatic, and the planks trembled with his elephantine walk.

He had been on board about ten minutes, when he desired the first lieutenant to turn the hands up, and all the men were ordered on the larboard-side of the quarter-deck. As soon as they were all gathered together, looking with as much awe of the captain as a flock of sheep at a strange mischief-meaning dog, he thus addressed them. "My lads, as it so happens that we are all to trust to the same planks, it may be just as well to understand one another. I *like* to see my officers attentive to their duty, and behave themselves as gentlemen. I *like* to see my men well disciplined, active, and sober. What I *like*, I *will have*—you

understand me. Now," continued he, putting on a stern look—"now just look in my face, and see if you think you can play with me." The men looked in his face, and saw that there was no chance of playing with him; and so they expressed by their countenances. The captain appeared satisfied by their mute acknowledgments, and to encourage them, smiled, and showed his white teeth, as he desired the first lieutenant to pipe down.

As soon as this scene was over, I walked up to Mr. Wilson, the lieutenant, who was standing aft, and accosted him. "Perhaps, sir, you do not recollect me, but we met one night when you were sinking in a wherry, and you asked my name."

"And I recollect it, my lad; it was Faithful, was it not?"

"Yes, sir." And I then entered into an explanation of our circumstances, and requested his advice and assistance.

He shook his head. "Our captain," said he, "is a very strange person. He has commanding interest, and will do more in defiance of the rules of the Admiralty, than any one in the service. If an Admiralty order came down to discharge you he would obey it, but as for regulations, he cares very little for them. Besides, we sail in an hour. However, I will speak to him, although I shall probably get a rap on the knuckles, as it is the business of the first lieutenant, and not mine."

"But, sir, if you requested the first lieutenant to speak."

"If I did, he would not, in all probability; men are too valuable, and the first lieutenant knows that the captain would not like to discharge you. He will therefore say nothing until it is too late, and then throw all the blame upon himself for forgetting it. Our captain has such interest, that his recommendation would give a commander's rank to-morrow, and we must all take care of ourselves. However, I will try, although I can give you very little hopes."

Mr. Wilson went up to the captain, who was still walking with the first lieutenant, and touching his hat, introduced the subject, stating as an apology, that he was acquainted with me.

"O if the man is an acquaintance of yours, Mr. Wilson, we certainly must decide," replied the captain, with mock politeness. "Where is he?" I advanced, and Tom followed. We stated our case. "I always like to put people out of suspense," said the captain, "because it unsettles a man—so now hear me; if I happened to press one of the blood royal, and the king, and the queen, and all the little princesses were to go down on their knees, I'd keep him, without an Admiralty order for his discharge. Now, my lads, do you perceive your chance?" Then turning away to Mr. Wilson, he said, "You will oblige me by stating upon what grounds you ventured to interfere in behalf of these men, and I trust, sir, your explanation will be satisfactory. Mr. Knight," continued he, to the first lieutenant, "send these men down below, watch, and station them."

We went below by the gangway ladder, and watched the conference between the captain and Mr. Wilson, who we were afraid had done himself no good by trying to assist us. But when it was over the captain appeared pleased, and Mr. Wilson walked away with a satisfied air. As I afterwards discovered, it did me no little good. The hands were piped to dinner, and after dinner

re weighed and made sail, and thus were Tom and I fairly, or rather unfairly, embarked in his majesty's service.

"Well, Tom," said I, "it's no use crying. What's done can't be helped; here we are, now let us do all we can to make friends."

"That's just my opinion, Jacob. Hang care, it killed the cat; I shall make the best of it, and I don't see why we may not be as happy here as any where else. Father says we may, if we do our duty, and I don't mean to shirk mine. The more the merrier, they say, and I'll be hanged but here's enough of us here."

I hardly need say, that for the first three or four days we were not very comfortable; we had been put into the seventh mess, and were stationed in the foretop; for although we had not been regularly bred up as seamen, the first lieutenant so decided, saying, that he was sure that in a few weeks there would be no smarter men in the ship.

We were soon clear of the channel, and all hands were anxious to know our destination, which in this almost solitary instance had really been kept a secret, although surmises were correct. There is one point, which by the present arrangements invariably makes known whether a ship is "fitting foreign," or for home service, which is, the stores and provisions ordered on board; and these stores are so arranged, according to the station to which the vessel is bound, that it is generally pretty well known what her destination is to be. This bad, and at the same time easily remedied; for every ship, whether for home service or foreign, as ordered to fit foreign, no one would be able to ascertain where she was about to proceed. With a very little trouble, strict secrecy might be preserved, now that the Navy Board is abolished; it during its existence that was impossible. The *Immortalite* was a very fast sailing vessel, and when the captain, whose name I have forgotten to mention, (it was Hector Maclean,) opened his sealed orders, we found that we were to cruise for two months between the Western Isles and Madeira, in quest of some privateers, who had captured many of our outward-bound West Indiamen, notwithstanding that they were well protected by convoy, and after that period to join the admiral at Halifax, and relieve a frigate which had been many years on that station. In a week we were on our station, the weather was fine, and the whole of the day was passed in training the men to the guns, small arms, making and shortening sail, reefing topsails, and manœuvring the ship. The captain would never give up his point, and sometimes we were obliged to make or shorten sail twenty times running, until he was satisfied.

"My lads," he would say to the ship's company, sending for them aft, "you have done this pretty well, you have only been two minutes; not bad for a new ship's company, but I *like* it done in a minute and a half. We'll try again." And sure enough it was try again, until in the minute and half it was accomplished. Then the captain would say, "I knew you could do it, and having once done it, my lads, of course you can again."

Tom and I adhered to our good resolutions. We were as active and as forward as we could be, and Mr. Knight, the first lieutenant, pointed us out to the captain. As soon as the merits of the different men were ascertained, several alterations were made in the watch and station bills, as

well as in the ratings on the ship's books, and Tom and I were made *second* captains, larboard and starboard, of the foretop. This was great promotion for so young hands, especially as we were not bred as regular sailors; but it was for the activity and zeal which we displayed. Tom was a great favourite among the men, always joking, and ready for any lark or nonsense; moreover, he used to mimic the captain, which few others dared do. He certainly seldom ventured to do it below, it was generally in the foretop, where he used to explain to the men what he *liked*. One day we both ventured it, but it was on an occasion which excused it. Tom and I were aft, sitting in the jolly boat astern, fitting some of her gear, for we belonged to the boat at that time, although we were afterwards shifted into the cutter. The frigate was going about four knots through the water, and the sea was pretty smooth. One of the marines fell overboard, out of the forechains. "Man overboard," was cried out immediately, and the men were busy clearing away the starboard cutter, with all the expedition requisite on such an occasion. The captain was standing aft, on the signal chest, when the marine passed astern; the poor fellow could not swim, and Tom, turning to me said, "Jacob, I should *like* to save that Jolly," and immediately dashed overboard.

"And I should *like* to help you, Tom," cried I, and followed him.

The captain was close to us, and heard us both. Between us we easily held up the marine, and the boat had us all on board in less than a minute. When we came up the side, the captain was at the gangway. He showed us his white teeth, and shook the telescope in his hand at us. "I heard you both; and I should *like* to have a good many more impudent fellows like you."

We continued our cruise, looking sharp out for the privateers, but without success; we then touched at Madeira for intelligence, and were informed that they had been seen more to the southward. The frigate's head was turned in that direction until we were abreast of the Canary Isles, and then we traversed east and west, north or south, just as the wind and weather, or the captain's *like*—thought proper. We had now cruized seven weeks out of our time without success, and the captain promised five guineas to the man who should discover the objects of our search. Often did Tom and I climb to the mast head and scan the horizon, and so did many others; but those who were stationed at the look-out were equally on the alert. The ship's company were now in a very fair state of discipline, owing to the incessant practice, and every evening the hands were turned up to skylark, that is, to play and amuse themselves. There was one amusement which was the occasion of a great deal of mirth, and it was a favourite one of the captain's, as it made the men smart. It is called "Follow my leader." One of the men leads, and all who choose, follow him; sometimes forty or fifty will join. Whatever the leader does, the rest must do also; wherever he goes they must follow. Tom, who was always the foremost for fun, was one day the leader, and after having scampered up the rigging, laid out on the yards, climbed in by the lifts, crossed from mast to mast by the stays, slid down by the back-stays, blacked his face in the funnel, in all which motions he was followed by about thirty others, hallooing and laughing, while the officers and

other men were looking on and admiring their agility: a new novel idea came into Tom's head; it was then about seven o'clock in the evening, the ship was lying becalmed, Tom again sprung up the rigging, laid out to the main-yard arm, followed by me and the rest, and as soon as he was at the boom iron, he sprung up, holding by the lift, and crying out, "Follow my leader," leaped from the yard into the sea. I was second, and crying out, "Follow my leader" to the rest, I followed him, and the others, whether they could swim or not, did the same, it being a point of honour not to refuse.

The captain was just coming up the ladder, when he saw, as he imagined, a man tumble overboard, which was Tom in his descent; but how much more was he astonished at seeing twenty or thirty more tumbling off by twos or threes, until it appeared that half the ship's company were overboard. He thought that they were possessed with devils, like the herd of swine in the Scriptures. Some of the men who could not swim, but were too proud to refuse to follow, were nearly drowned. As it was, the first lieutenant was obliged to lower the cutter to pick them up, and they were all brought on board.

"Confound that fellow," said the captain to the first lieutenant, "he is always at the head of all mischief. Follow my leader, indeed! Send Tom Beazeley here." We all thought that Tom was about to catch it. "Hark ye, my lad," said the captain, "a joke's a joke, but every body can't swim as well as you. I can't afford to lose any of my men by your pranks, so don't try that again—I don't like it."

Every one thought that Tom got off very cheap, but he was a favourite with the captain, although that never appeared but indirectly. "Beg pardon, sir," replied Tom, with great apparent humility, "but they were all so dirty—they'd black'd themselves at the funnel, and I thought a little washing would not do them any harm."

"Be off, sir, and recollect what I have said," replied the captain, turning away, and showing his white teeth.

I heard the first lieutenant say to the captain, "He's worth any ten men in the ship, sir. He keeps them all alive and merry, and sets such a good example."

In the mean time Tom had gone up to the fore-royal yard, and was looking round for the five guineas, and just as this conversation was going on, cried out, "Sail, ho!"

"Strange sail reported."

"Where?" cried the first lieutenant, going forward.

"Right under the sun."

"Mast-head there—do you make her out?"

"Yes, sir; I think she's a schooner, but I can only see down to her mainyard."

"That's one of them, depend upon it," said the captain. "Up there, Mr. Wilson, and see what you make of her. Who is the man who reported it?"

"Tom Beazeley, sir."

"Confound the fellow, he makes all my ship's company jump overboard, and now I must give him five guineas. What do you make of her, Mr. Wilson?"

"A low schooner, sir, very rakish indeed. She is becalmed, as well as we."

"Well, then, we must whistle for a breeze. In

the mean time, Mr. Knight, we will have the boats all ready."

If you whistle long enough the wind is certain to come; the only question is, whether it would not come all the same, whether you whistle or not. In about an hour the breeze did come, and we took it down with us; but it was too dark to distinguish the schooner, which we had lost sight of as soon as the sun had set. About midnight the breeze failed us, and it was again calm. The captain and most of the officers were up all night, and the watch were employed preparing the boats for service. It was my morning watch, and at the break of day I saw the schooner from the foretopsail-yard, about four miles to the N. W. I ran down on deck, and reported her.

"Very good, my lad. I have her, Mr. Knight," said the captain, who had directed his glass to where I pointed; "and I will have her too, one way or the other. No signs of wind. Lower down the cutters. Get the yards and stays hooked all ready. We'll wait a little, and see a little more of her when it's broad daylight."

At broad daylight the schooner, with her appointments, was distinctly to be made out. She was pierced for sixteen guns, and was a formidable vessel to encounter with the boats. The calm still continuing, the launch, yawl and pinnace were hoisted out, manned and armed. The schooner got out her sweeps, and was evidently preparing for their reception. Still the captain appeared unwilling to risk the lives of his men in such a dangerous conflict, and there we all lay alongside, each man sitting in his place with his oar raised on end. Cat-paws of wind, as they call them, flew across the water here and there, ruffling its smooth surface, portending that a breeze would soon spring up, and the hopes of this chance rendered the captain undecided. Thus did we remain alongside, for Tom and I were stationed in the first and second cutters, until twelve o'clock, when we were ordered out to take a hasty dinner, and the allowance of spirits was served out. At one it was still a calm. Had we started when the boats were first hoisted out, the affair would have been long before decided. At last, the captain perceiving that the chance of a breeze was still smaller then, than in the forenoon, ordered the boats to shove off. We were still about the same distance from the privateer, from three and a half to four miles. In less than half an hour we were within gun-shot; the privateer swept her broadside to us, and commenced firing guns with single round shot, and with great precision. They *ricochetted* over the boats, and at every shot we made sure of our being struck. At this time a slight breeze swept along the water. It reached the schooner, filled her sails, and she increased her distance. Again it died away, and we neared her fast. She swept round again, and recommenced firing, and one of her shot passed through the second cutter, in which I was stationed, ripping open three of her planks, and wounding two men besides me. The boat, heavy with the gun, ammunition chests, &c., immediately filled and turned over with us, and it was with difficulty that we could escape from the weighty hamper which was poured out of her. One of the poor fellows, who had not been wounded, remained entangled under the boat, and never rose again. The remainder of the crew rose to the surface and clung to the side of the boat. The

utter hauled to our assistance, for we had expected to render the shot less effectual, but it took three or four minutes before she was able to give us any assistance, during which the other rounded men, who had been apparently injured in the legs or body, exhausted with loss of blood, gradually unloosed their holds and disappeared under the calm blue water. I had received a splinter in my left arm, and held on longer than the others who had been maimed, but I could not hold on till the cutter came; I lost my action and sank. Tom, who was in the bow of the cutter, perceiving me to go down, dived after me, brought me up again to the surface, and we were both hauled in. The other five men were also saved. As soon as we were picked up, the cutter followed the other boats, which continued to advance towards the privateer. I regained my senses, and found that a piece of one of the thwart-boards of the boat, broken off by the shot, had been forced through the fleshy part of my arm below the elbow, where it still remained. It was a very dangerous as well as a painful wound. An officer of the boat, without asking me, laid hold of the splinter and tore it out, but the pain was great, from its jagged form, and the efflux of blood so excessive after it was out, that I fainted. Fortunately no artery was wounded. I must have lost my arm. They bound it and laid me at the bottom of the boat. The schooner from the schooner was now very warm, and we were within a quarter of a mile of her, when a breeze sprang up, and she increased her distance a mile. There was a prospect of wind from the appearance of the sky, although, for a time, it died away. We were within less than a mile of the privateer, when we perceived the frigate was bringing up a smart breeze, rapidly approaching the scene of conflict. The breeze swept along the water and caught the sails of the privateer, and she was again, in spite of all the exertions of our wearied men, out of shot, and the first lieutenant very properly ordered upon making for the frigate, which was within a mile of us. In less than ten minutes the sails were hoisted in, and the wind now rising we were under all sail, going at the rate of twelve miles an hour; the privateer having also taken the breeze, and gallantly holding her

was taken down into the cockpit, the only wounded man brought on board. The surgeon examined my arm, and at first shook his head, expecting immediate amputation; but on reflection he gave his opinion that the limb might be saved. My wound was dressed, and I was put into my hammock, in a screened bulk under the half-deck, where the cooling breeze from the ports fanned my feverish cheeks. But I must return to the chase.

Less than an hour the wind had increased, so we could with difficulty carry our royals; the privateer was holding her own about three miles ahead, keeping our three masts in one. At last they were forced to take in the royals, and the sky gave every prospect of a rough gale. We carried on every stitch of canvass which the frigate could bear; keeping the chase in sight through our night-glasses, and watching all her mo-

ving breeze increased; before morning there was a heavy sea, and the frigate could only carry her top-gallant sails over double-reefed topsails. By daylight we had neared the schooner, by the

sextants, about a quarter of a mile, and the captain and officers went down to take some repose and refreshment, not having quitted the deck for twenty-four hours. All that day did we chase the privateer, without gaining more than a mile upon her, and it now blew up a furious gale; the top-gallant sails had been before taken in; the topsails were close reefed, and we were running at the speed of nearly twelve miles an hour; still, so well did the privateer sail, that she was barely within gun-shot, when the sun went down below the horizon, angry and fiery red. There was now great fear that she would escape, from the difficulty of keeping the glasses upon her during the night, in a heavy sea, and the expectation that she would furl and allow us to pass her. It appeared, however, that this manoeuvre did not enter into the head of the captain of the privateer; he stood on under a press of sail, which even in day-time would have been considered alarming; and at daylight, owing to the steering during the night never being so correct as during the day, she had recovered her distance, and was about four miles from us. The gale, if any thing, had increased, and Captain Maclean determined, notwithstanding, to shake a reef out of the topsails.

In the morning, as usual, Tom came to my cot, and asked me how I was? I told him I was better and in less pain, and that the surgeon had promised to dress my wound after breakfast, for the bandages had not been removed since I had first come on board. "And the privateer, Tom, I hope we shall take her; it will be some comfort to me that she is captured."

"I think we shall, if the masts stand, Jacob; but we have an enormous press of sail, as you may guess, by the way in which the frigate jumps; there is no standing on the fore-castle, and there is a regular waterfall down in the waist from forward. We are nearing her now. It is beautiful to see how she behaves: when she heels over, we can perceive that all her men are lashed on deck, and she takes whole seas into her mainsail, and pours them out again as she rises from the lurch. She deserves to escape at all events."

She did not, however, obtain her deserts, for about twelve o'clock in the day we were within a mile of her. At two the marines were firing small arms at her, for we would not yaw to fire at her a gun, although she was right under our bows. When within a cable's length we shortened sail, so as to keep at that distance astern, and after having lost several men by musketry, the captain of her waved his hat in token of surrender. We immediately shortened sail to keep the weather gage, pelting her until every sail was lowered down: we then rounded to, keeping her under our lee, and firing at every man who made his appearance on deck. Taking possession of her was a difficult task: a boat could hardly live in such a sea, and when the captain called aloud for volunteers, and I heard Tom's voice in the cutter as it was lowering down, my heart misgave me lest he should meet with some accident. At last I knew, from the conversation on deck, that the cutter had got safe on board, and my mind was released. The surgeon came up and dressed my arm, and I then received comparative bodily as well as mental relief.

It was not until the next day, when we lay to, with the schooner close to us, that the weather became sufficiently moderate to enable them to receive the prisoners and put our own men and officers

on board. The prize proved to be an American built schooner, fitted out as a French privateer. She was called the *Cerf Agile*, mounting fourteen guns, of nearly three hundred tons measurement, and with a crew of one hundred and seventy men, of which forty-eight were away in prizes. It was, perhaps, fortunate that the boats were not able to attack her, as they would have received a very warm reception. Thus did we succeed in capturing this mischievous vessel, after a chase of two hundred and seventy miles. As soon as all the arrangements were made, we shaped our course, with the privateer in company, for Halifax, where we arrived in about five weeks. My wound was now nearly healed, but my arm had wasted away, and I was unable to return to my duty. It was well known that I wrote a good hand, and I volunteered, as I could do nothing else, to assist the purser and the clerk with the ship's books, &c.

The admiral was at Bermuda, and the frigate which we were to relieve had, from the exigence of the service, been despatched down to the Honduras, and was not expected back for some months. We sailed from Halifax for Bermuda and joined the admiral, and after three weeks, we were ordered on a cruise. My arm was now perfectly recovered, but I had become so useful in the clerk's office that I was retained, much against my own wishes—but the captain *liked* it, as Tom said, and after that, there was no more to be said about it.

America was not the seat of war at that period, and with the exception of chasing French runners, there was nothing to be done on the North American station. I have, therefore, little to narrate during the remainder of the time that I was on board of the frigate. Tom did his duty in the fore-top, and never was in any disgrace; on the contrary, he was a great favourite both with officers and men, and took more liberties with the captain than any one else dared to have done, but Captain Maclean knew that Tom was one of his foremost and best men, always active, zealous, and indifferent as to danger, and Tom knew exactly how far he could venture to play with him. I remained in the clerk's office, and it was soon discovered that I had received an excellent education, and always behaved myself respectfully to my superiors, I was kindly treated, and had no reason to complain of a man-of-war.

Such was the state of affairs, when the other frigate arrived from the Honduras, and we, who had been cruising for the last four months in Boston Bay, were ordered in, by a cutter, to join the admiral at Halifax. We had now been nearly a year from England without receiving any letters. The reader, may, therefore, judge of my impatience when, after the anchor had been let go and the sails furled, the admiral's boat came on board with several bags of letters for the officers and ship's company. They were handed down into the gun-room, and I waited with impatience for the sorting and distribution.

"Faithful," said the purser, "here are two letters for you."

I thanked him, and hastened to the clerk's office, that I might read them without interruption. The first was addressed in a formal hand quite unknown to me. I opened it with some degree of wonderment, as to who could possibly write to so humble an individual? It was from a lawyer, and its contents were as follow:—

"SIR—We hasten to advise you of the death of your good friend, Mr. Alexander Turnbull. His will, which has been opened and read, and in which you are the executor, he has made you sole heir, bequeathing you at the present time of £30,000, with the remainder of his fortune on the demise of his wife. With the exception of £5,000, left to Mrs. Turnbull for her own disposal, the legacies do not amount to more than £1,200 per annum, upon 3 per cent. reduced. The jointure, arising from the interest of the money, secured to Mrs. Turnbull during her life, that at her demise you will come into £27,360 consols, which at 76 will be equal to £27,360 per annum. I beg to congratulate you upon your fortune, and with Mr. Drummond have made application to the Admiralty for your discharge. This application, I am happy to say, has been immediately attended to, and by the same means, this letter, is forwarded an order for your charge and a passage home. Should you be proper to treat our firm as your legal advisers, we shall be most happy to enrol you among our clients."

"I am, sir,

"Your's very respectfully,
"JOHN FLETCHER."

I must leave the reader to judge of this unexpected and welcome communication. At first I was so stunned, that I appeared as a statue with the letter in my hand, and in this condition I remained until roused by the first lieutenant, who had come to the office to desire me to pass the word for "letters for England," and to desire the sail-maker to make a bag.

"Faithful—why what's the matter? Are you ill, or —?" I could not reply, but I put the letter into his hand. He read the contents, expressing his astonishment by occasional exclamations: "I wish you joy, my lad, and may it be my turn next time. No wonder you looked like a stupid pig. Had I received such news, the captain might have hallooed till he was hoarse, and the ship have tumbled overboard, before I should have roused myself. Well, I suppose, we shall get more work out of you——?"

"The captain wants you, Mr. Knight," said one of the midshipmen, touching his hat.

Mr. Knight went into the cabin, and in a few minutes returned, holding the order for my discharge in his hand.

"It's all right, Faithful, here is your discharge and an order for your passage home."

He laid it on the table and went away, for the first lieutenant in harbour has no time to lose. The next person who came was Tom, holding in his hand a letter from Mary, with a postscript from his mother.

"Well, Jacob," said he, "I have news to tell you. Mary says that Mr. Turnbull is dead, and has left her father £200, and that she has been told that he has left you something handsome."

"He has indeed, Tom," replied I; "read the letter."

While Tom was reading, I perceived the letter from Mr. Drummond, which I had forgotten. I opened it. It communicated the same intelligence as that of the lawyer, in fewer words; recommended my return, and inclosed a bill upon his house for £100 to enable me to appear in a manner corresponding to my present condition.

"Well," said Tom, "this is, indeed, good news, Jacob. You are a gentleman at last, as you

to be. It has made me so happy; what do you mean to do?"

"I have my discharge here," replied I, "and I ordered a passage home."

"Better still. I'm so happy, Jacob; so happy. What is to become of me?" And Tom passed back of his hand across his eyes to brush away tears.

"You shall soon follow me, Tom, if I can manage it either by money or any influence."

"I will manage it, if you don't, Jacob. I won't be here without you, that I am determined."

"Nothing rashly, Tom. I am sure I can buy my discharge, and on my arrival in England I won't think of any thing else until it is done."

"You must be quick then, Jacob, for I am sure I stay here long."

"I must to me, Tom; you'll still find me Jacob Faithful," said I, extending my hand. Tom seized it earnestly, and with moistened eyes waved away, and walked forward.

The news had spread through the ship and of the officers, as well as the men, came to congratulate me. What would I have given to have been allowed only one half hour to myself—half hour in which I might be permitted to loose my excited feelings—to have returned thanks for such unexpected happiness, and paid a tribute to the memory of so sincere a friend. On a ship this is almost impossible, unless as an officer, you can retreat to your own cabin; those gushings from the heart, arising from joy or pleasure, the tears so sweet in solitude, be prostituted before the crowd, or altogether repressed. At last the wished-for opportunity came. Mr. Wilson, who had been away on vice, came to congratulate me as soon as he heard the news, and with an instinctive perception of what might be my feelings, asked me whether I would not like to write my letters in my cabin, which, for a few hours, was at my service.

I thankfully accepted the offer, and when summoned by the captain, had relieved my over-excited heart, and had composed my excited feelings.

"Jacob Faithful, you are aware that there is an order for your discharge," said he, kindly. "You are discharged this afternoon into the *Astrea*, ordered home, and will sail with despatches in a few days. You have conducted yourself well while you have been under my command, and, although you are now in a situation not to require a certificate, still you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done your duty in the staff life to which you have, for a certain period, been called—I wish you well."

Although Captain Maclean in what he said, lost sight of the relative situations in which we had been placed, there was a kindness of manner in all he said, especially in the last words, "I wish you well," which went to my heart: I remembered that I had been very happy during the time I had been under his command, and thanked him for his good wishes. I then bowed, and left the ship.

But the captain did not send me on board the *Astrea*, although I was discharged into her. I told the first lieutenant that I had better go ashore, and equip myself in a proper manner; as I afterwards found out, spoke of me in favourable terms to the Captain of the *Astrea*, acknowledging that I had received the education of a gentleman, and had been illegally impressed; so that when I made my appearance on board the *Astrea*, the officers of the gun-room requested that I would mess with them during the passage home.

I went on shore, obtained the money for my bill, hastened to a tailor, and with his exertions, and those of other fitting-out people, obtained all that was requisite for the outward appearance of a gentleman. I then returned to the *Immortalite*, and bade farewell to the officers and seamen with whom I had been most intimate. My parting with Tom was painful. Even the few days which I had been away, I perceived, had made an alteration in his appearance.

"Jacob," said he, "don't think I envy you; on the contrary, I am as grateful, even more grateful than if such good fortune had fallen to my own lot; but I cannot help fretting at the thoughts of being left here without you; and I shall fret until I am with you again."

I renewed my promises to procure his discharge, and forcing upon him all the money I thought that I could spare, I went over the side as much affected as poor Tom. Our passage home was rapid. We had a continuance of N. W. winds, and we flew before them, and, in less than three weeks, we dropped our anchor at Spithead. Happy in the change of my situation, and happier still in anticipation, I shall only say, that I never was in better spirits, or in company with more agreeable young men, than the officers of the *Astrea*; and although we were so short a time together, we separated with mutual regret.

My first object, on my return, was to call upon old Tom, and assure him of his son's welfare. My wishes certainly would have led me to Mr. Drummond's; but I felt that my duty required that I should delay that pleasure. I arrived at the hotel late in the evening, and early next morning, I went down to the steps at Westminster Bridge, and was saluted with the usual cry of—"Boat, Sir?" A crowd of recollections poured into my mind at the well-known sound. My life appeared to have passed in review in a few seconds, as I took my seat in the stern of a wherry, and directed the waterman to pull up the river. It was a beautiful morning, and even at that early hour, almost too warm, the sun was so powerful. I watched every object that we passed with an interest I cannot describe. Every tree—every building—every point of land—they were all old friends, who appeared, as the sun shone brightly on them, to rejoice in my good fortune. I remained in a reverie too delightful to be disturbed from it, although, occasionally, there were reminiscences, which were painful; but they were as light clouds obscuring for a moment, as they flew past, the glorious sun of my happiness. At last the well-known tenement of old Tom—his large board with "boats built to order"—and the half of the boat stuck up on end, caught my sight, and I remembered the object of my embarkation. I directed the waterman to pull to the hard, and paying him well, dismissed him: for I had perceived that old Tom was at work, stumping round a wherry bottom up; and his wife was sitting on the bank in the boat-harbour, basking in the warm sun, and working away at her nets. I had landed so quietly, and they both were so occupied with their respective employments, that they had not perceived me, and I crept round by the house to surprise them. I had gained a station behind the old boat, when I overheard the conversation.

"It's my opinion," said old Tom, who left off

hammering for a time, "that all the nails in Birmingham won't make this boat water-tight. The timbers are as rotten as a pear, and the nails fall through them. I have put one piece in more than agreed for, and if I don't put another in here, she'll never swim."

"Well, then, put another piece in," replied Mrs. Beazeley.

"Yes, so I will; but I've a notion I shall be out of pocket by the job. Seven-and-sixpence won't pay for labour and all. However, never mind;" and Tom carolled forth—

"Is not the sea
Made for the free,
Land for courts and chains alone,
Here we are slaves,
But on the waves
Love and liberty's all our own."

"Now if you do sing, sing truth, Beazeley," said the old woman. "An't our boy pressed into the service, and how can you talk of liberty?"

Old Tom answered, by continuing his song—

"No eye to watch and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot and all heaven around us."

"Yes, yes," replied the old woman, "no eye to watch indeed: he may be in sickness and in sorrow—he may be wounded, or dying of a fever, and there's no mother's eye to watch over him. As to all on earth being forgot, I won't believe that Tom has forgotten his mother."

Old Tom replied—

"Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same wherever it goes."

"So it does, Tom, so it does; and he's thinking this moment of his father and mother I do verily believe; and he loves us more than ever."

"So I believe," replied old Tom; "that is, if he hasn't any thing better to do; but there's a time for all things; and, when a man is doing his duty as a seaman, he mustn't let his thoughts wander. Never mind, old woman, he'll be back again."

"There's a sweet little cherub sits up aloft
To take care of the life of poor Jack."

"God grant it—God grant it!" replied the old woman, wiping her eyes with her apron, and then resuming her netting. "He seems, continued she, "by his letters, to be overfond of that girl, Mary Stapleton; and I sometimes think she cares not a little for him, but she's never of one mind long. I don't like to see her flaunting and flirting so with the soldiers: and, at the same time, Tom says, that she writes that she cares for nobody but him."

"Women are—women! that's sartan," replied old Tom, musing for a time, and then showing that his thoughts were running on his son, by bursting out—

"Mary, when yonder boundless sea
Shall part us, and perchance for ever;
Think not my heart can stray from thee,
Or cease to mourn thine absence—never!
And when in distant climes I roam,
Forlorn, unfriended, broken-hearted——"

"Don't say so, Tom—don't say so!" interrupted the old woman."

Tom continued—

"Oft shall I sigh for thee and home,
And all those joys from which I parted."

"Aye, so he does, poor fellow—I'll be bound say. What would I give to see his dear, smiling face!" said Mrs. Beazeley.

"And I'd give no little, missus, myself. But still it's the duty for every man to serve his country and so ought Tom, as his father did before him. I shall be glad to see him back, but I'm not sorry that he's gone. Our ships must be manned, a woman; and if they take men by force, it's only because they won't volunteer—that's all. When they're once on board, they don't mind it. Y women require pressing just as much as the men and it's all much of a muchness."

"How's that, Tom?"

"Why, when we make love and ask you to marry, don't you always pout and say no? You like being kissed, but we must take it by force. So is with manning a ship, the men all say no; but when they are once there, they like the serving very much; only you see, like you, they want pressing. Don't Tom write and say, that he's quite happy, and don't care where he is, so long as he's with Jacob?"

"Yes, that's true; but they say Jacob is to be discharged and come home, now that he's come a fortune, and what will Tom say then?"

"Why, that is the worst of it. I believe that Jacob's heart is in the right place, but still rich spoil a man; but we shall see. If Jacob don't prove 'true blue,' I'll never put faith in man again. Well, there be changes in this world, that's certain."

"We all have our taste of the ups and downs,
As Fortune dispenses her smiles and frowns;
But may we not hope if she's frowning to-day,
That to-morrow she'll lend us the light of her ray"

"I only wish Jacob was here, that's all."

"Then you have your wish, my good old friend," cried I, running up to Tom, and seizing his hand; but old Tom was so taken by surprise, that he started back and lost his equilibrium, dragging me after him, and we rolled on the turf together. It was this the only accident, for old Mrs. Beazeley was so alarmed, that she also sprang from the bench fixed in the half of the old boat stuck at the end, and threw herself back against it. The boat, having been rotten when first put there, and with the disadvantage of exposure to the elements for many years, could no longer stand such pressure. It gave way to the sudden force applied by the old woman, and she and the boat went down together, she screaming and scuffling among the rotten planks, which now, after so many years close in company, were induced to part company. I was flung on my legs, and ran to the assistance of Mrs. Beazeley, who was half smothered with dust and a dry pitch, and old Tom coming to my assistance, we put the old woman on her legs again.

"O deary me!" cried the old woman, "O deary me! I do believe my hip is out. Lord, Mr. Jack, how you have frightened me!"

"Yes," said old Tom, shaking me warmly on the hand, "we were all taken aback, old boat and all. What a shindy you have made, bowling all down like ninepins. Well, my boy, I'm glad to see you, and notwithstanding your gear, you're Jacob Faithful still."

"I hope so," replied I; and we then adjourned to the house, where I made them acquainted with all that had passed, and what I intended to do relative to obtaining Tom's discharge. I then left them promising to return soon, and hailing a wherry going up the river, proceeded to my old friend the Domine, of whose welfare, as well as Stapleton's and Mary's, I had been already assured.

But as I passed through Putney Bridge I thought I might as well call upon Stapleton, and I desired the waterman to pull in. I hastened to Stapleton's lodgings, and went up stairs, where I found Mary sitting in earnest conversation with a very good looking young man in a sergeant's uniform of the 93d regiment. Mary, who was even handsomer than when I left her, starting up, at first did not appear to recognize me, then coloured up to the forehead as she welcomed me, with a constraint I had never witnessed before. The sergeant appeared inclined to keep his ground; but on my taking her hand, and telling her that I had brought a message from a person whom I hoped he had not forgotten, gave her a nod, and walked down stairs. Perhaps there was a severity in my countenance, as I said, "Mary, I do not know whether, after what I have seen, I ought to give the message; and the pleasure I anticipated in meeting you again, is destroyed by what I have now witnessed. How disgraceful is it thus to play with a man's feelings; to write to him, assuring him of your regard and constancy, and, at the same time, encouraging another."

Mary hung down her head. "If I have done wrong, Mr. Faithful," said she after a pause, "I have not wronged Tom. What I have written I feel."

"If that is the case, why do you wrong another person? Why encourage another young man, only to make him unhappy?"

"I have promised him nothing; but why does not Tom come back and look after me? I can't mope here by myself. I have no one to keep company with; my father is always away at the alehouse, and I must have somebody to talk to. Besides, Tom is away, and may be away a long while; and absence cures love in men, although it does not in women."

"It appears then, Mary, that you wish to have two strings to your bow, in case of accident."

"Should the first string break, a second would be very acceptable," replied Mary; "but it is always this way," continued she, with increasing warmth. "I never can be in a situation which is not right, whenever I do any thing which may appear improper, so certain do you make your appearance when least expected, and least wished for; as if you were born to be my constant accuser."

"Does not your own conscience accuse you, Mary?"

"Mr. Faithful," replied she very warmly, "you are not my father confessor; but do as you please—write to Tom if you please, and tell him all you have seen, any thing you may think. Make him and make me miserable and unhappy—do it, I pray. It will be a friendly act; and, as you are now a great man, you may persuade Tom that I am a jilt and a good-for-nothing." Here Mary laid her hands on the table, and buried her face in them.

"I did not come here to be your censor, Mary; you are certainly at liberty to act as you please, without my having any right to interfere; but as Tom is my earliest and best friend, so far as his in-

terests and happiness are concerned, I shall carefully watch over them. We have been so long together, and I am so well acquainted with all his feelings, that I really believe, if ever there was a young man sincerely and devotedly attached to a woman, he is so to you; and I will add, that if ever there was a young man who deserved love in return, it is Tom. When I left, not a month back, he desired me to call upon you as soon as I could, and assure you of his unalterable attachment; and I am now about to procure his discharge, that he may be able to return. All his thoughts are upon this point, and he is now waiting with the utmost impatience the arrival of it, that he may again be in your company. You can best judge whether his return will or will not, be a source of happiness."

Mary raised her head—her face was wet with her tears. "Then he will soon be back again, and I shall see him! Indeed, his return shall be no source of unhappiness if I can make him happy; indeed it shall not, Mr. Faithful; but pray don't tell him of my foolish conduct—pray don't. Why make him unhappy? I intreat you not to do it. I will not do so again. Promise me, Jacob, will you?"—continued Mary, taking me by the arm, and looking beseechingly in my face.

"Mary, I never will be a mischief-maker; but recollect, I exact the performance of your promise."

"O! and I will keep it—now that I know he will soon be home. I can—I think I can—I'm sure I can wait a month or two without flirting; but I do wish that I was not left so much alone. I wish Tom was at home to take care of me, for there is no one else. I can't take care of myself."

I saw by Mary's countenance that she was in earnest, and I therefore made friends with her, and we conversed for two hours, chiefly about Tom. When I left her, she had recovered her usual spirits, and said at parting, looking archly at me, "Now you will see how wise and how prudent I shall be." I shook my head, and left her to find out old Stapleton, who, as usual, was at the door of the public-house smoking his pipe.

At first he did not recognize me; for when I accosted him by his name, he put his open hand to his ear as usual, and desired me to speak a little louder; but I answered, "Nonsense, Stapleton, that won't do with me."

He then took his pipe out of his mouth, and looked me full in the face. "Jacob, as I'm alive! Didn't know you in your long togs—thought you were a gentleman wanting a boat. Well, I hardly need say how glad I am to see you after so long—that's no more than 'human natur.' And how's Tom? Have you seen Mary?"

These two questions enabled me to introduce the subject that I wished. I told him of the attachment and troth plighted between the two, and how wrong it was for him to leave her so much alone. The old man agreed with me; said that, as to talking to the men that was, on Mary's part, nothing but "human natur;" and that, as for Tom wishing to be at home and see her again, that also was nothing but "human natur;" but that he would smoke his pipe at home in future, and keep the soldiers out of the house. Satisfied with this assurance I left him, and, taking another wherry, went up to Brentford to see the Domine.

I found the worthy old Domine in the school-room, seated at his elevated desk—the usher not present, and the boys making a din enough to have

awakened a person from a trance—that he was in one of his deep reveries, and that the boys had taken advantage of it, was evident.

"Mr. Dobbs," said I, walking up close to the desk. But the Domine answered not. I repeated his name in a louder voice.

"Cosine of $x \mp ab - z - 1 - 2$; such must be the result," said the Domine talking to himself. "Yet it doth not prove correct. I may be in error. Let me revise my work;" and the Domine lifted up his desk to take out another piece of paper. When the desk lid was raised, I removed his work, and held it behind me. "But how is this?" exclaimed the Domine, and he looked every where for his previous calculations. "Nay," continued he, "it must have been the wind;" and then he cast his eyes about until they fixed upon me, laughing at him. "Eheu—what do my eyes perceive? It is, yet it is not—yes, most truly it is my son Jacob. Welcome, most welcome!" cried the old man, descending from his desk and clasping me in his arms. "Long is it since I have seen thee, my son. *'Interea magnum sol circumvolvitur annum.'* Long, yes, long have I yearned for thy return; fearful lest *'nudus in ignota arena,'* thou mightest, like another Palinurus, have been cast away. Thou art returned, and all is well; as the father said in the scripture, I have found my son, which I had lost—but no prodigal thou, though I use the quotation as apt. Now all is well; thou hast escaped the danger of the battle, the fire, and the wreck, and now thou may'st hang up thy wet garment as a votive offering—as Horace hath it—*'Uvida suspendisse potenti vestimenta maris Deo.'* During the apostrophe of the Domine, the boys perceiving that he was no longer wrapt up in his algebra, had hastily settled to their desks, and in their apparent attention to their lessons, reminded me of the humming of bees before a hive on a summer's day. "Boys," cried the Domine, "*Nunc est ludendum.* Verily ye shall have a holiday. Put up your books, and depart in peace." The books were hastily put up in obedience to the command—the depart in peace was not quite so rigidly adhered to. They gave a loud shout, and in a few seconds, the Domine and I stood alone in the school-room. "Come, Jacob, let us adjourn to my sanctum—there may we commune without interruption; thou shalt tell me thine adventures, and I will communicate to thee what hath been made known to me, relative to those with whom thou wert acquainted."

"First let me beg you to give me something to eat, for I am not a little hungry," interrupted I, as we gained the kitchen.

"Verily shalt thou have all that we possess, Jacob. Yet now I think that will not be much, seeing that I and our worthy matron did pick the bones of a shoulder of mutton, this having been our fourth day of repast upon it. She is out, yet will I venture to intrude into the privacy of her cupboard for thy sake. Peradventure she may be wroth—yet, will I risk her displeasure." So saying, the old Domine opened the cupboard, and one by one, handed me the dishes with their contents. "Here, Jacob, are two hard dumplings from yesterday. Canst thou relish cold hard dumplings? but stop, here is something more savoury, half of a cold cabbage, which was left this day. We will look again. Here is meat—yes, it is meat; but now I do perceive it is a piece of light reserved for the dinner of the cat to-morrow. I am fearful that we must not venture upon that, for the dame will be wroth."

"Pray put it back, sir; I would not interfere on any account."

"Nay then, Jacob, I see nought else, there may be viands on the upper shelf. See is bread, the staff of life, and also a fragment of cheese; and now methinks I discern some dark at the back of the shelf." The Domine extended his hand, and immediately withdrew it, jumping from his chair with a loud cry. He put his fingers into a rat gin, set by the old woman for those intruders, and he held up his arm, stamped, as he shouted out with pain. I hastened to him, and pressing down the spring, released his fingers from the teeth, which however were drawn blood, as well as bruised him; fortunate like most of the articles of their *menage*, the gin was a very old one, and he was not much hurt. The Domine thrust his fingers into his capacious mouth, and held them there some time without speaking; he began to feel a little ease, when came the matron.

"Why what's all this," said she, in a querulous tone, "Jacob here, and all my cupboard on the table. Jacob, how dare you go to my cupboard?"

"It was the Domine, Mrs. Bately, who looked there for something for me to eat, and he has been caught in a rat-trap."

"Serve him right; I have forbid him that cupboard. Have I not, Mr. Dobbs?"

"Yea, and verily," quoth the Domine, and I do repent me that I took not thine advice, for look at my fingers," and the Domine extended his lacerated digits.

"Dear me! well I'd no idea that a rat-trap pinched so hard," replied the old woman, whose wrath was appeased. "How it must hurt the poor things—I won't set it again, but leave them all to the cat, he'll kill them, if he only can get at them." The old lady went to a drawer, unlocked it, brought out some fragments of rags, and a bottle of friar's balsam, which she applied to the Domine's hand, and then bound it up, scolding him the whole time. "How stupid of you, Mr. Dobbs; you know that I was only out for a few minutes? Why didn't you wait—and why did you go to the cupboard. Hav'n't I always told you not to look into it? and now you see the consequences."

"Verily my hand burneth," replied the Domine. "I will go for cold water, and it will ease you. What a deal of trouble you do give, Mr. Dobbs; you're worse than a charity-boy;" and the old lady departed to the pump.

"Vinegar is a better thing, sir," said I, "and there is a bottle in the cupboard, which I dare say is vinegar." I went to the cupboard, and brought out the bottle, took out the cork and smelt it. "This is not vinegar, sir, it is Hollands or gin."

"Then would I like a glass, Jacob, for I feel a sickening faintness upon me; yet be quick, peradventure the old woman may return."

"Drink out of the bottle, sir," said I, perceiving that the Domine looked very pale, "and I will give you notice of her approach." The Domine put the bottle to his mouth, and was taking a sufficient draught, when the old woman returned by another door which was behind us; she had gone that way for a wash-basin. Before we could perceive her, she came behind the Domine, snatched the bottle from his mouth with a jerk that threw a portion of the spirits in his eyes, and blinded him.

"That's why you went to my cupboard, is it, Mr. Dobbs?" cried she, in a passion. "That's it, is it? I thought my bottle went very fast; seeing that I don't take more than a tea-spoonful every

of the wind which vexes me so much. I'll rat-trap again, you may depend upon it; you may get somebody else to bind your-
as I who took it out, Mrs. Bately; the Doctor would have fainted with pain. It was very nat he has a housekeeper who is careful to smething of the kind in the house, or he have been dead. You surely don't be- a little of your medicine to recover Mr.

ce, woman, peace," said the Domine, who ined courage by his potation. "Peace, I knew not that thou had'st in thy cupboard a gin for my hand, or gin for thy mouth; have been taken in the one, it is but fair should take in the other. In future, both as will not be interfered with by me. Bring basin, that I may appease my angry wounds, then hasten to procure some viands to appease the hunger of my son Jacob; lastly, appease own wrath. *Par.* Peace, I say:" and the man, who perceived that the Domine had ed his right of dominion, went to obey his , grumbling till she was out of hearing. The tion of the cold pump-water soon relieved n of the good old Domine, and, with his hand ing in the basin, we commenced a long con- ion. At first, I narrated to him the events had occurred during my service on board frigate. When I told him of my parting om, he observed, "Verily do I remember ung Tom, a jocund, pleasant, yet intrusive et do I wish him well, and am grieved that ould be so taken by that maiden, Mary. ay we say of her, as Horace hath of Pyr- *Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa, perfu- idis urgit odoribus, grate Pyrrha sub an- lui flavum religas comam, simplex mundi- grieve at it, yea, grieve much. Heu quoties mutatos que Deos flebit!* Verily, Jacob, I phesy that she will lead him into error, yea, s into perdition."

rust not, sir," replied I; but the Domine no answer. For half an hour he was in ind serious thought, during which Mrs. entered, and spreading a cloth, brought in ie other room some rashers of bacon and pon which I made a hasty and hearty meal. d matron's temper was now smoothed, and elcomed me kindly, and shortly after went a fresh basin of cold water with which the e might bathe his hand. This roused him, recommenced the conversation.

ob, I have not yet congratulated thee upon ession to wealth; not that I do not sincere- ice in it, but because the pleasure of thy ce hath made me unmindful of it. Still, fortunate for thee that thou hadst raised a friend as Mr. Turnbull, otherwise what have been the result of thy boasted inde- ce; thou wouldst probably have remained ears on board of a man-of-war, and have lled, or have returned mutilated, to die un-."

u were right, sir," replied I, "my indepen- was nothing but pride; and I did bitterly , as you said I should do, even before I was d into the king's service—but Mr. Drum- never repeated his offers."

never did, Jacob; but as I have since been ed by him, although he was taken by sur- t thy being forced away to serve thy coun- ill he was not sure that you would accept

them; and he, moreover, wished you fully to feel thine own folly. Long before you had made friends with him, he had attested the will of Mr. Turnbull, and was acquainted with the contents. Yet, did he watch over thee, and had he thought that thy way of life had led thee into that which was wrong, he would have interfered to save thee—but he considered with Shakspeare, that "sweet were the uses of adversity," and that thou wouldst be more schooled by remaining some time under her unprepossessing frowns. He hath ever been thy friend."

"I can believe it. I trust he is well and his family."

"They were well and prosperous but a little while ago, Jacob; yet I have seen but little of them since the death of Mr. Turnbull. It will pain thee to hear, that affliction at thy absence hastened his dissolution. I was at his death-bed, Jacob; and I verily believe that he was a good man, and will meet the reward of one; yet did he talk most strangely, and reminded me of that remnant of a man you call old Tom. 'It's no use, old gentleman,' said he as he laid in his bed supported by pillows, for he had wasted away till he was but a skeleton, having broken a blood-vessel with his violent coughing, 'it's no use pouring that doctor's stuff down my throat; my anchor's short stay a-peak, and in a few minutes I shall trip it, I trust for heaven, where I hope there are moorings laid down for me.' 'I would fain comprehend thee,' replied I, 'but thou speakest in parables.' 'I mean to say that death has driven in his harpoon up to the shank, and that I struggle in vain. I have run out all my line. I shall turn up in a few minutes—so give my love and blessing to Jacob—he saved my life once—but now I'm gone.' With these last words his spirit took its flight; and thus, Jacob, did your benefactor breathe his last, invoking a blessing on your head." I remained silent for a few minutes, for I was much affected by the Domine's description. At length he resumed the conversation. "Thou hast not seen the Drummonds, Jacob?"

"I have not," I replied, "but I will call upon them to-morrow: but it is time that I should go, for I have to return to London."

"Thou needest not, Jacob. Thine own house is at hand."

"My own house!"

"Yes; by the will of Mr. Turnbull, his wife has been left a handsome jointure, but for reasons which he did not explain, the house and furniture are not left to her, but, as residuary legatee, belong to thee."

"Indeed—then where is Mrs. Turnbull?"

"At Bath, where she hath taken up her residence. Mr. Drummond, who hath acted in thy behalf, permitted her to take away such articles as she might wish, but they were but few, chiefly those little objects, which filled up, rather than adorned the drawing-room. The house is all ready for thy reception, and thou mayst take possession this evening."

"But why did not Mr. Turnbull leave it to his widow?"

"I cannot exactly say, but I think he did not wish her to remain in this place. He therefore left her £5,000, at her own disposal, to enable her to purchase and furnish another." I then took my leave of the Domine, and it being rather late, I resolved to walk to the house and sleep there.

On my arrival, the front gates were opened by the gardener's wife, who made me a profound

courtesy. The gardener soon afterwards made his appearance, hat in hand. Every thing was neat and in good order. I entered the house, and as soon as possible, rid myself of their obsequious attentions. I wished to be alone. Powerful feelings crowded on my mind. I hastened to Mr. Turnbull's study, and sat down in the chair so lately occupied by him. The feeling of proud possession, softened with gratitude to Heaven, and sorrow at his death, came over me, and I remained for a long while in a deep reverie. "And all this, and more, much more, are mine," I mentally exclaimed. "The sailor before the mast—the waterman on the river—the charity boy—the orphan, sits down in quiet possession of luxury and wealth. What have I done to deserve all this?" My heart told me nothing, or if any thing, it was almost valueless, and I poured forth my soul in thanks to Heaven. I felt more composed after I had performed this duty, and my thoughts then dwelt upon my benefactor. I surveyed the room—the drawings—the furs and skins—the harpoons and other instruments, all remaining in their respective places as when I last had an interview with Mr. Turnbull. I remembered his kindness—his singleness of heart—his honesty, his good sense, and his real worth, and I shed many tears for his loss. My thoughts then passed to Sarah Drummond, and I felt much uneasiness on that score. Would she receive me, or would she still remember what I had been? I recollected her kindness and good-will towards me. I weighed these and my present condition against my origin, and my former occupation, and could not ascertain how the scale might turn. I shall soon see, thought I. To-morrow even may decide the question. The gardener's wife knocked at the door, and announced that my bed was prepared. I went to sleep, dreaming of Sarah, young Tom, the Domine, and Mary Stapleton.

I was up early the next morning, and hastened to the hotel, when, having arrayed my person to the best of my power, (but at the same time never so little to my satisfaction,) I proceeded to the house of Mr. Drummond. I knocked, and this time I was not desired to wait in the hall, but was immediately ushered up into the drawing-room. Sarah Drummond was sitting alone at her drawing. My name was announced as I entered. She started from her chair, and blushed deeply as she moved towards me. We joined hands in silence. I was breathless with emotion. Never had she appeared so beautiful. Neither party appeared willing to break silence—at last I faltered out "Miss Drummond——" and there I stopped.

"Mr. Faithful," replied she; and then after a break—"How very silly is this! I ought to have congratulated you upon your safe return, and upon your good fortune; and, indeed, Mr. Faithful, no one can do so more sincerely."

"Miss Drummond," replied I, confused, "when I was an orphan, a charity-boy, and a waterman, you called me Jacob. If the alteration in my prospects induces you to address me in so different a manner—if we are in future to be on such formal terms—I can only say, that I wish that I were again—Jacob Faithful, the waterman."

"Nay," replied she, "recollect that it was your own choice to be a waterman; you might have been different, very different: you might at this time, have been partner with my father, for he said so but last night, when we were talking about you—but you refused all; you threw away your education, your talents, your good qualities, from

a foolish pride, which you considered independence. My father almost humbled himself to you, not that it ever is humiliating to acknowledge and attempt to repair a fault—but still he did more than could be expected from most people; your friends persuaded you, but you rejected their advice, and, what was still more unpardonable, even I had no influence over you. As long as you punished yourself, I did not upbraid you, but now that you have been so fortunate, I tell you plainly

"What?"

"That it's more than you deserve—that's all."

"You have said but the truth, Miss Drummond; I was very proud and very foolish, but I had repented of my folly long before I was pressed; and I candidly acknowledge, that I do not merit the good fortune I have met with. Can I say more?"

"No; I am satisfied with your repentance and acknowledgment, so now you may sit down and make yourself agreeable."

"Before I can do that, allow me to ask, as you address me as Mr. Faithful, how am I to address you? I should not wish to be considered impertinent."

"My name is Miss Drummond, but those who feel intimate with me, call me Sarah."

"I may reply, that my name is Faithful, but those who feel intimate with me, call me Jacob."

"Very true; but allow me to observe, that you show very little tact. You should never force a lady into a corner. If I appear affronted when you call me Sarah, then you will do wise to fall back upon Miss Drummond. But why do you fix your eyes upon me so earnestly?"

"I cannot help it, and must beg your pardon; but you are so improved in appearance since I last saw you. I thought then that no one could be more perfect; but ——"

"Well, that's not a bad beginning, Jacob; I like to hear of my perfections: now follow up your *but*."

"I hardly know what I was going to say; but I think it was, that I do not feel as if I ought or can address you otherwise than as Miss Drummond."

"O, you've thought better of it, have you. Well, I begin to think myself, that you look so well in your present dress, and have become so very different a person, that I ought not to address you by any other name than Mr. Faithful. So now we are agreed."

"That's not what I meant to say."

"Well, then, let me know what you did mean to say."

This puzzling question fortunately did not require an answer, for Mr. Drummond came into the room, and extended his hand. "My dear Jacob," said he, in the most friendly manner, "I am delighted to see you back again, and to have the pleasure of congratulating you on your good fortune. But you have business to transact which will not admit of delay. You must prove the will, and arrange with the lawyers as soon as possible. Will you come now? all the papers are below, and I have the whole morning to spare. We will be back to dinner, Sarah, if Jacob has no other engagement."

"I have none," replied I, "and shall be most happy to avail myself of your kindness. Miss Drummond, I wish you a good morning."

"*Au revoir* Mr. Faithful," replied Sarah, courtesying with formality, and a mocking smile.

The behaviour of Mr. Drummond towards me was most kind and parental, and my eyes were often suffused with tears during the occupation

of the morning. The most urgent business was got through, and an interview with Mr. Turnbull's solicitor put the remainder in progress. Still it was so late when we had accomplished it, that I had no time to dress. On my return Miss Drummond received me with her usual kindness. I narrated, during the evening, my adventures since we parted, and took that opportunity of acknowledging to Mr. Drummond how bitterly I had repented my folly, and I may add, ingratitude towards him.

"Jacob," said he, as we were sitting at the tea-table with Mrs. Drummond and Sarah, "I knew that at the time you were toiling on the river for shillings, you were the inheritor of thousands; for I not only witnessed, but read the will of Mr. Turnbull; but I thought it best that you should have a lesson which you would never forget in after life. There is no such thing in this world as independence, unless in a savage state. In society we are all mutually dependent upon each other. Independence of mind you may have, but no more. As a waterman you were dependent upon your customers, as every poor man must be upon those who have more means; and in refusing my offers, you were obliged to apply for employment to others. The rich are as entirely dependent upon others as the poor. They depend upon them for their food, their clothing, their necessities, and their luxuries. Such ever will be the case in society; and the more refined the society may be, the more civilized its parts, the greater is the mutual dependence. Still it is an error originating in itself from high feelings, and therefore must be considered as an error on the right side. But recollect how much you might have thrown away, had not you, in the first place, secured such a friend as Mr. Turnbull, and secondly, if the death of that friend had not so soon put you in possession."

I was but too ready to acknowledge the truth of these remarks. The evening passed away so rapidly, that it was midnight before I rose to take my leave, and I returned to the hotel as happy in mind, and as grateful as any mortal could possibly be. The next day, I removed to the house left me by Mr. Turnbull, and the first order I gave was for a wherry. Such was the force of habit, I could not do without one, and half my time was spent on the river, pulling every day down to Mr. Drummond's, and returning in the evening, or late at night. Thus passed away two months, during which I occasionally saw the Domine, the Stapletons, and old Tom Beazeley. I had exerted myself to procure Tom's discharge, and at last had the pleasure of telling the old people that it was to go out by the next packet. By the Drummonds I was received as a member of the family; there was no hindrance to my being alone with Sarah for hours, and although I had not ventured to declare my sentiments, they appeared to be well understood, as well by her parents as by Sarah herself.

Two days after I had communicated this welcome intelligence to the old couple, as I was sitting at breakfast, attended by the gardener and his wife, for I had made no addition to my establishment, what was my surprise at the appearance of young Tom, who entered the room, as usual, laughing as he held out his hand.

"Tom," exclaimed I, "why, how come you here?"

"By water, Jacob, as you may suppose."

"But how have you received your discharge? Is the ship come home?"

"I hope not. The fact is, I discharged myself, Jacob."

"What! did you desert?"

"Even so. I had three reasons for so doing; in the first place, I could not remain without you; in the second, my mother wrote to say Mary was taking up with a sodger; and the third was, I was put into the report for punishment, and should have been flogged as sure as the captain had a pair of epaulettes."

"Well, but sit down, and tell me all about it. You know your discharge is obtained?"

"Yes, thanks to you, Jacob. All the better, for now they won't look after me. All's well that ends well. After you went away, I presume I was not in the very best of humours, and that rascal of a master's mate who had us pressed, thought proper to bully me beyond all bearing. One day, he called me a lying scoundrel, upon which I forgot that I was on board of a man-of-war, and replied that he was a confounded cheat, and that he had better pay me his debt of two guineas for bringing him down the river. He reported me on the quarter-deck for calling him a cheat; and Captain Maclean, who you know, won't stand any nonsense, heard the arguments on both sides, upon which he declared that the conduct of the master's mate was not that of an officer or a gentleman, and therefore he should leave the ship, and that my language to my superior officer was subversive of the discipline of the service, and therefore he should give me a good flogging. Now, Jacob, you know that if the officers don't pay their debts, Captain Maclean always does, and with interest into the bargain; so finding that I was in for it, and no mistake, I swam on shore the night before Black Monday, and made my way to Miramachi, without any adventure except a tussle with a serjeant of marines, who I left for dead about three miles out of the town. At Miramachi I got on board of a timber ship, and here I am."

"I am sorry that you deserted, nevertheless," replied I, "it may come to mischief."

"Never fear; the people on the river know that I have my discharge, and I'm safe enough."

"Have you seen Mary?"

"Yes; and all's right in that quarter. I shall build another wherry, wear my badge and dress, and stick above bridge. When I'm all settled, I'll splice, and live along with the old couple."

But will Mary consent to live there? it is so quiet and retired that she won't like it."

"Mary Stapleton has given herself airs enough in all conscience, and has had her own way quite enough. Mary Beazeley will do as her husband wishes, or I will know the reason why."

"We shall see, Tom; bachelor's wives are always best managed, they say; but now you want money to buy your boat."

"Yes, if you will lend it to me—I don't like to take it away from the old people—and I'll pay you when I can, Jacob."

"No, you must accept this, Tom; and when you marry, you must accept something more," replied I, handing the notes to him.

"With all my heart, Jacob. I never can repay you for what you've done for me, and so I may just as well increase the debt."

"That's good logic, Tom."

"Quite as good as independence, is it not, Jacob?"

"Better—much better, as I know, to my cost," replied I, laughing.

Tom finished his breakfast, and then took his leave. After breakfast, as usual, I went to the boat-house, and unchaining my wherry, pulled up the river, which I had not hitherto done, my attendance upon Sarah having invariably turned the bow of my wherry in the opposite direction. I swept by the various residences on the banks of the river until I arrived opposite to that of Mr. Wharncliffe, and perceived a lady and gentleman in the garden. I knew them immediately, and, as they were standing close to the wall, I pulled in and saluted them. "Do you recollect me?" said I to them, smiling.

"Yes," replied the lady; "I do recollect your face—surely—it is Faithful, the waterman."

"No, I am not a waterman; I am only amusing myself in my own boat."

"Come up," replied Mr. Wharncliffe; "we can't shake hands with you at that distance."

I made fast my wherry and joined them. They received me most cordially. "I thought you were not a waterman, Mr. Faithful, although you said that you were," said Mr. Wharncliffe. "Why did you deceive us in that way?"

"Indeed, at that time I was, from my own choice and my own folly, a waterman—now I am so no longer."

We were soon on the most intimate terms, and I narrated part of my adventures. They expressed their obligations to me, and requested that I would accept their friendship. "Would you like to have a row on the water?—it is a beautiful day; and if Mrs. Wharncliffe will trust herself——"

"O, I should like it above all things; will you go, Henry? I will run for a shawl."

In a few minutes we were all three embarked, and I rowed them to *my villa*. They had been admiring the beauty of the various residences on the banks of the Thames. "How do you like that one?" inquired I, of Mrs. Wharncliffe.

"It is very handsome, and I think one of the very best."

"That is mine," replied I; will you land, and allow me to show it to you?"

"Yours!"

"Yes, mine; but I have a very small establishment, for I am a bachelor."

We landed, and after walking about the grounds, went into the house. "Do you recollect this room?" said I, to Mr. Wharncliffe.

"Yes, indeed I do; it was here that the box was opened, and my uncle's—but we must not say any thing about that, he is dead."

"Dead!"

"Yes, he never held his head up after his dishonesty was discovered. He pined and died within three months, sincerely repenting what he had attempted."

I accepted their invitation to dinner, as I rowed them back to their own residence, and afterwards, had the pleasure of enrolling them among my sincerest friends. Through them I was introduced to Lady Auburn and many others; and I shall not forget the old housekeeper recognizing me one day, when I was invited to Lady Auburn's villa.

"Bless me, what tricks you young gentlemen do play; only to think how you asked me for water, and how I pushed the door in your face, and wouldn't let you rest yourself; but if you young gentlemen will disguise yourselves, it's your own faults, and you must take the consequence."

My acquaintances now increased rapidly, and I had the advantage of the best society. I hardly

need observe, that it was a great advantage, for although I was not considered as awkward, still I wanted that polish which can only be obtained by an admixture with good company. The reports concerning me were various; but it was generally reported that I was a young man who had received an excellent education, and might have been brought forward, but that I had taken a passion for the river, and had chosen to be a waterman in preference to any other employment. That I had since come in to a large fortune, and had resumed my station in society. How far the false was blended with the true, those who have read my adventures will readily perceive. For my part, I cared little what they said, and I gave myself no trouble to refute the various assertions. I was not ashamed of my birth, because it had no effect upon the Drummonds; still, I knew the world too well to think it necessary to blazon it. On the whole, the balance was in my favour. There was a degree of romance in my history, with all its variations, which interested, and, joined to the knowledge of my actual wealth, made me to be well received, and gained me attention wherever I went. One thing was much to my advantage, my extensive reading, added to the good classical education which I had received. It is not often in society that an opportunity does occur, when any one can prove his acquisitions; but when it does come, they always make an impression; and thus did education turn the scale in my favour, and every one was much more inclined to believe the false rather than the true versions of my history.

I had often ruminated in what manner I could render the Domine more comfortable, I felt that to him I was as much indebted as to any living being, and one day I opened the subject, but his reply was decided.

"I see, Jacob, my son, I see what thou wouldst wish—but it must not be. Man is but a creature of habit. Habit becomes to him not only necessity but luxury. For five-and-forty years have I toiled, instilling precepts and forcing knowledge into the brains of those who have never proved so apt as thou—truly, it has been a painful task, yet can I not relinquish it. I might at one time, that is, during the first ten years, have met thee with gratitude, for I felt the humiliation and annoyance of wearying myself with the rudiments when I would fain have commented upon the various peculiarities of style in the ancient Greek and Latin authors; but now, all that is passed away. The eternal round of concord, prosody, and syntax, has charms for me from habit; the rule of three is preferable to the problems of Euclid; and even the Latin grammar has its delights. In short, I have a *hujus* pleasure in *hic, hæc, hac, (cluck, cluck,)* and even the flourishing of the twigs of that tree of knowledge, the birch, hath become a pleasurable occupation to me, if not to those upon whom it is inflicted. I am like an old horse, who hath so long gone round and round in a mill, that he cannot walk straight forward, and, if it please the Almighty, I will die in harness. Still I thank thee, Jacob, and thank God that thou hast again proved the goodness of thy heart, and given me one more reason to rejoice in thee and in thy love—but thine offer, if accepted, would not add unto my happiness; for what feeling can be more consolatory to an old man, near unto his grave, than the reflection, that his life, if not distinguished, had at least been useful?"

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Impressions de Voyage. Par Alexander Dumas. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1834.

Very amusing sketches of travel were my contributions to some of the Paris papers, and in consequence of the great interest excited, have been collected into two volumes of which we have as yet only seen the first. The charm of the work is the reckless neglect of the author. Alexander Dumas, a romanticist of the wildest school, neither cares what he says nor how he says it: Don Juan is perfect in his way, and Tristram Shandy logical when compared to his Travels. While your eyes are watery over deep tragedy, you have time to clear the sight when they are dimmed by laughter over the broadest farce. It comes amiss to him; a theory of the styles against a description of ladies' petticoats; learned dissertations on the old chronicles unite with the discussions of the latest fashions; and Parisian belles dancing in the chateaux lead us into the charnel-house of St. Denis. Much of this is naturally revolting to the English taste, but a hearty laugh has lately so rare an indulgence, that we feel disposed to pardon our author's eccentricities, or at least to view them with that mixture of comedy and wonder that Bruin shows to Jacko. First the bear and monkey are introduced to our acquaintance.

Any of the anomalies that we staid and enthusiastic islanders find in Dumas must of course be attributed to the national character of our excitable neighbours, but many more are the necessary results of the circumstances that mould his early life. Of these he has recently published a sketch, which ranks among the most interesting specimens of literary auto-biography. Some extracts from it will form a very appropriate introduction to his Travels.

"I was about twenty years old, when my mother came into my room one morning: she embraced me with tears, and said, 'My dear boy, I am going to sell all we have to pay our debts.' 'Well, mother?' 'Well, child, when our debts are paid we shall have left two hundred and fifty-three francs left.' 'Of income?' My mother smiled bitterly. 'In all?' I repeated. 'In all!' 'Well, mother, I shall this evening have fifty-three francs, and start for Paris.' 'And what will you do there, my poor boy?' 'I will see my father's friends—the Duke of Belluno, minister of

His father was a mulatto, born in St. Domingo, 1762, (the natural son of the Marquis de la Pailleterie by a negress,) and educated in France. In 1786 he entered the army as a private in the Queen's Regiment of Dragoons, distinguished himself very early in the revolution, and rose by the main force of his extraordinary bravery and intrepidity to the rank of general division in September, 1793. He afterwards commanded in chief in the Pyrenees, the Alps, and La Vendée; and distinguished himself in the subsequent campaigns in Italy and Germany. After the peace of Campo Formio he followed Bonaparte into Egypt, where he added to his laurels. On his return to Europe, the vessel in which he was a passenger was driven by a storm into Tarentum: the Neapolitan government, being then at war with France, seized him, and confined him for two years as a prisoner in a damp dungeon, along with the celebrated mineralogist Do-

war—Sebastiani, as powerful by his opposition as others by their favour. My father, an older general than any of them, and who commanded three armies, has seen them all under his orders. We have there a letter from Belluno, acknowledging that he was indebted to my father for the favour of Napoleon; a letter from Sebastiani, thanking him for having procured for him a share in the Egyptian expedition; letters from Jourdan, Kellermann, and even Bernadotte himself. I will go to Sweden if it be necessary, find out the king, and appeal to his reminiscences as a soldier.' 'And what will become of me in the mean time?' 'You are right; be quiet, I shall not need to travel beyond Paris, and so I shall set off this evening.' 'Do what you please,' said my mother, embracing me a second time; 'it is, perhaps, a divine impulse.' She went out; I sprung to the foot of my bed, proud rather than sad at the news I had just heard. I was now in my turn to be good for something; to repay to my mother, not the kindness she had lavished on me, that was impossible, but to spare her the daily torments that anxiety brings with it—to comfort her old age by my toils. A thousand projects, a thousand hopes floated through my mind: I was sure of obtaining all I asked when I should declare what depended on my prospects. 'What I ask is for my mother, the widow of your old comrade—for my mother, my excellent mother!'

"Born at Villers-Coterets, a little town with about two thousand inhabitants, it may easily be guessed that the resources for my education were not very great. A worthy *abbé*, loved and respected by everybody, had for five or six years given me lessons in Latin, and made me complete some French *bouts-rimes*. With regard to arithmetic, three school-masters in succession had given up the task of driving the first four rules into my head; to make amends, I had a good rural education, that is to say, I rode every horse in the neighbourhood, walked frequently twelve leagues to dance at a ball, fenced well, was a good marksman with the pistol, played rackets admirably, and seldom missed a hare or partridge at thirty paces. My preparations being made, a work that did not require much time, I went to announce to all my acquaintances my departure for Paris.

"In the coffee-room belonging to the coach-office, there happened to be an old friend of my father; he had besides this friendship felt some gratitude to our family, for having once been wounded in the chace, he was brought to our house, and the attentions he received from my mother and sister were never effaced from his memory. Deriving great influence from his fortune and his probity, he had carried by storm the election of General Foy, his old companion at college. He offered me a letter to the honourable deputy; I took it, embraced him, and went to bid farewell to my worthy *abbé*; he approved my resolution, took leave of me with tears in his eyes, and when I asked him for advice, which he had not offered, he opened the Bible and pointed to these words: *Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.*

"That very evening I set off, and on my arrival in Paris, stopped at a very modest hotel in the *Rue St. Germain l'Auxerrois*, convinced that society was ca-

lomicu. The effect of this confinement was such upon his constitution as to condemn him to inactivity for the remainder of his days, which, after several years' languor and suffering, were terminated in 1807, at the early age of forty-five. He possessed extraordinary strength, and notwithstanding his copper tint, was looked upon as one of the finest men in the French army.

luminated, that the world was a garden of golden flowers, and that like Ali Baba, I had only to pronounce *SESAME* to cleave the rocks. That very evening I wrote to the minister of war to ask an audience, detailing to him my paternal claims to such a favour, delicately suppressing the kindness he had received from my father, of which a letter that I had brought with me afforded undeniable proofs. I went to sleep and dreamed of the Arabian nights. Next morning I bought the Directory of twenty-five thousand addresses, and proceeded to action.

"My first visit was to Marshal Jourdan. He had a very vague recollection that there had been a General called Alexander Dumas, but he never remembered to have heard that he had a son. In spite of all I could say, I left him at the end of ten minutes very dubious of my existence. I went next to General Sebastiani. He was in his cabinet; four or five secretaries were writing at his dictation, each of whom had on his desk, besides his pens, ink and paper, a rich gold snuff-box, which he presented open to the General, whenever he stopped before him. The General delicately introduced his fore-finger and thumb, voluptuously sniffed the Spanish snuff, and resumed his walk through the room. My visit was short: notwithstanding my high respect for the General, I felt that I had no vocation for the office of snuff-bearer in ordinary.

"I returned to my hotel: my golden dreams were vanished. I took up my Directory, and turning over the leaves, met a name, which I had so often heard my mother mention with warm praise, that I bounded for joy; it was that of General Verdier, who had served under my father in Egypt. I at once took a guide to the *Rue du Faubourg-Montmartre*, where he resided. 'General Verdier?' I asked of the porter. 'Fourth floor, the small door on the left.'—I made him repeat the direction, but found I was not mistaken. 'By Jove,' said I, as I went up the stair-case, 'here is one that does not resemble the liveried lacqueys of Marshal Jourdan, nor General Sebastiani's Swiss.'—General Verdier, fourth floor, the little door to the left—this man will assuredly remember my father.' I got up; a modest green cord hung by the door, I rang the bell, waiting this third trial to form my opinions respecting mankind. The door opened, a man about sixty appeared; he wore a cap bordered with fur, a loose coat and pantaloons reaching to his ankles; in one hand he held a pallet covered with paints of different colours, and a painting-brush in the other. I thought I had made a mistake, and began looking at the other doors. 'What do you want, sir?' said he.—'To present my respects to General Verdier, but I probably have made some mistake.'—'Not at all, there is no mistake, this is the place.' I entered his *atelier*. 'Permit me, sir,' said the gentleman in the cap, placing himself before a battle-piece whose painting I had interrupted.—'Willingly,' I replied, 'if you will only tell me where I shall find the General.' He turned round.—'Why, I am the person.'—'You!' I fixed my eyes on him with such a stare of surprise that he burst out laughing. 'General,' I said, 'in me you behold the son of your old comrade in Egypt, Alexander Dumas.' He regarded me with fixed attention, and after a minute's pause said, 'Yes; true—you are his living image.' Tears sprung to his eyes, and throwing away his brush, he extended me a hand which I felt desirous to kiss rather than grasp. 'Well, what brings you to Paris, my poor boy,' he continued, 'for, if I remember right, you lived in some village or other with your mother.'—'True, General; but my mother grows old, and we are poor.'—'Two songs whose tune I know well,' he muttered to himself.—

'So I have come to Paris in the hope of obtaining some small place which would enable me to support her as she supported me.'—'That is well done; but places are not easy to be had in these days; they are sought after by a crowd of nobles, whose claims are deemed paramount.'—'But, General, I reckoned on your protection.'—'Humph!'—I repeated my assertion.—'On my protection!' he smiled bitterly. 'My poor child, if you wish to take lessons in painting, my protection will go so far as to give them to you, and yet you will not be worth much unless you surpass your master. My protection! Well, you are probably the only person that would have asked for it.'—'What do you mean?'—'Have not these fellows sent me adrift under the pretence of I know not what conspiracy? So that, as you see, I have turned painter. Now, if you wish to do so.'—'Thanks, General! but I have no taste, and the apprenticeship would be very long.'—'Well, my friend, this is all that I can offer; oh, yes, there is the half of my purse, I did not think of it, for it is scarcely worth the trouble.'—He opened the drawer of his desk, which contained, I think, two pieces of gold, and about forty francs in silver.—'Thanks, General,' I replied in tears, 'I am nearly as rich as you; but give me some advice on the steps I should take.'—'Oh, as much of that as you please; let us see what you propose.'—He took up his brush and resumed his painting.—'I have written to Marshal, the Duke of Belluno.'—The General, at the same time shading the figure of a Cossack, made a grimace, which might be translated by, 'My poor boy, if that is your only dependence.'—'I have besides,' said I, answering his thought, 'a letter of introduction to General Foy, deputy for our department.'—'Ah! that is quite another affair; wait not for the minister's answer, my child; take your letter to General Foy, be assured he will receive you well. In the mean time will you dine with me? We will chat about your father.'—'Most willingly, General!'—'Well, come at six o'clock.' I took my leave of General Verdier.

The next day I went to see the honourable and upright Deputy (Foy.) When the door of his sanctuary opened, he turned round, and fixing his eyes upon me with his usual vivacity, said, 'M. Alexander Dumas?'—'Yes, General.'—'Are you the son of the Commander of the army of the Alps?'—'Yes, General.'—'He was a gallant soldier. Can I be useful to you in any way? It would give me great pleasure.'—'I feel much obliged for the interest you take in my fortunes, I have brought you a letter from Monsieur Danze.'—'Let us see what my good friend says.' He read the letter. 'Ah, he recommends you to me very earnestly; he must love you very sincerely.'—'As his son.'—'Well, let us see what we can do with you.'—'Whatever you please, General.'—'We must first find out what you are good for.'—'Oh, not for much.'—'We shall see—you know a little mathematics?'—'No, General.'—'At least you have some knowledge of Algebra? Geometry? Natural Philosophy?' He paused between every word; and at each word I felt the perspiration dripping from my brow. 'No, General,' I stammered out; he perceived my embarrassment.—'You know Greek and Latin.'—'A little.'—'Do you speak any of the living languages?'—'Italian, very well; German, very badly.'—I will get you a place at Lafitte's then. Doubtless, you understand accounts.'—'Not the least in the world; O, General!' I continued, 'my education has been neglected, but I will repair my deficiencies, I give you my word of honour.'—'But in the mean time, my friend, have you the means of livelihood.'—'I have nothing!' I exclaimed, overwhelmed by my feelings of utter help-

lessness. 'Give me your address,' said he, 'I will think of what can be done for you.' I wrote. 'We are safe,' he exclaimed, 'you write a good hand.' I had, indeed, this *brevet* of incapacity: I hid my face in my hands. General Foy continued without perceiving my thoughts: 'Listen, I dine to-day with the Duke of Orleans, (present King of the French) I will speak to him about you. Draw out a petition.' I obeyed, he folded it up, and having pencilled a few notes in the margin, put it in his pocket; then extending his hand to me as a mark of friendship, he invited me to breakfast with him the next morning.

"On my return to my hotel, I found a letter from the Duke of Belluno, who, not having time to receive me, requested me to state my wishes in writing. I replied that I asked an audience, only to place in his hands the letter of thanks he had written to my father; but that not being able to see him, I enclosed a copy. The next morning I went to the residence of General Foy, who was now my only hope. 'Well,' said he, with a smiling countenance, 'your affair is settled, you are to be a supernumerary secretary to the Duke of Orleans, with a salary of twelve hundred francs; it is no very large sum, but you will work hard to improve it.'—'It is a fortune, and when shall I be installed?'—'This very day if you please.'—'Permit me to tell my mother the good news.'—'Yes; sit down there.' I wrote to her to sell all she had left, and come to join me; when I had finished, I turned to the General; he was regarding me with a look of inexpressible benevolence. This reminded me that I had not even thanked him. I leaped upon his neck and embraced him. He laughed heartily."

We shall not follow Dumas through his subsequent career as a politician, because we are weary of politics, nor as a dramatist, because we shall take some better opportunity of examining his dramatic powers; but having introduced "the man" to our readers, we shall ask them to accompany him on his travels.

Dumas visited Lyons at the period when the youth of the French Manchester had risen against their seniors, and resolved to establish a Lyonnese literature, before which the Parisian should hide its diminished head. We have had in our own days so many tragic revolutions at Lyons, that we rejoice to meet with a touch of the comic, and, therefore, hasten to give our readers an incident from the war between literature and commerce.

"During the last five or six years, Lyons has maintained a gallant struggle against the commercial spirit, in order to obtain a literature. Truly, I admired the wondrous constancy of the young artists that have devoted their lives to this overwhelming work; they are miners tracing a thread of gold through a mass of granite; every blow they strike scarcely removes a pebble of the rock they attack, and yet, thanks to their persevering toil, the new literature has acquired at Lyons the right of citizenship which it begins to enjoy. One anecdote out of a thousand will show the influence that commercial prejudice exercises over the Lyonnese merchants in matters of art.

"The drama of *Antony* was acted before a numerous audience, and as has sometimes happened to that piece, in the midst of a very violent opposition. A merchant and his daughter were in a front-box, and near him one of the enterprising authors I have mentioned. The father at first took a lively interest in the drama, but after the scene between Antony and the mistress of the inn, his enthusiasm manifestly cooled; his daughter, on the contrary, had from that moment felt an increasing emotion, which in the last

act burst in a passion of tears. When the curtain fell, the father, who had exhibited visible signs of impatience during the last two acts, perceiving his daughter's tears, said, 'Bless me, what a stupid girl you must be to allow yourself to be affected by such utter nonsense.'

"'Ah, papa, it is not my fault,' replied the poor girl, quite confused, 'forgive me, I know that it is very ridiculous.'

"'Ridiculous! yes, ridiculous is the proper phrase; for my part, I cannot comprehend how any one could be interested by such monstrous improbabilities.'

"'Good heavens, papa! it is just because I find it so perfectly true.'

"'True, child! can you have paid any attention to the plot?'

"'I have not lost a single incident'

"'Well—in the third act Antony buys a post-chaise—is it not so?'

"'Yes; I remember it.'

"'And pays ready money down on the nail.'

"'I remember it very well.'

"'Well; he never took a receipt for it.'"—pp. 72—75.

The Lyonnese character is illustrated by another whimsical incident. A rail-road passes through a very narrow tunnel, and to prevent accidents a placard was put up, declaring "It is forbidden to pass under this archway under pain of being crushed by the carriages." Not a soul paid the least attention to the warning. The authorities were forced to make a second proclamation with a different penalty, "It is forbidden to pass under this archway under pain of being fined." Thenceforward the tunnel was as deserted as Hyde Park in a hail-storm.

From Lyons Dumas proceeded to Geneva, the toy-shop of Europe, the metropolis of smugglers, and the plague of the French police. Custom-house officers, if they had the eyes of Argus, and the hands of Briareus, would be baffled by the "free-traders" of Geneva. The French officers are among the most vigilant in the world, but even they are so completely baffled, that smuggled goods are publicly insured at the moderate rate of five per cent.

"The most fashionable of the jewellery warehouses in Geneva is beyond doubt that of Mr. Beutte; it is difficult even to dream of a collection more rich in those thousand wonders that win the female heart; they are sufficient to turn the head of every Parisian lady, and make Cleopatra jump with envy in her tomb.

"These *bijoux* are subjected to a heavy duty on their entrance into France; but for an insurance of five per cent. Mr. Beutte undertakes to smuggle them; the bargain between the buyer and seller is made as publicly as if there were neither custom-houses nor custom-house officers in the world. It is true that Mr. Beutte possesses marvellous address in baffling these harpies: one anecdote out of a thousand will show how justly he is entitled to this compliment.

"When the Count de St. Cricq was director-general of the customs, he heard so much of the ingenuity that baffled the vigilance of his agents, that he resolved to ascertain personally if these reports were true. He went to Geneva, presented himself at Beutte's warehouse, and bought jewellery to the amount of 30,000 francs, on condition that it should be sent duty-free to his residence in Paris. Mr. Beutte accepted the conditions like a man accustomed

ed to such bargains; he merely presented the purchaser with a private bond, stipulating that he should pay five per cent. for insurance. The latter smiled, took the pen, and subscribed *De St. Cricq, director-general of the French customs*, and then handed the paper to Mr. Beutte. The merchant looked at the signature, and making a low bow, simply said, 'Monsieur director-general of customs, the articles which you have done me the honour of purchasing, shall be in Paris as soon as yourself.' The Count felt himself thrown on his mettle; he scarce gave himself time to dine, when he ordered post-horses, and was on the road an hour after the bargain was concluded.

"As he passed the frontiers, the Count made himself known to the officers who came to search his baggage; told their chief of the recent transaction, recommended the most active vigilance along the entire line, and promised a reward of thirty *louis d'or* to the officer who should discover the prohibited goods. Not a single officer got a wink of sleep during the next three days.

"In the mean time the Count reaches Paris, alights at his residence, embraces his wife and children, and goes up to his dressing-room to change his travelling attire.

"The first thing he sees on his mantel-piece is a beautiful box, of singular workmanship, with whose appearance he was unacquainted. He goes over to examine it, and reads on a silver plate '*To M. the Count de St. Cricq, director-general of French customs*;' he opens it—and finds the jewellery he had purchased in Geneva!

"Beutte had a secret understanding with the waiters of the inn, and they, while aiding the Count's servants to pack his baggage, had slipped in the prohibited box. On their arrival in Paris, the Count's *valet de chambre*, seeing the beauty of the casket, and the particularity of its direction, had carried it direct to his master's apartment. The director-general of the customs was the chief smuggler of the kingdom."—pp. 94—98.

The tombs in the cathedral of Lausanne are illustrated with abundance of ancient learning and modern scandal. Of the latter, the following is no bad specimen.

"Among the modern tombs are those of the Princess Catherine Orloff and Lady Stratford Canning: on account of his profound grief, Lord Stratford obtained permission that his wife should be buried in the cathedral. He wrote to Canova, ordering a splendid tomb, requesting the sculptor to complete it as soon as possible. The monument was sent at the end of five months, and arrived the morning after the disconsolate husband had found a remedy for grief in the arms of a second wife."

At Villanueva, Dumas witnessed an extraordinary kind of trout fishing, quite new to him, and probably new to most of our readers. The entire account is too long to be extracted, but we shall select a few characteristic passages.

"We found the fish at dinner so delicious that we asked to have some for our breakfast the next morning. Scarcely had we expressed these gastronomic desires, when the mistress of the house summoned an attendant of about eighteen or twenty years of age, who discharged in the inn the various functions of butler, scullion, waiter, and 'boots.' He came half asleep and received the order, in spite of some very expressive yawns, the only opposition that the poor devil dared offer to his mistress's commands; 'Go, you idle knave,' said she to Maurice, for so this functionary was named, 'take your lantern and bill-hook, and be quick.'

"A lantern and bill-hook to fish with! From that moment it was all over with Maurice, for I was seized with an irresistible desire of seeing fishing managed like fagot-making.

"Maurice heaved a profound sigh; for he thought that he had no hope but in God, and God had seen him so often in the same predicament without extricating him, that there was little chance of a miracle in his favour.

"He took then, with the energy of despair, a bill-hook which hung in the midst of the kitchen utensils, and a lantern of such singular shape that it merits a detailed description. It was a globe of horn, like the round lamps we suspend from our ceilings, to which was fixed a thin tube about a yard long, of the thickness and shape of a broom-handle. As the globe was hermetically closed, the wick which burned in the inside received air only through the tube, and could neither be extinguished by the wind nor the rain.

"'Are you coming then?' said Maurice, having made his preparations, and seeing me getting ready to follow.

"'Assuredly,' I replied, 'this mode of fishing appears to me very original.'

"'Aye, Aye,' grumbled he between his teeth, 'it is very original to see a poor devil groping in water up to his waist, when he ought to be asleep in hay up to his chin. Will you take a bill-hook and lantern, and fish likewise, it will be then still more original.'"—pp. 136—138.

The voice of his mistress, sounding in the distance like the muttered thunder before a storm, cut short the dialogue. Away started Maurice at full speed, pursued by Dumas, eager to learn the mode of fishing with a lantern and bill-hook. Maurice had got a considerable start; his waving light in the distance looked like an *ignis fatuus*, and was just as treacherous a guide: ere Dumas had advanced many paces, he tripped over some harness and rolled in the dust and gravel, deriving from the former a complete covering from head to foot, while the latter converted his hands into as pretty a piece of mosaic as could be desired. Maurice was with difficulty induced to halt, and his consolation to the unfortunate traveller was the moral lesson—

"'See now the consequence of going fishing at half-past nine at night.'—p. 142.

They soon reached a mountain stream, issuing from a distant bed of snow, and Maurice, to the great surprise of his companion, began gravely to strip, and invited Dumas to follow his example:

"'Are you really going into the water?' said I.

"'How can you have trout for your breakfast if I do not catch it.'

"'But I have no intention of fishing.'

"'You came to see me fish, did you not?'

"'Certainly.'

"'Well then, off with your pantaloons—but perhaps you had rather wade with pantaloons—you are free to do so—there is no disputing about taste.'

* * * * *

"'This water is frozen!' said I.

"'It comes from the bed of snow, about half a league off,' he replied, missing the force of my exclamation.

"'But Maurice—I will not hear of your going into this water.'

"'Did you not say that you wished for trout at breakfast to-morrow morning?'

"'Certainly,' I replied, 'but I did not know that the gratification of my whim would require that a man, that you, Maurice, should go up to your middle in

this icy stream, at the risk of dying of dysentery within a week—Come away, Maurice, come away.'

"And what will the mistress say?"

"I take all that upon myself—Come away."

"That cannot be," said Maurice, stepping into the water.

"How cannot be?"

"Certainly. You are not the only traveller fond of trout."—pp. 145—149.

Maurice then proceeds to deliver a philippic against the perversity of travellers' tastes; they love trout, and hence he is driven, at the risk of his life, to fish by night in snow-water; they love the chamois, and in consequence, Maurice's fellow servant, Peter, is forced to risk his neck over frightful precipices. Dumas indulges in some very profound reflections on the condition of humanity, but his reveries are interrupted by the extraordinary fishery he witnesses:

"During this time Maurice, who had no suspicion of the reflections his conversation suggested, had waded up to his middle in the stream, and commenced a fishery, of which I had before no notion, and which I would scarcely have believed possible had I not witnessed it. The lantern with its long tube was designed to explore the bed of the torrent, whilst the pipe rising above the surface of the water afforded sufficient air to support the flame of the wick. In this manner, the bed of the stream was revealed by a circle of weak and wavering light, diminishing in brilliancy as it receded from the luminous centre. The trout within the circle, attracted by the light, swam towards the globe like moths fluttering round a candle; then Maurice slowly lifted the lamp with his left hand, while the fish followed the light; as each trout came to the surface, Maurice struck it so adroitly with his bill-hook on the head, that it fell stunned to the bottom, whence it soon rose dead and bloody, and was immediately removed to the pouch which Maurice wore like a game-bag suspended from his shoulders."—p. 151.

Dumas attempted to imitate Maurice; he caught—one small trout, and a very bad cold.

We pass with some reluctance over the visit to the salt mines of Bex, in order to arrive at Martigny, and have our share in the bear-steak, or as our traveller rather Hibernically terms it, *le beef-steak d'ours*, furnished by a liberal host. Dumas at first was rated very low by mine host, because he was a pedestrian whose attire bore evident marks of service; but he won favour by means which we fear would have failed to propitiate the keeper of a hotel in England. But let us give the scene, instead of describing it.

"Will Monsieur take a guide to show him the castle, and explain to him the era of its foundation?"

"Thanks; I can find my road alone; with respect to the age of your castle, it was founded by Peter of Savoy, surnamed the Great, if I remember right, towards the close of the twelfth century."

"Monsieur knows our history as well as we do."

"I thanked him for his intention, as he manifestly thought that he was paying a compliment."

"Oh!" he resumed, "our country was famous formerly; it had a Latin name, sustained great wars, and was the residence of a Roman emperor."

"Yes," replied I, allowing learning to flow from my lips like the professor in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. "Yes, Martigny is the Octodurum of the Celts, and its present inhabitants are descended from the Veragrians, of whom Cæsar, Pliny, Strabo, and Livy, speak, calling them Semi-Germans. About fifty years before Jesus Christ, Sergius Galba, the

Lieutenant of Cæsar, was besieged there by the Sednians. It was there the tyrant Maximian wished to make his army sacrifice to the heathen deities, which caused the martyrdom of St. Maurice, and the entire Theban legion. Finally, when Petronius, the prætorian prefect, was charged to divide Gaul into seventeen provinces, he separated the *Valais* from Italy, and made your town the capital of the Pennine Alps. Is it not so, my good host?"—pp. 187—189.

The host was stupified with admiration; he gazed on the traveller as Meg Merrilies may be supposed to have done on Guy Mannering when he delivered his celebrated lecture on astrology, and had not recovered his speech until the historian had reached the street. There Dumas heard the room ordered for him which the Empress Maria Louisa had occupied in 1829; no trifling reward for his literature, as those can well testify who have had the misfortune of becoming acquainted with the nameless abominations of ordinary Swiss beds.

After a long excursion, Dumas returned to the inn fatigued and hungry. He found the *table d'hôte* occupied, but the effects of his pedantic display were visible in a separate table, on which was laid that delicacy which Apicius himself might envy—a *filet d'ours*. Dumas, to whom the name of bear recalled the association which the Nevilles of Warwick placed in their coat of arms, "the bear and ragged staff," hesitated, before venturing on the unknown luxury. The first morsel was swallowed, the second disappeared, and so delicious was it found, that Dumas could not forbear exclaiming:

"How, can this be bear's flesh?"

"Yes, just bear's flesh."

"Really?"

"On my word of honour."

"Well, it is really excellent."—p. 194.

The host was called away to the other table, and Dumas did that justice to his steak, which might be expected from one whose carnivorous prowess had led to his being described as "the Englishman who spoke French very well." Three-fourths of the dish had disappeared, when mine host returned and resumed the conversation.

"That animal with which you are engaged was a famous beast."

"I assented by a nod."

"He weighed three hundred and twenty."

"A good weight." I did not lose a single mouthful.

"He was not obtained without trouble, I can assure you."

"I can easily believe it." I raised the last morsel to my mouth.

"The fine fellow ate half of the hunter that killed him."

"The morsel flew from my mouth as if shot from a cannon. 'Devil take you!' said I, turning round, 'for joking in this way with a man at dinner.'

"It is no joke, I assure you, but a positive fact."—p. 197.

Mine host then gives his guest so graphic a picture of the bear-hunt, that long before the conclusion of his story all feelings of squeamishness are forgotten.

We should gladly accompany our tourist in his ascent of Mont Blanc, had not the name become so hackneyed by recent travellers that we rarely hear it pronounced without a yawn. The visit to the hospice of St. Bernard begins in farce and

ends in tragedy, an arrangement with which we feel dissatisfied, and therefore we make our bow to Alexander Dumas, saying with sincerity:

— Long live he!
And when he next shall ride abroad,
May we be there to see!

—
From the same.

1. *Œuvres Complètes de Madame la Baronne de Stael Holstein, &c.* 17 vols. 8vo. Paris.
2. *Mélanges de Littérature et de Politique.* Par M. Benjamin Constant. Paris, 1829, 8vo.
3. *Lives of Madame de Stael and Madame Roland.* By Mrs. Child. Boston, 1833.

MADAME DE STAEL was not only the most remarkable woman of her time, but is in one respect strikingly distinguished above all her sex. She is, perhaps, the only woman whom a majority of competent judges would place in the first order of human talent. In surveying the wide circle of literature, art and science, we are naturally disposed to adopt some species of classification—to take a few great names from out of the herd, and to place them in a class by themselves. This first class of master-minds will be smaller or more extensive according to the taste of the individual selecting them, and the degree of his veneration for a few of the leading examples of intellectual greatness; but, if a thousand well-informed persons were required each to produce his first-class list of the eminent in arts, literature and science, however they might vary in other respects, they would probably be found to agree in this—they would either not admit in their first class the name of a woman, or only that of Madame de Stael.

We are unwilling to assign a limit to the faculties of women, or to believe that there is any height of intellectual greatness attained by man to which they are incapable of reaching; nor will we pause to inquire whether, assuming such incapability to be true, mental organization or insufficient culture is the disabling cause. We will abstain from speculation, and point only to the fact,—that in arts and literature *first rate* excellence has never been exhibited by woman. Not even in those arts which demand that quickness of feeling and refinement of taste which woman is presumed most likely to possess, do we find the proficiency we should expect. Music is perhaps more extensively cultivated by women than by men; yet the great composers have all been men. Painting and sculpture might be feminine accomplishments; yet where is the female artist who deserves to be classed with the great masters in those arts? In the lighter and more imaginative branches of literature, which should be most accessible to women, the case is no less striking. Shakspeare in the drama, Milton in Poetry, Scott in romance, are unapproached by female pens. We do not pretend to explain the reason, we only mean to state the fact, and to observe, that to a body of instances so conclusive as might well suffice to constitute a rule, Madame de Stael is perhaps a solitary exception. She is perhaps the only woman who can claim admission to an equality with the first order of manly talent. She was one whom listening senates would have admired,

as though it had been a Burke, a Chatham, a Fox, or a Mirabeau. She was one whom legislators might consult with profit. She was one whose voice and pen were feared, and, because feared, unrelentingly persecuted by the absolute master of the mightiest empire that the world has witnessed since the days of Charlemagne.

This extraordinary woman, though the daughter of a distinguished and affectionate father, cannot be said to have owed much to education. In her childhood she was bandied about between opposite systems. Her mother was a pedantic disciplinarian; her father the celebrated Necker, was in the other extreme indulgent. Under the rule of the former she was crammed with learning to the injury of her health; and when the authority of the latter prevailed, she was for some years suffered to be idle, feed imagination, write pastorals, and plan romances. With an exuberant buoyancy of childish spirit, she was scarcely ever a child in intellect. One of the games of her childhood was to compose tragedies, and make puppets to act them. Before twelve she conversed, with the intelligence of a grown-up person, with such men as Grimm and Marmontel. At fifteen she wrote remarks on the *Esprit des Lois*; at sixteen she composed a long anonymous letter to her father on the subject of his *Compte Rendu*; and Raynal had so high an opinion of her powers, that he wished her to write for his work a paper on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. At the age of twenty she married the Baron de Stael, ambassador from Sweden, and obtained a position, which, if it failed to bring with it all she wished of domestic happiness, at least afforded ampler scope for the exercise of her great abilities. She was enthusiastic, sanguine, and imaginative; and, like many other ardent minds, hers was captivated by those beautiful harbingers of expected liberty, the first fair dawns of the French Revolution, when nothing was sought but exemption from oppression, and subsequent excesses were not foreseen. But though she embraced this cause with ardour, she was not blinded to the change which its character underwent, and did not stubbornly adhere to it when that character was changed. She not only abhorred, but courageously opposed the frightful course towards regicide which revolutionary France was running. After Louis had been brought back a captive from Varennes, she drew up a written plan for his escape from the Tuilleries, and gave it to Montmorin, by whom it was never communicated to the king. She bravely incurred a still greater risk in venturing to publish a defence of the queen, about the frightful commencement of the reign of terror.

After the fall of the Terrorists, Madame de Stael, fearing lest the country should be forced, as she energetically expressed it, "*a retraverser une seconde fois le fleuve du sang*"—anxious for any thing that resembled a re-establishment of order, and comparatively little solicitous about the constitution and materials of the new government, if it would only save from a recurrence of anarchy—lent the aid of her talents in support of the Directory. She became the centre of a political society, combining many distinguished men, among whom was Benjamin Constant, and which laboured to counteract the sinister influence of the Club de Clichy, by which the Directory was vehemently assailed. But the talents of its advocates could do little for the Directory. While

parte was conquering in Italy and in Egypt, dying of its own weakness: a political atrocity seized it. It bore the forms of republicanism without its spirit. It utterly wanted what republican institutions need more, perhaps, than others—the invigorating support of public opinion. It excited no interest; and it was not regarded as an object of fear. Second-rate law were installed in the seats of government, sneers and murmurings of the people. disgusted with the farce at home, looked with satisfaction only at the brilliant spectacle of despotism at a distance; and all was ripe for that domination which Bonaparte was preparing to seize.

Madame de Stael evinced her penetration by an distrust of the character of Bonaparte. As a woman, she was not dazzled by those successes which turned the heads of the men of the day.

She saw the anti-liberal tendency of his character, the dark inherent germ of despotism. She saw that he had seen it long before the revolution.

18th Brumaire, when, treading closely in the steps of Cromwell, but with less of energy and decision in the execution of his measures, he dissolved a legislative assembly by military force; the jeering populace saw the members of the Council of Five Hundred ludicrously escaping in senatorial trappings out of the windows at the Cloud, while the hall was swept by a file of soldiers.

Shortly after the 18th Brumaire," says Madame de Stael, in her *Dix Années d'Exil*, "Bonaparte was informed that I had been speaking strongly in my circle against that dawning oppression, of the progress of which I had as clear a presentiment as if the age of futurity had been revealed to me. Joseph Bonaparte, whose wit and conversation I liked exceedingly, said to me, on one of his visits:—'My brother complains of you. Why, repeated he to me yesterday, does not Madame de Stael attach herself to government?—What does she require?—the payment of her father's deposit?—I will order it. To remain at Paris?—I will permit her to do so. In short, it is it she really wants?'—'*Mon Dieu!*' was my reply, 'the question is, not what I want, but what I like.'"

Soon after this she was consulted by Benjamin Constant on an intended speech against the government. She urged him to make it. He warned her of the consequences, appealing to her love of society and social influence. "Your salon is now crowded with persons whom you like; if I make my speech to-morrow, it will be deserted: think well of it." "We must follow our conviction," was her answer.

The speech was made, and the threatened consequence ensued; and such is Madame de Stael's first quarrel with Bonaparte. It is difficult to analyze the secret motives, and determine the share which wounded vanity might have had in producing coldness, almost from the outset of their acquaintance, between these two celebrated persons. It is plain that the tone and demeanour of the latter were depreciating and repulsive; that he regarded the former as an unwelcome phenomenon, and that his aversion was a mixed feeling, combining jealousy of the admiration which her talents created, with preconceived contempt for the intellect of her sex. Bonaparte's feeling towards women was somewhat akin to that with which the Indian savage views his woman. He never seems to have been able to divest himself of a strong impression of their in-

feriority; and he probably disliked Madame de Stael the more for having subjected his prejudice to so rude a shock. But if his hostility originated in prejudice, it was continued through policy. She would not be other than a source of danger; her interests and his policy were diametrically opposite. Her success was incompatible with the despotism he had meditated. A man of eminent talents might be linked to his fortunes by the chain of office; and the hopes of promotion and the terrors of disgrace might equally be applied to render him subservient: but what equal control could he hope to exercise over equal abilities in the person of a woman? She would be less serviceable, and more dangerous. She would bear the double armoury of strength and weakness, availing herself of the privileges which European chivalry has awarded to the weaker sex, while employing the powerful resources of a masculine reason. To confute her might be impossible; to silence her ungenerous. He could not allure her or fetter her with office; he could offer no boon which could compensate for the absence of that free discussion which he was determined to deny. If he feared her reason, still more did he fear her wit; he had little hope of fettering *that*, even though he made her nominally an adherent. So potent a disenchantress must be ever dangerous to one whose object was to dazzle. Napoleon understood Frenchmen well enough to know that an epigram might be as destructive to his power as an argument. To save himself from the terrors of her tongue, he inflicted the sentence of banishment from Paris. After a protracted infliction of this punishment, he next directed his vengeance against her writings; and it may be truly said that, within a century, the annals of literary persecution contain nothing more extraordinary, than that to which they were exposed by his watchful tyranny.

Her work on Germany, a work chiefly literary, and from which politics were excluded, was in 1810, in obedience to a new decree against the liberty of the press, submitted to the censors previous to publication. They authorized its publication, but demanded the erasure of several passages. We cannot, without a smile of pity and surprise, turn to those passages of which the timid satellites of the most powerful monarch in the world required the suppression. They would not allow her to say that Paris "etoit le lieu du monde ou l'on pouvoit le mieux se passer de bonheur." The present times must not be called "ces temps cruels." She must not say that in Austria "les bases de l'edifice social sont bonnes et respectables, mais il y manque un faite et des colonnes, pour que la gloire et le genie puissent y avoir un temple." She must not say that "un homme peut faire marcher ensemble les elements opposes, mais a sa mort ils se separent." She had said that the conquest which led to the partition of Poland was "une conquete machiavelique." This was allowed to stand, but they suppressed the following part of the sentence, "et l'on ne pouvoit jamais esperer que des sujets ainsi derober fussent fideles a l'escamoteur qui se disoit leur souverain." It was not permissible to say, in speaking of Prussia, that "l'ardent heroisme du malheureux Prince Louis doit jeter encore quelque gloire sur ses compagnons d'armes." The following proposition—"Le bon gout en litterature est, a quelques egards, comme l'ordre sous le despotisme; il importe d'examiner a quel prix

on l'achete"—was not allowed to go forth to the world; nor might she even say that "nous n'en sommes pas, j'imagine, a vouloir elever autour de la France litteraire la grande muraille de la Chine, pour empecher les idees du dehors d'y penetrer."

A book thus sifted by such microscopic detectors of whatever tended towards an anti-despotic liberality of sentiment, might, one should have supposed, been safely given to an enslaved public, whose prejudices were enlisted on the side of despotism, and against the principles which that book espoused. But it was judged otherwise. The decree had sanctioned an entire suppression by the minister of the police, even of works which the censors had permitted; and this power was rigorously exercised. The MS. had been examined and returned,—the exceptionable passages (above quoted) had been expunged,—it had been sent to the publisher, and 10,000 copies had been struck off, when Savary ordered its suppression.—Gendarmes were sent to seize the impressions,—the print was obliterated by a chemical process,—and the restoration of the paper, thus brought back to its blank state, was the only remuneration afforded to the publisher.

But this was not all. The MS. was demanded, and the authoress ordered to quit France in twenty-four hours. She remonstrated, and required that the time should be extended to eight days; a request which Savary granted, but in a letter which served only to blacken the tyrannical injustice of the whole proceeding:—"Votre dernier ouvrage n'est point Français: c'est moi qui en ai arrêté l'impression. Je regrette la perte qu'il va faire éprouver au libraire, mais il ne m'est pas possible de le laisser paraître." "*Your work is not French.* It is impossible for me to suffer it to appear!"—this is the only explanation which this peremptory minister of the emperor's will condescended to give. This was the liberty to which, in twenty-one years from the commencement of her revolution, France had travelled through so much blood.

The proscribed authoress retired to Coppet, to be exposed to fresh persecutions,—persecutions directed not only against herself, but against her family and friends. She was to be wounded through her children. Her sons were excluded from France; and when this impediment to their education was sought to be obviated by placing them under the tutelage of Schlegel, he was ordered to quit the country. An excursion to the baths of Aix in Savoy, for the benefit of the health of one of her sons, was stopped by an order from the prefect of Geneva: and she was soon forbidden to stir more than ten leagues in any direction from her house at Coppet.

With a tyranny as petty as it was powerful, was she vexatiously and needlessly debarred from what formed one of the chief pleasures of her life—society. She was debarred from seeking friends, and friends from seeking her. M. de Montmorency and Mad. Recamier both endeavoured to beguile her solitude; and both were punished by banishment for the crime of friendship. It was deliberately intended to force her into submissive adulation of Napoleon by whatever could render her situation disconsolate and irksome; and not only were the French forbidden to visit her, but even foreigners were warned against the consequences of such a step. At length, by secret flight, she escaped from this miserable thralldom.

England was her intended goal; and in order to reach it she must pass through Russia. Napoleon's far-extended tyranny had left her no direct route. In her "*Dix Annees d'Exil*," the recital of her persecutions and her wanderings, while describing a case of individual suffering, she draws, in fact, a picture of the times. She takes, like Sterne, a single captive and looks with us into the prison:—but what a captive! and what a prison! the captive, herself; the prison—more than half Europe. The most eloquent and comprehensive generalities would not impress us with so strong a sense of the gigantic magnitude and microscopic vigilance of the power which Napoleon wielded.

These persecutions tended to rouse and confirm in Mad. de Stael a stern independence of spirit, which seems to have belonged peculiarly to her character. She was little liable to be dazzled; and that theatrical greatness which so much captivates the minds of Frenchmen had scarcely any influence on hers. She was not blinded by the glory of Napoleon; and she was not deluded by the factitious splendour of Louis XIV. She could estimate at its true value that hollow greatness which had imposed on the shallow penetration of the *soi-disant philosophe*, Voltaire; and she stripped off the delusion with a firm and vigorous hand.

"The reign of Louis XIV., which has been the object of so much poetical adulation, was signalized by every species of injustice; and no one ventured to remonstrate against the abuses of a government which was itself a continual abuse. Fenelon alone raised his voice; in the eyes of posterity that is sufficient. This monarch, who was so scrupulous upon religious dogmas, was not at all so in regard to good morals, and it was only during the period of his adversity that he displayed real virtues. Up to the moment of his misfortunes we feel no sort of sympathy with him; then only did native grandeur re-appear in his soul.

"We boast of the noble edifices which Louis XIV. erected. But we know by experience, that in all countries where the deputies of the nation do not protect the money of the people, it is easy to procure it for every species of expenditure. The pyramids of Memphis cost more labour than the embellishments of Paris, and yet the despots of Egypt found it easy to employ their slaves in building them.

"Must we also give Louis XIV. credit for the great writers of his time? He persecuted the Port Royal, of which Pascal was the head; he exiled Fenelon; he was constantly opposed to the honours which people wished to pay to Lafontaine; and he professed to admire no one but Boileau. Literature, in exalting him so excessively, did much more for him, than he for literature. A few pensions to literary men will never produce much influence on real talent. Genius looks only to glory, and glory is but the reflection of public opinion.

The position of Necker, or the scenes amidst which the youth of Mad. de Stael was passed, gave her politics a paramount importance; and it was natural that her genius should have found its earliest development in her political writings. Her early efforts in poetry, fiction, criticism, and metaphysics, were in a great measure weak, wild, crude, and illogical—those on politics were pointed and discriminating, just in thought, and eloquent in expression. The first of her acknowledged political writings appeared in 1792. It was an article in "*Les Independans*," a journal edited by Lacroix and Suard, in which she endeavour-

r, though not successfully, to solve a difficult problem, the solution of which is eminently due in times of political excitement. She distinctly and succinctly states the difficulty existed at that moment—

"The right side of the Assembly, known by the name of *Aristocrats*, maintains that terror enchains the majority of the nation. A portion all side, distinguished by name *Jacobins*, until the resistance which it meets with, can amount to old abuses. Both parties are agreed in agreeing to the general will, the one, however, with its two contrary to examples and the other simpler too contrary to arguments, relies either upon the existence of a majority which appears, or on that of a majority always in motion."

It is, however, in the merit only of having shown the difficulty, not of having been point out the remedy.

Next she published was highly creditable on its eloquence and the moral courage it displayed. It was called "*Reflexions sur la Paix*," and appeared in Aug. 1793. In this she bravely and ably advocated the cause of an injured and defenceless woman. It is a touching appeal to feeling. It was also an appeal to the judgment of the public, and it addressed in the selection of topics and the style its defence. It shielded the queen from the charge of having too much influenced the king—ad that this influence was overrated,—that she continued minister in spite of her,—and, more, that he had even procured the dismissal of other ministers, Turgot and Necker, of Marie Antoinette was known to have apprized that her only exertions of successful influence were in procuring the dismissal of Calonne and the appointment of the Archbishop of Sens in his place; and for this France had reason to thank her. Madame de Stael exposes the sophistical calumnies that on account of her Austrian extraction had been hostile to France. She speaks of her father's devotion to her husband and children, and draws a touching and eloquent picture of her feelings. Among appeals *ad misericordiam* is a most dignified we remember. In answer to a question triumphantly asked: "Serez-vous de ceux qui plaignent un roi plus qu'un autre?" she courageously answers: "Oui, je le suis; mais ce n'est point par la suite de la royauté, c'est par le culte sacré de la loi. Je sais que la douleur est une sensation que qu'elle se compose des habitudes, des idées, des contrastes, du caractère enfin, et que la chute, et le soulèvement de chaque degré."

As written in 1793, about the terrible comment of the Reign of Terror. In 1796 she produced two pamphlets, the first entitled "*Reflexions sur la Paix, adressées à M. Pitt et aux Français*," the latter, "*Crimes sur la Paix intérieure*,"—productions clever and to be deemed eloquent and able, whatever pen they might have proceeded from, as youthful and female performances, certainly remarkable. The tone and object was praiseworthy. In each the predominance which, both incidentally and directly, heavoured to enforce was this—that the friends of republicanism who are friends of order,

and the principles of royalists who are friends of liberty are essentially identical. She evinces in these a remarkable degree of political prescience, and appears to have foreseen, even at that early period, the eventual consolidation of a military despotism, to which the troubled state of France was tending. In all these early political productions she has evinced a vigour of thought and soundness of judgment, which are not equally conspicuous in her early metaphysical, critical, and imaginative writings,—and which tend to show that this was the direction to which her genius naturally inclined. The greatest result of her genius, thus following its natural bent, was that most powerful of her literary performances, which did not appear until after her death,—the "*Considérations sur la Révolution Française*."

It is impossible to read this work without being impressed with the comprehensiveness of mind which the writer displays, the discriminating clearness with which she unveils the springs of action, and lays open the interior movements of the political machine, the depth and originality of her thoughts, and the vivid brilliancy of her copious eloquence. Her style, like that of Burke, flows onward in discursive splendour, blending, like him, philosophical deductions with graphic imagery; now condensing wisdom into aphorisms, and now delighting us with the grace of poetical illustration. We feel as if commentary could do no more—as if we might have ampler, abler, and more accurate histories of those portentous times of political trouble than any that have yet been written, but that comment and deduction have been exhausted—that of all sound, acute and philosophical remarks which the circumstances of those times can elicit, the germ will be found in this one work. Yet, much as admiration is excited, there will be mingled with it at the close a certain feeling of disappointment. It will be felt that it is not so satisfactory as a work of such genius ought to be. It wants connexion and unity of design, an ostensible object, a plain and intelligible purpose and plan. She had, in fact, in writing it, no single purpose. To justify the political conduct of her father, to prove that France was capable of constitutional freedom, and that its model might be the constitution of England, were among the primary objects which she appears to have proposed to herself; but none of these stand forward prominent and single; and we frequently lose sight of them all. The political life of Necker is kept more distinct, and her object (his justification) rendered more obvious than the other purposes which she had in view; but this is nevertheless perhaps the least valuable part of her work. That which to him partiality seemed so important seems much less so to the world at large; and that same partiality, though we cannot disapprove of it, renders her an advocate on whom we are unwilling to rely.

Not only does the want of unity of purpose militate against the effectiveness of her work, but there is an ambiguity in its form and structure which conduce to the same unfavourable results. It is both history and essay, and yet it is neither a complete essay nor a good history. As a history it would be almost useless. It is little calculated, except for those who are already versed in the annals of the times over which it travels. It has not the interest, nor does it afford the information of a full, flowing and connected narrative. Many things are implied and alluded to, but little is

r. but also through an appeal to the affection. But comparatively cold and chilling is the philosophy of Madame de Stael, and little to the advancement of man considered as a social being. Her theory tends to denaturalize, to check the warm emotions of his nature, and this with a view to secure his happiness. Thus fervour, friendship, and parental, filial, conjugal love, are not allowed in her doctrine to be admitted to the rank of resources. They are considered only intermediate between the stormy passions and those resources which are in ourselves.

Friendship, parental, filial and conjugal affections, with some characters, religion, have many of the inconveniences of the passions; while in others the affections supply most of the advantages of the passions which we find within ourselves. The existence in other words the want of a certain return for them, is the point of resemblance by which friendship and the feelings of nature remind us of the feelings of love; and when religion partakes of fanaticism that I have said of the spirit of party commingles with it.

It is even when friendship and natural sentiments are excluded from exigence, when religion is without fanaticism, cannot include such affections in the class of resources which we find in our own bosoms, for modified sentiments make happiness still dependent upon chance. If you are separated from a friend, if the parents, the children, the husband, or the wife, fate has given to you, are unworthy of your happiness which these ties might promise you to be in your power; and as to religion, that forms the basis of its enjoyments—the intensity of its enjoyment—is a gift absolutely independent of us; without a firm belief, we must still acknowledge the power of religious ideas; but it is beyond the power of the human being to make himself sure of happiness by religion.

There is weakness and sophistry in this passage. The grounds on which she proscribes the passions as sources of happiness, would tend to exclude all human pursuits. Uncertainty and disappointment are contingencies incident alike to every course of thought and feeling, to every exertion of human exertion. If the possibility that might befall us in any purpose of our heart is sufficient to banish that purpose from the catalogue of resources—if hope is to be destroyed, and foreboding fear installed in its stead, it is vain that Madame de Stael holds forth the idea that we have in fact any resources.

What are those which she holds forth? Study, beneficence, and the *pococurantism*, which are the basis of her philosophy. Of these, the two former are liable to be frustrated. The intent and the power to do good are not sufficient to command success. Study may fail in attaining its desired reward, and circumstances over which we have no control may arrest it in its course. The object there must be, and the object may be far off, like the *mirage* in the desert, which had beguiled the thirsty traveller with the appearance of water. Yet we repeat, some object must be; for no reasoning being of sound mind will long continue to cherish the blossom, without bestowing a thought on the fruit that is ripening below. Are then study and beneficence not vain, because disappointment and failure are incident to them? Upon Madame de Stael's philosophy they are not, and yet she offers them as

Her chapter "de la Philosophie," in which she proposes this imaginary boon as an antidote to unhappiness, is one of the most unphilosophic she ever wrote. Her philosopher is not the useful, practical, social being, who makes his philosophy shine through his actions; but a morbid *faineant*, whose dreamy existence could scarcely be rendered supportable but by the absorbing illusions of monomania. Her philosophy, she tells us, is not insensibility. Yet "quand la philosophie s'empare de l'ame, elle commence, sans doute, par lui faire mettre beaucoup moins de prix à ce qu'elle possède, et à ce qu'elle espère." If this is not a tendency towards insensibility, we know not what that word can mean. She tells us "La philosophie, dont je crois utile et possible aux ames passionnées d'adopter les secours, est de la nature la plus relevée." For the attainment and exercise of this philosophy, we are afterwards told "il faut de la solitude," and yet she tells us a little farther on, that "la solitude est, pour les ames agitées par de grandes passions, une situation très dangereuse." This is true—but does it not follow from thence that the philosophy which demands solitude is not exactly that of which it will be "utile et possible aux ames passionnées d'adopter les secours?" As for what she says of "la satisfaction que donne la possession de soi, acquise par la méditation"—"le bonheur que trouve un philosophe dans la possession de soi"—"une sorte d'abstraction dont la jouissance est cependant réelle," by which "on s'élève à quelque distance de soi-même pour se regarder, penser et vivre"—"la solitude est le premier des biens pour le philosophe"—"cette douce mélancolie, vrai sentiment de l'homme, résultat de sa destinée, seule situation de cœur, qui laisse à la méditation toute son action et toute sa force"—all these are mere phrases, which practically have no real significance or value.

In the last part of this treatise she is obliged to explain away many of the conclusions to which we should have been led by the preceding observations, and to neutralize what she felt to be the evil tendency of some of its speculations. She does this still more at length in a work written many years afterwards,—her "Reflexions sur le Suicide,"—in which she is at much pains to exculpate herself from the imputation of being an advocate of suicide, or at least of regarding it too indulgently, an imputation thoroughly warranted, both by certain passages in the "Influence des Passions" and the tenor of several of her tales. The "Reflexions" are not distinguished by any particular vigour, brilliancy, or originality of thought, but they are right-minded, and serve at least the purpose of clearing the authoress from the imputation of having entertained pernicious opinions on this subject during the latter years of her life.

Madame de Stael may be added to the number of those great poets who are poetical only in prose. The mechanical difficulties of metre appear to have been a clog to her imagination; and in none of what would be called, in common parlance, her poetical compositions, (which are few) does she rise above mediocrity. But how brilliant is the poetry of her prose writings! It is difficult to cite instances; they are too numerous for selection. *Corinne*, perhaps, presents a greater abundance of examples than any other single work; but whenever the subject admitted poetical adornment, there was it always found; and even such

subjects as did not invite it—politics, for example, and metaphysical disquisitions, were illustrated with the Promethean fire of a poet's mind. It is no longer regarded as a startling proposition that poetry can exist without verse, and verse without poetry. The literature of every country will afford numerous instances of this truth, sufficiently convincing to the minds of all who can feel what poetry really is. Our own literature affords many examples, high among which are the names of Jeremy Taylor, and of Burke, poets who never wrote a line of verse—at least of none that deserves to be remembered. The literature of France, where conventional formalities subjected the imagination to severe trammels, is richer still in instances of this kind. If we were asked who were the greatest poets of France, we would assuredly say—not Boileau, or Racine,—not Voltaire, or Gresset, or Delille—not those who had executed most successfully a graceful dance in metrical chains—not the accomplished surmounters of verbal difficulties, who constructed their distiches according to the ingenious rule of Boileau, beginning first with the second line, and were ever regardful of metrical etiquette in the orthodox assortment of male and female rhymes. No—the most poetical minds of France have been those whose capacities could not so successfully stoop to ingenuities of so low an order. Fenelon, Buffon, St. Pierre, Rousseau, and Chateaubriand, have been more truly poets than any rhymesters which France had produced under the *ancienne regime*, and to this list we can add no name which exhibits a more striking instance of this fact than that of Madame de Stael.

As a novelist, Madame de Stael is less entitled to admiration than as a writer on politics and criticism. We have already mentioned that the bent of her genius displayed itself early in a successful predilection for subjects of a political kind. Her early critical writings, the *Lettres sur Rousseau* and *Essai sur les Fictions*, though faulty, were full of ability, and gave ample promise of future excellence. But we cannot turn to her first attempts in novel writing without being sensible of a marked inferiority—without even feeling that they are destitute of promise that works like *Delphine* or *Corinne* would ever proceed from the same pen. In 1795, she published four short tales, all bad in design and weak in execution. A statement of their subjects will give some idea of their lamentable deprivation of moral taste, and the coarse and morbid appetite for excitement which they tend to pamper. Three of them are tales of suicide; and in the fourth, sentiments favourable to suicides are expressed. In *Adelaide et Theodore*, a mother waits to give birth to her child; destroys herself immediately afterwards, and dies, pronouncing (as if that were enough!) the name of the child she had so cruelly abandoned. In *Mirza*, an African tale, we are introduced to sentimental savages, such assuredly as are to be found in no realms but those of fiction. An unmarried negress becomes romantically attached to Ximeo, a married negro, and when he is about to be sold, offers herself as a slave in his stead, that he may live happily with his wife, her rival. He, with equal generosity, declines the sacrifice; and the slave merchants are about to avail themselves of the romantic conflict, in order to carry off both into captivity, when the governor “s’avance, comme un ange de lumiere,” and exclaims, “Soyez libres tous deux; je vous rends a

votre pays comme a votre amour. Tant de grandeur d’ame eut fait rougir l’Europeen qui vous auroit nomme ses esclaves.” Both are set at liberty, and Ximeo’s predicament of a conflicting double attachment, and double obligation, the African marriage rite and the tie of gratitude, is all conveniently dissolved by Mirza, who, “pour aneantir le souvenir de son inconstance,” commits suicide:—and we are left in doubt which of these two recited acts of self-devotion—the voluntary encounter of slavery, or of death, is to be accounted the most meritorious. In *Zulma*, another tale of savage life and suicide, a young South American having killed her Spanish lover in a fit of jealousy, and being justly condemned to death, cheats justice by killing herself at the place of execution, and dies exclaiming, “je vais rejoindre Fernand dans ce sejour ou il ne pourra cherrir que moi, ou l’homme est degage de tout ce qui n’est pas l’amour et la vertu;” and the act and the exclamation are held up to our notice as admirable traits! *Pauline* is the history of a woman, whose infidelities during her first marriage are mentioned in the presence of her second husband, and the statement is resented by him as calumny. She confesses its truth; nevertheless, he is engaged in a duel in which he kills his opponent. She dies of a fever, but with suicidal feelings, courting death as a relief, and exclaiming, “nous nous reunirons dans le ciel—ne pense pas qu’une imagination fanatique exagere a mes yeux des fautes que mes remords ont effacees devant Dieu—je crois qu’il me les a pardonnees, et j’expire sans crainte.” These tales are curious examples of the weakness of a strong intellect—of the perversion of a good disposition. But they are illustrations not only of Madame de Stael’s taste and moral sense at that period, but of the sad depravation of public feeling which could so lower a naturally powerful and well-intentioned mind.

From these obliquities of moral sense Madame de Stael was not emancipated, when in 1803 she produced the novel of *Delphine*. The ability of this work is incontestable, and it is equally true that it cannot claim the praise of being moral and rightminded; nor has the defence of its moral tendency which Madame de Stael thought herself called upon to make sufficed to confute the prevalent objections. Her “*Reflexions sur le but moral de Delphine*,” are, for the work of one so able, singularly weak and inconclusive. She says,

“I never meant to offer *Delphine* as a model for imitation; my motto proves that I blame both Leonce and *Delphine*; but I conceive that it was both useful and strictly moral to show how a superior intellect may commit more faults than mediocrity itself, if a reason equally powerful with the intellect is not united with it; and in what manner a generous and feeling heart may expose itself to many enemies, if it does not submit to the rules of rigid morality. The more wind there is in the sails, the greater is the force required to steer the vessel. When Richardson was asked, why he had made *Clarissa* so unhappy? “It is because I could never forgive her for leaving her father’s house,” was his reply. I might also say with truth, that I have not in my romance pardoned *Delphine* for giving way to her attachment to a married man, although that attachment remained a pure one. I have not pardoned her the acts of imprudence which the pliancy of her character led her to commit, and I have presented all her misfortunes as being the immediate consequences of them.”

There is not a little sophistry in this passage. It is true, as Madame de Stael has told us, that the greater part of Delphine's misfortunes were the consequences of her actions—that she disregarded the opinion of the world, and that injury to herself was the result. True;—but this will not render Delphine a moral work, if these evil results are made to appear the heroine's misfortune, rather than her fault. Our sympathies are so strongly enlisted on her side, and she is exhibited in so interesting a light, that whatever our judgments may decide, our hearts at least are made to tell us that if she and society are at variance, it is rather society which ought to be remodelled, than that Delphine should be turned aside from the well-intentioned course of her enthusiastic errors. In the preceding passage we find "un cœur généreux et sensible," placed in opposition to "la rigidité de la morale," as if these were incompatible. Right cannot be opposed to right. Moral qualities, such as generosity and sensibility, cannot be opposed to the strictest morality. They can be represented as being at variance only through some perversion of language; and either it is not true generosity, or it is not strict morality, but some counterfeit which assumes the name, to the injury of that which is pure and true.

But the whole groundwork of her moral, even as represented in her defence, is unsound. The "epigraphe" to which she refers for justification is this: "Man must learn to brave opinion, woman to submit to it." This deceptive sentence may at the first glance seem replete with worldly wisdom; but, nevertheless, it is deceptive. If it means only that men may do many things with impunity which women cannot do, that the breath of censure injures most easily the delicate purity of the female character, it propounds nothing but needless truism—it utters only a proposition which when heard must be instantly assented to; but which adds no more to our stock of knowledge than the being told that in the latitude of England there is always daylight at mid-day. But if it means that, when exposed on different accounts to the same amount of unjust censure, the man should through evil report persist in doing that which he believes to be right, but that the woman should timidly desist, it asserts that to which no rightminded person can conscientiously assent. A different line of conduct may be required by difference of sex, even as among men it is required by difference of circumstance and position; but there can be no abstract rule of right which is not equally binding upon all. What is this "opinion" which man must brave and to which woman must submit? Is it good, or evil? There lies the real question. If it is good, man must yield to its dictates as much as woman.—If it is evil, woman is bound to brave it as resolutely as man. There can be no compromise for either sex. The boasted precept which Madame de Stael holds forth in justification of her work, is, after all, merely the assertion of a very low and unworthy ground of action. It enforces attention to mere conventional proprieties, and a paramount regard for the cold lessons of worldly expediency. Thus teaches the "epigraphe" which Madame de Stael has quoted; but, in spite of her professions, not so taught Madame de Stael. She has shown her real disapprobation of this worthless maxim, in the inefficient, the almost ironical, manner in which she has attempted to enforce it. In truth she does not enforce it; but unhappily she had no better rule of right to

substitute, and thus under the most favourable view, her work, even if it does not mislead (which may be asserted with much reason) leaves us at sea without a compass. A purer morality displays itself in *Corinne*, a morality which, as is well observed by Constant, is rather the result than the object of her novel, and, though incapable of being defined in a compressed form within the compass of a single sentence, emanates from the whole context of the work, and is embodied in the pure, amiable, and elevating impression which the perusal of it excites. It is better, perhaps, that a work of fiction should thus appeal to the disposition through the medium of the imagination, than that it should attempt to impress upon the judgment, by the most logical demonstration, the absolute certainty of a moral axiom.

We must now view in other lights Madame de Stael's character as a novelist. Her success in this branch of composition was less than her genius might have led us to expect; but, if she fell below reasonable expectation, it was assuredly from no deficiency of general ability, but because her ability was not of the requisite description. Her talent was not sufficiently dramatic. In a novel, as in a play, though in less degree, feelings and sentiments must be displayed, not merely as they exist in the mind, but as they exhibit themselves in word and action. This Madame de Stael did not sufficiently effect; nor did she impart sufficient movement to her story, nor attend with the requisite skill and patience to those artifices of arrangement on which the interest of a novel in no slight measure depends. One faculty, however, highly essential to the success of a novelist, she did possess in an eminent degree—the faculty of delineating character. She had the power of exhibiting character both by a few bright touches of epigrammatic force, and by a long and unobtrusive course of minute and delicate delineation—both directly and indirectly—both by description of the qualities of mind and manner, and (though without pretension to dramatic effect) by showing them as displayed in word and action. Some of her fictitious characters are truly masterpieces, and would be alone sufficient to support the credit of the novels in which they are to be found. Never was there a more successful example of true and delicate discrimination than her character of the Comte d'Erfeuil in *Corinne*; and it possesses the rare merit of being not only a vivid and consistent portrait of an imaginary individual, but of an individual who represents a nation, and in whom are embodied all the most amiable peculiarities of the country to which he belongs. No one can follow this personage through the tale in which he figures, without being better acquainted with the French character, without possessing a clue to their foibles, and at the same time, being disarmed of any violent prejudice he had entertained against them. In the characters of Oswald and Corinne, we have similar attempts to embody with the portraiture of an individual the prevailing attributes of a nation; and we should have thought the attempts not wanting in success if they had not been brought into unfavourable comparison with the more successful picture of D'Erfeuil. Madame de Vernon, in *Delphine*, is an inimitable representation of social Machiavelism. Delphine herself is ably drawn, and the difference with which an excitable and enthusiastic temperament displays itself in her and in Leonce is very happily discriminated. M. de Mendocce, the old Spanish

diplomatist, in the same novel, and M. de Mal-
tignes in *Corinne*, though slightly sketched, occur
to us also as signal instances of her skill in draw-
ing characters. If she had been equally endowed
with the other requisites of novel writing, she
must have attained a success in this branch of
composition which would have left almost all com-
petitors at a distance.

As a critic, Madame de Stael must occupy a
high place. Her views were philosophical and
expansive; her appreciation of excellence was ge-
nerous and acute. She sometimes appeared too
indulgent, and little accurate in her favourable
judgments; but it was chiefly because she disdained
that minute detection of the unimportant blem-
ishes and informalities of literature in which cor-
rect criticism is often imagined to consist. Bred
in a land, and writing in a language, in which nar-
row-minded criticism has been most frequently
displayed, she emancipated herself from the con-
ventional habits which belonged to that land. She
soared above an attention to forms, and extended
her views to the essentials of literary excellence.
Her work on Germany abounds with instances of
this enlightened spirit of literary criticism; and the
chapter "De la Poesie" deserves especially to be
cited. We must consider the time and the lan-
guage in which she wrote before we can do full
justice to the expansiveness and liberality of her
critical opinions. Principles which are now re-
ceived as axioms, would thirty years ago have
been stigmatised as paradoxes. They would have
been so considered even in this country; and nar-
rowness of judgment on matters of literature was
much more prevalent in France. It is therefore
highly creditable to Madame de Stael, that she
should have been among the first of the new and
more philosophical school of critics—of those who,
without wasting an almost exclusive attention on
the conventional forms of literary composition,
have looked rather at those intrinsic qualities in
which literary excellence, under whatever form,
will be ultimately found to consist. As a critic,
she deserves very high praise; but not the high-
est. She was liberal and enlightened in her judg-
ments, but she was not sufficiently dispassionate
and patient. Some faults she also had which
sprung out of her very excellencies. She was
warm and enthusiastic in her approbation of me-
rit, but she was guided by the impulse of tempora-
ry feeling, and gave expression to praises which
cool judgment could not justify. She abhorred a
trivial and minute criticism; and generalization
was the favourite habit of her mind. But in gene-
ralizing she was sometimes extravagant; she
classified broadly in defiance of facts, and leapt to
conclusions that could not be supported. Such
was her attempt to divide the literature of Europe
into two classes, that of the north and that of the
south, to give to each its distinguishing charac-
teristic, and to deduce the origin of the former
from Ossian, and of the latter from Homer. Such
is her sweeping assertion, that the literature of
the Latin nations, i. e. French, Spanish, and Ita-
lian, is copied from the ancients, and retains the
tinge of polytheism; that of the Teutonic nations,
at the head of which are England and Germany,
is modified by a spiritual religion, and based on
chivalry. Madame de Stael, in making this broad
distinction, appears to have forgotten that chival-
ry and romance flourished first among the Latin
nations, that the strong hold of chivalrous litera-
ture was Spain, and that it penetrated subsequent-

ly and slowly into the north, and chiefly th-
the channel of the Italian and Provençal w-
This disposition to generalize upon a partic-
superficial view of facts renders Madame de
an unsafe guide through the wide fields of
tation. An impatience to arrive at some st-
conclusion, at some comprehensive rule, lea-
to overlook the inconvenient exceptions
may happen to beset her path. This und-
of classification was the only point in which
dame de Stael partook at all of the narrow
of French criticism. In all other respects sh-
above it; and even some of her faults as a
were of so opposite a character, that they b-
of use with reference to France; for it is only
swinging to the opposite extreme, that ta-
length settles into the "*juste milieu*" of r-
and correctness.

We regard the critical writings of Mada-
Stael as the greatest boon she gave to Fr-
and greatest among these, that for which sh-
fered the bitterest persecution, her cele-
work on Germany. There was, perhaps, no
country of which she could have held up th-
ture more profitably before the eyes of her
We say this, not because German literatu-
forded models which it was most advisab-
France to follow, but because it was most
site to French literature in its general char-
istics—because the display of its qualities t-
to afford to a narrow-minded public a bette-
tion of the extensive range which literatur-
braced, than that of a country more congenia-
their own; and because, in exhibiting the s-
cle of emancipation from literary shackles i-
ed by the French on another people, they
learn, from the same shackles, to eman-
themselves. It taught and exemplified th-
portant truth, that in order to be vigorous
rature must be *national*. It must result, no-
the imitation even of approved and classica-
dels, but must bear the genuine flavour of i-
tive soil.

Germany alone afforded a striking exampl-
country in which, within a brief period, and
out any sensible alteration in the state of civ-
tion and science, might be observed both th-
tire absence and the successful acquisition
national literature. Till the middle of the
teenth century, the situation of Germany w-
ry remarkable. In science, in inventions, in
ology, in metaphysics, it had attained an en-
station; but it had no national literature—n-
ter in the German language whose name
known among foreign nations; none even of
Germany itself was proud. The yoke of F-
was upon its lighter literature. The cold ar-
spirit of the age of Louis XIV., by which F-
had deadened its own natural energies, had
brought to press with double weight as a b-
incubus upon the smothered spirit of Ger-
The spell was at length broken: a great lit-
revolution suddenly commenced, aided by th-
tuitous concurrence of some powerful and or-
minds; and Germany, from being destitute
national literature, emerged into the poss-
of a literature the most characteristic exh-
by any European people. It was a liter-
which bore impressed upon it not only the ch-
ter of the nation, but the peculiar circumst-
of its own birth. It was born, not like the i-
native literature of other countries in the ir-
of civilization and philosophy, but in the ti-

vigour. It therefore displayed, un- with which we are acquainted, the nites of age and childhood. It was passionate and fanciful, like the un- odies of the savage bard—keen, ab- and speculative, like the cogitations dished votary of philosophical inves- exhibit this literary emancipation of d the use it made of its new liberty, ous and praiseworthy task underta- ne de Stael; and she executed it with y. To travel, not over the face of a over the intellect of its people; to al and mental portrait of a nation, gely yet comprehensively, and divest- rse, unfair breadth of delineation, by al portraiture are frequently disfi- ed a mind of the highest order, en- ualities of a rare description.

our opinion, a wide interval in point veen Madame de Stael's work on l her other critical writings. Her 'ousseau was a production too youth- r made a subject of comparison; but *De la Littérature*, her *Essai sur les*

De l'Esprit des Traductions, pro- ore recent date, and the last of which e latest of her writings, are compa- rient in vigour and in justness of betray frequent marks of inaccuracy. *l'Essai sur les Fictions* her opi- markably narrow and meagre, found- artial view of the specimens of ficti- tion then in existence, and written sciousness of the capabilities of this rature, and of the almost boundless s been thrown open under the auspi- lter Scott. She dislikes the marvel- —takes a view of it too little poetical, y utilitarian—seems too much to be t it proves—and is singularly silent o Eastern romance. She, however, nds the superior utility of fictions

human nature as we see it now ex- opounds as their best object the de- d portraiture of the passions. She e excessive and engrossing introduc- s a subject of romance, and adduces ms as an instance of a novel which is ithout it. In her criticisms on other lists, she gives rather more than due philosophical and moral tendency of m Jones; and does not perceive that le inspiring distrust in specious ap- d in attempting to unveil hypocrisy, need license, and wounded the vir- is the object of hypocrisy to assume. writings of Madame de Stael, (and especially her work on Germany,) which she has exercised most influ- iterature of her own country. To uence which she has exercised will sonably slight. To those who seek s of such influence only in instances ation, it will, indeed, seem almost m has there existed a great writer a so little imitated by others. But f such direct imitations is in truth retted. They usually present to us, ic spirit of the model, but those tricks ms which, if not deformities, at any repetition even in the original, and lerable in the copies. Madame de .—No. 149.

Stael has escaped the injury of being travestied by vulgar imitators, while at the same time she has exercised an extensive but indirect influence upon the literature of France. She was foremost in promoting a daring spirit of literary adventure—in encouraging the abandonment of those ancient models to which, in spite of the shock of its political revolution, the taste of France still resolutely clung. She was among the first who caused innovation in literature to be associated, not with barbarism, but with cultivated genius; and taught the French to become ashamed of that Chinese wall of pedantic exclusiveness by which they had been proud to be circumscribed. Voltaire, with all his boasting, had by no means effected this; nor indeed could he be expected to emancipate others who was himself a slave to literary prejudice. Ducis, who fancied himself a benefactor because he had contrived to gallicise Shakspeare, wanted the genius to do what he intended; and inasmuch as he never could divest himself even with Shakspeare before his eyes, of the conventional trammels of the French school, he cannot be supposed to have imparted to his countrymen much genuine enlargement of taste. Madame de Stael is the true leader, we will not say of the romantic school, but rather of those who, despising such frivolous distinctions, have felt that the literature of France must be—not classical or romantic—but *national*, in order to rise with renovated vigour. Writers like Delavigne, Lamartine, Beranger, De Vigny, and Victor Hugo, are in no respect imitators of Madame de Stael; but they have profited by that stimulus to originality which her writings have conveyed. Her writings have, beyond all others, vanquished the influence of that mocking spirit of depreciating illiberality which, in France, had long tended rather to cripple genius, than to repress the encroachments of bad taste. She exalted enthusiasm in the place of fastidiousness, and has aided the modest and sensitive man of genius in giving a free scope to his imagination, and in daring to be "himself."

Let not these benefits be denied because too many rank and noxious weeds may have resulted from her endeavours to fertilize the literary soil of France. Such will ever be liable to spring up by the side of the fair flowers and wholesome fruits of literature. But would we, because such may be among the consequences of fertility, reduce the soil again to barrenness? The latter state excludes all hope of amelioration; the former, while it gives us cause for fear, affords us also much reason to be sanguine. A newly acquired appetite for the excitement of novelty and originality will frequently be carried to a vicious extreme. There will, for some time, be a rising demand for stimulants of increased power; and men who have not the genius wherewith to place themselves in the foremost rank, will endeavour to obtain that place, and force themselves upon the public attention by coarseness, vehemence, and extravagance. But we may confidently expect a reaction. The effect of such stimulants is short-lived: they soon pall; and writers cannot long outvie each other without pushing extravagance to a ludicrous or disgusting excess. In this country there was once an appetite, in some respects similar, for coarse and extravagant stimulants, liberally pampered by the baser part of a very rich portion of our literature—the dramatic literature of the age of Elizabeth. The better

portions of this literature are but too little known, while much of it has sunk into merited obscurity. We allude to such works, not with a view of instituting any comparison between them and those of the present day (which we still more strongly condemn,) in France, but to illustrate the fact that a newly raised and luxuriant literature is liable to be encumbered by such noxious weeds. We, after the lapse of numerous generations, forget the evil, and remember only the good. We overlook the obscure literary deformities of that splendid period, and remember with pride that it produced a Shakspeare, and was succeeded by a Milton. That genius will arise in France which will similarly dignify the province of imaginative literature, it is vain to predict, for genius is heaven-born and fortuitous, and depends comparatively little upon culture; but we are sure that, wherever existing in France, it is more likely to emerge advantageously, and to assume its true dimensions under the operation of that literary freedom which Madame de Stael has promoted, than under a system of careful adherence to the study and imitation of the best models of the "Augustan age" of French literature.

From the same.

1. *Voyage en Turcomanie et a Khiva fait en 1819 and 1820*, par M. N. Mouraviev. Revue par MM. Eyries et Klaproth. Paris, 1825. 8vo.
2. *Voyage d'Orenbourg a Boukhara, fait en 1820*, redigé par M. le Baron Georges de Meyendorff, et revue par M. le Chevalier Amedee Jaubert. Paris, 1826. 8vo.

THE political and social condition of Central Asia, after having been almost wholly neglected since the days of Marco Polo and Rubruquis, has recently attracted some share of the attention which its importance seems to demand. When Russia became mistress of the countries between the Black Sea and the Caspian, and virtually of the seas themselves, it was reasonably suspected that such an ambitious power might direct its views further to the east and south, and attempt in our days to realize the project of the Macedonian Alexander, by founding universal dominion on the monopoly of the commerce between Europe and Asia. There has been also for some years a growing belief that sufficient advantage has not been taken of our position in India to extend British commerce. A glance at the map of Asia shows mighty rivers, not very distant from the presidencies, through which our manufactures might be conveyed into the very heart of Asia, and it was known that these facilities, from some cause or other, had been either altogether overlooked, or at least used to a very limited extent. The publication of Heeren's *Researches*, of which an English translation has only recently been completed, gave a new stimulus to inquiry; that indefatigable scholar had traced out with unrivalled industry and ability the great commercial routes of antiquity; the sources of the wealth possessed by Babylon, by Tyre, and by the Greek cities of Asia; he had shown that some trade still travelled in the same directions, and he thus suggested the possibility of again opening the ancient marts, and restoring them to their former efficiency.

Fortunately, the three subjects of inquiry, the feasibility of the imputed designs of Russia, the possibility of establishing an extensive commerce between the Indo-British cities and central Asia, and the probability of a considerable portion of Asiatic trade being again directed into its ancient channels, must all be determined by the same analysis, an examination of the countries between Russia and India. Still more fortunately, ample means have been provided for such an examination, not only by the Russian travellers, with whose works we have headed this article, but also in the Correspondence of Jacquemont, the French naturalist, reviewed in our Number before last, and in the still more recent works of two of our own travellers, Lieutenant Conolly,* and Lieutenant Burnes,† of whom their country has just reason to be proud. In one or other of these works information may be found respecting almost every point connected with our inquiries, and it is our purpose to select from each of them such portions of that information as appear to us of importance in guiding our decisions.

In an article which appeared in the Eighth Number of this Review (pp. 574—601,) it was shown that the advantages which Russia was supposed to have derived from the acquisition of the Caucasian provinces, had been greatly over-rated: that the wild tribes over whom she had established nominal sway would be dangerous enemies rather than obedient subjects; and that the fusion of these provinces into the Russian empire was a very improbable contingency, while the attempt would cost much blood and treasure to the cabinet of St. Petersburg. A very few months sufficed to show the soundness of these views. In the spring of the following year, (1830) a false prophet named Kazi Mollah appeared among the Mussulman mountaineers; he soon collected a vast number of followers, and for nearly two years maintained a desperate guerilla warfare against the Russians, and the tribes that retained their allegiance. Not one syllable was said about this war in Europe until the insurrection was suppressed, (nearly three years after,) when it pleased the cabinet of St. Petersburg to issue an official report, in which there was a great parade of victories obtained, but at the same time circumstances incidentally mentioned, which proved that the issue of the contest was more than once doubtful. The fierce resistance which the Russians had to encounter may be estimated by the following extract from the Report.

"A party of about fifty men commanded by the Mollah Abderrahman, one of the most determined partizans of Kazi Mollah, was cut off from the rest of the troop, and blockaded in a large house. They had no chance of escape, but when summoned to surrender at discretion, they shouted out some verses of the Koran, as is their custom when they devote themselves to death, then piercing loop-holes in the walls they maintained a well-supported and well-directed fire against the assailants. Some grenades thrown into the chimney exploded in the midst of the house, but this shook not their resolution. As it was necessary to put an end to their bravado, orders were given

* Travels to the Indus, through Persia and Affghanistan. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

† Travels into Bokhara; being the Account of a Journey from India to Cabool, Tartary and Persia; also, Narrative of a Voyage on the Indus, from the Sea to Lahore, &c. 3 vols. 8vo. Murray.

to set fire to the house. Eleven of them, half suffocated by the smoke, came out and surrendered themselves; a few others, with sword and dagger in hand, threw themselves on the bayonets of our soldiers; but the greater part perished with the Mollah Abderrahman, singing to the last their song of death."

Whether these brave men were obstinate rebels or resolute patriots must be determined by a future age; but it is very clear that they and their countrymen would never be submissive vassals to Russia. But desperate valour was not the only impediment to the progress of the imperial forces; nature itself placed formidable obstacles before them, and if the road to Humry, Kazi Mollah's head quarters, be a specimen of Caucasian communications, the military occupation of a single province is physically impossible.

"The road to Humry, from the territory of the Tehentchentzes presents incredible difficulties. It ascends from Kazanai to the snowy summit of a lofty mountain, and then descends in a winding direction about four wersts, (three miles) over the scarped side of a mountain, along precipices and across rocks; it is only the breadth of an ordinary footpath. It afterwards passes about the same distance over the narrow projections of rocks, where there is no means of passing from one to the other but by ladders, with which it is necessary to come provided. When it afterwards joins another road coming from Erpeli, it becomes still narrower, between two lofty walls of perpendicular rock; and finally, in front of the village of Humry, it is crossed by three walls, the first of which is flanked by towers. The whole side of the mountain is cut into terraces, so judiciously arranged as to afford the means of making the most effective resistance.

No wonder that in such a position the garrison of Humry should have exclaimed, "The Russians can come to us only as the rain comes." It would lead us too far from our immediate subject to relate how these difficulties were overcome; but we must make room for the final scene.

"After the soldiers had carried the first wall, it was not possible for the garrisons of the towers to escape. Still they refused to surrender, but on the contrary became more obstinate in their resistance. General Veliaminov opened a heavy cannonade on the ramparts in front of the towers, but as the bandits still maintained their fire, a body of volunteers from the corps of sappers and miners stormed the forts, and put the mountaineers who defended them to the sword. Amongst those who fell were Kazi Mollah and his most distinguished partizans; their bodies, pierced with bayonets, were recognised next morning by their countrymen. Night put an end to the combat, and our advanced guard halted between the third wall and the village. On the morning of the 30th of October (1822) the Russian troops entered into Humry."

Matters have improved a little since the suppression of this insurrection; but Lieutenant Conolly assures us that the Russians have still but an insecure authority over these mountaineers.

"The Russians do not yet command free passage through the Caucasus; for they are obliged to be very vigilant against surprise by the Circassian sons of the mist, who still cherish the bitterest hatred against them. In some instances the Russian posts on the right of the defile were opposed to little stone eyries perched upon the opposite heights; and when any number of the Caucasians were observed descending the great paths on the mountain side, the Russian

guards would turn out and be on the alert. Not very long before our arrival we learned that a party of Circassians had, in the sheer spirit of hatred, lain in ambush for a return guard of some sixteen Cossacks, and killed every man.

"Such facts seem to argue great weakness on the part of the Russians; but great have been the difficulties they have contended with, in keeping the upper hand over enemies, whose haunts are almost inaccessible to any but themselves. Several colonies of these ferocious mountaineers have been captured and transplanted to villages of their own in the plains, where they are guarded, and live as sulkily as wild beasts; and a general crusade, if I may be allowed the expression, has been talked of for some years past, to sweep such untameable enemies from the mountains, and settle them on the plains in the interior of Russia."—*Conolly*, vol. i. p. 9.

The proposed remedy would be found worse than the disease; but Lieutenant Conolly thinks that by the possession of Anapa and Poti, the ports whence these mountaineers procured arms and ammunition, Russia will have less difficulty in restraining future excesses. We cannot quite agree with him, for Ireland is a sad example of the utter impossibility of preventing a turbulent population from procuring arms and ammunition. A gentleman from Astrakhan, with whom we had some conversation on this subject, mentioned to us a circumstance very likely to aggravate these evils. The government of these southern provinces is conferred as a punishment; from what we have said no one will doubt that it is felt as such, but we mean that the appointment is avowedly made by the court in many instances as a milder sentence of exile than transmission to Siberia. Hence necessarily the governor hates the governed, oppression produces resistance, resistance affords an excuse for further oppression, and the evils go on in a complete circle, which it is not easy to break through, when all its tendencies are to self-perpetuation.

Through its Caucasian provinces, it therefore seems very improbable that Russia can ever expect to direct a profitable trade. The facilities supposed to be afforded by the Cyrus and Phasis have been shown, in the article to which we have referred, to be quite visionary.

The next question is, could Russia establish a lucrative caravan trade from Astrakhan to Khiva, or from Orenburg to Bokhara? Or finally, could that power establish a settlement on the eastern side of the Caspian, through which communication might be opened with the great marts of Central Asia? The discussion of the first question leads us to consider the character of those nations through which the caravans must pass; the second involves matters purely geographical. Before discussing either of them, we must briefly notice some ethnographical matters respecting the appellations of Turks and Tartars, which are too frequently confounded; and we shall chiefly follow the guidance of Klaproth, who is undoubtedly the best authority on the subject.

The Tartars, known also by the names of Mongols, Kalmucks and Mantchews, originally inhabited the country to the north-east of China. Without entering into their history, it is sufficient to say that the Black Tartars or Mongols were subject to a Turkish tribe, sometimes called the tribe of White Tartars; they were liberated from their bondage by Yesukai, who slew their chief, Temujin, and gave his name to a son, born short-

to continue our abode in the capital. A couplet,* which describes Samarcand as the paradise of the world, also names Bokhara as the strength of religion and of Islam; and, impious and powerless as we were, we could have no desire to try experiments among those who seemed, outwardly at least, such bigots.

"On entering the city, the authorities did not even search; but in the afternoon, an officer summoned us to the presence of the minister. My fellow-traveller (Dr. Gerard) was still labouring under fever, and could not accompany me; I therefore proceeded alone to the ark or palace, where the minister lived along with the king. I was lost in amazement at the novel scene before me, since we had to walk for about two miles through the streets of Bokhara, before reaching the citadel. I was immediately introduced to the minister, or, as he is styled, the Koosh Begge, or Lord of all the Begs, an elderly man, of great influence, who was sitting in a small room that had a private courtyard in front of it. He desired me to be seated outside on the pavement, yet evinced both a kind and considerate manner, which set my mind at ease. I presented a silver watch and a Cashmeer dress, which I had brought for the purpose; but he declined to receive any thing, saying, that he was but slave to the king. He then interrogated me for about two hours as to my own affairs, and the objects which I had brought me to a country so remote as Bokhara. He told our usual tale of being in progress towards our native country, and produced my passport from the Governor-General of India, which the minister read with peculiar attention. I then added, that Bokhara was a country of such celebrity among eastern nations, that I had been chiefly induced to visit Toorkistan for the purpose of seeing it. 'But what is your profession?' said the minister. I replied, that I was officer of the Indian army. In reply to some inquiries regarding our baggage, I considered it prudent to acquaint him that I had a sextant, since I concluded that we should be searched, and it was better to make a merit of necessity. I informed him, therefore, that I liked to observe the stars and the other heavenly bodies, since it was a most attractive study.

On hearing this, the Vizier's attention was roused, and he begged, with some earnestness, and in a subdued tone of voice, that I would inform him of a favourable conjunction of the planets, and the price of grain which it indicated in the ensuing year. I told him, that our astronomical knowledge did not lead to such information, at which he expressed himself disappointed. On the whole, however, he appeared to be satisfied with our character, and assured me of his protection. While in Bokhara, he said that he must prohibit our using pen and ink, since it might lead to our conduct being misrepresented to the king, and prove injurious.

Two days after this interview, I was again summoned by the vizier, and found him surrounded by a great number of respectable persons, to whom he appeared desirous of exhibiting me. I was questioned in such a way as to make me believe that our character was not altogether free from suspicion; but the vizier said jocularly, 'I suppose you have been writing out Bokhara.' Since I had in the first instance given so true a tale, I had here no apprehensions of contradiction, and freely told the party that I had come to see the world and the wonders of Bokhara, and that, by the vizier's favour, I had been already circulating the city, and seen the gardens outside the walls. On my return home it struck me that the

all-curious vizier might be gratified by the sight of a patent compass, with its glasses, screws, and reflectors; but it also occurred that he might regard my possession of this complicated piece of mechanism in a light which would not be favourable. I, however, sallied forth with the instrument in my pocket, and soon found myself again in his presence. I told him, that I believed I had a curiosity which would gratify him, and produced the compass, which was quite new, and of very beautiful workmanship. I described its utility, and pointed out its beauty, till the vizier seemed quite to have forgotten 'that he was but a slave of the king, and could receive nothing;' indeed he was proceeding to bargain for its price, when I interrupted him by an assurance, that I had brought it from Hindostan to present to him, since I had heard of his zeal in the cause of religion, and it would enable him to point to the holy Mecca and rectify the 'kibla' of the grand mosque, which he was now building in Bokhara. I could therefore receive no return, since we were already rewarded above all price by his protection. The Koosh Begge packed up the compass with all the haste and anxiety of a child, and said that he would take it direct to his majesty, and describe the wonderful ingenuity of our nation.

"My usual resort in the evening was the registan of Bokhara, which is the name given to a spacious area in the city, near the palace, which opens upon it. On two other sides are massive buildings, colleges of the learned, and on the fourth side is a fountain, filled with water, and shaded by lofty trees, where idlers and newsmongers assemble round the wares of Asia and Europe, which are here exposed for sale. A stranger has only to seat himself on a bench of the Registan, to know the Uzbeks and the people of Bokhara. He may here converse with the natives of Persia, Turkey, Russia, Tartary, China, India, and Cabool. He will meet with Toorkmuns, Calmuks, and Kuzzaks,† from the surrounding deserts, as well as the natives of more favoured lands. He may contrast the polished manners of the subjects of the 'Great King' with the ruder habits of a roaming Tartar. He may see the Uzbeks from all the states of Mawur-ool nuhr, and speculate from their physiognomy on the changes which time and place effect among any race of men. The Uzbek of Bokhara is hardly to be recognised as a Toork or Tartar from his intermixture of Persian blood. Those from the neighbouring country of Kokan are less changed; and the natives of Orgunje, the ancient Kharasm, have yet a harshness of feature peculiar to themselves. They may be distinguished from all others by dark sheep-skin caps, called 'tilpak,' about a foot high. A red beard, gray eyes, and fair skin, will now and then arrest the notice of a stranger, and his attention will have been fixed on a poor Russian, who has lost his country and his liberty, and here drags out a miserable life of slavery. A native of China may be seen here and there in the same forlorn predicament, shorn of his long cue of hair, with his crown under a turban, since both he and the Russian act the part of Mahomedans. Then follows a Hindoo, in a garb foreign to himself and his country. A small square cap, and a string instead of a girdle, distinguishes him from the Mahomedans, and, as the Moslems themselves tell you, prevents their profaning the prescribed salutations of their language by using them to an idolater. Without these distinctions, the native of India is to be recognised by his demure look, and the studious

* Samarcand suequl-i-rooe zumeen ust
Bokhara qowut-i-Islam wu deen ust.

* Aspect towards Mecca.

† Cossacks.

manner in which he avoids all communication with the crowd. He herds only with a few individuals, similar circumstanced with himself. The Jew is as marked a being as the Hindoo: he wears a somewhat different dress, and a conical cap. No mark, however, is so distinguishing as the well-known features of the Hebrew people. In Bokhara they are a race remarkably handsome, and I saw more than one Rebecca in my peregrinations. Their features are set off by ringlets of beautiful hair hanging over their cheeks and neck. There are about 4000 Jews in Bokhara, emigrants from Meshid, in Persia, who are chiefly employed in dying cloth. They receive the same treatment as the Hindoos. A stray Armenian, in a still different dress, represents this wandering nation; but there are few of them in Bokhara. With these exceptions, the stranger beholds in the bazars, a portly, fair, and well dressed mass of people, the Mahomedans of Toorkistan. A large white turban and a 'chogha,' or pelisse, of some dark colour, over three or four others of the same description, is the general costume; but the registan leads to the palace, and the Uzbeks delight to appear before their king in a mottled garment of silk, called 'udrus,' made of the brightest colours, and which would be intolerable to any but an Uzbek. Some of the higher persons are clothed in brocade, and one may distinguish the gradations of the chiefs, since those in favour ride into the citadel, and the others dismount at the gate. Almost every individual who visits the king, is attended by his slave; and though this class of people are for the most part Persians or their descendants, they have a peculiar appearance. It is said, indeed, that three-fourths of the people of Bokhara are of slave extraction; for of the captives brought from Persia into Toorkistan few are permitted to return, and, by all accounts, there are many who have no inclination to do so. A great portion of the people of Bokhara appear on horseback; but, whether mounted or on foot, they are dressed in boots, and the pedestrians strut on high and small heels, in which it was difficult for me to walk or even stand. They are about an inch and a half high, and the pinnacle is not one-third the diameter. This is the national dress of the Uzbeks. Some men of rank have a shce over the boot, which is taken off on entering a room. I must not forget the ladies in my enumeration of the inhabitants. They generally appear on horseback, riding as the men; a few walk, and all are veiled with a black hair-cloth. The difficulty of seeing through it makes the fair ones stare at every one as in a masquerade. Here, however, no one must speak to them; and if any of the king's harem pass, you are admonished to look in another direction, and get a blow on the head if you neglect the advice. So holy are the fair ones of the 'holy Bokhara.'

"My reader may now, perhaps, form some idea of the appearance of the inhabitants of Bokhara. From morn to night the crowd which assembles raises a humming noise, and one is stunned at the moving mass of human beings. In the middle of the area the fruits of the season are sold under the shade of a square piece of mat, supported by a single pole. One wonders at the never-ending employment of the fruiters in dealing out their grapes, melons, apricots, apples, peaches, pears, and plums to a continued succession of purchasers. It is with difficulty that a passage can be forced through the streets, and it is only done at the momentary risk of being rode over by some one on a horse or donkey. These latter animals are exceedingly fine, and amble along at a quick pace with their riders and burdens. Carts of a light construction are also driving up and down, since the

streets are not too narrow to admit of wheeled carriages. In every part of the bazar there are people making tea, which is done in large European urns, instead of teapots, and kept hot by a metal tube. The love of the Bokharees for tea is, I believe, without parallel, for they drink it at all times and places, and in half a dozen ways: with and without sugar, with and without milk, with grease, with salt, &c. Next to the venders of this hot beverage, one may purchase 'rahut i jan,' or the delight of life,—grape jelly or syrup, mixed up with chopped ice. This abundance of ice is one of the greatest luxuries in Bokhara, and it may be had till the cold weather makes it unnecessary. It is pitted in winter, and sold at a price within the reach of the poorest people. No one ever thinks of drinking water in Bokhara without iceing it, and a beggar may be seen purchasing it as he proclaims his poverty and entreats the bounty of the passenger. It is a refreshing sight to see the huge masses of it, with the thermometer at 90°, coloured, scraped, and piled into heaps like snow. It would be endless to describe the whole body of traders; suffice it to say, that almost every thing may be purchased in the registan: the jewellery and cutlery of Europe, (coarse enough, however,) the tea of China, the sugar of India, the spices of Manilla, &c. &c. One may also add to his lore both Toorke and Persian at the book-stalls, where the learned, or would be so, pore over the tattered pages. As one withdraws in the evening from this bustling crowd to the more retired parts of the city, he winds his way through arched bazars, now empty, and passes mosques, surmounted by handsome cupolas, and adorned by all the simple ornaments which are admitted by Mahomedans. After the bazar hours, these are crowded for evening prayers. At the doors of the colleges, which generally face the mosques, one may see the students lounging after the labours of the day; not, however, so gay or so young as the tyros of an European university, but many of them grave and demure old men, with more hypocrisy, but by no means less vice, than the youths in other quarters of the world. With the twilight this busy scene closes, the king's drum beats, it is re-echoed by others in every part of the city, and, at a certain hour, no one is permitted to move out without a lantern. From these arrangements the police of the city is excellent, and in every street large bales of cloth are left on the stalls at night with perfect safety. All is silence until morning, when the bustle again commences in the registan. The day is ushered in with the same guzzling and tea drinking, and hundreds of boys and donkeys laden with milk hasten to the busy throng. The milk is sold in small bowls, over which the cream floats: a lad will bring twenty or thirty of these to market in shelves, supported and suspended by a stick over his shoulder. Whatever number may be brought speedily disappears among the tea-drinking population of this great city.

"I took an early opportunity of seeing the slave-bazar of Bokhara; which is held every Saturday morning. The Uzbeks manage all their affairs by means of slaves, who are chiefly brought from Persia by the Toorkmuns. Here these poor wretches are exposed for sale, and occupy thirty or forty stalls, where they are examined like cattle, only with this difference, that they are able to give an account of themselves *viva voce*. On the morning I visited the bazar, there were only six unfortunate beings, and I witnessed the manner in which they are disposed of. They are first interrogated regarding their parentage and capture, and if they are Mahomedans, that is, Soonees. The question is put in that form, for the Uzbeks do not consider a Shiah to be a true believer; with them,

as with the primitive Christians, a sectary is more odious than an unbeliever. After the intended purchaser is satisfied of the slave being an infidel, (kaffir) he examines his body, particularly noting if he be free from leprosy, so common in Toorkistan, and then proceeds to bargain for his price. Three of the Persian boys were for sale at thirty tillas of gold apiece;* and it was surprising to see how contented the poor fellows sat under their lot.

"From the slave-market I passed on that morning to the great bazar, and the very sight which fell under my notice was the offenders against Mahomedanism of the preceding Friday. They consisted of four individuals, who had been caught asleep at prayer time, and a youth, who had been smoking in public. They were all tied to each other, and the person who had been found using tobacco led the way, holding the hookah, or pipe, in his hand. The officer of police followed with a thick thong, and chastised them as he went, calling aloud, 'Ye followers of Islam, behold the punishment of those who violate the law!' Never, however, was there such a series of contradiction and absurdity as in the practice and theory of religion in Bokhara. You may openly purchase tobacco and all the most approved apparatus for inhaling it; yet if seen smoking in public you are straightway dragged before the cazee, punished by stripes, or paraded on a donkey, with a blackened face, as a warning to others. If a person is caught flying pigeons on a Friday, he is sent forth with the dead bird round his neck, seated on a camel.

"The Hindoos of Bokhara courted our society, for that people seem to look upon the English as their natural superiors. They visited us in every country we passed, and would never speak any other language than Hindoostanee, which was a bond of union between us and them. In this country they appeared to enjoy a sufficient degree of toleration to enable them to live happily. An enumeration of their restrictions might make them appear a persecuted race. They are not permitted to build temples, nor set up idols, nor walk in procession: they do not ride within the walls of the city, and must wear a peculiar dress. They pay the 'jizyu,' or poll-tax, which varies from four to eight rupees a year; but this they only render in common with others, not Mahomedans. They must never abuse or ill-use a Mahomedan. When the king passes their quarter of the city, they must draw up, and wish him health and prosperity; when on horseback outside the city, they must dismount if they meet his majesty or the cazee. They are not permitted to purchase female slaves, as an infidel would defile a believer; nor do any of them bring their families beyond the Oxus. For these sacrifices the Hindoos in Bokhara live unmolested, and, in all trials and suits, have equal justice with the Mahomedans.

"Among the Hindoos we had a singular visiter in a deserter from the Indian army at Bombay! He had set out on a pilgrimage to all the shrines of the Hindoo world, and was then proceeding to the fire temples on the shores of the Caspian! I knew many of the officers of the regiment (the 24th N. I.) to which he had belonged, and felt pleased at hearing names which were familiar to me in this remote city. I listened with interest to the man's detail of his adventures and travels, nor was he deterred by any fear that I would lodge information against him, and secure his apprehension. I looked upon him as a brother in arms, and he amused me with many a tale of my friend Moorad Beg of Koondooz, whom he had

followed in his campaigns, and served as a bombardier. This man, when he first showed himself, was disguised in the dress of a pilgrim: but the carriage of a soldier is not to be mistaken, even if met in Bokhara.

"The house in which we lived was exceedingly small, and overlooked on every side, but we could not regret it, since it presented an opportunity of seeing a Toorkee beauty, a handsome young lady, who promenaded one of the surrounding balconies, and *wished to think* she was not seen. A pretended flight was not even neglected by this fair one, whose curiosity often prompted her to steal a glance at the Firingees. Since we had a fair exchange, she was any thing but an intruder, though unfortunately too distant for us to indulge 'in the sweet music of speech.' The ladies of Bokhara stain their teeth quite black; they braid their hair, and allow it to hang in tresses down their shoulders. Their dress differs little from the men: they wear the same pelisses, only that the two sleeves, instead of being used as such, are tucked together and tied behind. In the house even they dress in huge hessian boots made of velvet, and highly ornamented."—*Burnes's Travels*, vol. i. 267—287.

These very graphic and interesting details sufficiently prove that Bokhara is the present mart for the trade of Central Asia, and that a commerce opened between it and some European country would be productive of immense advantages to both parties. The importance of this has been felt in Russia for more than a century, but as yet no commercial route has been established, and the extracts we have given from Mouraviev and Meyendorff seem to prove that the routes through the desert of Khiva and the steppes of the Kirghis are impracticable. There is however a third course open to Russia, which is now travelled by Persian merchants: we mean the route from Khorassan, into which it would be easy to strike from Astrabad. Old Jonas Hanway gives the following account of Astrabad Bay.

"Here, as in other parts of the Caspian, the sea has made great inroads, insomuch that in many places the trunks and whole bodies of trees lay on the shore, and make it as difficult of access, as its appearance is wild and inhospitable. . . . The different currents which meet in the road, and the eddies of wind obliged us often to new lay our anchors; in other respects this harbour is very safe. . . . From the shore to the high road, there are many narrow paths with broken and decayed bridges, and several ditches made by the flowing of the water from the mountains. —*Hanway's Travels*, vol. i. p. 110.

We have been informed by other travellers that a causeway once extended from the city to the port, but it fell into decay during the wars by which Persia was distracted during the last century, and notwithstanding the high character some have given of the reigning dynasty, we expect not the improvement of ports or roads under their sway. The following anecdotes will show the grounds of our opinion.

"We crossed the river Tedjen (in Mazenderan) by a once fine bridge of seventeen arches, some of which were nearly broken away from each other. We were told that his majesty Futteh Allee Shah, Geetee Sultaun, (the grasper of the universe,) had sent fifteen hundred tomanas for the repair of this bridge, but that his son Mohummud Kouli Meerza Mokhara, (the ornament of the land,) had caused a few boards to be laid over the broken arches, and kept the money to pay the Ghazeaun-e-Islam, (warriors of Islam, his

* 200 rupees=20l.

soldiers,) a courtier-like mode of expressing that the prince had put the money into his own pocket. It may be imagined that the roads in the province of such a governor were not of the best. Once a public-spirited individual began to repair the fine causeway which Shah Abbas made, but a stop was presently put to his undertaking by a message from the capital, intimating that if he had any spare cash, the prince would be glad of it."—*Conolly*, vol. i. p. 22.

But supposing all necessary improvements made in Astrabad, merchants would still have to encounter the horrors of the Turkman desert between Khorassan and Bokhara. Let us first take a view of the physical obstacles.

"We had before heard of the deserts southward of the Oxus; and had now the means of forming a judgment from personal observation. We saw the skeletons of camels and horses bleaching in the sun, which had perished from thirst. The nature of the roads or pathways admits of their easy obliteration; and, if the beaten track be once forsaken, the traveller and his jaded animal generally perish. A circumstance of this very nature occurred but a very few days previous to our leaving Charjoee. A party of three persons travelling from the Orgunjee camp lost the road, and their supply of water failed them. Two of their horses sank under the parching thirst; and the unfortunate men opened the vein of their surviving camel, sucked its blood, and reached Charjoee from the nourishment which they thus derived. The camel died. These are facts of frequent occurrence. The Khan of Orgunje in his late march into the desert, lost upwards of two thousand camels that had been loaded with water and provisions for his men. He dug his wells as he advanced: but the supply of water was scanty. Camels are very patient under thirst; it is a vulgar error, however, to believe that they can live any length of time without water. They generally pine and die on the fourth day, and, under great heat, will even sink sooner."—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 17.

The roving hordes of the Turkmans, and the soldiers of the Khans of the Khiva and Orgunje are plagues to the full as great as superabundant sand and deficient water. Tenantless, these deserts would be formidable, but the hordes by which they are infested complete the picture of ruin, and add new horrors to desolation. Both our British travellers supply abundant anecdotes of their ferocity, their eagerness to obtain slaves, and their frequent expeditions for this purpose into the north-eastern provinces of Persia.

"We had been treading in our last marches on the very ground which had been disturbed by the hoofs of the Toorkmuns who were advancing on Persia. It was with no small delight that we at last lost our traces of the formidable band, which we could discover had branched off the high road towards Meshid. Had we encountered them, a second negotiation would have been necessary, and the demands of robbers might not have been easily satisfied. "Allamans"* seldom attack a caravan, but still there are authenticated instances of their having murdered a whole party in the very road we were travelling. Men with arms in their hands, and in power, are not to be restrained. After losing all traces of this band, we came suddenly upon a small party of Allamans, seven in number, who were returning from an unsuc-

* It may be remarked as a singular coincidence, that the most formidable of the Germanic hordes that plundered and destroyed the Roman empire was called the Allemans.

cessful expedition. They were young men, well mounted and caparisoned, in the Toorkmun manner; a lance and a sword formed their arms; they had no bows, and but one led horse. Their party had been discomfited, and four of them had fallen into the hands of the Persians. They told us of their disasters, and asked for bread, which some of our party gave them. I wish that all their expeditions would terminate like this."—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 48.

Even those tribes which have more permanent habitations, and pay a nominal allegiance to a settled government, cannot lay aside the manners of their race and abstain from plunder. When we began to read the account of Shurukhs, we hoped that we had found a resting-place for civilization, but the following anecdote put all our hopes to flight.

"Shurukhs is the residence of the Salore Toorkmuns, the noblest of the race. Two thousand families are here domiciled, and an equal number of horses, of the finest blood, may be raised in case of need. If unable to cope with their enemies, these people flee to the deserts, which lie before them, and there await the termination of the storm. They pay a sparing and doubtful allegiance to Orgunje and Persia, but it is only an impending force that leads to their submission. When we were at Shurukhs, they had a Persian ambassador in chains, and refused to grant a share of the transit duties to the Khan of Orgunje, which they had promised in the preceding month, when that chief was near them. These are commentaries on their allegiance."—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 51.

Nadir Shah, after returning from his Indian expedition, invaded Turkistan and Bokhara, A. D. 1739, without experiencing any resistance, except from the Khan of Khiva. He might almost have said with Cæsar, that "he came, saw, and conquered;" his biographers assure us that he was himself ashamed of the ease and rapidity with which the conquest was achieved. Hence many continental writers have speculated on the possibility of the Persians, aided by the Russians, becoming once more masters of Transoxiana, and rewarding their auxiliaries by giving them the monopoly of its commerce. The short answer is, that Nadir Shah's conquests were lost with the same rapidity that they were acquired; that the line of the Kajars is not likely to produce such a warrior as Nadir, and that a predatory incursion is a very different thing from an attempt to acquire a permanent possession. Lieutenant Burnes has examined the desert with a soldier's eye, and thus describes its military incapacities.

"I have now a little leisure to speak of the desert which we had traversed on our route to the Moorghab. In a military point of view, the scarcity of water is a great obstacle. In some places the wells were thirty-six miles apart, and generally the water was both bitter and scanty. The water which we had transported with us from the Oxus, was not less nauseous than that of the desert; for it must be carried in skins, and these must be oiled to preserve them from bursting. The grease mixes with the water, which latterly became so tainted, that the horses even refused to drink it. There is nothing of which we feel the want so much as good water. In the march, several people of the caravan, particularly the camel-drivers, were attacked with inflammation of the eyes; I suppose from the sand, glare, and dust. With such an enumeration of petty vexations and physical obstacles, it is dubious if an army could cross it at this point. The heavy sandy pathways, for there are no roads, might certainly be rendered passable to guns, by

called "pukee," or "sheeshum," which in great abundance throughout the banks of the river, and cannot be procured of greater dimensions. These trees are felled, their bark is peeled off, and the logs are chipped into a square shape, which is ready for the workmen. The logs are studded with iron, and, though these boats have a small draught, there is a strength and solidity in their construction that admirably fits them for the navigation of the river. There are few boats in the higher Oxus above Charjooee. From that place the river becomes fordable, near Koondooz, there are only a dozen ferries, and as each is provided with only a tonnage of thirty vessels in a distance of one hundred miles. The reason is obvious, the inhabitants make no use of the navigable part of the Oxus. Below Bokhara the supply of boats is increased, there are about 150 boats between it and Orgunje. Here they are appropriated as ferry-boats, but used in the transport of merchandise to and from Bokhara. The ferries take place at Eljeek, on the north bank of the river, about sixty-five miles from the city.

Delta there are no boats; and I am informed that the sea of Aral is without vessels of any description than small canoes. In ascending, the boats are dragged against the stream; and in descending, they make for the middle, where the current is rapid, and float down with their broadsides. Neither rafts nor skins are used in the Oxus."

—Burnes, vol. ii. p. 195.

In conclusion of Lieutenant Burnes's Memoir of the Oxus, so well expresses the capabilities of the river, that we shall not weaken its force by a word of comment.

The advantages of the Oxus, both in a political and commercial point of view, must, then, be regarded as great: the many facilities which have been pointed out either as the channel of commerce, or the route of a military expedition; nor is there any feature of the river itself that we form a disadvantage. It is to be remembered that its banks are peopled and cultivated. It must therefore be regarded as a river which is navigable, and possesses facilities for improving the extent of their commerce.

This is a fact of great political and commercial importance, whether a hostile nation may seek the gratification of ambition, or a friendly nation seek for the extension and improvement of its commerce.

In either case, the Oxus presents many advantages, since it holds the most direct course, and, with the exception of a narrow desert, connects Europe with the remote regions of Central Asia. —Burnes, vol. ii. p. 199.

The ancient glories of Transoxiana may have been forgotten, but no description, we are assured, can do justice to the beauty and fertility of the country of Sogd from Bokhara to Samarcand; the Khalifs described it as one of the three paradises, they were scarcely guilty of exaggeration. The upper valley of the Oxus, the countries above Koondooz, though subject to a ruthless tyranny, would probably have afforded opportunities for commercial speculation, if not of the Hindu Kush. Budukhshan has, however, been almost depopulated by the Sultan of Bokhara, and has also suffered severely from a convulsion of nature; but a country of such fertility it is proverbially said that it never sold within its precincts." In the case of its recovery we cannot despair. The discovery of its mineral treasures is very curious:—

"Budukhshan has acquired great celebrity for its ruby mines, which were well known in early times, and also to the emperors of Delhi. They are said to be situated on the verge of the Oxus, near Shughnan, at a place called Gharan; which may simply mean caves. They are dug in low hills; and one man assured me that the galleries passed under the Oxus; but I doubt the information. It is a mistake to believe that they are not worked, as the present chief of Koondooz has employed people in digging them since he conquered the country. These persons had been hereditarily engaged in that occupation; but, as the returns were small, the tyrant of Koondooz demanded their labour without pay; and on their refusing to work, he marched them to the unhealthy fens of Koondooz, where their race has almost become extinct. In the search of rubies, it is a popular belief that a pair of large ones will be always found together; and the workmen will often conceal a gem till its match can be found, or break a large ruby into two pieces. The rubies are said to be imbedded in limestone; and to be found like round pieces of pebble or flint, which exist in such deposits. In the vicinity of the ruby mines, great masses of lapis-lazuli are found on the verge of the Oxus. The mode of detaching it from the cliffs appeared to be ingenious, though I think I have heard of similar means being used to quarry stone in other quarters. A fire is lit over the block of lapis-lazuli, and when the stone becomes sufficiently heated, cold water is dashed upon it, and the rock is thus fractured.* The lapis-lazuli of the Oxus was sent in former years to China; but the demand has lately decreased. I have seen many specimens of this stone, with veins, which were said to be gold; but I imagine they were mica. Lapis-lazuli and the rubies are only collected in winter." —Burnes, vol. ii. p. 150.

Enough has been said of the possibility of opening commercial communications between British India and Central Asia. Let us now cast a glance at the line of policy necessary to be adopted for facilitating and protecting this commercial intercourse. Our present expensive connexion with Persia is worse than useless. Sir Harford Jones, in a recent publication, claims the gratitude of his country for having persuaded Futteh Ali to receive our subsidies, and for preventing Sir John Malcolm and Lord Minto from occupying the island of Carrack. We approve neither of the expedition, nor the subsidy; the former would have given us only a worthless and expensive island; the latter exposes us to the disgraceful imputation of having purchased the protection of a power "which to describe simply as feeble, is sadly to overrate its strength." And this treaty has tended more to degrade the English name among Oriental nations than any other circumstance in the history of our connection with the East. Whatever Persia may have been in 1809, she is now as completely subject to Russia, as any of the Indian tributary princes are to Great Britain. As soldiers, the Persians are perfectly contemptible; their irregular troops indeed, gave some annoyance to the Russians, but in regular battle they were found worthless. Many European officers have attempted to discipline and organize the Kuzzilbashes, but their efforts have failed; and what hope can be entertained of a country unable to protect its own frontier against

* Our readers need scarcely be reminded of Hannibal's mode of cutting through the Alpine rock.

ences in the discussion are made to Lieutenant Burnes's map, constructed by Mr. John Arrow-smith, which is the most accurate and most clear that has yet been published.

If oceans deserve to be called the highways of nations, rivers may be regarded as the cross-roads; and two nobler lines of communication than the Indus and the Oxus could scarcely be found on the earth's surface. Now the Indus is navigable from the sea to Attock, and though the impolicy of the Sind government impedes at present the commerce on the lower part of the river, yet England could command its navigation without obstruction, both from Cutch and the Sutledge. Neither do we deem it altogether hopeless to teach the Ameers of Sind the benefits that may be derived from more liberal policy; the interesting account published by Dr. James Burnes (brother of the traveller to Bokhara,) of a visit to the Sindian court, proves that the Ameers are men capable of being awakened to their true interests. The Memoir of the Indus, by Lieutenant Burnes, contained in the appendix to the third volume of his Travels, refers principally to the navigation between the sea and Lahore, a distance by the course of the river of about a thousand miles. His observations are, however, equally applicable to the communication with Attock.

"This extensive inland navigation, open as I have stated it to be, can *only* be considered traversable to the boats of the country, which are flat-bottomed, and do not draw more than four feet of water, when heavily laden. The largest of these carry about seventy-five tons English: science and capital might improve the build of these vessels; but in extending our commerce, or in setting on foot a flotilla, the present model would ever be found most convenient. Vessels of a sharp build are liable to be upset when they run a-ground on the sand-banks. Steam-boats could ply, if constructed after the manner of the country, but no vessel with a keel could be safely navigated.

"The voyage from the sea to Lahore occupied exactly sixty days; but the season was most favourable, as the south-westerly winds had set in, while the stronger inundations of the periodical swell had not commenced. We reached Mooltan on the fortieth day, and the remaining time was expended in navigating the Ravee, which is a most crooked river. The boats sailed from sunrise to sunset, and, when the wind was unfavourable, were dragged by ropes through the water.

"There are no rocks or rapids to obstruct the ascent, and the current does not exceed two miles and a half an hour. Our daily progress sometimes averaged twenty miles, by the course of the river; for a vessel can be haled against the current at the rate of one mile and a half an hour. With light breezes we advanced two miles an hour, and in strong gales we could stem the river at the rate of three miles. Steam would obviate the inconveniences of this slow and tedious navigation; and I do not doubt but Mooltan might be reached in ten, instead of forty days. From that city a commercial communication could best be opened with the neighbouring countries.

"A boat may drop down from Lahore to the sea in fifteen days, as follows:—to Mooltan in six, to Bukkur in four, to Hyderabad in three, and to the sea-ports in two. This is, of course, the very quickest period of descent; and I may add, that it has never been of late tried, for there is no trade between Sind and the Punjab by water."—*Burnes*, iii. 194.

At Attock the Indus is joined by the Cabul river, whence there is a good navigation on the latter

stream to Jelallabad, about one hundred miles westward. The account given of the former city by Lieutenant Burnes merits our attention.

"About two hundred yards above Attock, and before the Indus is joined by the Cabul river, it gushes over a rapid with amazing fury. Its breadth does not here exceed one hundred and twenty yards; the water is much ruffled, and dashes like the waves and spray of the ocean. It hisses and rolls with a loud noise, and exceeds the rate of ten miles in the hour. A boat cannot live in this tempestuous torrent; but after the Cabul river has joined it, the Indus passes in a tranquil stream, about two hundred and sixty yards wide and thirty five fathoms deep, under the walls of Attock. This fortress is a place of no strength: it has a population of 2000 souls.

"Before crossing the Indus, we observed a singular phenomenon at the fork of the Indus and Cabul river, where an ignis fatuus shows itself every evening. Two, three, and even four bright lights are visible at a time, and continue to shine throughout the night, ranging within a few yards of each other. The natives could not account for them, and their continuance during the rainy season is the most inexplicable part of the phenomenon, in their estimation. They tell you, that the valiant Man Sing, a Rajpoot, who carried his war of revenge against the Mahomedans across the Indus, fought a battle in this spot, and that the lights now seen are the spirits of the departed. I should not have believed in the constancy of this will-o'-the-wisp, had I not seen it. It may arise from the reflection of the water on the rock, smoothed by the current: but then it only shows itself on a particular spot, and the whole bank is smoothed. It may also be an exhalation of some gas from a fissure in the rock, but its position prevented our examining it.

"We found the fishermen on the Indus and Cabul river washing the sand for gold. The operation is performed with most profit after the swell has subsided. The sand is passed through a sieve, and the larger particles that remain are mixed with quicksilver, to which the metal adheres. Some of the minor rivers, such as the Swan and Hurroo, yield more gold than the Indus; and as their sources are not remote, it would show that the ores lie on the southern side of the Himalaya."—*Burnes*, i. 79.

From the Cabul river an easy portage might be established to Koondooz on the Oxus, for one of the roads over the Hindu Kush is passable even in winter. Lieutenant Burnes left the city of Cabul on the 18th of May, and reached Koondooz on the 1st of June, but we incline to believe that the time of the passage may be considerably diminished; if the native governments could be persuaded to join in improving the roads and providing for the security of travellers. The Oxus is navigable to Koondooz, but the trade of the river extends at present only from Orgunje to Charjoee, a distance of about 200 miles. The state of the navigation of the river may be easily understood from the account given of the transport-boats.

"The boats which are used on the Oxus are of a superior description, though they have neither masts nor sails. They are built in the shape of a ship, with a prow at both ends, and are generally about fifty feet long, and eighteen broad. They would carry about twenty tons English; they are flat-bottomed and about four feet deep; when afloat, the gunwale is about two and a half or three feet above the stream; for they do not draw much more than a foot of water when laden. They are constructed of square logs of wood, each about six feet long, formed of a dwarf

angle-tree, called "pukee," or "sheeshum," which grows in great abundance throughout the banks of the river, and cannot be procured of greater dimensions. These trees are felled, their bark is peeled off, and they are chipped into a square shape, which makes them ready for the workmen. The logs are ramped with iron, and, though these boats have a rude appearance, there is a strength and solidity in their build that admirably fits them for the navigation of such a river. There are few boats in the higher part of the Oxus above Charjooee. From that place, where it becomes fordable, near Koondooz, there are about fifteen ferries, and as each is provided with a cargo, we have only a tonnage of thirty vessels in a distance of three hundred miles. The reason is obvious, for the inhabitants make no use of the navigable facilities of the Oxus. Below Bokhara the supply increases, and there are about 150 boats between it and the Delta, chiefly belonging to Orgunje. Here they are not appropriated as ferry-boats, but used in the transport of merchandise to and from Bokhara. The embarkations take place at Eljeek, on the north bank of the river, about sixty-five miles from the city. Below that Delta there are no boats; and I am informed that the sea of Aral is without vessels of any other description than small canoes. In ascending, the boats are dragged against the stream; and in dropping down, they make for the middle, where the current is rapid, and float down with their broadsides to it. Neither rafts nor skins are used in the Oxus."—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 195.

The conclusion of Lieutenant Burnes's Memoir on the Oxus so well expresses the capabilities of this noble river, that we shall not weaken its effect by a word of comment.

"The advantages of the Oxus, both in a political and commercial point of view, must, then, be regarded as very great: the many facilities which have been enumerated point it out either as the channel of merchandise, or the route of a military expedition; nor is it from the features of the river itself that we form such a conclusion. It is to be remembered that its banks are peopled and cultivated. It must therefore be viewed as a river which is navigable, and possessing great facilities for improving the extent of their navigation. This is a fact of great political and commercial importance, whether a hostile nation may turn it to the gratification of ambition, or a friendly power here seek for the extension and improvement of its trade. In either case, the Oxus presents many fair prospects, since it holds the most direct course, and connects, with the exception of a narrow desert, the nations of Europe with the remote regions of Central Asia."—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 199.

The ancient glories of Transoxiana may have been exaggerated, but no description, we are assured, can do justice to the beauty and fertility of the valley of Sogd from Bokhara to Samarcand; when the Khaliphs described it as one of the three terrestrial paradises, they were scarcely guilty of exaggeration. The upper valley of the Oxus, that is, the countries above Koondooz, though subjected to a ruthless tyranny, would probably afford some opportunities for commercial speculations north of the Hindu Kush. Budukhshan has, indeed, been almost depopulated by the Sultan of Koondooz, and has also suffered severely from a recent convulsion of nature; but a country of which from its fertility it is proverbially said that bread is never sold within its precincts,* is one of whose recovery we cannot despair. The account of its mineral treasures is very curious:—

"Budukhshan has acquired great celebrity for its ruby mines, which were well known in early times, and also to the emperors of Delhi. They are said to be situated on the verge of the Oxus, near Shughnan, at a place called Gharan; which may simply mean caves. They are dug in low hills; and one man assured me that the galleries passed under the Oxus; but I doubt the information. It is a mistake to believe that they are not worked, as the present chief of Koondooz has employed people in digging them since he conquered the country. These persons had been hereditarily engaged in that occupation; but, as the returns were small, the tyrant of Koondooz demanded their labour without pay; and on their refusing to work, he marched them to the unhealthy fens of Koondooz, where their race has almost become extinct. In the search of rubies, it is a popular belief that a pair of large ones will be always found together; and the workmen will often conceal a gem till its match can be found, or break a large ruby into two pieces. The rubies are said to be imbedded in limestone; and to be found like round pieces of pebble or flint, which exist in such deposits. In the vicinity of the ruby mines, great masses of lapis-lazuli are found on the verge of the Oxus. The mode of detaching it from the cliffs appeared to be ingenious, though I think I have heard of similar means being used to quarry stone in other quarters. A fire is lit over the block of lapis-lazuli, and when the stone becomes sufficiently heated, cold water is dashed upon it, and the rock is thus fractured.* The lapis-lazuli of the Oxus was sent in former years to China; but the demand has lately decreased. I have seen many specimens of this stone, with veins, which were said to be gold; but I imagine they were mica. Lapis-lazuli and the rubies are only collected in winter."—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 150.

Enough has been said of the possibility of opening commercial communications between British India and Central Asia. Let us now cast a glance at the line of policy necessary to be adopted for facilitating and protecting this commercial intercourse. Our present expensive connexion with Persia is worse than useless. Sir Harford Jones, in a recent publication, claims the gratitude of his country for having persuaded Futteh Ali to receive our subsidies, and for preventing Sir John Malcolm and Lord Minto from occupying the island of Carrack. We approve neither of the expedition, nor the subsidy; the former would have given us only a worthless and expensive island; the latter exposes us to the disgraceful imputation of having purchased the protection of a power "which to describe simply as feeble, is sadly to overrate its strength." And this treaty has tended more to degrade the English name among Oriental nations than any other circumstance in the history of our connection with the East. Whatever Persia may have been in 1809, she is now as completely subject to Russia, as any of the Indian tributary princes are to Great Britain. As soldiers, the Persians are perfectly contemptible; their irregular troops indeed, gave some annoyance to the Russians, but in regular battle they were found worthless. Many European officers have attempted to discipline and organize the Kuzzilbashs, but their efforts have failed; and what hope can be entertained of a country unable to protect its own frontier against

* Our readers need scarcely be reminded of Hannibal's mode of cutting through the Alpine rock.

heard from the lips the name of dog or infidel, which figures so prominently in the works of many travellers. 'Every country has its customs,' is a proverb among them; and the Afghan Mohammedans seem to pay a respect to Christians which they deny to their Hindoo fellow-citizens. 'Us they call 'people of the book,' while they consider them benighted and without a prophet.'—*Burnes*, vol. i. p. 123.

The following account of the general character of the Afghan character is on the whole favourable.

"The language of the Afghans is Persian, but it is not the smooth and elegant tongue of Iran. Pooshtoo is the dialect of the common people, but some of the higher classes cannot even speak it. The Afghans are a nation of children: in their quarrels they fight, and become friends without any ceremony. They cannot conceal their feelings from one another, and a person with any discrimination may at all times pierce their designs. If they themselves are to be believed, their ruling vice is envy, which besets even the nearest and dearest relations. No people are more capable of managing an intrigue. I was particularly struck with their idleness; they seem to sit listlessly for the whole day, staring at each other. How they live it would be difficult to discover, yet they dress well, and are healthy and happy. I imbibed a very favourable impression of their national character."—*Burnes*, vol. i.

We shall not accompany Lieutenant Burnes in his visit to the court of Lahore, as in our recent review of Jacquemont's Letters from India we entered at large into the subject of the constitution of the Sikhs and the character of their able sovereign, Runjeet Sing. A translation of Jacquemont's interesting correspondence, enriched with some additional letters addressed to influential British noblemen and gentlemen, which were unknown to the French editors, has just appeared, and we really know not a more interesting and curious illustration of national character than the "alike but different" accounts which the Briton and the Frenchman give of the court of Lahore. Jacquemont's dash of lively enthusiasm, his characteristic mixture of the frivolous and the serious, his rapid arrival at conclusions without taking any particular notice of the premises, contrast strangely and strongly with the cautious investigation, cool reasoning, and plain common sense of Burnes. In both are exhibited a daring spirit of enterprise, a zeal for knowledge not to be conquered by danger or difficulty; and it is singular that two such richly endowed travellers should at the same time have been engaged in exploring Asia.

But on this subject we cannot venture to expatiate, it would lead us too far from our proper purpose, of showing the great importance of endeavouring to open a trade with Bokhara, and turn the vast mass of information collected by Lieutenant Burnes to some practical account. This we deem may be done; nay, more, we believe, must be done.

In expressing an earnest anxiety for the opening of a trade between Central Asia and the northern provinces of British India, we by no means regard the benefits that will result to British commerce as the only, or even the most important, consideration that merits our regard. We deem that the extension of such a commerce would greatly raise the social and political condition of the natives of Hindustan, and our duties as well as our interests imperatively demand that we should neglect nothing which may tend to pro-

duce such a desirable change. There is no getting over the proof of our indifference exhibited by the glaring fact, that our government has not even yet constructed one good road through its extensive territories. The rule of Baber and his descendants has left the marks of his brilliant existence in noble causeways, caravanserais, and public edifices; but were we driven from India to-morrow, what similar structures would preserve the memory of our sway? The past is dark, but the future is bright with hope, and we trust that soon it will be impossible to say, that the only benefit the English have conferred on India is to have enabled Sultan Mahmoud's owl to make up his complement of ruined villages:

———"pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli."

From the same.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

THE Armenian Institute for the Oriental Languages in Moscow, was founded by the family of Lasarev in 1816, and is supported by funds from Lombardy and from other sources, amounting in value to nearly a million of roubles. Besides the general objects of the institution, for the education of youth, and bringing forward young men for the civil and military service, the Institute further aims at providing the state with interpreters, in its relations with various Asiatic states, and educating teachers and clergymen for the Armenian schools and churches in Russia. The course of study embraces the Catechism of the Greek and Armenian confessions; Scripture history, moral philosophy; arithmetic, algebra, geometry and trigonometry; natural history, natural philosophy; ancient and modern history, and particularly the history of Russia, geography and statistics, grammar, rhetoric, and the theory of the fine arts; the Russian, Latin, French, German, Armenian, Turkish, Arabic and Persian languages. The course of study lasts seven years, and the scholars are divided into four classes. The Institute has a printing press for the European and Oriental languages, a library of nearly 5000 volumes, a museum of natural history, and is provided with globes, maps, scientific instruments, &c.

The publication of M. Jaubert's Translation of the Geography of Edrisi, commenced in 1828, from a MS. in the King's Library, has been postponed from circumstances independent of the author, but it is hoped that it will not experience much further delay, as the Keeper of the Seals has given the necessary authority for its being proceeded with at the Royal Press. Since M. Jaubert's first attention to the subject, the Royal Library has obtained another MS., which is the more valuable, as it furnishes the means of correcting the proper names of places. This MS. is accompanied with seventy-two Arabic maps, which it is proposed to publish as a supplement to the work.

The *Works of Confucius* and of *Mencius* (Koung-Fou-Tseu and Meng-Tseu) are about to appear in Chinese and French, by G. Pauthier, of the Paris Asiatic Society, 2 vols. 8vo. M. Pauthier is also preparing for publication the *Tao-Te-King* or *Book of Reason and of Virtue*, by Lao Tseu, a Chinese philosopher, who preceded Confucius.



Saml. Egerton. Prop

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA"

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science, and Art.

DECEMBER, 1834.

From Johnstone's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE EXPERIENCES OF RICHARD TAYLOR, ESQ.; OR,
LIFE IN LONDON.

Chapter I.

THERE must be many persons alive in London, particularly in the busy neighbourhood extending from Paul's Churchyard to Charing Cross, who can well remember Mr. RICHARD TAYLOR. His *burrow*, or *cent*, was in some lane, small street, or alley, between Arundel and Surry Stairs, whence he daily revolved in an orbit of which no man could trace the intricacy. Its extremities seemed to be Gray's Inn to the north, the Obelisk on the south, the London Locks on the vulgar side, and Hyde Parke Corner the point of gentility. It was next to impossible any day from eleven till two o'clock, between the years 1810 and 1822, to walk from Pall Mall to Paul's, without once, if not oftener, encountering "the gentleman with the umbrella." There he glided from Chancery Lane, and here he popped up from Temple Lane;—you saw him glide down Norfolk street, or lost sight of him all at once in Drury Lane; or beheld him holding on briskly, without effort, along the Strand, till, about Charing Cross, he suddenly disappeared, to start upon you like a Will o' the Wisp, in some unexpected place. Now was he seen in the Chancery Court—now sauntering towards Billingsgate Market—now at the Stock Exchange, and again at the Bow Street Office. He might, in the same hour, be seen at the meetings in Palace Yard, and hovering on the outskirts of one of Orator Hunt's meetings, so far off as Whitechapel: at a reasonable hour, in the gallery of the House of Commons, and next in Mr. Edward Irving's lecture hall. The British Museum divided his favour between the great butcher markets, and with the picture book auctions, which he regularly frequented. No just idea may be formed of the movements of Richard Taylor, from the different notions formed of his character and calling. For the first five years of his sojourning in London, many conjectures were

formed concerning this "gentleman on town," or "the gentleman with the umbrella;" by which descriptive epithet he came to be pretty generally known among the shopmen and clerks along his line of quick-march. His costume and appearance, strange as the association seems, was half military, half-Moravian. By many he was set down a reporter for the daily prints—vulgarly a *penny-a-liner*; a calling universally sneered at by those whose lies and wonders are paid for from two-pence a line upwards. His frequent attendance at the Police Offices, and in the Courts, favoured this conjecture, as well as his occasional appearance at places of public amusement. A sagacious tradesman in Cockspur Street, a reformer, who had been involved in "the troubles" of the times of Hardy and Horne Tooke set him down as a half-pay officer, now a spy of the Home Office. A tavern-keeper in Fleet Street, who had seen him at the Bow Street Office, step voluntarily forward to interpret for a poor Polish Jew, against whom law was going hard for ignorance of language, affirmed that he was a foreigner, and a Pole. But he had also been heard to interpret for an itinerant weather-glass seller from the lake of Como, in a similar scrape; and for a Turkish seaman who, having first been robbed, was next to be sent to prison for not consenting to be twice robbed—of his time and his money—in prosecuting the thief. These things rather told in his favour. One day the sub-editor of a well-known liberal paper was seen to stop "the gentleman with the umbrella," and carry him into a great bookseller's shop; and on another he was discovered in a hackney coach with some benevolent quakers from America, who had been looking on the seamy side of civilization in Newgate. Here was corroboration of good character. Of "the gentleman with the umbrella," we may tell farther, that his sister-in-law, Mrs. James Taylor, the wife of the rich solicitor in Brunswick Square, affectionately named him, among her friends, "our excellent and unfortunate brother, Mr. Richard;" her husband, familiarly, "our poor Dick;" a young Templar, studying German, quaintly called him

"Mephistophiles;" and Mary Anne Moir, his god-daughter, emphatically, "*The Good Genius*." It was, however, as "the gentleman with the umbrella" that Mr. Taylor was best known; for this was his name with the multitude; the many women and children, of whom he was a daily speaking acquaintance; and with two-thirds of the men. He was, indeed, lavish of his acquaintanceship, but as chary of his intimacy. His circle took in both extremes of society, and all that lay between them. On the same morning he might have been seen leaning on the cane of the neatly rolled up brown silk umbrella, fixed with its mother-of-pearl button, talking with the richest merchants leaving the Exchange, or conversing with an Irish market-woman, or an old Jew clothesman. Such was the street *status* of Mr. Taylor, when Peace sent the hero of Waterloo to perambulate the pavement of London; and, in his Grace, the people of Mr. Taylor's beat, discovered, to his horror, the double of their "man with the umbrella." In the height, and the general outline of the figure, the compactness of the person, the alacrity and firmness of movement, and also in the *length* of the countenance, there might be some slight resemblance, as well as in the plainness, accuracy, and (a certain style established) the unpretendingness of the dress. But the main feature was assuredly the umbrella; with something perhaps of that cast of countenance which Richard himself called the *mock-heroic*, and which he had but narrowly escaped, while it was more fully developed in his double. Any one who had seen these alleged counterparts without their hats, would have been on the instant dispossessed of this ideal resemblance. Even young ladies allowed that Mr. Richard Taylor, without his hat, was a quite other thing. Even MARY ANNE, whose glory was her beautiful and redundant silky tresses, then looked with real admiration on the superb development of brain displayed in

"The bald polish of the honoured head"

of her god-father; and, in his deep-sunk, dark eyes grey and lucid, saw gatherings of meanings, and signs of thoughts, which had never visited the mind of his walking illustrious counterpart. This alleged, or imaginary resemblance, was exceedingly annoying to poor Mr. Taylor, who forthwith became for some months a small lion; or, what is worse, the reflection of a great lion, and a regular spectacle to holiday folks and country cousins. To crown his chagrin, some shabby artist, who had better opportunities of seeing him than his Grace of Wellington, actually sketched him *en héro*; and, at the small cost of a few frogs and a stiff stock, posted him in several print shops as the true lion of Waterloo. This was the more provoking to our hero, as, if there was one set of men whom he detested more than another, it was heroes. He had suffered by them, and seen others suffer: they were but instruments, it is true; but he said "one does not like the gallows any more than the hangman."

Few words may tell Mr. Richard's story, and explain the causes which, at the age of thirty-eight, sent him abroad among the busy population of London, with no apparent charge save his umbrella, and no occupation save doing some little good to his fellow-creatures. Richard and his brother, James Tay-

lor, were the only children of a London solicitor of great reputed wealth, and in high and extensive practice. The little boys were, James at five, and Richard at three years old, left motherless. They lived in a pretty cottage near Guilford, which belonged to their father. When Nurse Wilks was in good humour, she would tell them their father was the richest gentleman in all London, among the Christians; and if in bad humour, from such causes as dirty pinafores, and muddy shoes, that he was going to be married to a lord's daughter, who would snub them; mentioning, at the same time, the name of a nobleman high in office, who was reckoned the patron of Mr. Taylor. One day when the little boys were at play in the garden, Nurse Wilks rushed out to them, crying aloud that their papa had shot himself with a pistol; that the cottage was to be sold, and they were to get new mourning, though whether there would be any for the servants she could not tell. In circles better informed than that of Mrs. Wilks, it was said that the unhappy insolvent had been involved in disgrace, as well as pecuniary difficulty, by speculating in the Funds with money belonging to his clients, and trusting to information received from his official patron, who made this use of place to benefit his own pocket; though he would have disdained the imputation of peculating on the public. Dame Wilks went a hop-picking without her wages. The little boys were for a few years boarded at a cheap school, by the charity of their father's noble friend and by the same interest were admitted into the Blue-Coat Hospital, which seminary James left for the chambers of a solicitor, who had been one of his father's principal clerks; and Richard for a counting house in the city. The brothers had never till now been separated; and they had loved each other the better that each was all the other had to love. Twelve years had exhausted the kindness of all their father's former friends, if he had ever had any; besides, as was truly said, the boys were, by the benevolence of Lord ———, most satisfactorily established. In process of time, Richard went to Dantzick, as an agent for the House in which he was bred; and afterwards to Leghorn, where the same great firm had established a kind of entrepôt for their extensive Levant and Italian traffic. About the beginning of the present century he had been for seven years a partner in the house, and high in the esteem of his associates. At the age of thirty-four, he was said to be worth £34,000; and set down as a bold and fortunate speculator, an intelligent and a liberal merchant. His brother had lately married the only child of his mother, and succeeded to his business; and no two more prosperous men for their standing could be pointed out than the orphan children of the suicide. Of his fast-increasing fortune, Richard had made an investment in England, which yielded £80 a-year; which sum the munificent merchant allowed for toys to his brother's nursery; aware, however, that his sister Anne had more good sense than to interpret the order literally. About the same time he bought the lease and settled on Nurse Wilks the house which his married daughter occupied in that conglomeration of buildings, streets, lanes, alleys, and yards, between the middle of the Strand and the river, reserving to himself the chambers he now occupied in it, above

he ever reside in London. This was done to lessen the ostentation of such a gift; and from no hope, no fear, that he should ever be driven to seek in this place an asylum.

The French Revolution was in progress. Italy became the field of conflict, and was overrun and conquered. Richard, an open, ardent partisan of the Republic, became suspected by the Tuscan Government, and only escaped imprisonment, if not death, by finding refuge on board an English frigate. That asylum was granted to the liberal and hospitable English merchant, which would have been refused to a man of his known principles, who had no such claims on his countrymen. The suddenness of his flight, and many concurring circumstances connected with the invasion of the country, the expedition to Egypt, the total suspension of trade, and the destruction of confidence among commercial men, threw the affairs of the firm into great confusion. It was in fact insolvent; and, to crown the misfortune, Mr. Taylor, in the hurry of escape, lost all his books and papers. They were stolen, he could not have a doubt of it, as his first and last care had been their safety, till he saw the hamper, in which they were hastily packed, placed in the boat which took him to the side of the frigate. He raved like a man distracted on missing them, and entreated to be set on shore; but, with this request, the safety of the vessel and the interests of the service forbade compliance. Richard had been prepared for ruin, utter ruin; but there was disgrace here,—the disgrace of culpable negligence, —and room for the suspicion of failure in the high integrity which was his pride.

Mr. James Taylor, on receiving a letter from the Captain of the frigate, which, however cautiously worded, filled him and his wife with inexpressible alarm, hurried down to Plymouth, and found his brother in a condition most trying to his fraternal feelings. The catastrophe of their father took possession of James's mind. He neither durst disclose his apprehensions to Richard, nor yet lose sight of him for a moment, day nor night. It was Richard, the silent, moody Richard, whose hair sorrow had suddenly blanched, and whose emaciated person and sunken features told the tale his lips refused to utter, that first entered upon the trying topic.

"When do you go to town, James? At this season I know you can ill be spared from business; my sister's health, you say, has been delicate. When do you return to Anne?"

"The moment you are ready," replied James, with forced cheerfulness; "you are in better spirits to-day, Richard—you look more yourself. Be a man, Dick, and no fear of us. Shall I take places for London by the mail? Or, stay,—better have a chaise to ourselves, where we can talk freely; you look as if you needed a lean to your back." James said this with his natural smile, the look which Richard liked in his brother.

"I must learn to sit upright, though," he replied: "upright, alone; and you shall not waste more time in propping me. I must leave this, but I cannot go to London. I must have quiet—time to think, time to think, James."

James believed that the less he thought the better;

but his entreaties were useless, and he desisted for that time.

On the third day, Richard, in whose character there was a rich fund of humour, depressed and despairing as he was, became diverted by the droll and perplexed countenance of his brother; which wife, children, and business pulled one way, and strong fraternal affection, and tormenting fears, the other. If they walked on the pier, or near the water's edge, James involuntarily grasped Richard's arm, as if he expected him to make a sudden spring and plunge. Fearful of irritating the bruised mind, he was hour by hour inventing excuses to delay his own departure, which provoked Richard to smiles. He must see all the docks; he could not go back to Anne without being able to describe the romantic beauties of Mount Edgecumbe. He would visit Dartmouth; it was doubtful when so good an opportunity would offer; ay, and climb Hengist Down, and perhaps explore the banks of the Tamar. How fraught with thoughtful meanings, with warm and grateful feelings, was the sad smile, humorous and tender, with which Richard listened to this random talk of his affectionate, single-minded brother; for James, be it known,—and he cared little who knew it,—was much better acquainted with the forms and boundaries of English law; its barren wastes, and misty pinnacles, and crooked and thorny paths, than with the local scenery of England. As they walked about daily in the beautiful environs of Plymouth, James affected to make notes of what he observed; though he would not move a step in any direction, unless his arm was locked in Richard's.

On the fourth or fifth day of this fettered intercourse, the brothers sat together by the water's edge. Richard had seen James receive, among a huge packet of business letters, *per mail*, not *per post*, (but luckily the Duke of Richmond did not know,) one addressed in the writing of Anne, which, strange to say, was not handed over to him as soon as perused by her husband. This had been the practice of former days. All these epistles, various in quality, appearance, object, and style, had been huddled up, the moment Richard took his hat to give his brother leisure to read and answer them. They now sat in silence for a quarter of an hour; James's mind, probably in London; Richard's rapidly traversing his whole path in life, from the cottage of Dame Wilks to the deck of the frigate where the rain had drenched, the night-dews cooled his fevered frame, and where he had communed with his own heart more earnestly than in all his former thirty-four years. That firm and yet tender heart smote him now as he looked steadily upon the troubled countenance of his affectionate watchman,—smote him for the selfish, misanthropic bitterness which thus sorely tried the love of his best friend, and that friend his only brother. The dark cloud had broken up, and was drifting off; but there were still fragments and trails of it hovering about Richard.

"You have seen all the sights now, I fancy?" said he; "good note taken of them?" There was a ray of Richard's old humour in his eye, a tone of Richard's old frank kindness in his voice; and James looked brightly up.—"Suppose you go home now, James."—This was a damper.—"You never were so long away from Anne since you married, I presume?"

"O, yes, I have; in the middle of a term, too. If you were well, Richard ——"

"Well!—am I not perfectly well?—How many compliments have you not paid me on my good looks during these three last days?"

Poor James! If the reader has lately seen Lord Althorp pressed by days and dates, and the very words of an old forgotten speech faithfully reflected in the *MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT*, a machinery sometimes holding up reflections as disagreeable and provoking, as ever did looking glass to an ancient beauty, he may form some notion of the manner of relating an anecdote, which Richard, if well, would have enjoyed so much. It was of his old acquaintance, whimsical Miss Lambert, a maiden of large fortune, who had sent for James to Bath, because she would have no one to draw out her nineteenth will, but Mr. James Taylor; and had kept him waiting nine days, while she changed her mind eighteen times. "The perverse woman wanted to be coaxed into making our little Dick her heir. She was his uncle Dick's godmother; a bad custom of our Church this, by the way—which perpetuates many very troublesome connexions."

"And the attorney, Dick's father, would not have it so?"

"No!" said James gruffly, in a voice which, if it had not been sulky, would have betrayed the speaker, who now felt a little choked.

"How can I droll with this kind being," was the quick thought of Richard; and there was another long silence, before Richard said in an earnest and quite natural tone, "My sister wrote you to-day—to come home was it not?"

"Quite the reverse," replied James, with his Althorpean air; false, certainly, but what no honest man would call deceitful. "Anne is delighted that I am with you, enjoying myself in so fine a part of the country. She only wishes she were with us; but no haste for us. She is making pleasant excursions everywhere with the children."

"Show me her letter—you wont to give me all Anne's letters."

James looked more *Althorpean* than ever.—Having chanced on so apt an illustration we cannot afford to drop it.—He faltered, looked perplexed, distressed; searched his pockets; "Perhaps he had left it within: it contained some trifling matters of private business." There was another pause, while James concocted (he did not fabricate) an appendix to the letter. "Anne, I assure you, does not wish me home. She says I need not come without Richard, on pain of returning." "I thought, Dick," added the brother, in a tone of affectionate reproach, "that after five years, you who seemed so fond of them would have liked to see my wife and her children."

Richard compressed his lips, gulped, choked, swallowed down the feelings which, in a man less proud, would have been expressed in a groan or sigh of anguish and tenderness; and hurriedly said what else had not been uttered at all.

"James, why don't you frankly tell me I am mad, —and that you think so?"

"Mad, Richard!—What on earth—on this earth, Richard, can put such wild fancies into your brain.

But—" and James tried to laugh—" You know it was always said at school you were to be a poet; like Coleridge, you know, or Charles Lamb, or that set of us—mad!"

"Ay, mad—meditating self-destruction!" cried Richard in a tone bordering on madness; but which yet seemed, even to his suspicious brother, only the fearful energy of roused passions.

"Richard, my dear brother, this passes jest with us; with the recollections of our poor father. Let us walk, Richard, pray—I thank God there is no hereditary disease of any kind in our family. Our poor father, he was hard pressed. In my mind the less a man has to do with these lords the better, save in the way of fair business. Anne will have something to tell you about these things when we get home. But, Richard, there is a temporary madness; when men, forsaken of reason, are in a moment guilty of they know not what. On your courage, your manliness, your high sense of man's worth, and man's duty, I have had reliance which should quiet all apprehensions, horribly as you have been harrowed."——

"Yet you wont leave with me a razor or pen-knife," interrupted Richard bitterly; ye tremble at the sudden flash of a little instrument like this!"

Mr. James Taylor, though he had engrossed all the phlegm of the Taylor blood, leaving his brother its fire and nervous excitability, became pale as death, as he clutched and tried to strike down the pistol which Richard drew from his breast, and steadily fired off.

"It was not even loaded," he said. He gave the pistol into his brother's trembling hands. "I am not mad, James—I am not of the kind of men who go mad. I have purposes in life to fulfil. I shall neither die nor go mad; but I know best what is good for me. Are you now ready to set out for London? My home is Nurse Wilke's, but for one hour I will break my rule to thank Anne for the kindness which extends your leave." Mr. James Taylor groped hastily in his pockets, and now found his wife's letter, and without a word, placed it in Richard's hands; who fell back, free at last from his brother's affectionate grasp, to read what Anne said. When he again advanced, he quietly took his brother's arm, saying, in a very low voice, with no great apparent emotion, yet more consciousness of betrayed feeling than an Englishman cares to show, "those who have brothers and sisters like James and Anne don't shoot themselves. I will keep Anne's letter."

In three more days Richard had seen his sister, and seemed tolerably cheerful; but there lay a crushing load on the heart and spirit of the broken merchant,—bankrupt alike in fortune, and, as he fancied, in reputation,—which the buoyant energy of his natural character could not, all at once, shake off. He was not mad, but spell-bound; struggling as if with a moral night-mare, conscious of the paltry cause of the exquisite agony under which he writhed, which paralyzed the strength, and checked the wholesome current of life, but condemned him to struggle on.

"Better madness, or death itself, said James, one day that he returned from visiting his brother at Brompton, in answer to the anxious questioning of

ife. "He becomes more spectral every day; with sheets of figures before him, the image of concentrated misery." James next spoke of what Elmer had said of *needful restraint*; but the Anne still implored patience, quiet, and indulgence of Richard's most wayward moods. Thus in the winter; when Mrs. James Taylor, one morning towards its close, heard a strange gabbling in the hall, and presently a man, a savage the maids burst upon her in spite of her servant, carrying a hamper, which she almost screamed with desire to understand, containing Richard's missing papers. This faithful Calabrese, whom, while they were in some measure equally foreigners and strangers in Leghorn, Richard Taylor had treated with common humanity, which sunk deeply in a neg-roman's heart, had, with great personal trouble, recovered these missing papers. All that he had lost, James told, could not have so much rejoiced Richard. That was fortune: here were the means of restoring the integrity which it was in vain to expect him no one ever doubted. After some months of hard labour he had the satisfaction of putting the affairs of the firm into such train that there was a prospect every creditor would be fully paid. It was, however, nearly three years before his toils ended and all arrangements were completed. In this time he had made several voyages. The creditors, English and foreign, with the most liberal testimony to his integrity and zeal, would have presented him with money to begin the world again, and offered credit to any amount. These generous offers he refused, though he now looked as well in health and spirits, and as fit for labour as any man; walked ten miles a-day, and slept, in his own phrase, like a boy after a supper of bread and milk. His former partners, and other mercantile capitalists who had seen the value of his abilities, his skill in modern languages, and intimate knowledge of European commerce, would have persuaded him to re-associate with them; but to the mortification of his friends, who affectionately remonstrated against his decision, he resisted all such proposals. "I say no more, James," he would reply. "You do not see me well, but do not quite understand me: Anne will tell you more closely. Once you were in agony lest I should shoot myself; now you are afraid I shall die of melancholy. I have enough for all my wants—nay, for all my desires. A wise man who has been in a bad condition, has but one remaining wish—peace, of mind. Add the wealth of Rothschild to the Barings—join the Bourse to the Stock Exchange, and I am proof." "And have you then no ambition, Richard; no sense of duty, no wish to realize your once ardent desire of doing good, no love of independence? with your valour, miserable pittance!" James waxed warm and wrathful, and choked upon his anger; and Richard calmly smiled. "Enough for me, James. Be assured I made my calculations rigidly and nicely: I struck my final balance. Independence is as needful as the air I breathe; 'tis the lungs of moral existence. I am independent! There is a sense of duty reprehends me for standing by, and yet not always idle, spectator, and seeing

the mad world play its own game—I holding no stake. Let no man, whatever,—not even you, James,—flatter himself the world cannot carry on its game and its business without him. All the Tories in England believed the globe would stop on its axis when Pitt was worn out of life in their hard service; but a sense of duty made Perceval accept of office; and he did wondrous well till duty again gave us Lord Castlereagh. Then came poor Canning, urged by duty, too, and soon broke his heart; and still the world goes on. No, no; the struggle to make Dick Taylor a rich Turkey merchant, instead of Tom, or John, or Bob something else, a struggle, too, which dooms him either to live in torture or sink into callousness, and perhaps perish at last, is not worth my while. I am done with speculation, and with trade, but not with life."

For months—nay, years, the battle was renewed, at intervals, between the brothers; Anne, though she regretted her brother's obstinacy, acting ever as a gentle peace-maker. When Richard, at any time, by his clear head, his knowledge and sagacity, smoothed the intricacies of business to his brother,—James, in a fit of mingled anger and admiration, would burst forth; "There is a man might be Chancellor of the Exchequer; and his matchless abilities must be lost for a crotchet!" and he would denounce Richard's *selfish*, narrow, *idling* scheme of life, epithets which his brother only smiled at, denying idleness; there was not, indeed, a busier man in London, or one who saw, observed, and noted more.

"But to what use?"

"You will find that out by-and-by. I intend to strike out in an original line—a reformer, sir." "Fine subject for drolling, truly!" said the half-angry James. "No, Dick; stick by us Tories, and we'll try to get you made dragoman to the Bow Street Office;" and the lawyer, who had heard of Richard's exhibitions there, now laughed heartily at his own bad joke.

"I have done some good even there; with my bad *Lingua Franca*, and other worse dialects, had I a touch of the Malay, or any *lingo* that could enable me to help out these miserable Lascars. How the beauties and tender mercies of English law, and of the London *Cadis*, must astonish these poor Asiatics! What stories they must have of us in the Indian Islands and the Peninsula of India! What a volume it would be, that would give us the frank, unbiassed opinions, not of Europeans and Americans—they are all near of kin—but of Chinese, Turks, Laps, and New Zealanders, of our manners and institutions!"

"Which you are to reform——"

"Not the institutions; I leave them to the wisdom of Parliament. I am a domestic, an indoor reformer. Could I once proselytize all the women and children, I doubt not but I should soon wield the fierce masculine democracy."

Mr. Richard Taylor, or "the man with the umbrella," had now lived fourteen years in London in this singular way; his friends said singular, though thousands of small annuitants follow apparently a similar line of life. The men called him a Character, or a Humorist; the ladies an Oddity. He was

a great favourite among a certain class of clever young men. Then be assured, that his great secret of happiness and independence, was having at once set himself above the mean misery of what is called *keeping up appearances*. But he would sigh as he added, "You, lads, dare not play my game. You are striving to rise, poor fellows! in your professions; the strong hand, the crushing, iron hand of custom is upon you. How charmingly, now, would that poor Pennant have filled up this outline of his History of the Literature of the last century, had not that tailor's bill come against him, though a man of energy will not be idle even in the Fleet; and, I dare say, save for *appearances*, to make a figure in the great squinting, goggle eyes of the public, the poor lad never would have run up this bill, and would have been quite as happy scribbling in his old coat."

As Mr. Richard Taylor became older, his favourite study was more than ever domestic character and economy. He left politicians to discover what ruins states; he knew what ruined families.

His acquaintance insensibly extended among respectable families of middle rank, as his young friends married; and his age, and character of a benevolent humourist, privileged him among all housemaids, nursemaids, washerwomen, and charwomen. No man knew London better, to the most black and hidden recesses of its mighty heart. Having the key to All Max in the East, he read, by it, fluently, and pretty accurately, Almacks in the West. "Courts!" he would say, "every man who can read may know them far better than the flutterers and flatterers living in and about them. The saloons of aristocracy! what is there new in them? The petty mystery produced in the new mode; the actors the same, all but in name." Mr. Richard might, had he so chosen, have been a constant diner-out. His garb, scrupulously neat and clean, was always glossy enough to pass with the sensible mistress of any respectable family, especially in a *character*. He did say odd things, some ladies thought; but he had recommendations to counterbalance this startling habit; he kept early hours; the children liked him; several great people were of his acquaintance; he was a water-drinker. With these qualities he might have dined out every day of the week, three times every day. "I won't dine with a man I don't like," he would say. "Nay, I must esteem him, too; and I must like his wife also, and be able to endure his children; and, after all, I won't dine with him, unless I am pretty sure he can afford the dinner he takes himself every day, and gives to me and his friends some days. The reverse would be of bad example."

Mr. Richard, as he grew older, was punctual in visiting all *brides*. If he had previously liked the husband, or taken an interest in the wife, his second call was a surprise, to take the lady at unawares, when he might judge more fairly of her sense, her character, and the style of her management. "Few mer," he said, "were entitled to do this, save himself. None had studied in-door life so thoroughly. It would be unfair for an ignorant jackanapes to pounce upon a young housekeeper in my fashion; but I understand all the exigencies of domestic life. I can

allow for washing day, and comprehend the sweeping of the chimneys." If the *manager* stood his test, he would repeat the visit; or if the *woman* pleased, he would return again. Where both fell far short of his standard; where there were neither the *useful* talents of the housewife, nor the pleasing manners, and teachable, and pliant dispositions of the young woman, he dropped the acquaintance, unless he entertained some hope of being useful in improving or totally reforming the hopeless subject. His bridal present to the wife of any of his favourite young friends, was a small book, printed but not published, which he called "RICHARD TAYLOR'S GRAMMAR OF GOOD HOUSEWIFERY;" and, for the joint use of husband and wife, a copy of the "PHILOSOPHY OF ARITHMETIC," by the same author, also unpublished; and, where he "took to visiting," he became the pleasant, steady, safe, and *useful* friend of the young pair; able in any exigency to assist by his knowledge of life and character, and his sagacious counsel; prompt to sympathize in adversity; to stimulate in difficulty; and, what was a nicer task, to temper and moderate rash hopes in a sudden and perilous flow of good fortune at the out-set of life. Sensible and amiable women liked and esteemed Mr. Richard, after their first fears were over, not the less that his influence was generally thrown into the scale of the wife. This he called the course of justice. His final visit every day was paid to his sister Anne, when his brother's family were in town, though he began to feel the distance. They thoroughly understood each other. They were the best of friends; though, as Mrs. James grew older, and her husband richer, and her daughters taller, Richard feared the love of the pomp and vanities of the world was stealing on Anne.

One day during the severe frost of 1813-14, when the Thames was frozen over for weeks on weeks, Richard went, as usual, to Brunswick Square.

"You did not meet us yesterday at the Franklands," said Mrs. James; "it was a severe disappointment to me—all strangers: and I know you got a card, because it came with ours."

"Ay, and answered it, too, a month ago. They could not expect me. I accept of dinners from no man who lives above his income, and beyond that respectable and becoming style warranted by his fortune rather than his prospects."

"You used to like young Frankland."—"I like him still. When I went to rough him out from his books, and his dingy airless chamber, to enjoy Nurse Wilks' toast, and my *vista*, I had immense hopes of that lad; which provokes me the more now. He has got a few fees, I grant you; what then? he gives two dinners for every bribe. And the fine house, and the lady wife, and the lady nursemaid, and the miliner's bill, and the tailor's bill, and the play and opera tickets, and the little trip to Brighton, and the wine-merchant's bill, and the coach-hire—"

"Nay, nay, stop there," cried Anne—

"Without coming to baker, butcher, grocer, or milkman, as poor Frankland must do; to see so admirable a head, so good a heart, torn, crushed, broken, and cast away thus madly!"

us hope better. Fees may come pouring in; flash at the outset is absolutely necessary.

necessity, mean necessity, base necessity!"

Richard, passionately.

are really a handsome, elegant couple. I wonder they should like to have things nice. Mrs. Frankland looks as if used to it, one that *must* have things right and proper; by people."

Yes, you accepted of their hospitality."

"This entertainment I did," said Mrs. Taylor, at the implied reproach. "Splendid it was; of eighteen; rather too many for comfort, for economy; a turbot, at Heaven knows the price!—I know I have not ventured to speak of fishmonger on the subject this season; *ortho-* some such foreign rarity; and a magnificent

And such a desert! I never did see any so beautiful and elegant; with wines innumerable to my reckoning, and in name beyond my knowledge. The house—the set-out altogether!—the robes!—the nursemaid's dress! I wonder I did not, for once, accept your paragon friend's invitation."

Richard, though compressing his lips, emitted a groan between a groan and grumble, before he spoke. "Unless Frankland's creditors, that are to be, had joined in the invitation, I don't see how an honest man could have accepted of it; I, for one, would not. In the sparkling champagne I would not have detected an asp in the wine; I would have detected an asp in the sole; a fish-bone would have stuck in my throat as I eat my half-guinea slice of Frankland's; I would have seen the livery servants metamorphosed to bailiffs; the gentleman in plain clothes one of the bankruptcy commissioners, which questionably will be ere long: no, no, may I leave my share of the spoil to some fool or knave, who would not fail to be asked to my place; and I dined luxuriously on three-fourths of mackerel, which are prime just now."

Taylor was somewhat annoyed. "Then, of course, Richard, you think your brother and I did not go to this dinner, or to accept any such invitation?"

"And logic—a fair inference, sister Anne."

"What could we do? This young man has obliged to James in the line of his profession, and wished to show his sense of it. Is not that quite proper in a young barrister?"

"Quite proper the sense; very improper the man showing it."

"You know James would not do a wrong or an unbecoming thing for the world. He was, indeed, rather averse to accepting of any dinners at this season, when those we *must* take from old friends."

"There is a necessity," said Richard; "some *must* go, and many *must* want."

"At pleasant, polite, young Frankland, whom I had known so well, and his very pretty wife," continued the lady, "I could not be so churlish as to refuse; and they had visited us. It would have been very rude."

"Well, Anne," said the gentleman buttoning to

the chin, "I suppose I must just pardon your—'do as other folks do;' the maxim that fills half our prisons. It will be time enough to think more of Frankland when he is in the Bench."

"Or on the Bench," cried Mrs. Taylor. "Let us take the best view of it. No fish to be caught without bait; and some gudgeons won't bite unless it glitters."

"Even in that case success should not excuse to me his present imprudence: the price of the ticket is too high a risk for even the prize: that price is peace of mind, it is *principle*, sister Anne."

Indignation and grief might have contributed to render Mr. Richard's steps unsteady on this afternoon; but at any rate he slid on the ice in going home, and sprained his ankle so severely, that he was kept prisoner in his chamber for three months. His brother and sister-in-law, and several friends, urged him to become their inmate during his slow recovery, but he would not leave his own lodgings. Nurse Wilks, his *vista*, his lathe, his books, and all his thousand *nick-nacks*. He would be in nobody's way, he said; and he as frankly confessed that he liked nobody in his. He would accept of no pecuniary assistance from his brother. "Do you think I am so bad a calculator and provider as not to know that I must be sick at some time, and require a doctor? And think," he said laughing, "how much I save in shoes!" There was a tinge of misanthropy at the bottom of Richard Taylor's proud character, disguise it as he might. It never deadened his sympathies, never chilled the glow of humanity, but it lurked there.

In the meantime a man who was a geometer, a geographer, a draughtsman, a mechanic, and finally a good scholar and universal reader, could not lack amusement in a three months' confinement unattended with much pain of body or mind. Richard Taylor was, besides that nondescript being, an humourist; and his fancy was a very Proteus. He re-read Swift, a favourite author; a selection of the British Essayists; the works of De Foe and of Fielding, great favourites both; the Farces of Foote, the Newgate Calendar, and the Lives of the Players. He had a small, a very small selection of more serious books, which he never showed save to choice visitors, such as Frankland the barrister had been.

There were now as many inquiries at and about Richard's *cul de sac* as if a prince had been sick; and the apothecary thought of issuing a regular bulletin. A kind, a very kind, a cordial letter came from Frankland, who had gone down to stand a contested election for some Cornwall borough, and thus could not visit his old friend. It was left by Mrs. Frankland, "in her *noun cairiage*," nurse Wilks said; with a note reminding Mr. Taylor how much Frankland required the support of his friends at this juncture and of his own well-known influence with the public press. A few paragraphs did appear for the "talented candidate," but none of them were traced to his friendly old friend; none of them had emanated from Richard Taylor.

No man, after the years of student-ship, can read for ever; but it was by pure accident Richard Taylor, to vary his amusements, began to scrawl on an old half-written ledger, characters of his friends, and

sketches of his life and his adventures, particularly, since he had first run the circle round this alley. Paragraphs insensibly swelled to pages; pages grew to chapters. At the head of one might have been seen written **FRANKLAND THE BARRISTER**; but that *was not yet full*. Another he called by the odd name of **MARY ANNE'S HAIR**, and that one was complete. So humble was Richard's estimate of his own literary powers, that, if writing had cost him but one twopence for quills or ink, he would certainly have renounced the occupation, fancying the money far better bestowed in sending another Irish child to the Dame's School he had contrived to establish in his neighbourhood; but his sister Anne, happy to see that he had found a new amusement, liberally supplied him with stationery from her husband's chambers, an attention he was not too proud to accept.

Many heads were opened in the old ledger, but few were filled up. **HOUSEHOLD STATISTICS** was one; the germ of what afterwards grew to his Philosophy of Arithmetic. Then came **GIN AND GENTILITY**, a Tale; and next, **THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OLD SAMBO**. This was the *grey* negro who swept the next crossing; an old and intimate friend of Mr. Richard's for many a winter, and one with whom he talked every day. Next followed the **BANKRUPT**, another tale.

"Dick," said Mr. James Taylor, as he sat with his brother during morning service, one holiday, and placed his spectacles in the ledger, after a half-hour's perusal of its contents; "Dick, this would print."

"Will it *read* though?" said Richard, smiling.

"I think it may. I have seen my wife have books lying about, almost as great nonsense; indeed, very like this."

"You are a polite and pleasant person, James, with a happy knack at compliment; but I must have other literary judgments, and less indulgent criticism than yours, of my—my *MS. works*."

"There is no saying what trash people won't read nowadays, Dick—just try them; but I would have you be at no expense for printing. I would not promise you that they don't find this—I have not read it—very fine; if you add a few flourishes about sunset, and the sea; and be sure you be bountiful enough and have a rogue of a lawyer. In a story money costs nothing, and beauty still less—and all the women look for them."

"You think the modern novelist's calling something like the fortune-tellers?"

"Very like: handsome, gallant husbands, exquisitely beautiful wives, and immense riches; that is the aim and end of all popular novels."

"Then poor **MARY ANNE** won't do; she had none of this dazzling beauty—no fortune—and for a lover—"

"Let me see," interrupted Mr. James Taylor; and, snatching up the old ledger, he read, as we have already done,

"**THE EXPERIENCES OF RICHARD TAYLOR, ESQ.**

"CHAPTER I.

"**MARY ANNE'S HAIR.**

"**THERE** was not a more respected family in our court, nor a more contented and comfortable house-

hold, than that of old **David Moir**, when I knew it first, among the two hundred and fifty thousand families which then formed the mighty aggregate of the population of London. This honest man was originally from North Britain, and either a native of Aberdeen or Banff—"

"You don't mean old Moir, the porter in C—— bank?" inquired the attorney.—"I do; and his daughter: poor little **Mary Anne**—she is my heroine."

"Don't risk paper and printing, Dick," said Mr. James Taylor emphatically, and thumping the ledger down. "It would be voted the vulgarest dull stuff—ask Anne? An old bank porter in London, and his daughter!—a most worthy man, do doubt; a very nice little girl—but what to make a story of? Besides—"

Richard would not hear what besides. Like the Archbishop of Grenada, wishing his brother all manner of prosperity, he also wished him a little more taste. But he was more offended as a moralist and liberal philosopher than as an author, of which he had indeed never thought till this conversation occurred.

Much was added to the ledger, though no one ever saw it after this. How it finally, along with his Diary, fell into our hands, must remain a secret. Its contents, which are all that is important about it, we mean, from time to time, to submit to the courteous readers of **JOHNSTONE'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE**, hazarding, as a beginning, the very fragment denounced by Mr. James Taylor.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

JACOB FAITHFUL.*

By the Author of "Newton Foster," "Peter Simple," &c.

"Bound 'prentice to a waterman,
I learnt a bit to row;
And, bless your heart, I always was so gay."

I HAD not, for some time, received a visit from Tom; and, surprised at this, I went down to his father's to make inquiry about him. I found the old couple sitting in-doors; the weather was fine, but old Tom was at his work; even the old woman's netting was thrown aside.

"Where is Tom?" inquired I, after wishing them good morning.

"Oh! deary me," cried the old woman, putting her apron up to her eyes; "that wicked, good-for-nothing girl!"

"Good heavens! what is the matter?" inquired I of old Tom.

"The matter, Jacob," replied old Tom, stretching out his two wooden legs, and placing his hands upon his knees, "is, that Tom has 'listed for a sodger."

"'Listed for a soldier!"

"Yes; that's as sartain as it's true; and what's worse, I'm told the regiment is ordered to the West Indies. So, what with fever o' mind and yellow fever, he's food for the land crabs, that's sartain. I think

now," continued the old man, brushing a tear from his eye with his fore finger, "that I see his bones bleaching under the palisades; for I know the place well."

"Don't say so, Tom; don't say so! Oh, Jacob! beg pardon if I'm too free now; but can't you help us?"

"I will if I can, depend upon it; but tell me how this happen," said I, appealing to old Tom.

"Why, the long and the short of it is this: that girl, Mary Stapleton, has been his ruin. When he first came home, he was well received, and looked forward to being spliced and living with us; but it didn't last long. She couldn't leave off her old tricks; and so, that Tom might not get the upper hand, she lays him off with the sergeant of a recruiting party, and flies off from one to the other, just like the ticker of the old clock there does from one side to the other. One day the sergeant was the fancy man, and the next day it was Tom. At last, Tom gets out of patience, and wishes to come to a fair understanding. So he axes her whether she chooses to have the sergeant or to have him; she might take her choice, but he had no notion of being played with in that way, after all her letters and all her promises. Upon this she huffs outright, and tells Tom he may go about his business, for she didn't care if she never seed him no more. So Tom's blood was up, and he calls her a d—n jilt, and, in my opinion, he was near to the truth; then they had a regular breeze, and parted company. Well, this made Tom very miserable, and the next day he would have begged her pardon, and come to her terms, for you see, Jacob, a man in love has no discretion; but she being still angry, tells him to go about his business, as she means to marry the sergeant in a week. Tom turns away again quite mad, and it so happens that he goes into the public-house, where the sergeant hangs out, hoping to be revenged on him, and meaning to have a regular set-to, and see who is the best man: but the sergeant wasn't there, and Tom takes pot after pot, to drive away care: and when the sergeant returned, Tom was not a little in liquor. Now, the sergeant was a knowing chap, and when he comes in, and perceives Tom with his face flushed, he guesses what was to come, so, instead of saying a word, he goes to another table, and dashes his fist upon it, as if in a passion. Tom goes up to him, and says, 'Sergeant, I've known that girl long before you, and if you are a man, you'll stand up for her.' 'Stand up for her! yes,' replied the sergeant, 'and so I would have done yesterday, but the blasted jilt has turned me to the right about and sent me away. I won't fight now, for she won't have me—any more than she will you.' Now when Tom hears this, he becomes more pacified with the sergeant, and they sit down like two people under the same misfortune, and take a pot together instead of fighting; and then, you see, the sergeant plies Tom with liquor, swearing that he will go back to the regiment, and leave Mary altogether, and advises Tom to do the same. At last, what with the sergeant's persuasions, and Tom's desire to vex Mary, he succeeds in 'listing' him, and giving him the shilling before witnesses: that was all the rascal wanted. The next day Tom was sent down to the depôt, as they call it, under a

guard; and the sergeant remains here to follow up Mary, without interruption. This only happened three days ago, and we only were told of it yesterday by old Stapleton, who threatens to turn his daughter out of doors."

"Can't you help us, Jacob?" said the old woman whimpering.

"I hope I can; and if money can procure his discharge, it shall be obtained. But did you not say that he was ordered to the West Indies?"

"The regiment is in the West Indies, but they are recruiting for it, so many have been carried off by the yellow fever last sickly season. A transport, they say, will sail next week, and the recruits are to march for embarkation in three or four days."

"And what is the regiment, and where is the depôt?"

"It is the 47th Fusileers, and the depôt is at Maidstone."

"I will lose no time, my good friends," replied I; "to-morrow I will go to Mr. Drummond, and consult with him." I returned the grateful squeeze of old Tom's hand, and, followed by the blessings of the old woman, I hastened away.

As I pulled up the river, for that day I was engaged to dine with the Wharncliffes, I resolved to call upon Mary Stapleton, and ascertain by her deportment whether she had become that heartless jilt which she was represented, and if so, to persuade Tom, if I succeeded in obtaining his discharge, to think no more about her. I felt so vexed and angry with her, that after I landed I walked about a few minutes before I went to the house, that I might recover my temper. When I walked up stairs I found Mary sitting over a sheet of paper, on which she had been writing. She looked up as I came in, and I perceived she had been crying. "Mary," said I, "how well you have kept the promise you made to me when last we met! See what trouble and sorrow you have brought on all parties except yourself."

"Except myself;—no, Mr. Faithful, don't except myself, I am almost mad—I believe that I am mad—for surely such folly as mine is madness." And Mary wept bitterly.

"There is no excuse for your behaviour, Mary,—it is unpardonably wicked. Tom sacrificed all for your sake; he even deserted, and desertion is death by law. Now what have you done?—taken advantage of his strong affection, to drive him to intemperance, and induce him, in despair, to enlist for a soldier. He sails for the West Indies to fill up the ranks of a regiment thinned by the yellow fever, and will perhaps never return again; you will then have been the occasion of his death. Mary, I have come to tell you that I despise you."

"I despise and hate myself," replied Mary mournfully; "I wish I were in my grave. O, Mr. Faithful, do, for God's sake, do get him back. You can, I know you can; you have money and every thing."

"If I do, it will not be for your benefit, Mary, for you shall trifle with him no more. I will not try for his discharge unless he faithfully promises never to speak to you again."

"You don't say that—you don't mean that," cried Mary, sweeping the hair with her hand back from her forehead,—and her hand still remaining on her

head—"O God! O God! what a wretch I am! Hear me, Jacob,—hear me," cried she, dropping on her knees, and seizing my hands; only get him his discharge—only let me once see him again, and I swear by all that is sacred, that I will beg his pardon on my knees, as I now do yours. I will do every thing, any thing, if he will but forgive me, for I cannot, will not live without him."

"If this be true, Mary, what madness could have induced you to have acted as you have?"

"Yes," replied Mary, rising from her knees, "madness indeed—more than madness to treat so cruelly one for whom I only care to live. You say Tom loves me, I know he does; but he does not love me as I do him. O my God, my heart will break!" After a pause, Mary resumed. "Read what I have written to him; I have already written as much in another letter. You will see that if he cannot get away, I have offered to go with him as his wife, that is, if he will have such a foolish, wicked girl as I am."

I read the letter, it was as she said, praying for forgiveness, offering to accompany him, and humiliating herself as much as it was possible. I was much affected. I returned the letter.

"You can't despise me so much as I despise myself," continued Mary; "I hate, I detest myself for my folly. I recollect now how you used to caution me when a girl. O mother! mother! it was a cruel legacy you left to your child, when you gave her your disposition. Yet why should I blame her? I must blame myself."

"Well, Mary, I will do all I can, and that as soon as possible. To-morrow I will go down to the depôt."

"God bless you, Jacob; and may you never have the misfortune to be in love with such a one as myself!"

I left Mary, and hastened home to dress for dinner. I mentioned the subject of wishing to obtain Tom's discharge to Mr. Wharncliffe, who recommended my immediately applying to the Horse Guards; and, as he was acquainted with those in office, offered to accompany me. I gladly accepted his offer, and the next morning he called for me in his carriage, and we went there. Mr. Wharncliffe sent up his card to one of the secretaries, and we were immediately ushered up, when I stated my wishes. The reply was, "If you had time to procure a substitute it would easily be arranged; but the regiment is so weak, and the aversion to the West Indies so prevalent after this last very sickly season, that I doubt if his royal highness would permit any man to purchase his discharge. However, we will see. The duke is one of the kindest-hearted of men, and I will lay the case before him: but let us see if he is still at the depôt—I rather think not." The secretary rang the bell.

"The detachment of the 47th Fusileers from the depôt, has it marched, and when does it embark?"

The clerk went out, and in a few minutes returned with some papers in his hand. "It marched the day before yesterday, and was to embark this morning, and sail as soon as the wind was fair."

My heart sunk at this intelligence.

"How is the wind, Mr. G——? go down and look at the tell-tale."

The clerk returned; "E. N. E., sir, and has been steadily so these two days."

"Then," replied the secretary, "I am afraid you are too late to obtain your wish. The orders to the port-admiral are most preremptory to expedite the sailing of the transports, and a frigate has been now three weeks waiting to convoy them. Depend upon it, they have sailed to-day."

"What can be done?" replied I mournfully.

"You must apply for his discharge and procure a substitute. He can then have an order sent out, and be permitted to return home. I am very sorry, as I perceive you are much interested, but I am afraid it is too late now. However, you may call to-morrow; the weather is clear with this wind, and the port admiral will telegraph to the Admiralty the sailing of the vessels. Should any thing detain them, I will take care that his royal highness shall be acquainted with the circumstances this afternoon, if possible, and will give you his reply." We thanked the secretary for his politeness, and took our leave. Vexed as I was with the communications I had already received, I was much more so when one of the porters

ran to the carriage, to show me, by the secretary's order, a telegraphic communication from the Admiralty, containing this certain and unpleasant information, "Convoy to West Indies sailed this morning."

"Then it is all over for the present," said I, throwing myself back in the carriage; and I continued in a melancholy humour until Mr. Wharncliffe, who had business in the city, put me down as near as the carriage went to the house of Mr. Drummond. I found Sarah, who was the depository of all my thoughts, pains, and pleasures, and I communicated to her this episode in the history of young Tom. As most ladies are severe judges of their own sex, she was very strong in her expressions against the conduct of Mary, which she would not allow to admit of any palliation. Even her penitence had no weight with her.

"And yet how often is it the case, Sarah, not perhaps to the extent carried on by this mistaken girl; but still the disappointment is as great, although the consequences are not so calamitous. Among the higher classes, how often do young men receive encouragement, and yield themselves up to a passion to end only in disappointment! It is not necessary to plight troth; a young woman may not have virtually committed herself, and yet, by merely appearing pleased with the conversation and company of a young man, induce him to venture his affections in a treacherous sea, and eventually find them wrecked."

"You are very nautically poetical, Jacob," replied Sarah; "such things do happen; but I think that women's affections are, to use your own phrase, oftener wrecked than those of men; that, however, does not exculpate either party. A woman must be blind indeed if she cannot perceive, in a very short time, whether she is trifling with a man's feelings, and base indeed, if she continues to practise upon them."

"Sarah," replied I, and then I stopped.

"Well——"

"I was," replied I "stammering a little, "I was going to ask you if you were blind."

what, Jacob?" said Sarah, colouring up. "my feelings towards you."

"I believe I like you very well," replied she,

"do you think that that is all?"

"Do you dine to-day, Jacob?" replied Sa-

"must depend upon you and your answer. To-day, I trust to dine here often. If I dine here to-day, probably I never may wish to know, Sarah, whether you have said to my feelings towards you; for, with the Mary and Tom before me, I feel that I must trust to my own hopes, which may end in disappointment. Will you have the kindness to put my misery?"

"I have been blind to your feelings, I have not said to your merit, Jacob. Perhaps I have not said to your feelings, and I am not of the same rank as Mary Stapleton. I think you may dine here to-day," colouring and smiling, turned away to the window.

"I hardly believe that I'm to be so happy, Sarah," said I, agitated. "I have been fortunate, fortunate, but the hopes you have now raised are beyond my expectations,—so much belated,—that I dare not indulge in them. Tell me, and be more explicit."

"Do you wish me to say?" replied Sarah, leaning down on her work, as she turned round to

"you will not reject the orphan who was brought up by your father, and who reminds you of what you may not forget at this moment what the greatest bar to his presumption—his origin."

"That was said like yourself, it was nobly said; if you are not born noble, you have true nobility of mind. I will imitate your example. I often, during our long friendship, told you of the child you did, Sarah."

"As a child you did, Sarah."

"As a woman, I repeat it; and now are you

"Sarah by the hand; she did not withdraw her hand from me to kiss it over and over again.

"Your father and mother, Sarah?"

"I never have allowed our intimacy, if they approved it, Jacob, depend upon it. However, I may make yourself easy on that score, by telling you what has passed, and then, I presume will be out of your misery."

"The day was over, I had spoken to Mrs. Drummond, and requested her to open the business of my band, as I really felt it more than I could bear. She smiled as her daughter hung upon her arm, and when I met Mr. Drummond at dinner he said, 'out of my misery;' for he shook me by the hand and said, 'You have made us all very happy; for that girl appears determined either to marry me, or not to marry at all. Come, dinner is

"I leave the reader to imagine how happy I was at what passed between Sarah and me in our conversation of that evening, how unwilling I was to leave the house, and how I ordered a postchaise to

carry me home, because I was afraid to trust myself on that water, on which the major part of my life had been safely passed, lest any accident should happen to me, and rob me of my anticipated bliss. From that day, I was as one of the family, and finding the distance too great, took up my abode at apartments contiguous to the house of Mr. Drummond. But the course of other people's love did not run so smooth, and I must now return to Mary Stapleton and Tom Beazeley.

I had breakfasted, and was just about to take my wherry and go down to acquaint the old couple with the bad success of my application. I had been reflecting with gratitude on my own happiness in prospect, indulging in fond anticipations, and then, reverting to the state in which I left Mary Stapleton and Tom's father and mother, contrasting their misery with my joy, arising from the same source, when who should rush into the dining-room but young Tom, dressed in nothing but a shirt, and a pair of white trowsers, covered with dust, and wan with fatigue and excitement.

"Good heavens! Tom! are you back? then you must have deserted."

"Very true," replied Tom, sinking on a chair, "I swam on shore last night, and have made from Portsmouth to here since eight o'clock. I hardly need say that I am done up. Let me have something to drink, Jacob, pray."

I went to the cellaret and brought him some wine, of which he drank off a tumbler eagerly. During this, I was revolving in mind the consequences which might arise from this hasty and imprudent step. "Tom," said I, "do you know the consequences of desertion?"

"Yes," replied he, gloomily, "but I could not help it; Mary told me in her letter that she would do all I wished, would accompany me abroad; she made all the amends she could, poor girl! and, by heavens, I could not leave her: and when I found myself fairly under weigh, and there was no chance, I was almost mad; the wind baffled us at the Needles, and we anchored for the night; I slipped down the cable and swam on shore; and there's the whole story."

"But, Tom, you will certainly be recognized, and taken up for a deserter."

"I must think of that," replied Tom; "I know the risk that I run, but, perhaps, if you obtain my discharge, they may let me off."

I thought this was the best plan to proceed upon, and requesting Tom to keep quiet, I went to consult with Mr. Wharncliffe. He agreed with me that it was Tom's only chance, and I pulled to his father's, to let them know what had occurred, and then went on to the Drummonds. When I returned home late in the evening, the gardener told me that Tom had gone out, and had not returned. My heart misgave me that he had gone to see Mary, and that some misfortune had occurred, and I went to bed with most anxious feelings. My forebodings proved to be correct, for the next morning I was informed that old Stapleton wished to see me. He was ushered in, and as soon as he entered, he exclaimed, "All's up, Master Jacob—Tom's nabbed—Mary fit after fit—human natur."

"Why what is the matter, Stapleton?"

"Why, it's just this—Tom deserts to come to Mary. Cause why? he loves her—human natur. That soldier chap comes in and sees Tom, clutches hold, and tries to take possession of him. Tom fights, knocks out sergeant's starboard eye, and tries to escape—human natur. Soldiers come in, pick up sergeant, seize Tom, and carry him off. Mary cries, screams, and faints—human natur; poor girl, can't keep her up; two women with burnt feathers all night. Sad job, mister Jacob. Of all the senses love's the worst, that's sartin; quite upset me, can't smoke my pipe this morning; Mary's tears quite put my pipe out;" and old Stapleton looked as if he was ready to cry himself.

"This is a sad business, Stapleton," replied I. "Tom will be tried for desertion, and God knows how it will end. I will try all I can; but they have been very strict lately."

"Hope you will, mister Jacob. Mary will die, that's sartin. I'm more afraid that Tom will. If one does, t'other will. I know the girl—just like her mother, never could carry her helm amidships, hard a port or hard a starboard. She's mad now to follow Tom—will go to Maidstone. I take her as soon as I go back to her. Just come up to tell you all about it."

"This is a gloomy affair, Stapleton."

"Yes, for sartin; wish there never was such a thing as *human natur*."

After a little conversation, and a supply of money, which I knew would be acceptable, Stapleton went away, leaving me in no very happy state of mind. My regard for Tom was excessive, and his situation one of peculiar danger. Again I repaired to Mr. Wharncliffe for advice, and he readily interested himself most warmly.

"This is, indeed, an awkward business," said he, "and will require more interest than I am afraid that I command. If not condemned to death, he will be sentenced to such a flogging as will break him down in spirit as well as in body, and sink him into an early grave. Death were preferable of the two. Lose no time, Mr. Faithful, in going down to Maidstone, and seeing the colonel commanding the depôt. I will go to the Horse Guards, and see what is to be done."

I wrote a hurried note to Sarah to account for my absence, and sent for post horses. Early in the afternoon I arrived at Maidstone, and finding out the residence of the officer commanding the depôt, sent up my card. In few words I stated to him the reason of my calling upon him.

"It will rest altogether with the Horse Guards, Mr. Faithful, and I am afraid I can give you but little hope. His Royal Highness has expressed his determination to punish the next deserter with the utmost severity of the law. His leniency on that point has been very injurious to the service, and he *must do it*. Besides, there is an aggravation of the offence in his attack upon the sergeant, who has irrecoverably lost his eye."

"The sergeant first made him drunk, and then persuaded him to enlist." I then stated the rivalry that subsisted between them, and continued, "is it not disgraceful to enlist men in that way—can that be called *voluntary service*?"

"All very true," replied the officer, "but still expediency winks at even more. I do not attempt to defend the system, but we must have soldiers. The seamen are impressed by force, the soldiers are entrapped by other means, even more discreditable; the only excuse is expediency, or, if you like it better, necessity. All I can promise you, sir, is what I would have done even if you had not appealed to me, to allow the prisoner every comfort which his situation will permit, and every advantage at his court-martial, which mercy, tempered by justice, will warrant."

"I thank you, sir; will you allow me and his betrothed to see him?"

"Most certainly; the order shall be given forthwith."

I thanked the officer for his kindness, and took my leave.

I hastened to the black-hole where Tom was confined, and the order for my admission having arrived before me, I was permitted by the sergeant of the guard to pass the sentry. I found Tom sitting on a bench, notching a stick with his knife, and whistling a slow tune.

"This is kind, Jacob, but not more than I expected of you; I made sure that I should see you to-night or to-morrow morning. How's poor Mary? I care only for her now—I am satisfied—she loves me, and—I knocked out the sergeant's eye; spoilt his wooing, at all events."

"But, Tom, are you aware of the danger in which you are?"

"Yes, Jacob, perfectly; I shall be tried by a court-martial and shot. I've made up my mind to it; at all events, it's better than being hung like a dog, or being flogged to death like a nigger. I shall die like a gentleman, if I have never been one before, that's some comfort. Nay, I shall go out of the world with as much noise as if a battle had been fought, or a great man had died."

"How do you mean?"

"Why there'll be more than one *bullet-in*."

"This is no time for jesting, Tom."

"Not for you, Jacob, as a sincere friend, I grant; not for poor Mary, as a devoted girl; not for my poor father and mother; no, no," continued Tom. "I feel for them; but for myself, I neither fear nor care. I have not done wrong; I was pressed against the law and act of parliament, and I deserted. I was enlisted when I was drunk and mad, and I deserted. There is no disgrace to me; the disgrace is to the government, which suffers such acts. If I am to be a victim, well and good; we can only die once."

"Very true, Tom, but you are young to die, and we must hope for the best."

"I have given up all hope, Jacob. I know the law will be put in force; I shall die and go to another and a better world, as the parson says, where, at all events, there will be no muskets to clean, no drill, and none of your confounded pipe clay, which has almost driven me mad. I should like to die in a blue jacket; in a red coat I will not, so I presume I shall go out of the world in my shirt, and that's more than I had when I came in."

"Mary and her father are coming down to you, Tom."

"I am sorry for that, Jacob; it would be cruel not to see her; but she blames herself so much that I cannot bear to read her letters. But, Jacob, I will try, to try if I can comfort her; but she must not go back again till after the court-martial, and the sentence, and then—if she wishes to say her farewell, I suppose I must not refuse." As he said this, tears dropped from his eyes as he said this. "Jacob, will you wait and take her back to town?—she must not stay here; and I will not see father and mother until the last. Let us make one job of it, and all will be over."

Tom said this, the door of the cell again opened, and Stapleton supported in his daughter. Mary tottered where Tom stood, and fell into his arms in convulsions. It was necessary to remove her, and she was carried out. "Let her not come in here," I beseech you, Jacob; take her back, and I will reward you for your kindness. Wish me farewell and see that she does not come again." Tom

took me by the hand, and turned away to conceal his distress. I nodded my head in assent, for I could not speak for emotion, and followed Stapleton and the soldiers who had taken Mary out. As soon as I recovered sufficiently to require no further aid, I lifted her into the postchaise, and ordered the boys to drive back to Brentford. Mary continued in a state of stupor during the journey; and when I arrived at my own house, I gave her into the care of the gardener's wife, and despatched her for medical assistance. The application of Dr. Harncliffe was of little avail, and he returned with disappointment in his countenance. The day of the next week was the most distressing ever passed; arising from my anxiety for Tom, my exertions to reason Mary into some degree of submission to the will of Providence; her accusations against herself and her own folly; her incoherent talk, calling herself Tom's murderer, which I did me for her reason; the distress of old Tom and his wife, who, unable to remain in their solitude, came to me for intelligence, for comfort, and for aid. I dared not give them—hope. All this, added to my separation from Sarah, during my attendance to what I considered my duty, reduced me to a feebleness arising from mental exertion, which made me to almost a skeleton.

At last, the court-martial was held, and Tom was sentenced to death. The sentence was approved, and we were told that all appeals would be un-

availing. We received the news on the Saturday evening, and Tom was to suffer on the Tuesday morning. I could no longer refuse the appeals of my friends; indeed, I received a letter from Tom, requesting that all of us, the Domine included, would come and bid him farewell. I hired a carriage for myself, my wife, Stapleton, and Mary, and putting the Domine and myself in my own chariot, we set off on the Saturday morning for Maidstone. We arrived about eleven o'clock, and put up at an inn near the barracks. It was arranged that the Domine and I should see Tom first, then his father and mother, and, lastly, Mary Stapleton.

"I am sorry," said the Domine, "my heart is heavy, and my mind is sinking heavy; my soul yearneth after the poor man who is thus to lose his life for a woman; a wo-

man from whose toils I did myself escape. Yet is she exceeding fair and comely, and now that it is unavailing, appeareth to be penitent."

I made no reply; we had arrived at the gate of the barracks. I requested to be admitted to the prison, and the doors were unbarred. Tom was dressed with great care and cleanliness; in white trousers and shirt and waistcoat, but his coat lay on the table; he would not put it on. He extended his hand towards me with a faint smile.

"It is all over now, Jacob, and there is no hope: that I am aware of, and have made up my mind to die; but I wish these last farewells were over, for they unman me. I hope you are well, sir," continued Tom, to the Domine.

"Nay, my poor boy, I am as well as age and infirmity will permit, and why should I complain when I see youth, health, and strength, about to be sacrificed; and many made miserable, when many might be made so happy;" and the Domine blew his nose, the trumpet sound of which re-echoed through the cell, so as to induce the centry to look through the bars.

"They are all here, Tom," said I, "would you like to see them now?"

"Yes; the sooner it is over the better."

"Will you see your father and mother first?"

"Yes," replied Tom, in a faltering tone.

I went out, and returned with the old woman on my arm, followed by old Tom, who stumped after me with the assistance of his stick. Poor old Mrs. Beazeley fell on her son's neck, sobbing convulsively.

"My boy—my boy—my dear, dear boy!" said she, at last, and she looked up steadfastly in his face—"My God! he'll be dead to-morrow!"

Her head again sank on his shoulder, and her sobs were choking her. Tom kissed his mother's forehead as the tears coursed down his cheeks, and motioned me to take her away. I placed her down on the floor, where she remained silent, moving her head up and down with a slow motion, her face buried in her shawl. It was but now and then that you heard a convulsive drawing of her breath. Old Tom had remained a silent but agitated spectator of the scene. Every muscle in his weather-beaten countenance twitched convulsively, and the tears at last forced their way through the deep furrows on his cheeks. Tom, as soon as his mother was removed, took his father by the hand, and they sat down together.

"You are not angry with me, father, for deserting?"

"No my boy, no. I was angry with you for 'listing, but not for deserting. What business had you with the pipe-clay? But I do think I have reason to be angry elsewhere, when I reflect that after having lost my two good legs in defending her, my country is now to take from me my boy in his prime. It's but a poor reward for long and hard service; poor encouragement to do your duty; but what do they care? they have had my services, and they have left me a hulk. Well, they may take the rest of me, if they please, now that they—Well, it's no use crying, what's done can't be helped," continued old Tom, as the tears ran down in torrents; "they may shoot you, Tom, but this I know well, you'll die

game, and shame them by proving to them they have deprived themselves of the services of a good man when good men are needed. I would not have so much cared," continued old Tom, after a pause,—("look to the old woman, Jacob, she's tumbling over to port)—if you had fallen on board a king's ship in a good frigate action; some must be killed when there's hard fighting; but to be drilled through by your own countrymen, to die by their hands, and, worst of all, to die in a red coat, instead of true blue——"

"Father, I will not die in a red coat; I won't put it on."

"That's some comfort, Tom, any how, and comfort's wanted."

"And I'll die like a man, father."

"That you will Tom, and that's some comfort."

"We shall meet again, father."

"Hope so, Tom, in heaven—that's some comfort."

"And now, father, bless me, and take care of my poor mother."

"Bless you, Tom, bless you!" cried the old man, in a suffocating voice, extending both his hands towards Tom, as they rose up, but the equilibrium was no longer to be maintained, and he reeled back in the arms of me and Tom. We lowered him gently down by the side of his wife; the old couple turned to each other, and embracing, remained sobbing in each other's arms.

"Jacob," said Tom, squeezing me by the hand, with a quivering lip, "by your regard for me, let now the last scene be got over—let me see Mary, and let this tortured heart once more be permitted a respite. I sent out the Domine. Tom leant against the wall, with his arms folded, in appearance summoning up all his energy for the painful meeting. Mary was led in by her father. I expected she would have swooned away, as before; but, on the contrary, although she was pale as death, and gasping for breath, from intensity of feeling, she walked up to Tom where he was standing, and sat down on the form close to him. She looked anxiously round upon the group, and then said, "I know that all I now say is useless, Tom; but still I must say it—it is I who, by my folly, have occasioned all this distress and misery—it is I who have caused you to suffer a—dreadful death—yes, Tom, I am your murderer."

"Not so, Mary, the folly was my own," replied Tom, taking her hand.

"You cannot disguise or palliate to me, dearest Tom," replied Mary; "my eyes have been opened too late it is true, but they have been opened, and although it is kind of you to say so, I feel the horrid conviction of my own guilt. See what misery I have brought about. There is a father who has sacrificed his youth and his limbs to his country, sobbing in the arms of a mother whose life is bound up with that of her only son. To them," continued Mary, falling down upon her knees, "to them I must kneel for pardon, and I ask it as they hope to be forgiven. Answer me—oh! answer me! can you forgive a wretch like me?"

A pause ensued. I went up to old Tom, and kneeling by his side, begged him to answer.

"Forgive her, poor thing—yes; who could refuse it, as she kneels there? Come," continued he, speak-

ing to his wife, "you must forgive her. Look up, dame, at her, and think that our poor boy may be doing the same to-morrow at noon."

The old woman looked up, and her dimmed eyes caught a sight of Mary's imploring and beautiful attitude; it was not to be withstood.

"As I hope for mercy to my poor boy, whom you have killed, so do I forgive you, unhappy young woman."

"May God reward you, when you are summoned before him," replied Mary. "It was the hardest task of all. Of you, Jacob, I have to ask forgiveness for depriving you of your early and truest friend—yes, and for much more. Of you, sir," addressing the Domine, "for my conduct towards you, which was cruel and indefensible,—will you forgive me?"

"Yes, Mary, from my heart I do forgive you," replied I.

"Bless thee, maiden, bless thee!" sobbed the Domine.

"Father, I must ask of you the same—I have been a wilful child,—forgive me!"

"Yes, Mary; you could not help it," replied old Stapleton, blubbing, "it was all human nature."

"And now," said Mary, turning round on her knees to Tom, with a look expressive of anguish and love, "to you, Tom, must be my last appeal. I know you will forgive me; I know you have—and this knowledge of your fervent love makes the thought more bitter that I have caused your death. But hear me, Tom, and all of you hear me. I never loved but you; I have liked others much, I liked Jacob, but you only ever did make me feel I had a heart; and alas! you only have I sacrificed. When led away by my folly to give you pain, I suffered more than you—for you have had my only, you shall have an eternal and unceasing love. To your memory I am hereafter wedded, to join you will be my only wish—and if there be a boon granted me from Heaven, I would be to die with you, Tom—yes, in those dear arms."

Mary held out her arms to Tom, who falling down on his knees, embraced her, and thus they remained with their faces buried in each other's shoulders. The whole scene was now at its climax; it was too oppressive, and I felt faint, when I was roused by the voice of the Domine, who, lifting up both his arms and extending them forth, solemnly prayed,—"*O Lord, look down upon these, Thy servants, in affliction; grant to those who are to continue in their pilgrimage strength to bear Thy chastening—grant to him who is to be summoned to Thee, that happiness which the world cannot give; and O God most mighty, God most powerful, lay not upon us burden greater than we can bear. My children, let us pray.*"

The Domine knelt down, and repeated the Lord's prayer; all followed his example, and then there was a pause.

"Stapleton," said I, pointing to Mary. I beckoned to the Domine. We assisted up old Tom, and the his wife, and led them away; the poor old woman was in a state of stupefaction, and until she was out in the air was not aware that she had quitted her son. Stapleton had attempted to detach Mary from Tom, but in vain; they were locked together as in death. At last Tom, roused by me, suffered his

loosened, and Mary was taken out in a state of insensibility, and carried to the inn by her and the Domine.

"Are they all gone?" whispered Tom to me, as he reclined on my shoulder.

Tom."

"When the bitterness of death is passed; God have mercy on them, and assuage their anguish; they will help more than I do."

"A prodigious flood of tears, which lasted some time, relieved the poor fellow; he raised himself up, his eyes, became more composed.

"But, I hardly need tell my dying request, to comfort my poor father and mother, to comfort you—God bless you, Jacob! you have indeed been a faithful friend, and may God reward you.

"Now, Jacob, leave me; I must commune with myself, and pray for forgiveness. The space between this life and eternity is but short."

"He threw himself into my arms, where he remained for some minutes; he then broke gently away, and went to the door. I once more took his hand, and started.

"I went back to the inn, and ordering the horses to be brought, I explained to all but Mary the propriety of my now returning home. Mary was lifted in, and it was a relief to my mind to see them all depart. Myself, I resolved to remain until the last; I was in a state of feverish agitation, which made me restless.

"As I paced up and down the room, the picture caught my eye. I laid hold of it mechanically, and looked at it. A paragraph rivetted my attention.

"His Majesty's ship *Immortalité*, *Chatham*, to be paid off." Then our ship had come to the end of her career.

"But what was that now? Yet something told me that I ought to go to see Captain Maclean, and try if any thing could be done. I knew my commanding interest, and although it was now too late, I had an impulse to go and see him, which I could not resist.

"After all," said I to myself, "I must use here, and I may as well go." This resolution added to my restlessness, induced me to order a hack, and I went to Chatham, found out that Captain Maclean was still on board, and took boat off to the ship.

"I was recognized by the officers, who desired to see me, and I sent a message to the captain, who was below, requesting to see him. I went into the cabin, and stated to him what I desired, requesting his assistance, if possible.

"Faithful," replied he, "it appears Tom Beazeley has deserted twice; still there is much extenuation in the events, the punishment of death is too severe. I don't like it,—I can save him, and I will. The rules of the services, a deserter from one service may be claimed from the other, and must be tried by the court-martial. His sentence is, therefore, not legal.

"I sent a party of marines, and claim him as a deserter from the Navy, and they must and shall do so—make yourself easy, Faithful, his life is as yours."

"I then fell on my knees and thanked him, and I could hardly believe that such good news had been received.

"There is no time to lose, sir," replied I, respectfully, "he is to be shot to-morrow, at nine o'clock." "He will be on board here to-morrow, at nine

o'clock, or I am not Captain Maclean. But, as you say, there is no time to lose. It is now nearly dark, and the party must be off immediately. I must write a letter on service to the commanding officer of the depot. Call my clerk."

"I ran out and called the clerk. In a few minutes the letter was written, and a party of marines, with the second lieutenant, despatched with me on shore. I ordered postchaises for the whole party, and before eleven we were at Maidstone. The lieutenant and I sat up all night, and at daylight we summoned the marines and went to the barracks, where we found the awful note of preparation going forward, and the commanding officer up and attending to the arrangements. I introduced the lieutenant, who presented the letter on service.

"Good heavens! how fortunate! You can establish his identity, I presume,"

"Every man here can swear to him."

"'Tis sufficient, Mr. Faithful. I wish you and your friend joy of this reprieve. The rules of the services must be obeyed, and you will sign a receipt for the prisoner."

"This was done by the lieutenant, and the provost marshal was ordered to deliver up the prisoner. I hastened with the marines into the cell: the door was unlocked. Tom, who was reading his Bible, started up, and perceiving the red jackets, thought that he was to be led out to execution.

"My lads," exclaimed he, "I am ready: the sooner this is over the better."

"No, Tom," said I, advancing; "I trust for better fortune. You are claimed as a deserter from the *Immortalité*."

"Tom stared, lifted the hair from his forehead, and threw himself into my arms: but we had no time for the display of feelings. We hurried Tom away from barracks, again I put the whole party into chaises; and we soon arrived at Chatham, where we embarked on board of the frigate. Tom was given into the charge of the master at arms, as a deserter, and a letter was written by Captain Maclean, demanding a court-martial on him.

"What will be the result?" inquired I of the first lieutenant,

"The Captain says, little or nothing, as he was pressed as an apprentice, which is contrary to act of parliament."

"I went down to cheer Tom with this intelligence, and, taking my leave, set off for London with a light heart. Still I thought it better not to communicate this good news until assurance was made doubly sure. I hastened to Mr. Drummond's, and detailed to them all which had passed. The next day Mr. Wharncliffe went with me to the Admiralty, where I had the happiness to find that all was legal, and that Tom could only be tried for his desertion from a man-of-war; and that, if he could prove that he was an apprentice, he would, in all probability, be acquitted. The court-martial was summoned three days after the letter had been received by the Admiralty. I hastened down to Chatham to be present. It was very short: the desertion was proved, and Tom was called upon for his defence. He produced his papers, and proved that he was pressed before his time had expired. The court was cleared for a few minutes,

and then re-opened: Tom was acquitted on the ground of illegal detention, contrary to act of parliament, and he was *free*. I returned my thanks to Captain Maclean and the officers for their kindness, and left the ship with Tom in the cutter, ordered for me by the first lieutenant. My heart swelled with gratitude at the happy result. Tom was silent, but his feelings I could well analyse. I gave to the men of the boat five guineas to drink Tom's health, and, hastening to the inn, ordered the carriage, and with Tom, who was a precious deposit, for upon his welfare depended the happiness of so many, I hurried to London as fast as I could, stopped at the Drummonds to communicate the happy intelligence, and then proceeded to my own house, where we slept. The next morning I dressed Tom in some of my own clothes, and we embarked in the wherry.

"Now, Tom," said I, "You must keep in the background at first, while I prepare them. Where shall we go first?"

"Oh! to my mother," replied Tom.

We passed through Putney Bridge, and Tom's bosom heaved as he looked towards the residence of Mary. His heart was there, poor fellow! and he longed to have flown to the poor girl, and have dried her tears; but his first duty was to his parents.

We soon arrived abreast of the residence of the old couple, and I desired Tom to pull in, but not turn his head round, lest they should see him before I had prepared them; for too much joy will kill as well as grief. Old Tom was not at his work, and all was quiet. I landed and went to the house, opened the door, and found them both sitting by the kitchen fire in silence, apparently occupied with watching the smoke as it ascended up the spacious chimney.

"Good morning to you both," said I; "how do you find yourself, Mrs. Beazeley?"

"Ah! deary me!" replied the old woman, putting her apron up to her eyes.

"Sit down, Jacob, sit down," said old Tom; "we *can* talk of him now."

"Yes, now that he's in heaven, poor fellow!" interposed the old woman.

"Tell me, Jacob," said old Tom, with a quivering lip, "did you see the last of him? Tell me all about it. How did he look? How did he behave? Was he soon out of his pain? And—Jacob—where is he buried?"

"Yes, yes," sobbed Mrs. Beazeley; "tell me where is the body of my poor child."

"Can you bear to talk about him?" said I.

"Yes, yes; we can't talk too much; it does us good," replied she. "We have done nothing but talk about him since we left him."

"And shall till we sink into our graves," said old Tom, "which won't be long. I've nothing to wish for now, and I'll never sing again, that's sartin. We sha'n't last long, either of us. As for me," continued the old man, with a melancholy smile, looking down at his stumps, "I may well say that I've *two* feet in the grave already. But come, Jacob, tell us all about him."

"I will," replied I: "and, my dear Mrs. Beazeley, you must prepare yourself for different tidings than what you expect. Tom is not yet shot."

"*Not dead!*" shrieked the old woman.

"Not yet, Jacob!" cried old Tom, seizing me by the arm, and squeezing it with the force of a vice, as he looked me earnestly in the face.

"He lives: and I am in hopes he will be pardoned."

Mrs. Beazeley sprang from her chair and seized me by the other arm.

"I see—I see by your face! Yes, Jacob, he is pardoned; and we shall have our Tom again."

"You are right, Mrs. Beazely; he is pardoned, and will soon be here."

The old couple sank down on their knees beside me. I left them, and beckoned from the door to Tom, who flew up, and in a moment was in their arms. I assisted him to put his mother into her chair, and then went out to recover myself from the agitating scene. I remained about an hour outside, and then returned. The old couple seized me by the hands, and invoked blessings on my head.

"You must now part with Tom a little while," said I; "there are others to make happy besides yourselves."

"Very true," replied old Tom; "go, my lad, and comfort her. Come missus, we musn't forget others."

"Oh no. Go, Tom; go and tell that I don't care how soon she is my daughter."

Tom embraced his mother and followed me to the boat: we pulled up against the tide, and were soon at Putney.

"Tom, you had better stay in the boat. I will either come or send for you."

It was very unwillingly that Tom consented, but I overruled his entreaties, and he remained. I walked to Mary's house and entered. She was up in the little parlour, dressed in deep mourning; when I entered she was looking out upon the river; she turned her head, and perceiving me rose to meet me.

"You do not come to upbraid me, Jacob, I am sure," said she, in a melancholy voice; "you are too kind-hearted for that."

"No, no, Mary; I am come to comfort you, if possible."

"That is not possible. Look at me, Jacob. Is there not a worm—a canker—that gnaws within?"

The hollow cheek, and wild flaring eye, once so beautiful, but too plainly told the truth.

"Mary," said I, "sit down: you know what the Bible says,—'It is good for us to be afflicted.'"

"Yes, yes," sobbed Mary, "I deserve all I suffer; and I bow in humility. But am I not too much punished, Jacob? Not that I would repine: but is it not too much for me to bear, when I think that I am the destroyer of one who loved me?"

"You have not been the destroyer, Mary."

"Yes, yes; my heart tells me that I have."

"But I tell you that you have not. Say, Mary, dreadful as the punishment has been, would you not kiss the rod with thankfulness, if it cured you of your unfortunate disposition, and prepared you to make a good wife?"

"That it has cured me, Jacob, I can safely assert; but it has also killed me as well as him. But I wish not to live: and I trust, in a few short months, to repose by his side."

"I hope you will have your wish, Mary, very soon, but not in death."

"Merciful heavens! what do you mean, Jacob?"

id you were not the destroyer of poor Tom—
e not been, he has not yet suffered; there was
nality, which has induced them to revise the
,"

ob," replied Mary, it is cruelty to raise my
ly to crush them again. If not yet dead, he
die. I wish you had not told me so," continu-
bursting into tears; "what a state of agony
pense must he have been in all this time,
have caused his sufferings! I trusted he had
n released from this cruel, heartless world."
ood of tears which followed, assured me that
safely impart the glad intelligence. "Mary,
sten to me."

ve me, leave me," sobbed Mary, waving her

Mary, not until I tell you that Tom is not
e, but—pardoned."

loned!" shrieked Mary.

pardoned, Mary,—free, Mary,—and in a few
will be in your arms."

dropped on her knees, raised her hands and
heaven, and then fell into a state of insensi-
Tom, who had followed me, and remained
house, had heard the shriek, and could no
restrain himself; he flew into the room as
I, and I put her into his arms. At the first
returning sensibility I left them together,
t to find old Stapleton, to whom I was more
my communication. Stapleton continued to
is pipe during my narrative.

of it, glad of it," said he, when I finished;
just thinking how all these senses brought
trouble, more than all, that sense of love: got
trouble, and made me kill a man,—got my
into trouble, and drowned her,—and now
not Tom, and killed Mary. Had too much
NATUR lately,—nothing but moist eyes and
ipes. Met that sargeant yesterday, had a
Tom settled one eye, and, old as I am, I've
he other for a time. He's in bed for a fort-
couldn't help it,—human natur."

leave of Stapleton, and calling in upon Tom
y, shaking hands with the one, and kissing
; I despatched a letter to the Domine, ac-
him with what had passed, and then has-
the Drummonds, and imparted the happy
of my morning's work to Sarah and her

now, Sarah, having so successfully arranged
s of other people, I should like to plead in
behalf. I think that after having been de-
almost wholly of your dear company for a
deserve to be rewarded."

do, indeed, Jacob," said Mrs. Drummond,
m sure that Sarah thinks so too, if she will
nowledge it."

acknowledge it, mamma; but what is this
o be?"

: you will allow your father and mother to ar-
early day for our nuptials, and also allow
Mary to be united at the same alter."

ma, have I not always been a dutiful daugh-

my love, you have."

n I shall do as I am bidden by my parents,
XXV.—No. 151.

Jacob: it will be probably the last command I receive
from them, and I shall obey it; will that please you,
dear Jacob?"

That evening the day was fixed, and now I must
not weary the reader with a description of my feel-
ings, or of my happiness in the preparations for the
ceremony. Sarah and I, Mary and Tom, were united
on the same day, and there was nothing to cloud our
happiness. Tom took up his abode with his father
and mother; and Mary, radiant with happiness, even
more beautiful than ever, has settled down into an
excellent doting wife. For Sarah, I hardly need say
the same: she was my friend from childhood, she is
now all that a man could hope and wish for. We have
been married several years, and are blessed with a
numerous family.

I am now almost at a conclusion. I have only to
acquaint the reader with a few particulars relative to
my early friends. Stapleton is still alive, and is
wedded to his pipe, which, with him, although the
taste for tobacco has been considered as an acquired
one, may truly be asserted to be, human nature. He
has two wherries with apprentices, and from them
gains a good livelihood, without working himself. He
says that the boys are not so honest as I was, and
cheat him not a little: but he consoles himself by as-
serting that it is nothing but human natur. Old Tom
is also strong and hearty, and says that he don't in-
tend to follow his legs for some time yet. His dame,
he says, is peaking, but Mary requires no assistance.
Old Tom has left off mending boats, his sign is taken
down, for he is now comfortable. When Tom mar-
ried, I asked him what he wished to do; he requested
me to lend him money to purchase a lighter. I made
him a present of a new one, just launched by Mr.
Drummond's firm. But old Stapleton made over to
him the 200*l.* left to him by Mr. Turnbull, and his
mother brought out an equal sum from her hoards.
This enabled Tom to purchase another lighter, and
now he has six or seven, I forget which; at all events,
he is well off, and adding to his wealth every year.
They talk of removing to a better house, but the old
couple wish to remain. Old Tom, especially, has
built an arbour where the old boat stood, and sits
there carolling his songs, and watching the craft as
they go up and down the river.

Mr. and Mrs. Warncliffe still continue my neigh-
bours and dearest friends. Mrs. Turnbull died a few
months back, and I am now in possession of the
whole property. My father and mother-in-law are
well and happy. Mr. Drummond will retire from
business as soon as he can wind up his multifarious
concerns. I have but one more to speak of—the old
Domine. It is now two years since I closed the eyes
of this worthy man. As he increased in years, so did
he in his abstraction of mind, and the governors of
the charity thought it necessary to superannuate him
with a pension. It was a heavy blow to the old man
who asserted his capabilities to continue to instruct;
but people thought otherwise, and he accepted my
offer to take up his future residence with us, upon
the understanding that it was necessary that our chil-
dren, the eldest of whom, at that time, was but four
years old, should be instructed in Latin and Greek.
He removed to us with all his books, &c., not forget-
ting the formidable birch; but as the children would

not take to the Latin of their own accord, and Mrs. Faithful would not allow the rod to be made use of, the Domine's occupation was gone. Still, such was the force of habit, that he never went without the Latin grammar in his pocket, and I have often watched him sitting down in the poultry-yard, fancying, I presume, that he was in his school. There would he decline, construe, and conjugate aloud, his only witnesses being the poultry, who would now and then raise a gobble, gobble, gobble, while the ducks with their *quack, quack, quack*, were still more unpertinent in their replies. A sketch of him, in this position, has been taken by Sarah, and now hangs over the mantle-piece of my study, between two of Mr. Turnbull's drawings, one of an iceberg on the 17th of August '78, and the other showing the dangerous position of the Camel whaler, jammed between the floe of ice, in latitude —, and longitude —.

Reader, I have now finished my narrative. There are two morals, I trust, to be drawn from the events of my life; one of which is, that in society we naturally depend upon each other for support, and that he who asserts his independence, throws himself out of the current which bears to advancement;—the other is, that with the advantages of good education, and good principle, although it cannot be expected that every one will be so fortunate as I have been, still there is every reasonable hope, and every right to expect, that we shall do well in this world. Thrown up, as the Domine expressed himself, as a tangle weed from the river, you have seen the orphan and charity-boy rise to wealth and consideration,—you have seen how he who was friendless, secured to himself the warmest friends,—he who required every thing from others, became in a situation to protect and assist in return—he who could not call one individual his relation, united to the object of his attachment, and blessed with a numerous family,—and to amass all those advantages and this sum of happiness, the only capital with which he embarked was—a good education and good principles.

Reader, farewell!

And having now completed "Jacob Faithful," we trust to the satisfaction of our readers, we will make a few remarks. We commenced writing on our own profession, and having completed four tales, novels, or whatever you may please to call them, in "Jacob Faithful," we quitted the *salt* water for the *fresh*. From the wherry we shall now step on shore, and in our next Number we shall introduce to our readers "The Adventures of Japhet, in search of his Father."

From the United Service Journal.

TABLE-TALK OF AN OLD CAMPAIGNER.

Assault of Badajoz.

MR. EDITOR,—Dining one day, lately, with a party of military men, several of them distinguished for their talents, their acquirements, and their literary productions, the conversation having turned upon "Peninsular Recollections," I related those incidents of which I had been an eye-witness, on the ever-memorable night of the assault of Badajoz.

I have put the subject of that conversation, together with some collateral anecdotes, into the subjoined narrative, which, if you think fit, I shall be glad to have inserted in your excellent Journal.

London, Aug. 1834. A CONSTANT READER.

I was upon the hill, with the chief of the medical staff, now Sir James McGrigor, and standing near Lord Wellington, during the night of the assault of Badajoz*. As soon as it became dark the different divisions of the army began to move in the direction of the points to be attacked. The silence was only broken by the deep-toned sound of the cathedral clock striking the hour. The suspense was awful.

At length, fire-balls thrown by the enemy from the parapets, from the intensity of their light, enabled them to discover our advancing columns. The momentary intervals of total darkness which followed had a most imposing effect.

The conflict at last began. The parapet of the whole front, for about two hours, poured forth fire. The glare of light occasioned by explosions, of gunpowder and other combustibles, by fire-balls, the firing of cannon, incessant peals of musketry, the bursting of shells and hand-grenades, gave to the breaches and to the whole front, an awfully grand appearance.

The wounded now began to arrive: from them we could obtain no distinct information. The anxiety to receive intelligence from the scene of action became more and more intense.

At length, a staff-officer galloped up, exclaiming, "Where is Lord Wellington? My Lord, I am come from the breaches: the troops, after repeated attempts, have failed in entering them. So many officers have fallen, that the men, dispersed in the ditch, are without leaders; and if your Lordship does not immediately send a strong reinforcement, they must abandon the enterprise. Lieut.-Col. M'Leod, of the 43d regiment, has been killed in the breach."

A light was instantly brought, and Lord Wellington noted the report with a steady hand. His countenance was pale and expressed great anxiety. In his manner and language he preserved perfect coolness and self-possession. Major-General Hay's brigade was ordered to advance to the breaches.

Another staff-officer soon arrived, bringing information that General Picton had obtained possession of the Castle.

"Who brings that intelligence?" exclaimed Lord Wellington. The officer gave his name. "Are you certain, Sir?"

"I entered the Castle with the troops; have just left it, and General Picton in possession." "Will how many men?" "His division."

It is impossible to imagine the change this produced in the feelings of all around.

"Return, Sir, and desire General Picton to maintain his position at all hazards."

Having despatched this messenger, Lord Wellington directed a second officer to proceed to the Castle to repeat his orders to General Picton.

* At eight o'clock in the evening an orderly sergeant entered the tent of General Leith, with whom the author of this narrative had been dining, and informed the General that his division (the 5th) was under arms. All immediately arose and separated in silence.

At this moment, a youthful and gallant aide-de-camp indiscreetly put a question to the chief, for the unseasonableness of which he received a rebuke.

Here I must interrupt the narrative, to instance the fatality which befel two friends from whom I had parted on the evening preceding the assault.

Major Singer and Captain Cholwich of the Royal Fusileers, and I, had sat together for several hours upon an eminence, observing the effects produced by our breaching batteries upon the curtain of La Trinidad, which was soon reduced to a heap of ruins. The assault was expected to take place that evening. On our parting, Major Singer, shaking my hand, said "———, to-morrow I shall be a lieutenant-colonel, or in the kingdom of heaven."

Picton's division being in possession of the Castle, and General Walker's brigade having entered by escalade the bastion of St. Vincente, close to the Guadiana, on the opposite side of the town, the enemy abandoned the breaches, to visit which I set out at dawn of day. Meeting some men of the Fusileers I inquired for Major Singer. "We are throwing the last shovels of earth upon his grave;" the brink of which, where he fell, was marked by his blood.

"Is Captain Cholwich safe?"

"In the act of climbing over that palisade (intersecting the inundation,) he was wounded, fell into the water, and was seen no more."

Pursuing the course taken by the 4th and light divisions, painfully indicated by the numbers of men and officers lying dead in the line of their march, I reached the great breach. This breach I found covered with the dead from its base to its summit; many were stripped. Amongst them I recognized the countenances of several well known to me. In ascending the breach my feet receded at every step in the debris, so as to render my advance slow and difficult. Its summit was defended by chevaux-de-frize, constructed with long sword-blades firmly fixed in the trunks of trees. Behind the chevaux-de-frize, a broad and deep trench had been cut, into which our men must have been precipitated had they succeeded in surmounting this almost insurmountable barrier. Above was a battery of 12-pounders completely enfilading the great and the small breach, near to each other, so as to render them apparently the strongest parts of the fortress.

I next visited the Castle, at the bottom of whose walls nearly forty feet high, were lying shattered ladders, broken muskets, exploded shells, and hand-grenades, with the dead bodies of many of our brave men. I ascended into the Castle by a ladder, the only one which preserved its situation against the wall. Amongst the dead I recognized the body of the gallant Major Ridge, of the 5th regiment, lying near the gate communicating with the town, in forcing which he had fallen riddled with balls. On entering the city by the Talavera gate, I found it a more difficult task than I had expected. The ditch, into which I descended, was inundated, the gate nearly built up, the approach being by a narrow causeway just raised above the water, and scarcely wide enough for two persons to pass. I met a soldier of the Connaught Rangers overpowered by excitement and brandy; the fellow looked at me suspiciously, and appeared disposed to dispute my passage. He

held his loaded musket at half present, and I was prepared to close with him; but fortunately, flattery succeeded, and he allowed me to pass.

Soon after entering the town, a girl about nine years of age implored my protection "*por el amor de Dios*" for her mother. A number of soldiers of a distinguished regiment were in the house, armed, and under the influence of every evil passion, and the wretched woman became their victim.

I met another man of the 88th regiment dragging a peasant by the collar, with the intention, as he declared, of putting him to death in atonement for not having money in his possession. A fortunate allusion, which, as in the former instance, I made to the gallantry of his corps and country, saved the life of his intended victim.

My object in going into the town was in the hope—vain indeed—of affording protection to a family in whose house I had resided for several months while the head-quarters of our army were at Badajoz after the battle of Talavera. I found that the house had been plundered, the furniture destroyed, and I could not learn anything of the family*.

The town had now become a scene of plunder and devastation; our soldiers and our women, in a state of intoxication, had lost all control over themselves. These, together with numbers of Spaniards and Portuguese who had come into the city from the neighbourhood in search of plunder, filled every street. Many were dispossessed of their booty by others; and these interchanges of plunder in many cases were not effected without bloodshed, when the party about to be deprived of his spoils was sufficiently sober to offer resistance. Our soldiers had taken possession of the shops, stationed themselves behind the counters, and were selling the goods contained in them. These were again displaced by more numerous parties, who became shop-keepers in their turn; and thus, one set replaced another until order was restored.

In addition to the incessant firing through the key-holes of the front doors of houses as the readiest way of forcing the locks, a desultory and wanton discharge of musketry was kept up in the streets, placing others as well as myself, literally between cross fires. Many of our own people were thus killed and wounded: and it was afterwards well known, that numbers in the hospitals had been wounded by their own comrades.

I was glad to escape from this scene of infuriated licentiousness, in which all the worst passions of human nature seemed to be in unrestrained operation. An attempt was in vain made on the day following

* I was an inmate of this house when the Intelligence of the surrender of Flushing to the British army under the command of the Earl of Chatham arrived. The guns of the fortress were firing for the occasion. The lady of the house, a very kindhearted woman, entered my apartment, exclaiming. "Senor Don Carlos, hay grandes noticias, los Ingleses tomaron Flusingo, mas grande que la Francia" ("Great news, Don Charles—the English have taken Flushing, larger than France.") She considered the power of Napoleon at an end, and Spain free. When I pointed out the island of Walcheren upon a map, which she had just borrowed from a *sabio* or wise man, her countenance changed, assuming a mixed expression of doubt and belief, disappointment and mortification.

to collect our soldiers; the troops sent into the town for that purpose, however, joined in the work of plunder.

It was not until the morning of the 9th that I returned to Badajoz. The scene which presented itself on my arrival would require the pencil of a Hogarth to describe. Hundreds of both sexes were lying in the streets in a state of helpless intoxication, habited in various costume. Amongst them were those who had fallen by the hands of their comrades. Nor was it easy to discriminate between the drunken and the dead; both were often equally pale and motionless.

Churches and convents, shops and stores with wine and spiritous liquors, private houses and palaces had all been plundered. The actors of these excesses were attired in the habits of priests, with broad brimmed hats, of monks and of nuns, and in the dresses of grandes and of ladies of rank. I quartered myself in the house of Don Emmanuel de la Rocha, a canon of the cathedral, a man of liberal opinions, and said to be in the French interest. He was glad to receive a British officer into his house. Count Phillippon, the French governor, had been my predecessor. His papers were lying scattered about the room; amongst them I found his commission, which I sent to head-quarters, and a number of *billet-doux* of his staff.

Don Manuel, who had scarcely yet recovered from his alarm, said that he had been knocked about with the butt ends of muskets by the soldiers who had entered his house, and pricked by their bayonets, in order to force him to give up treasures they suspected he had concealed. The old and the young were equally victims to the most savage brutality, less the natural disposition of the men than the result of maddening intoxication; and subsequent inquiry left no doubt but that every woman who had not concealed herself incurred outrage.

General Walker was in the French hospital desperately wounded. After getting into the town his men deserted him in a panic, occasioned by the apprehension of the explosion of a mine. Being left alone, a French soldier, finding no opposition, turned and fired over a traverse at the General. The shot struck his watch, suspended in his bosom, was thus diverted from its course, down the right side, breaking ribs and wounding large blood-vessels. The Frenchmen afterwards inflicted several bayonet wounds, tore off his epaulettes, and was only deterred from giving the General an immediate *coup de grace*, from the conviction of his having already received a mortal wound.

The medical officers who attended the General had little expectation of his recovery; and by their unremitting care during several months, he was, under Providence, saved.

Several wounded officers, who had been removed into the town, soon after it was taken, described their having been exposed to great personal danger, by the licentious conduct of their own men, who had entered the houses, plundered the rooms in which they were confined to bed and abused the females. One in particular, who had been conveyed to the house of the Caldera family, so described his situation. Madame Caldera formerly the *belle* of Bada-

joz (when the head-quarters were there,) had taken refuge at Elvas during the siege. She returned as soon as order was restored.

The city still continued, on the third day after the assault, in the exclusive possession of a disorganized and tumultuous soldiery; acknowledging no law, considering every thing within their grasp their own, and allowing no impediments to interpose themselves between desire and gratification.

On entering the cathedral, I saw three British soldiers *literally drowned* in brandy. A spacious vault had been converted into a spirit depôt for the use of the garrison. The casks had been pierced with musket-balls, and their contents escaping, had formed a pool of some depth. These men becoming intoxicated had fallen head foremost into the liquor, the position in which I found them, and were suffocated.

I passed the night in my clothes, with a brace of pistols by my side. Every noise I heard, or thought I heard, (not sleeping, as may be supposed, very sound,) brought me upon my legs, with a pistol in my hand.

My equipage, including horses, mules, &c., of several hundred pounds value, might have been plundered in an instant, without the possibility of replacing it. On the following day General Power marched his Portuguese brigade into the town. A gallows was erected on the *Plaza*, or Square. Its appearance alone had a magical effect; not a man was executed and order was restored. Sentinels having been placed at my quarter, I was now relieved from further apprehension.

At the door of the cathedral, into which the wounded were now being removed from the camp, a pale, jaded, thin little woman, very shabbily dressed, accosted me. She introduced herself as the Marchioness of Innojosa; had recently emerged from a subterranean chamber in the church, where with others she had taken up her nightly abode for security during the siege. She requested my permission to remove a mattress, of which many had been deposited in the church for use, as well as for security. I replied—"the wounded stand in need of them." The Spanish General O'Lawle, attached to the head-quarters, interceded; at last it was intimated that a mattress should be placed on the outside of the church door when it became dark.

The General, the Hon. Charles Colville, who so gallantly led the fourth division to the assault, was amongst the wounded who were brought into the town. I frequently visited him, and had the gratification of witnessing his recovery.

General Hay took me to the quarter of Colonel, now Sir George, Elder, commanding a Portuguese regiment of Cacadores, who had received several severe and dangerous wounds. Whilst apparently doing well, he was seized with locked jaw, which placed him in imminent danger. Contrary to all expectation, he recovered. But he has ever since been subject to severe spasms, not only extremely distressing, but very alarming whilst they continue. As soon as he was able, he gave me the following account of his own proceedings:—

Memorandum of the siege and the assault of Badajoz on the evening of the 6th of April, 1812

We opened our fire on the 31st of March, from twenty-six pieces of cannon in the second parallel, breach the face of the bastion at the south-east angle of the fort called La Trinidad, and the flank of the bastion, by which the face is defended, called Santa Maria: the fire on these continued with great effect. And on the 4th of April, in the morning, we opened another battery of six guns, in the second parallel, against the shoulder of the ravelin of St. Roque and the wall in its gorge.

Practicable breaches were effected in the bastions above-mentioned on the evening of the 5th; but it appeared that the enemy had entrenched the bastion La Trinidad, and the most formidable preparations were making for the defence of both the breaches; in consequence of which, Lord Wellington delayed the attack for another day, in order to turn all the guns in the batteries in the second parallel on the curtain of La Trinidad, in hopes that, by effecting a third breach, the troops would be enabled to turn the enemy's work for the defence of the other two breaches. The third breach was effected in the evening of the 6th, and the fire of the face of the bastion Santa Maria and the flank of the bastion La Trinidad being overcome, Lord Wellington directed that the place should be attacked that night.

The plan for the assault was, that Lieutenant-General Picton should attack the castle of Badajoz by escalade, with the third division; while the 4th division, commanded by the Honourable Major-General Colville, and the light division, commanded by Colonel Barnard, attacked the breaches in the bastions of La Trinidad and of Santa Maria, and in the curtain by which they are connected.

On this occasion I was second in command to Colonel Barnard, and in the assault on Badajoz, two regiments of Portuguese Caçadores and a few companies of the 95th Rifle Regiment were placed under my orders. Colonel Barnard commanded the remainder of the light division, composed of the 43d, 2d, and remaining companies of Riflemen, which he conducted to the breach. I was directed to follow the leading brigade at a respectable distance, and not to advance until the rear of the forty-third regiment entered the ditch. I therefore remained under cover until an officer of the Rifle Regiment (who very handsomely volunteered for those services) followed the 43d regiment, and in a short time returned, and reported that he had seen the troops in the ditch. I then advanced, and on my reaching the glacis, I was astonished when I observed the frightful confusion among the troops in the ditch; and in order to ascertain the particulars, I immediately descended the ladders, at the bottom of which I met Major Broke (now Colonel Sir Charles Broke Vere,) who was severely wounded. I understood from him that nearly all the field officers were either killed or wounded; and that the attack on the great breach, La Trinidad, had failed; and that he was going back to report the particulars to the Commander-in-chief, Lord Wellington. I immediately rushed forward; and as I was endeavouring to form some of the troops near me, in order to lead them to the small breach on the left, Santa Maria, I was at that moment severely wounded; and upon my remaining the glacis, by the assistance of some soldiers,

to the best of my recollection, I was a second time wounded on the glacis, and afterwards I was carried on men's shoulders to the camp.

On the evening of the assault I invited five friends to dine with me: during dinner and after, not a single word was mentioned on the subject of the attack which was to take place on that night. About eight o'clock, the orderly serjeant came into the tent to report that the parade was ready-formed. We immediately stood up, and I proposed a bumper to our success; and as my old friend Major O'Hare of the Rifle Corps was named to command the forlorn hope, I shook him by the hand and said, that I hoped we should meet the next day, when I should have the pleasure to congratulate him on his promotion to a lieutenant-colonelcy. The poor fellow thanked me and said, "By Jove, Elder, we have seen a great deal of service together, and we have had our share of hard knocks, and I sincerely hope we shall meet tomorrow." We then dispersed, every one to his post; but, unfortunately, our "next" meeting never took place.

Major O'Hare led the forlorn hope to the breach. He and Captain Morphew, of the 3d Caçadores (who likewise dined with me on that day) were amongst the first killed; two other officers of the same dinner party and myself were very severely wounded; and only one out of the six that sat down to dinner escaped.

I must here notice the fate of a very fine young man, Captain St. Pol, of the Royal Fusileers, who died of the wounds he had received during the assault, after amputation of the leg. I wrote to the Duke of Kent an account of this officer, to which I received the following reply:

"I have to acknowledge, with many thanks, your letter of the 25th ult., containing a statement of the case, sufferings, and death of my young friend and protégé, Captain St. Pol.

"The loss of this promising young man has been a source of great affliction to his friends, but it is some consolation to them, as well as to myself, to reflect that his noble and heroic conduct had so justly secured to him the esteem and attachment of all those who were acquainted with him.

(Signed) "EDWARD."

"Kensington Palace, May 25, 1812."

Captain St. Pol was a son of the Duke of Orleans, Louis Philippe, to whom he bore a striking resemblance.

Soon after the capture of Badajoz, General Power, Colonel Fletcher, the chief engineer, who afterwards fell at the assault of St. Sebastian, Colonel Buchan, and several other friends, were engaged to dine with me. On that morning, whilst writing a letter to England, I heard an explosion like the sound of a gun. Don Manuel, my host, rushed into my room, exclaiming, "Monsieur, votre cuisinier est mort."

I found Gonsalvez, the cook, lying extended upon the kitchen floor, covered with blood; part of one of his hands was on the opposite side of the room. The barrel of a musket lying near the body, explained the cause of the catastrophe. The barrel, left by the soldiers who had plundered the house, probably half filled with ball cartridges, had served the purpose

of a poker. Gonsalvez had unfortunately inserted the breech end into a fire larger than usual; it exploded, and produced this fatal issue. Not a vestige of the heart could be discovered upon examining the body; it had been blown to atoms. Thus terminated the life and culinary labours of Gonsalvez.

Although not in holy orders, I possessed a degree of power over the churches, rivalling, if not exceeding, that of the bishop. Becoming impatient of lay control in matters ecclesiastical, the prelate intimated his intention of paying me a visit one evening, after he had taken his siesta. Supported by the cannons, Caldera and de la Rocha, I received the bishop, who arrived, attended by the *Cabildo Ecclesiastico*.

Having partaken of chocolate and *dolces*, the bishop, after some general conversation, made known to me, through his secretary, the object of his visit, "my sanction for ringing the bells."

I replied, "the sound of the bells would disturb the wounded," with which the churches were filled. The prelate, appreciating the force of my argument, took his leave. We parted, and continued upon good terms.

During the last summer, a lady and a gentleman occupied with myself a public conveyance from Fulham to London. Perceiving my companions to be Spaniards, I addressed the latter: "Sir, you come from a country where I passed six of the happiest years of my life."

His countenance lighted up. He had been Alcade (mayor) of Badajoz, intimate with the Calderas, Don Manuel, and others, my old friends. From him I learned, with regret, that they, like himself, had been expatriated for their political opinions. When we parted, with an embrace, a tear stood in his eye.

From the Monthly Review.

Voyages Round the World; with selected sketches of Voyages to the South Seas, North and South Pacific Oceans, China, &c., performed under the command and agency of the author; also information relating to important late discoveries; between the years 1792 and 1832, together with the Report of the first American Exploring Expedition, patronized by the United States Government, in the Brigs Seraph and Annawan, to the Southern Hemisphere. By Edmund Fanning: 1 vol. large 8vo. with plates. London: O. Rich, 12, Red Lion Square. 1834.

We have done, and are determined to continue to do justice to the high spirit of enterprise which now characterizes the rising States of North America. Scarcely have we concluded a most interesting and important voyage with that bold, intrepid, and truly religious hero, Captain Morell, an American officer who undertook extensive voyages on his own account, than we find ourselves invited by a countryman of his to quite as engaging a narrative, as that by which our readers, we have no doubt, were delighted, some months ago, from the pen of the captain alluded to. Nothing, indeed, can be more attractive than a work *such as that before us*: it is of a piece with the

voyages of Morell, and in both cases we have examples of the glorious results which political in any country is capable of producing in influence on humanity. Here we have the moving combinations of heroism and intellectual enterprise and judgment, ambition rendered useful by submitting to the dictates of philosophy. Long may the Americans be devoted to such a system.

After a brief but interesting account of his life, Mr. Fanning enters into some particulars of the history of his own life. It turns out a combination of unfortunate circumstances, but his life was somewhat limited, and this effect was to be attributed to the early period at which he went to sea. At fourteen years of age he commenced as a cabin boy, and in the years 1792 and 1793 he performed his first voyage to the South Sea. It is not necessary that we should pursue the details of the life so minutely as he has very properly supplied it, and it will be our course, therefore, to glean from his pages the contents, which appear to offer the materials of the greatest interest.

It would appear from the author's account of his visit which he paid to the Falkland Islands that the rude state in which he found them was little different from that which is attributed to them at the present day. At all events, the habits of the animals of every kind which frequent them seem not to have encountered the slightest disturbance from the encroachments of man. We allude particularly to the fact, that the rookery of birds by Mr. Fanning as having been maintained in all its pristine vigour. We do not for a moment suggest that the permanence of the rookery is undisturbed; all we mean to say is, that it is a proof of the little disposition there is among men to settle in these islands, and in such a view, the fact is worth mentioning. The difference of this very singular rendezvous differing from that recently given by Captain Cook, and which we copied from his work, save that Mr. Fanning seems to have made better use of his visit than most of his successors, particularly in the article of eggs, and these he was able to cure in a way as to make them last for nine months.

Mr. Fanning gives a very striking description of the difficulties which the ship encountered in attempting to reach the shore of Massafuero. It required heroic exertions to succeed in the enterprise, but as the crew was gallant and the master firm, a signal triumph followed them. Here they obtained a large cargo of fur seals, and in their residence on this island they killed many birds in abundance for food, and had the good luck to discover fresh water on it. Massafuero appears to be a station where an almost incredible number of skins and also of goats are shipped for export. Sailing still in a westerly direction, about 9° south, they came up with Hood's Island, arriving at which they met with immense numbers of sperm whales. The same evening they sighted the island of St. Pedrie, where they are said to be the handsomest of all the islands in the Pacific; she then coasted along the

of an island called La Domineaque, which presented, says Mr. Fanning, a most enchanting prospect by its green foliage. Some of the natives in canoes quickly came to the ship's side, and made a barter of cocoa nuts for pieces of iron hoop. The vessel next proceeded to the western side of this island, where they were accosted by the other natives, but the visitors, not satisfied with their reception, sailed to another and more distant village in the same island. As soon as the ship was seen by the natives of this latter place, they proceeded in canoes in large numbers, but refused to go alongside. The carriage guns was the cause of their alarm, and Mr. Fanning immediately ordered these guns to be removed. It is very remarkable that they, as well as all other savages, have the strongest possible preference for iron in any shape, especially iron hoop. From this island Mr. Fanning directed his course to the neighbouring one, La Christiana, with his visit to which some extraordinary particulars are associated.

It appears, that as soon as the ship made her appearance in sight of the natives, canoes came out in vast numbers; the natives, however, offered only cocoa nuts, fruit, and small fish. The Americans asked for hogs, but none were to be got. At last, two islanders who seemed to be chiefs came along-side in a canoe, and pledged themselves, that if the ship would go into their harbour she should have plenty of hogs and every thing else she required. The canoe in which the chiefs appeared was a double one, and had on its bows four human skulls, which they offered to barter with American commodities. The latter declined the article, and as the weather became unfavourable, all the canoes had retired to the island. But in the course of a short time, just on the lighting up of a rain-squall, the Americans saw to their astonishment, a boat coming from the harbour towards them, with only two passengers. Who those passengers were and their errand Mr. Fanning must be left to describe.

"As their small canoe came along side, we were greatly astonished to hear one of the persons exclaim in our mother tongue, 'Sir, I am an Englishman, and now call upon, as I have come to you, to preserve my life.' Words cannot express my surprise at this moment, on hearing so unexpected a claim. The stranger was instantly assisted in getting up the gangway, and no sooner had attained the deck, than observing, 'I am a missionary,' he sank into a seat provided for him on the quarter-deck, and bowed his head for a few minutes, in this position returning thanks to that Heavenly Being who protects even the sparrow; meanwhile, regardless of those around, he seemed only anxious to acknowledge his Creator's kindness in thus once more giving him freedom. After receiving the assurance of being among Christian friends, and becoming a little more composed, he rose, and proceeded to give an account of past transactions on the island.

" 'Thank Heaven! sir,' I answered to one of his inquiries, 'you are safe.' He then stated himself to be the Rev. William Pascoe Crook, whom the Missionary society in London had sent out to these islands, where he had been landed some months past from the missionary ship Duff, Captain Wilson; that he recent, as well as the present disposition of the

natives towards him, had kept his mind in a continued state of uneasiness for weeks past; that in two instances of narrow escape, he owed the preservation of his life, under God's blessing, to his friend, the native chief who had accompanied him on board, and whom he at this time introduced, adding the wish to remain with the ship until he could be landed in some place of safety. In reply, I observed, that the character he bore was a sufficient recommendation to insure for himself all the comforts and accommodation our ship could afford, and that he was at liberty to consider her as his home, and make use of the cabin as freely and equally with myself, until we should arrive at New York again.

"After introducing Mr. Crook to the officers, and requesting their particular attention in his behalf, together with his friend the chief, he was led below, into the cabin, where, upon being seated, my limited wardrobe was spread before him, with a request that he would select for himself. Mr. Crook was at this time dressed in the native garb of the island, having only the maro (a piece of cloth manufactured by the natives, which wound around the middle of the body, and one end passing down in front, is tucked up at the back, under the part which goes round the body:) the remaining portion of his person, from being continually exposed to the sun, had become tanned, nearly as brown as the chiefs themselves were; and this mode of dress he had been under the necessity of submitting to for months past. At his request, (he thinking it would not be judicious to choose out or accept any portions of dress so long as his friend the chief remained on board,) the selections of garments was left until the chief should go on shore. At the same time, Mr. Crook stated, that he felt very anxious to communicate to me, some information respecting the state of the island, which would have a reference to the government of my future proceedings; as he conceived, from the knowledge he possessed, that the utmost danger awaited us, if we should work into the harbour, as was at present our intention. On learning this, the officer in command on deck received immediate orders not to proceed any further in endeavouring to work the ship into the chops of the harbour."—pp. 131—133.

The reverend gentleman then proceeded to recount the history of his visit to the island. A few months after he had landed on it from the Duff, another vessel anchored there: this ship had an Italian renegado on board; he deserted the ship, concealed himself in the island, and succeeded in baffling all attempts at discovering him; he was left ultimately on the island. This was a wily fellow, who had brought from the ship a musket, some powder and balls, and with these contrived so to ingratiate himself with the chiefs of the island as actually to be selected as an officer to take a prominent part in the direction of the place. He had already caused several wars between the natives and the neighbouring islands, and his cruelty and impolicy were opposed by Mr. Crook, and the decision and just indignation with which he protested against the crimes of the Italian, drew upon him the savage resentment of the latter. The reverend gentleman was accordingly marked out as a fit object for assassination, and there is no question that he would have been sacrificed,

but for the courage displayed by him in taking advantage of a squall in sailing to the ship, for whilst he risked his life by the dangerous experiment, in a canoe in such a state of the weather, he knew! at the same time, that the islanders would not dare to follow him. His reception was highly creditable to Mr. Fanning. It seems, however, according to Mr. Crook's account, that the natives under the influence of this Italian, were bound in a league to destroy the American ship, to murder her men or take them prisoners. The author relates the following anecdote in relation to the inhabitants of this island:

"It had been observed, that at the time when the natives were very numerous around the ship, then laying off Resolution Bay, some of them would take fish, from four to six inches in length, just as they were caught, and eat them, beginning by first biting off the head, so on by a mouthful at a time, until the whole was eaten, or they had finished. On mentioning this to Mr. Crook, at the same time asking whether it was not customary for them to cook their fish, he replied, if the fish was large, and their provisions were plenty, they did cook, but owing to their wars and the attendant famine, their sufferings for provisions, which were now very scarce, had been great; concluding this to be the case with those we had seen; adding, that himself had been driven to so great distress at times for food, as to do the same thing; this he was obliged to do at the first, as soon as he had caught the fish, or it would have been taken from him; and added, that while eating one of these small raw fish, he thought he had never tasted a sweeter meal: he said it was a fact also, that the natives, when pushed by famine, would make use of all the art they possessed to get one of their enemies into their hands, for the purposes of food, it being altogether out of his power to put a stop to so inhuman and horrid a custom."—pp. 144, 145.

Mr. Crook proved of considerable value to Mr. Fanning afterwards, by his great knowledge of the islands, and the manners and language of the inhabitants.

A very curious account of a visit to the Noogheva Islands is next given, and of the ingenious stratagems employed for the purpose of overcoming the fears which the natives entertained of the strangers. In the course of his progress westwards, Mr. Fanning had the luck to discover several islands at a slight distance from the equator; one group he named after himself, and to another he gave the title of "The Washington Islands." We must pass over the events which occurred to him up to the period of his arrival at Canton. One of the most important of his remarks on that city refers to its trade, and, as (for reasons well known to the public) this trade has now increased in interest, we shall notice these observations. The practice adopted at Canton in trade is of a nature that renders it very easy for supercargoes to despatch their business with great expedition. The supercargo begins generally by hiring a factory: to this factory the Chinese merchants will invariably repair with samples of such goods as they have to dispose of.

"This factory," continues Mr. Fanning, "contains an audience or dining hall, lodging and store rooms,

together with accommodations for the compidore (steward,) servants, cooks, and coolies (labourers.) After the factory is obtained, a compidore is obtained, then a trusty servant, who speaks the stranger's language, and attends upon your person in your walks, to act as interpreter. After this the ship must be secured with one of the Chinese hung merchants, (i. e. upon receiving security, he agrees to pay all the duties, charges, &c.) of whom there are twelve, being an office answering to that of our collector. He grants all the chops (permits) for the cargo to be brought up to town, and also for the return cargo to be taken on board. This merchant will frequently, when making such an agreement, buy the bulk of the cargo, giving at prices then fixed upon, such portions of a return lading as may suit."—pp. 263, 264.

The ship returned to New York, after being away one hundred and seventy-eight days, being the first American vessel, officered and manned wholly by native born citizens, that ever sailed round the world from the port of New York.

In January, 1800, Mr. Fanning took the command of a corvette, called *Aspasia*, newly built, and destined by a company of merchants for an exploring and sealing expedition to the South Seas. Having doubled Cape Horn, the ship proceeded along the western coast up to latitude 30°, and from that point directed her course across to China, Mr. Fanning arrived at Canton in a reasonable time, and had another opportunity of making himself acquainted with the manners and customs of the inhabitants. One of the most remarkable anecdotes mentioned by the author, collected during this visit, was the following:

"A circumstance tending to show the superstitious belief and attachment this people have in and for their god, Josh, took place some days after our cargo of sandal wood had been disposed of. On that day there lay at the ship's quarter a hawpoo-boat, (the common term for a family boat,) belonging to and on board of which was a very clever mandarin, from whom we had received many favours; he was at the time lounging in his parlour, but came out on the boat's deck on my calling him, and then asked what I wished. "There, sir," said I, handing a piece of red-heart hickory, taken from the lot our steward was splitting up, and which was afterwards hewn round in imitation of merchantable sandal wood, "is a cum shaw (a gift) of Josh wood for you." "Does it," he asked rather doubtingly, "have true Josh wood?" "Why, you have Josh man, (you are a worshipper of Josh,) you can serve (know) that thing, I no can, not being a Josh man." He then turned the piece over and over, weighing it in his hands, not quite satisfied in his mind as to the purity of the article, after smelling it again, he still doubtingly inquired, "Truly, does it have true (is it true) Josh wood?" "You have Josh man and must serve that," I replied. Again the close inspection, the weighing and smelling was renewed; yet there was no cheating him, for in a moment or two, shaking his head, he returned the piece, saying, "I much chin, chin you, but truly he have no Josh wood." "Never mind, never mind, Josh won't know the difference: you keep it, and chin chin with it to him, (sacrifice by fire,) be assured it will answer." "Hi yah,"

(an exclamation of surprise and doubt,) said he, as he turned to re-enter his cabin, "how can do that thing, and cheat Josh? suppose any man do such thing, Josh kill he at once." This sandal wood is kept constantly burning on the alters before their God, Josh, at the houses of worship: it is highly impregnated with essential oil, and when burning sends forth a strong fragrant perfume."—pp. 310, 311.

The author's next voyage was on board the brig *Union*, which sailed to the South Seas and Pacific, on an exploring and fishing excursion, and which was quite successful. To the account of this voyage succeeds a description of another by the brother of the author, Captain Henry Fanning, to the South Seas and China, in the ship *Catherine*. The principal object of this vessel was to rediscover Crozett's islands, which, after a tedious search, were found nearly 100 miles south of the latitude laid down in the charts. The party landed on the islands, being the first human beings, to all appearance, who ever set foot on their precincts. There is little of interest stated in this account, but it is succeeded by a chapter which contains very curious, and to our seal fishing interest, very important information, namely, a full detail of the habits and characters of the chief objects of the fishery. First, with respect to the sea elephants, these are a set of amphibious animals, which, at the proper season, assemble at beaches, and lie in rows. The spot occupied by them is called a rookery. They are very large animals, whose size varies from twelve to five-and-twenty feet. In the male the muzzle is terminated by a wrinkled snout, which is inflated when the animal becomes angry. The females, at the proper season, go on shore to shed their coats as the males do, and the former at the same bring forth their young. They never have more at a birth than two, and one is the average number. When they arrive at the beach, they are flat and plump, and each would then yield three barrels of oil, but they rapidly fall off, and at last will scarcely yield half that quantity. They are shot with musket balls whilst asleep, and their blubber is boiled for the oil. The sea leopard is an animal of the same size, but is not to be found in so many climates. They herd together in rookeries. The sea lion is called "hair seal," and is very plentiful in the latitudes of New Holland, to the south. These are taken in the same way as the leopards. The fur seals are in the habit of mounting rocks, and forming rookeries on the dry surfaces. The author mentions that in an island south of the Franklands, his men killed several on the ledges of rocks, nearly two hundred feet high, from the level of the sea. The following remarks upon these may be new to some of the commercial houses in our metropolis, connected with this important branch of our active and enterprising commerce.

"Over his several mates, as they lay closely huddled around him, the wig keeps a sharp look out; severe battles frequently take place between the males whenever they approach one another's company; on the other hand, when the females venture to move to another place, or take to the water against the will of the wigs, they are immediately pursued, and by being bitten and shaken, driven back to the starting point; the females have been seen to get

some rods off from the shore before their absence was discovered, which was no sooner done than, plunging through the surf, to all appearance in a great rage, the male has headed them off, biting and driving them back again to where the remainder of his seraglio were quietly looking on without daring to stir.

"The clapmatches seldom have more than one young at a time, although sometimes two; it is at this season particularly that the wigs are very savage, never hesitating to fly at and attack with great spirit, any person who ventures to approach them. They live upon fish and marine productions; stones also have been found in their maws, as well as in those of the other described animals. They migrate, and with the season return to the shore and herd in rookeries on the rocks, and in the gullies, returning to the water again when the season is over; at this time the animal is very lean, so much so that the skin is become very loose about it; nothing more after this is seen of them until the following season, when they are to be observed coming up again to the shore, exceedingly plump and well filled; where they retire to get so fat is something I never could understand; it is also true that they have been met at sea, shortly before going on shore, in large shoals swimming through the water toward their haunts, much like a shoal of herring hogs or porpoises. In calm weather and a smooth sea they have been seen floating along, hundreds together, and asleep, with but the nose and two of the inflippers sticking up out of the water, which at a distance appears like the trunk of a tree with its roots afloat. When caught thus asleep, they can easily be taken by the harpoon or spear, by approaching them silently."—pp. 356—358.

The fur seals are described by Captain Cook, and other of the early voyagers, as "sea bears, sea wolves," &c. The skins are treated in a very different way when intended for the China market and for the European ones. The young fur seals are eaten with great relish, being considered quite as savoury as lamb.

The ship *Volunteer*, bound from Sandy Hook, in the United States, to Canton, was placed in June, 1815, under the command of the author; she was destined for the South Seas and Pacific, to fish for fur seals, and obtain sandal wood. In the course of the voyage, the ship went into Coquimbo, on the western side of South America, as she was in want of some necessaries. He went with his purser on shore, and saw the governor of the fort, who told him that every thing should be done which he required. Captain Fanning then returned to his ship, leaving the purser to do what was necessary. But the next day having reason to suspect that all was not right with respect to his purser, he took the boat and landed at Coquimbo. When he arrived on shore he was arrested and taken to prison. Every man on board was afterwards treated in the same way, and a file of soldiers placed in the ship, who put every thing in it into disorder. The authorities which happened to consist of those of the old government, now temporarily restored, entertained the notion that the ship *Volunteer* was an enemy, and visited the harbour with hostile intentions. But they found out their

mistake and apologized. The ship's visit to the Falkland isles, and the manner in which the crews usually build temporary huts there, are graphically described by Mr. Fanning.

In continuation of the naval history of his life, the author gives us a series of extracts from sundry voyages to the South Seas, at a comparatively recent period. His first selections are from a voyage made in 1817, from Sandy Hook to the South Seas. The ship on her way stopped at Byers islands, a group near the eastern Great Falklands. He gives a curious plate of the encampment of sealers on this island. In the foreground we see part of a crew engaged in preparing a supper of upland geese; some of the game is seen lying at the feet of two officers who lean against the rocks, and who appear to be in deep conversation: opposite to these we behold a seaman picking a goose, whilst on his left another is dipping some loggerhead ducks in a kettle of boiling water, the better to enable him to pluck the animals. Others of the crew are seen carrying skins from the landing place; and on the opposite beach, in the back ground, are some hair seal rookeries. Some hills are seen in the distance covered with a high grass, and over the more elevated ground is seen a flock of albatrosses.

In July, 1819, the author sailed as supercargo of the brig *Hersilia*, but nothing occurs in his account which demands our notice.

Towards the conclusion, Captain Fanning enters into some very important explanations derived altogether from his experience, and highly deserving the attention of our merchants. He gives some recommendations for doubling Cape Horn, by ships destined for the Pacific ocean. He says, that ships going down by the coast of Brazil, should not turn directly round the Cape, but should proceed to the South still further towards the New South Shetland isles, where they will soon meet with winds which will carry them to the latitude westward to which they are destined. Besides the greater expedition with which the voyage is performed, there is also a very beneficial saving, in consequence of the sailors being exempted from the great debilitating effects on their health, by the very difficult and dangerous practice of doubling this Cape.

The next point on which he gives his recommendations, is that of the practicability of advancing to the South Pole. The attempt, it is well known, has been made by British captains. Weddel, and still later Captain Briscoe, employed by the spirited London Company of Enderby, have undertaken the enterprise. But neither proved successful. Our author denies the truth of the commonly received impression, that ships for this destination should be ready, at some latitude from 30 to 40 degrees, to sail in October or January. This is objectionable, for it is then that the ice first breaks, and is not entirely drifted away until February, so that the latter end of January would appear to be the best time for commencing the voyage. The author recommends, as the harbour worthy of being selected for the vessels, the Falkland Islands; he says that they set out from that island in the latter end of February, and though they might still meet ice, yet, that according to Weddel's experience, no ice seems to be formed beyond 60 or

70 degrees of latitude. Captain Fanning is persuaded that, land such as was never heard of in any part of the world before, may yet be discovered at the South Pole.

Captain Fanning adds a Report of the Commander of the American exploring brig, which sailed to the South in 1831. This report speaks highly of the natives of the Arancanian Coast, and also of Chiloe Island. The resources of the latter are wool, hides, rich furs, skins, &c.; the inhabitants are a noble race of people.

By far the most interesting and important of the documents contained in this work is the List of Discoveries which are *not* contained in our charts. As no country in the world, perhaps, is more interested in a knowledge of these discoveries, we have no hesitation in giving the list as carefully drawn up by Captain Fanning.

- “Pike's Island, latitude 26 deg. 19 min. south, longitude 105 deg. 16 min. west, discovered in 1800.
- Ducie's Island, latitude 24 deg. 26 min. south, longitude 124 deg. 37 min. west.
- Mitchell's Group, latitude 9 deg. 18 min. south, longitude 179 deg. 45 min. east, discovered by Captain Barrett, in the ship *Independence*, of Nantucket. This group is inhabited.
- Rocky Island, latitude 10 deg. 45 min. south, longitude 179 deg. 28 min. east, variation 11 deg. east, discovered by Captain Barrett, of Nantucket.
- Swain's Island, latitude 59 deg. 30 min. south, longitude 100 deg. west, by calculation, discovered by Captain Swain, of Nantucket, in 1800. Resorted to by many seals.
- Tuck's Island, latitude 17 deg. north, longitude 155 deg. east. Very low, and inhabited.
- Worth's Island, latitude 8 deg. 45 min. north, longitude 151 deg. 30 min. east, five in number.
- Tuck's reef and sail rocks, nine in number, latitude 6 deg. 20 min. south, longitude 159 deg. 30 min. east.
- Rambler's reef, latitude 21 deg. 45 min. north, longitude 175 deg. 12 min. east.
- Rambler's reef, latitude 23 deg. 29 min. north, longitude 178 deg. 13 min. east.
- Rambler's reef, latitude 23 deg. 30 min. north, longitude 178 deg. 31 min. east. These from Tuck's Island, were discovered by Captain William Wort, second in the *Rambler* of Nantucket, in 1828.
- Jefferson's Island, latitude 18 deg. 27 min. north, long. 115 deg. 30 min. west, discovered by a ship out of Salem, April 8th, 1826.
- Gardner's Island, latitude 4 deg. 30 min. south, longitude 174 deg. 22 min. west.
- Coffin's Island, latitude 31 deg. 13 min. south, longitude 178 deg. 54 min. west.
- Great Ganges Island, latitude 10 deg. 25 min. south, longitude 160 deg. 45 min. west. Inhabited.
- Little Ganges Island, latitude 10 deg. south, longitude 161 deg. west. Inhabited, and affording coconuts, &c. These four last mentioned were discovered by Captain J. Coffin, in the ship *Ganges*, out of Nantucket. The natives were friendly, and readily brought off to the ship, coconuts, &c.
- Unknown Island, latitude 5 deg. south, longitude

leg. 10 min. west, about ten miles long and wide; rocky shore.

Island, latitude 9 deg. 55 min. south, longitude 152 deg. 40 min. west. Low, woody, and inhabited. Discovered by Captain Coffin, in

Island, latitude 31 deg. 25 min. south, longitude between 129 deg. 27 min. and 130 deg. 15 west, discovered by Captain J. Mitchell, in

ter reef, latitude 27 deg. 2 min. south, longitude 146 deg. 27 min. west, trending six miles N. and S. W., discovered by Captain Weeks, of Bedford, 1830.

Island, latitude 23 deg. 57 min. south, longitude 131 deg. 5 min. west, about eighty miles N. by N. of Pitcairn's Island. A dangerous reef out from the south point. Discovered by Captain J. B. Worth, in the ship *Oeno*, of Nantucket.

Island, latitude 27 deg. 46 min. north, longitude 174 deg. 56 min. west, rocks above water, sand bars, where the ship *Pearl*, Capt. Clark, *Termes*, Capt. Phillips, were wrecked, April 1822. The crews were saved, and taken off, remaining two months on the reef.

Island, latitude 6 deg. 16 min. south, longitude 177 deg. 19 min. east.

Island, latitude 1 deg. 19 min. south, longitude 174 deg. 30 min. east.

Island, latitude 18 deg. 11 min. south, longitude 175 deg. 48 min. east. These three last-mentioned islands were discovered by Captain Allen, in the ship *Independence*, of Nantucket,

Island, latitude 2 deg. 28 min. south, longitude 176 deg. east.

Island, latitude 1 deg. 50 min. south, longitude 175 deg. east.

Island, latitude 0 deg. 20 min. north, longitude 174 deg. east.

Island, latitude 0 deg. 10 min. north, longitude 174 deg. 13 min. east. These four last-mentioned islands were discovered by Captain Chase, in the ship *Japan*, of Nantucket, in 1827 and

rock, latitude 40 deg. south, longitude 57 deg. 36 min. west, six feet above water, trending a cable's length. Discovered by Captain Allen, in the *Ariel*.

Island, latitude 15 deg. 31 min. south, longitude 176 deg. 11 min. east. Inhabited, discovered by Captain Hunter, in the *Caroline*.

Island, latitude 21 deg. 2 min. south, longitude 133 deg. 13 min. east, discovered by Captain Allen, in the *Valetta*, July 10th, 1825.

rock, latitude 51 deg. 51 min. south, longitude 34 deg. 32 min. west, just above water, with kelp attached to it.

Island rock, latitude 25 deg. 3 min. north, longitude 167 deg. 40 min. west, about one mile in circumference, and one hundred and fifty feet in height.

reef, latitude 25 deg. 28 min. north, longitude 170 deg. 20 min. west. These were both dis-

covered by Captain J. Allen, in the ship *Maro*, of Nantucket, in 1821.

Starbuck's Group, latitude on the equator, longitude 170 deg. 30 min. east.

Loper's Island, latitude 60 deg. 7 min. south, longitude 177 deg. 40 min. east.

Dangerous reef, latitude 5 deg. 30 min. south, longitude 175 deg. west.

Tracy's Island, latitude 7 deg. 30 min. south, longitude 178 deg. 45 min. east.

New Nantucket, latitude 0 deg. 11 min. north, longitude 176 deg. 20 min. west.

Granger's Island, latitude 18 deg. 58 min. north, longitude 146 deg. 14 min. east. These six last mentioned were discovered by Nantucket whale ships, from 1820 to 1826.

Fisher's Island and Group, latitude 26 deg. 30 min. north, longitude 141 deg. 1 min. east, discovered by the British ship *Transit*, Captain J. J. Coffin, September 12th, 1824."—pp. 447—452.

Captain Fanning's name must be well known to the foreign merchants of this country. It is appended to several islands in the Pacific, having been discovered by him, and one of our consuls, lately in describing the East Falkland Islands, inserts in two places in his chart of the islands, Fanning's Bay and Fanning's Harbour. The work, upon the whole, gives us an increased admiration of American enterprise on the sea, and we glory in the circumstance, that their spirit is only an improvement of that which they derived from the mother country. The American navy bids fair to be one of the most important branches of service that has been witnessed in any country, in consequence of the recent introduction of the influence of temperance amongst the sailors. Industry, and obtaining information, will be consequently the occupation of that time of the sailors which formerly was devoted to vicious indulgence. There is a general concurrence in all classes in America to bring about the benefits to be expected from this system. Thus, even the ship insurers have lowered the duty on vessels which carries a crew, the individuals composing which are members of temperate societies. We conclude by offering our best wishes for the promotion of such a good cause.

It may be convenient to our readers to know, that this and other highly interesting and important works, by American authors, are to be had at the house of Mr. Rich, alluded to in the title of this article.

From the *New Monthly Magazine*.

COLERIDGE.

"Νῦν δὲ θάνατον λάμπεις Ἑσπερος ἐν ὀθιμῶν."—PLATO.

Among the most eminent of the illustrious band of those whose intellect and imagination have conferred imperishable fame upon themselves, and done honour to English literature in the present century, stands, in the highest rank, the name of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. That surpassing spirit has passed away to his own high place, and the mourners—the mourners of the heart—go about the streets; but yet it is not quite without a sense of comfort, a feeling like

that of remembered happiness, pleasant though mournful to the soul, that an ardent admirer of his worth and genius seeks, in this brief, imperfect memoir of his life and writings, to hang, as it were, a garland on his honoured tomb, and with glistening eye to record that,

"To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die."

Mr. Coleridge was born at the vicarage of Ottery Saint Mary, a town of Devonshire, about ten miles from Exeter, in the year 1773. His father, the Rev. John Coleridge, vicar of the parish, had been previously a schoolmaster at South Moulton. He was a ripe and able scholar: he assisted Dr. Kennicott in the famous collation of so many hundred manuscripts for his edition of the Hebrew Bible; wrote a theological dissertation on the *λογος*, and published a Latin grammar. He died about the year 1782, at an advanced age, leaving a numerous family, of which the subject of this memoir was the youngest son.

Owing to the straitened circumstances of his father, and the being left an orphan at so early an age, the poet, like many distinguished men of his time, was educated at the school of Christ's Hospital, London. The account which he gives of his progress in learning, and his feelings while a student at that excellent seminary, is highly characteristic of the bent of his mind, and proves the aphorism of Woodsworth, that "the child is father of the man." Although, at a very premature age, even before his fifteenth year, he had bewildered himself in the mazes of metaphysical and theological controversy, his early poetry,—and he had barely passed the verge of manhood when he first published,—is particularly distinguished in many passages, though not throughout, by an exquisite simpleness both of thought and expression. He himself says,

"During several years of my youth and early manhood, I revered those who reintroduced the manly simplicity of the Grecian and of our own elder poets, with such enthusiasm as made the hope seem presumptuous of writing successfully in the same style. Perhaps a similar process has happened to others; but my earliest poems were marked by an ease and simplicity which I have studied, perhaps with inferior success, to impress upon my later compositions.

"At school, I enjoyed the inestimable advantage of a very sensible, though at the same time a very severe master.* He early moulded my taste to the preference of Demosthenes to Cicero, of Homer and Theocritus to Virgil, and again of Virgil to Ovid. He habituated me to compare Lucretius, to Terence, and above all the chaste poems of Catullus, not only with the Roman poets of the so-called silver and brazen ages, but with even those of the Augustan era; and on grounds of plain sense and universal logic, to see and assert the superiority of the former, in the truth and nativeness both of their thoughts and diction. At the same time that we were studying the Greek tragic poets, he made us read Shakspeare and Milton as lessons; and they were the lessons, too, which required most time and labour to bring up, so as to escape his censure. I learned from

* The Rev. James Bowyer, many years head-master of the grammar-school, Christ's Hospital.

him that poetry, even that of the loftiest and seemingly that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own as severe as that of science, and more difficult, because more subtle and complex, and dependent on more numerous and more fugitive causes. In our English compositions, (at least for the last three years of our school education,) he showed no mercy to phrase, image, or metaphor, unsupported by a sound sense, or where the same sense might have been conveyed with equal force and dignity in plainer words. Lute, harp, and lyre—muse, muses, and inspirations—Pegasus, Parnassus, and Hippocrene,—were all an abomination to him. In fancy, I can almost hear him now exclaiming—'Harp! harp! lyre! pen and ink, boy, you mean. Muse, boy, muse! your nurse's daughter, you mean! Pierian spring! Oay, the cloister pump, I suppose!' Nay, certain introductions, similes, and examples, were placed by name on a list of interdiction. Among the similes there was, I remember, that of the Manchineel fruit, as suiting equally well with too many subjects: in which, however, it yielded the palm at once to the example of Alexander and Clytus, which was equally good and apt whatever might be the theme. Was it ambition?—Alexander and Clytus! Flattery?—Alexander and Clytus! Anger? drunkenness? pride? friendship? ingratitude? late repentance?—still, still Alexander and Clytus! At length the praises of agriculture having been exemplified in the sagacious observation, that had Alexander been holding the plough, he could not have run his friend Clytus through with a spear, this tried and serviceable old friend was banished by public edict in *secula seculorum*."

* * * * *

"In my friendless wanderings on our *leave-days*, (for I was an orphan and had scarce any connexions in London,) highly indeed was I delighted if any passenger, especially if he were dressed in black, would enter into conversation with me. For I soon found the means of directing it to my favourite subjects.

Of Providence, fore-knowledge, will and fate,
Fix'd fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute,
And found no end in wandering mazes lost.

This preposterous pursuit was beyond doubt injurious both to my natural powers and to the progress of my education. It would perhaps have proved destructive had it been continued, but from this I was auspiciously withdrawn."

It was owing to a present made him by a beloved schoolfellow, (Middleton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, and author of a treatise on the Greek article which contains one of the best vindications of the Christian Scriptures from the glosses of Unitarian commentators extant,) of a copy of Bowles's Sonnets, then just published, that Coleridge, in his seventeenth year, was again attracted to the charms of poetry, and drawn away from theological controversy and wild metaphysics. "Nothing else," said he, "as this time, pleased me: history and particular facts lost all interest in my mind." Even fiction had become insipid; all his thoughts were directed to his favourite metaphysical and theological mysticisms, until Bowles's Sonnets, and an intimacy with a very

greeable family, recalled him to less thorny paths, and to more rational, or at least more practical pursuits. In consequence of the low state of his finances, he transcribed these sonnets no fewer than forty times in the course of a few months, in order to make presents of them to his companions; and his admiration of them led to the acquaintance and lasting friendship of their excellent author.

At eighteen he was entered, from Christ's Hospital, of Jesus College, Cambridge. He did not obtain, and apparently never sought for academic honours. He assisted a friend in composing an essay on English poetry while at the University, or at least in one of the vacations, and occasionally indulged his fancy in poetical composition, which he seems to have commenced with a view to the permanent cultivation of the "faculty divine," soon after his first perusal of the before-mentioned sonnets of Bowles.

At this period of his life he was remarkable for excess of animal spirits, and for some of the noisy follies to which in boyhood they are apt to give rise, but, like most persons of similar temperament, he was also subject to fits of corresponding depression. In the autumn of 1793, while labouring under one of these visitations of despondency, aggravated by the combined effects of pecuniary embarrassment and hopeless love of a young lady, sister of a school-fellow with whose family he had become intimate, he set off for London with a party of fellow-collegians, and after spending a short time in Bacchanian conviviality with his companions, left them to wander by himself about the streets, in a state of destitution similar to that endured by Johnson and Savage, and in a frame of mind approaching to the frenzy of despair. This is touchingly alluded to in his monody on the death of Chatterton. He finished by enlisting in the 15th Dragoons, under the name of Clumberbacht, but he could not be taught to ride. He continued for some time, however, a subject of mystery and wonder to his comrades, and of curiosity even to his officers, until the surgeon of the regiment happening by chance to light upon a complaint of the unhappy trooper over the misery of his condition, touched in the most classical Latinity, an inquiry was instituted, the result of which was, that his friends were written to, and his discharge procured.

At the age of twenty-one, he first published a small volume of poems, which, though occasionally clouded with obscurities, and abounding in double epithets, and other faults of a turgid and inflated style, almost inseparable from the unpruned luxuriance of a very youthful composer, afforded sure indication of a golden harvest to come, and were very favourably received as buds of hope which gave promise of "bright consummate flowers" in due season. In the same year, while residing at Bristol, he published, in conjunction with Southey, "The Fall of Robespierre, an Historic Drama." The extraordinary rapidity with which this dramatic poem was composed renders the vigour, talent, and ability it displays still more remarkable. The two friends commenced one evening after tea; by noon, next day, the manuscript was finished; it was in type by sunset, and was published the following morning. In the ensuing winter (1794-5) Coleridge delivered, at Bristol, a course of lec-

tures on the French Revolution. That great flame had by this time kindled all Europe, and if the smell of fire had passed upon Coleridge, he could at least point to many, or most, of the choicest and best of the spirits of the age, as men who were with him in the furnace.

Southey and Robert Lovell were his ardent coadjutors, in an enthusiastic scheme of American Pantisocracy. In the midst, however, of the harmless, but Utopian dream of the youthful triumvirate, their "simple plan" was broken up by the three philanthropic philosophers falling all at once up to the heart in love with three sisters named Fricker, resident at Bristol. It appears that none of the fair sisterhood, nor any of their fellow-parishioners, saw "cause or just impediment wherefore these couples should not respectively be joined together in holy matrimony; and, instead of the cause of political regeneration in the wilds of Susquehanna, Mr. Coleridge espoused Miss Sarah Fricker in the autumn of 1795.

Thus began the business of life, and Coleridge became a breeder of sinners, and added to the Adam-tainted population of the old world, instead of giving birth to a purer era than the realities of our fallen nature admit of in the new. Hartley, Berkley, and Derwent Coleridge were born of this marriage. With that inconsequence, however, which so often marked his conduct in worldly matters, Mr. Coleridge had married before he possessed the means of supporting a family. During his residence at Nether Stowey, a village near Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, he depended chiefly, or altogether, for the maintenance of himself, and of those far dearer to him than himself, upon the scanty and uncertain remuneration of his literary labours. In the preface to his first publication, the juvenile poems before alluded to, he had written—

"I expect neither profit nor general fame by my writings; and I consider myself as having been amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me its own 'exceeding great reward:' it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me *the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful* in all that meets and that surrounds me."

Soon after this, however, he had commenced a weekly paper called the "Watchman," and his journeyings to and fro, and the rebuffs he met with in search of subscribers to this periodical, as well as the history of its subsequent fate, are graphically and most amusingly stated by himself.

From his memorable tour Coleridge returned mortified, and convinced, indeed, that prudence dictated the abandonment of the scheme; but partly for this very reason he seems to have persevered in it, for he confesses that he was then so completely hag-ridden by the fear of being influenced by selfish motives, that to know any given mode of conduct to be the dictate of *prudence* was a sort of proof presumptive to his feelings that the contrary was the dictate of *duty*. In the very first few numbers of his periodical, he made enemies of all his Jacobin and democratic patrons; for, utterly disgusted by their infidelity and profaneness, and by their adoption of French morals with what he scornfully designates the French *philosophy*, instead of abusing the government and aris-

tocracy, as had been expected of him, he levelled his powerful pen at "modern patriotism;" defended the sedition, or *gagging*, bills, as they were called; and proclaimed open war upon the demagogues who declaimed to the needy and ignorant, instead of pleading for them. At the same time he avowed his conviction that national education and a concurring spread of the Gospel were the indispensable conditions of any true political amelioration.

At the ninth number, the work was dropped for want of sale; and, but for the assistance of a dear and faithful friend, Coleridge must have been thrown into gaol at the suit of his Bristol printer, to whom he owed between eighty and ninety pounds. He then, as had been before intimated, retired to a cottage at the foot of Quantock, devoted his studies to the foundations of religion and morals, and provided for his scanty maintenance by writing verses for a London morning paper. Here, also, and about the year 1797, he wrote, at the desire of Sheridan, a tragedy originally named "Osorio," but which was not brought out until the year 1813, and under the title of "Remorse." It was generally felt by Coleridge's friends, though not, as far as the writer is aware, complained of by the poet himself, that Mr. Sheridan had not behaved well about this tragedy. From some cause or other, whether the press of other affairs and difficulties of his own, or ceasing to have the potential voice in theatrical matters he had been wont to exercise, or, as was sometimes thought, from the mere waywardness and caprice of genius, certain it is that he never realised to Coleridge the reasonable hope which he had excited of friendship and patronage in bringing forward his play under the most favourable auspices.

During his residence at Stowey, Coleridge was in the habit of preaching every Sunday at the Unitarian chapel at Taunton, but was greatly respected by even the better class of his neighbours. He enjoyed the intimate friendship of Wordsworth, who lived at Allfoxden, about two miles from Stowey, and was visited by Charles Lamb, the late John Thelwall the lecturer, and other men of cultivated minds and fertile imagination. Here, also, he planned "The Brook," a poem, which, like "Christabel," he never felt himself "i' the vein" to bring to a successful completion. The following year (1798) he was enabled by the liberality of the late Thomas Wedgewood, who settled on him a pension of 100*l.* a year, to visit Germany. He proceeded thither in company with Wordsworth, studied the language at Ratzeburg, and afterwards went on to Göttingen. He there attended the lectures of Blumenbach on natural history and physiology, studied a fellow-student's notes of Eschhorn's prelections on the New Testament, and took lessons of Professor Tychsen in the Gothic grammar. He read also the Minnesingers (or Swabian troubadours,) and the verses of Hans Sachs, the Nuremberg cobbler; devoting the principal part of his time, however, to general literature and to philosophy. Whilst here, also, our author was introduced to Klopstock, and he gives a curious account in the "Biographia Literaria" of his disappointment in the heavy, dull, unexpressive appearance of the author of the "Messiah." But the whole of his residence in Germany is full of interest, and may, perhaps, justify some further notice of it in a future paper.

On his return from that country he went to reside at Keswick. He had now made great and most important additions to his former stock of knowledge, and he seems to have spared no time or pains to store up what was useful, whether as practical or speculative. He had become thoroughly master of most of the early German writers, and familiar with the state of early German literature. He drank deeply of the wells of the Teutonic mystical philosophy, and in this the predilections of his earlier years naturally came upon him in aid of his researches a labyrinth which no human ingenuity ever did, or probably ever will, explore successfully. But here, also, the most important of all possible changes that can take place in the heart of man occurred to him. He tells us, indeed, that, even before this, in England, while meditating, his heart had long been with the blessed Paul, and the beloved disciple, (John,) though his head was with Spinoza. He now became convinced, both head and heart, of the doctrine of St. Paul, and a firm believer in the Divine Trinity in Unity, or, to use his own expression, found a reconversion.

Not very long after his return from Germany, Coleridge was solicited to undertake the literary and political department of the "Morning Post" newspaper, and consented, on condition that the paper should thenceforward be conducted on fixed and announced principles, and that he should not be obliged, nor requested to deviate from those principles in favour of any party or any event. In consequence, that journal became, and for many years continued, as he tells us, "anti-ministerial indeed, yet with a very qualified approbation of the opposition, and with greater earnestness and zeal both anti-Jacobin and anti-Gallican." In the whole of our conflict with revolutionized France, subsequent to the first war, Mr. Coleridge considered that *we fought from heaven*—that the stars in their courses fought against Sisera; and he looked upon Edmund Burke as the greatest, most far-sighted, and most *scientific* statesman who ever lived, because, he said, that he alone referred always and everywhere to fixed principles, and regarded all things—all actions—all events—in relation to the *laws* that determine their existence and circumscribe their possibility. He used, curiously enough, to instance, in proof of this, the speeches and writings of Burke at the commencement of the American war, and compare them with his speeches and writings at the commencement of the French Revolution. The *principles*, he affirmed, were the same, and the deductions the same; though the practical inferences drawn in the one case and the other were almost directly opposite.

When Mr. Fox made, by a somewhat violent hyperbole of debate, the memorable assertion, that "the late war was a war produced by the 'Morning Post,'" Mr. Coleridge declared that if he could but flatter himself that the statement was true, he would be proud to have the words inscribed upon his tomb.

It is well known that Coleridge, while in Italy, was warned, both by Baron von Humboldt, and indirectly by Cardinal Fesch himself, that Buonaparte entertained a personal resentment against him for his newspaper essays during the peace of Amiens. Yet this was the man who, in 1796, had written that extraordinary "war-eclogue," entitled "Fire, Famine,

ghter," consigning, in a strange mixture of irony, the "heaven-born minister," Pitt, to the "everlasting perdition, as the instigator of revolutionary war with France. To this then republished long afterwards, an apolo-face was prefixed, full of the vigour, clear-ly introspective energy which so eminently rise the genius of the man. It appears that every party of some of the most distinguished of the time, Coleridge being present, the poem, had appeared anonymously in a newspaper, signed, as betraying, on the part of the writer, atrocious sentiments and the deepest malice of heart. Coleridge took up the cudgels in its name, not as his own, but on the merits of the case. He stated that if it could for a moment be supposed that a writer seriously wished what, in his verses, he wildly imagined, any attempt even to palliate the crime so monstrous, would be an insult to every honest being; but that, in fact, the very fury of the criticism marked it as only a sportive effusion of wit. He observed, that really deep feelings of indignation and revenge are commonly expressed in a few ironically mild and tame. The mind, under the influence of a fiendlike influence, seems to take a pleasure in contrasting the intensity of its indignation and feelings with the slightness or levity of the expressions by which they are hinted. A rooted and inveterate thirst of revenge—is a sort of disease, and exercises, as it were, a perpetual torment to the mind, in thoughts and words which admit of no adequate substitutes. Like a fish in a globe of water, it moves restlessly round and round the scanty element which it cannot leave without losing its element.

pouring out a rapid succession of thoughts and images, these, illustrated, as he expressed it of another, by his fervent and ebullient fancy, constantly exhibiting an unexampled opulence, of language," he had the company by faltering out to the amiable, "I must now confess, Sir, that *I* am the author of that poem. It was written some years ago.

I attempted to justify my past self, young as I was; but as little as I would now write a simile, so far was I, even then, from imagining that lines could be taken as more or less than a fancy. At all events, if I know my own mind, there was never a moment in my existence in which I should have been more ready, had Mr. Pitt's name been in hazard, to interpose my own body, and his life at the risk of my own."

At the commencement of the Addington administration, whatever Coleridge wrote in the "Morning Post" (after that paper was transferred to other hands) in the "Courier," was in defence or furtherance of the measures of Government.

Two years after leaving the "Morning Post," he set off for Malta, where he arrived, rather unexpectedly, on a visit to his friend Dr. Stoddart, the Advocate in the island; by him he was introduced to the Governor, Sir Alexander Ball, who made him his secretary. He did not remain long, but, in Malta, and in his way home visited Italy. His residence at Rome he has given many entertaining as well as very interesting anecdotes. On

one occasion, when visiting St. Peter's with a Prussian gentleman whom he had known in Germany, they were engaged in a deep discussion on the merits of Michael Angelo's famous statue of Moses, and rearing theories and quoting history and classic lore in elucidation of the horns and the beard as emblems of power and majesty. The entrance of two French officers of rank gave occasion to the remark that a Frenchman was "the only animal in human shape that by no possibility can lift up itself to religion or poetry." The Pruss-Goth offered to stake a principle that the first thing "these fellows" would notice in that sublime statue they were then admiring, would be the horns and the beard; and the associations the Frenchmen would connect with them would be those of a he-goat and a cuckold. Never was a prediction more lucky in its fulfilment. Before the smile that it occasioned had passed from the features of Coleridge and his companion, the two officers had begun to criticise the figure, and had actually given utterance to the precise joke, and in the very terms, he anticipated from them. Coleridge always entertained a rooted dislike to France and Frenchmen, arising solely from his belief in their being completely destitute of moral or poetical feeling. Some almost ludicrous instances of this aversion occurred in the bursts of eloquent indignation in which he has been known occasionally to indulge, not only in his private discourses, but sometimes also in public lectures, of which there was a notable example in his course on Poetry at the Royal Institution, Albemarle-street, in the spring of 1808.

His subsequent prose works were the "Statesman's Manual; or, the Bible the best Guide to Political Skill and Foresight: a Lay Sermon, with Comments and Essays connected with the study of the Inspired Writings." A second "Lay Sermon" to the higher and middle classes, on the existing distresses, followed in 1817. In the year 1825 was published "Aids to Reflection in the Formation of a Manly Character, on the several grounds of Prudence, Morality, and Religion: illustrated by Select Passages from our elder Divines, especially from Archbishop Leighton."

This was followed, in 1830, by an essay "On the Constitution of the Church and State, with aids toward a right judgment on the late Catholic Bill;" in this work he addresses the Liberalists and Unitarians of the time in the language of grave but earnest admonition.

And in the latest recorded conversation of Mr. Coleridge, in the year before last, speaking of the state of the different classes in England, he remarked—

"We are in a dreadful state; care, like a foul hag, sits upon us all! one class presses with iron foot upon the wounded heads beneath, and all struggle for a worthless supremacy, and all to rise to it more shackled by their expenses. Sir! things have come to a dreadful pass with us; we need most deeply a reform: but, I fear, not the horrid reform we shall have. Things must alter; the upper classes of England have made the lower persons *things*; the people, in breaking from this unnatural state, will break from their duties also."

From the same authority we shall subjoin the latest

testimony we possess respecting the condition and the feelings of Coleridge during the latter part of his residence at Highgate, where he died, on July 25th:—

“He remarked that he had for some time past suffered much bodily anguish; for thirteen months he had walked up and down his chamber seventeen hours each day. I inquired whether his mental powers were affected by such intense suffering? ‘Not at all,’ he answered; ‘my body and head appear to hold no connexion; the pain of my body, blessed be God, never reaches my mind.’ Of all the men whom I have ever met, the most wonderful in conversational powers is Coleridge. With all his talent and poetry, he is an humble and devout follower of the blessed Jesus, even as ‘Christ crucified.’ When I bade him a last farewell, he was in bed, in great bodily suffering, but with no less mental vigour, and feeling an humble resignation to the will of his Heavenly Father. He will not live long, I fear; but his name and his memory will be dearer to ages to come than to the present.”

Who would not exclaim, on reading this touching record, “Oh let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his!” His hope was indeed “full of immortality,” and his memory is embalmed in the hearts of those whose love he valued far above all popular and ephemeral reputation. Of his poems, the most secure and lasting monument of his fame, a complete edition was published precisely at the time of his decease. To these we may recur hereafter, and endeavour to do some faint justice to their genius and transcendent beauty. We have purposely abstained from any mention of their merits in this hurried biographical notice, both from the impossibility of entering upon so wide a subject within any reasonable limits, and in the hope of correcting the seemingly very general impression that Coleridge was *nothing more* than a poet, and an idle, if not an indolent one. Besides his newspaper essays—to which he himself attributed, and we think with justice, as much importance, from their practical influence over the minds of men, as to any other part of his political or philosophical writings—his prose works occupy nine goodly volumes, every page of which teems with profound thought and felicitous expression. The intellectual wealth even of his conversations did not perish, but will be found, after many days, in the thoughts and writings of those whom he informed and delighted by the eloquent outpourings of his well-stored and meditative mind, and through whom it may be truly said that even on earth his spirit is not dead, but sleepeth; and his immortal part has awakened from the troubled dream of life: he has outsoared the shadow of our night, and is himself a portion of that spiritual loveliness which once he made more lovely!

“Heartless things

Are none and said i’ the world, and many worms
And beasts and men live on, and mighty earth
From sea and mountain, city and wilderness,
In vesper low or joyous orison
Lifts still its solemn voice:—but Thou art fled?
Thou canst no longer know or love the shapes
Of this phantasmal scene, who have to Thee
Been purest ministers, who are, alas!

Now thou art not. Upon those pallid lips
So sweet even in their silence, on those eyes
That image sleep in death, upon that form
Yet safe from the worm’s outrage, let no tear
Be shed—not even in thought.

* * * * *

Let not high verse, mourning the memory
Of that which is no more, or painting’s woe,
Or sculpture, speak in feeble imagery
Their own cold powers. Art and eloquence,
And all the shows o’ the word, are frail and vain
To weep a loss that turns their light to shade.
It is a woe ‘too deep for tears’ when all
Is reft at once, when some surpassing spirit—
Whose light adorn’d the world around it—leaves
Those who remain behind—not sobs nor groans—
The passionate tumult of a clinging hope,—
But pale despair and cold tranquillity:
Nature’s vast frame, the web of human things,
Birth and the grave, that are not as they were!”

J.

From the quarterly Review.

The Poetical Works of S. T. Coleridge. 3 vols,
12mo. London. 1834.

WE lately reviewed the life, and mean hereafter to review the works, of our departed Crabbe. Let us be indulged, in the mean time, in this opportunity of making a few remarks on the genius of the extraordinary man whose poems, now for the first time completely collected, are named at the head of this article. The larger part of this publication is, of course, of old date, and the author still lives; yet besides the considerable amount of new matter in this edition, which might of itself, in the present dearth of anything eminently original in verse, justify our notice, we think the great, and yet somewhat hazy, celebrity of Coleridge, and the ill-understood character of his poetry, will be, in the opinion of a majority of our readers, more than an excuse for a few elucidatory remarks upon the subject. Idolized by many, and used without scruple by more, the poet of ‘Christable’ and the ‘Ancient Mariner’ is but little truly known in that common literary world, which, without the prerogative of conferring fame hereafter, can most surely give or prevent popularity for the present. In that circle he commonly passes for a man of genius, who has written some very beautiful verses, but whose original powers, whatever they were, have been long since lost or confounded in the pursuit of metaphysic dreams. We ourselves venture to think very differently of Mr. Coleridge, both as a poet and a philosopher, although we are well enough aware that nothing which we can say will, as matters now stand, much advance his chance of becoming a fashionable author. Indeed, as we rather believe, we should earn small thanks from him for our happiest exertions in such a cause; for certainly, of all the men of letters whom it has been our fortune to know, we never met any one who was so utterly regardless of the reputation of the mere author as Mr. Coleridge—one so lavish and indiscriminate in the exhibition of his own intellectual wealth before

and every person, no matter who—one so reckless who might reap where he had most prodigally sown and watered. 'God knows,'—as we once heard exclaim upon the subject of his unpublished system of philosophy,—'God knows, I have no author's authority about it. I should be absolutely glad if I could hear that the *thing* had been done before me.' Somewhere told of Virgil, that he took more pleasure in the good verses of Varius and Horace than in his own. We would not answer for that; the story has always occurred to us, when we have seen Mr. Coleridge criticising and amending the work of a contemporary author with much more freedom and hilarity than we ever perceived him to display about anything of his own,

perhaps our readers may have heard repeated an anecdote of Mr. Wordsworth, that many men of this generation had done wonderful *things*, as Davy, Scott, Cuvier, &c.; but that Coleridge was the only wonderful man he ever knew. Something, of course, must be allowed in this as in all other such cases for the anti-thesis; but we believe the fact really to be, that the greater part of those who have occasionally visited Coleridge have left him with a feeling akin to the judgment indicated in the above remark. They prize the man more than his works, or they forget his works in the absorbing impression made by the great author. And no wonder. Those who remember him in his more vigorous days can bear witness to the peculiarity and transcendent power of his conversational eloquence. It was unlike anything that could be heard elsewhere; the kind was different, the degree was different, the manner was different.

His boundless range of scientific knowledge, the precision and exquisite nicety of illustration, the rapid and ready reasoning, the strangeness and immensity of bookish lore—were not all; the dramatic story, the joke, the pun, the festivity, must be added—and these the clerical-looking dress, the thick wavy silver hair, the youthful-coloured cheek, the inextinguishable mouth and lips, the quick yet steady and penetrating greenish grey eye, the slow and continuous enunciation, and the everlasting music of his voice—all went to make up the image and to constitute the living presence of the man. He is now no longer young, and bodily infirmities, we regret to say, have pressed heavily upon him. His natural vigour is indeed abated; but his eye is not dim, neither is his mind yet enfeebled. 'O youth!' he says, 'one of the most exquisitely finished of his later poems—'

'O youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be that thou art gone!
Thy vesper bell hath not yet tolled:—
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size;—
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.'

MS. XXV.—No. 151.

Mr. Coleridge's conversation, it is true, has not now all the brilliant versatility of his former years; yet we know not whether the contrast between his bodily weakness and his mental power does not leave a deeper and a more solemnly affecting impression, than his most triumphant displays in youth could ever have done. To see the pain-stricken countenance relax, and the contracted frame dilate under the kindling of intellectual fire alone—to watch the infirmities of the flesh shrinking out of sight, or glorified and transfigured in the brightness of the awakening spirit—is an awful object of contemplation; and in no other person did we ever witness such a distinction,—nay, alienation of mind from body,—such a mastery of the purely intellectual over the purely corporeal, as in the instance of this remarkable man. Even now his conversation is characterized by all the essentials of its former excellence; there is the same individuality, the same *unexpectedness*, the same universal grasp; nothing is too high or nothing too low for it; it glances from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth, with a speed and a splendour, an ease and a power, which almost seem inspired; yet its universality is not of the same kind with the superficial ranging of the clever talkers whose criticism and whose information are called forth by, and spent upon, the particular topics in hand. No; in this more, perhaps, than in anything else is Mr. Coleridge's discourse distinguished; that it springs from an inner centre, and illustrates by light from the soul. His thoughts are, if we may so say, as the radii of a circle, the centre of which may be in the petals of a rose, and the circumference as wide as the boundary of things visible and invisible. In this it was that we always thought another eminent light of our time, recently lost to us, an exact contrast to Mr. Coleridge as to quality and style of conversation. You could not in all London or England hear a more fluent, a more brilliant, a more exquisitely elegant converser than Sir James Mackintosh; nor could you ever find him unprovided. But, somehow or other, it always seemed as if all the sharp and brilliant things he said were poured out of so many vials filled, and labelled for the particular occasion; it struck us, to use a figure, as if his mind were an ample and well-arranged *hortus cicutæ*, from which you might have specimens of every kind of plant, but all of them cut and dried for store. You rarely saw nature, working at the very moment in him. With Coleridge it was and still is otherwise. He may be slower, more rambling, less pertinent; he may not strike at the instant as so eloquent; but then, what he brings forth is fresh coined; his flowers are newly gathered, they are wet with dew, and, if you please, you may almost see them growing in the rich garden of his mind. The projection is visible; the enchantment is done before your eyes. To listen to Mackintosh was to inhale perfume; it pleased, but did not satisfy. The effect of an hour with Coleridge is to set you thinking; his words haunt you for a week afterwards; they are spells, brightenings, revelations. In short, it is, if we may venture to draw so bold a line, the whole difference between talent and genius.

A very experienced short-hand writer was employed to take down Mr. Coleridge's lectures on

Shakspeare, but the manuscript was almost entirely unintelligible. Yet the lecturer was, as he always is, slow and measured. The writer—we have some notion it was no worse an artist than Mr. Gurney himself—gave this account of the difficulty: that with regard to every other speaker whom he had ever heard, however rapid or involved, he could almost always, by long experience in his art, guess the form of the latter part, or apodosis, of the sentence by the form of the beginning; but that the conclusion of every one of Coleridge's sentences was a surprise upon him. He was obliged to listen to the last word. Yet this unexpectedness, as we termed it before, is not the effect of quaintness or confusion of construction; so far from it, that we believe foreigners of different nations, especially Germans and Italians, have often borne very remarkable testimony to the grammatical purity and simplicity of his language and have declared that they generally understood what he said much better than the sustained conversation of any other Englishman whom they had met. It is the uncommonness of the thoughts or the image which prevents your anticipating the end.

We owe perhaps, an apology to our readers for the length of the preceding remarks; but the fact is, so very much of the intellectual life and influence of Mr. Coleridge has consisted in the oral communication of his Opinions, that no sketch could be reasonably complete without a distinct notice of the peculiar character of his powers in this particular. We believe it has not been the lot of any other literary man in England, since Dr. Johnson, to command the devoted admiration and steady zeal of so many and such widely-differing disciples—some of them having become, and others being likely to become, fresh and independent sources of light and moral action in themselves upon the principles of their common master. One half of these affectionate disciples have learned their lessons of philosophy from the teacher's mouth. He has been to them as an old oracle of the Academy or Lyceum. The fulness, the inwardness, the ultimate scope of his doctrines has never yet been published in print, and if disclosed, it has been from time to time in the higher moments of conversation, when occasion, and mood, and person begot an exalted crisis. More than once has Mr. Coleridge said, that with pen in hand he felt a thousand checks and difficulties in the expression of his meaning; but that—authorship aside—he never found the smallest hitch or impediment in the fullest utterance of his most subtle fancies by word of mouth. His abstrusest thoughts became rhythmical and clear when chaunted to their own music. But let us proceed now to the publication before us.

This is the first complete collection of the poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The addition to the last edition is not less than a fourth of the whole, and the greatest part of this matter has never been printed before. It consists of many juvenile pieces, a few of the productions of the poet's middle life, and more of his later years. With regard to the additions of the first class, we should not be surprised to hear friendly doubts expressed as to the judgment shown in their publication. We ourselves think otherwise and we are very glad to have had an opportunity of perusing them. There may be nothing in these

earlier pieces

be built: yet

the boy

read any ju

ed the character of all that the poet has since done; in particular, the very earliest and looser of these little pieces indicate that unintermitting thoughtfulness, and that fine ear for verbal harmony in which we must venture to think that not one of our modern poets approaches to Coleridge. Upon these points we shall venture a few remarks by and by; let us an instance of the sort of sweetness of versification which seems to have been inborn in our poet, although elaborately cultivated and improved in his after years, take these six lines on the 'First Advent of Love.' They were written at fifteen.

"O fair is love's first hope to gentle mind,
As Eve's first star thro' fleecy cloudlet peeping;
And sweeter than the gentle south-west wind
O'er willowy meads and shadow'd waters creeping,
And Ceres' golden fields! the sultry hind
Meets it with brow uplift, and stays his reaping."

In the following verses, some of which were lately quoted in this Journal for another purpose, and which were written only a year or two before those preceding, we may distinguish a progress in the art, and yet the *natural melody of words* still obviously cultivated to the postponement of the *harmony resulting from rhythmical construction*:

"Spirits of love, ye heard her name! Obey,
The powerful spell, and to my haunt repair,
Whether on clustering pinions ye are there,
Where rich snows blossom on the myrtle tree,
Or with fond languishment around my fair
Sigh in the loose luxuriance of her hair;
O heed the spell, and hither wing your way
Like far-off music, voyaging the breeze.
Spirits! to you the infant maid was given,
Form'd by the wondrous alchemy of heaven.
No fairer maid does love's wide empire know,
No fairer maid e'er heaved the bosom's snow.
A thousand loves around her forehead fly,
A thousand loves sit melting in her eye;
Love lights her smile—in joy's red nectar dips
His myrtle flower, and plants it on her lip.
She speaks—and, hark, that passion-warbled song;
Still fancy, still that voice, those notes prolong,
As sweet as when that voice with rapturous fall
Shall wake the soften'd echoes of heaven's hall:
O (have I sigh'd) were mine the wizard's rod,
Or mine the power of Proteus, changeful god,
A flower-entangled arbour would I seem,
To shield my love from noontide's sultry beam;
Or bloom a myrtle, from whose odorous boughs
My love might weave gay garlands for her brows
When twilight stole across the fading vale,
To fan my love I'd be the evening gale,
Mourn in the soft folds of her swelling vest,
And flutter my faint pinions on her breast.
On seraph wings I'd float a dream by night,
To soothe my love with shadows of delight;
Or soar aloft to be the spangled skies,
And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes!"

We, of course, cite these lines for little besides their luxurious smoothness; and it is very observable, that although the indications of the more strictly intellectual qualities of a great poet are very often extremely faint, as in Byron's case, in early youth, it is universally otherwise with regard to high excellence in *versification* considered apart and by itself. Like the ear for music, the sense of metrical melody is always a natural gift; both indeed are evidently connected with the physical arrangement of the organs, and never to be acquired by any effort of art. When possessed, they by no means necessarily lead on to the achievement of consummate harmony in music or in verse; and yet consummate harmony in either has never been found where the natural gift has not made itself conspicuous long before. Spenser's Hymns, and Shakspeare's "Venus and Adonis," and "Rape of Lucrece," are striking instances of the overbalance of mere sweetness of sound. Even "Comus," is what we should, in this sense, call luxurious; and all four gratify the outward ear much more than that inner and severer sense which is associated with the reason, and requires a meaning even in the very music for its full satisfaction. Compare the versification of the youthful pieces mentioned above with that of the maturer works of those great poets, and you will recognize how possible it is for verses to be exquisitely melodious, and yet to be all far short of that exalted excellence of numbers of which language is in itself capable. You will feel the simple truth, that melody is a part only of harmony. Those early flashes were indeed auspicious tokens of the coming glory, and involved some of the conditions and elements of its existence; but the rhythm of the "Faërie Queene" and of "Paradise Lost," was also the fruit of a distinct effort of uncommon care and skill. The endless variety of the pauses in the versification of these poems could not have been the work of chance, and the adaptation of words with reference to their asperity, or smoothness, or strength, is equally refined and scientific. Unless we make a partial exception of the "Castle of Indolence," we do not remember a single instance of the reproduction of the exact rhythm of the Spenserian stanza, especially of the concluding line. The precise Miltonic movement in blank verse has never, to our knowledge, been caught by any later poet. It is Mr. Coleridge's own strong remark, that you might as well think of pushing a brick out of a wall with your forefinger, as attempt to remove a word out of the finished passages in Shakspeare or Milton. The amotion or transposition will alter the thought, or the feeling, or at least the tone. They are as pieces of Mosaic work, from which you cannot strike the smallest block without making a hole in the picture.

And so it is, in due proportion, with Coleridge's best poems. They are distinguished in a remarkable degree by the perfection of their rhythm and metrical arrangement. The labour bestowed upon this point must have been very great; the tone and quantity of words seem weighed in scales of gold. It will, no doubt, be considered ridiculous by the Fannii and Fanniæ of our day to talk of varying the trochee with this iambus, or of resolving either into the tribrach. Yet it is evident to us that these, and

even minuter points of accentual scansion, have been regarded by Mr. Coleridge as worthy of study and observation. We do not, of course, mean that rules of this kind were always in his mind while composing, any more than that an expert disputant is always thinking of the distinctions of mood and figure, whilst arguing; but we certainly believe that Mr. Coleridge has almost from the commencement of his poetic life looked upon versification as constituting in and by itself a much more important branch of the art poetic than most of his eminent contemporaries appear to have done. And this more careful study shows itself in him in no technical peculiarities or fantastic whims, against which the genius of our language revolts; but in a more exact adaptation of the movement to the feeling, and in a finer selection of particular words with reference to their local fitness for sense and sound. Some of his poems are complete models of versification, exquisitely easy to all appearance, and subservient to the meaning, and yet so subtle in the links and transitions of the parts as to make it impossible to produce the same effect merely by imitating the syllabic metre as it stands on the surface. The secret of the sweetness lies within, and is involved in the feeling. It is this remarkable power of making his verse musical that gives a peculiar character to Mr. Coleridge's lyric poems. In some of the smaller pieces, as the conclusion of the "Kubla Khan," for example, not only the lines by themselves are musical, but the whole passage sounds all at once as an out-burst or crash of harps in the still air of autumn. The verses seem as if *played* to the ear upon some unseen instrument. And the poet's manner of reciting verse is similar. It is not rhetorical, but musical: so very near recitative, that for any one else to attempt it would be ridiculous; and yet it is perfectly miraculous with what exquisite searching he elicits and makes sensible every particle of the meaning, not leaving a shadow of a shade of the feeling, the mood, the degree, untouched. We doubt if a finer rhapsode ever recited at the Panathenaic festival; and the yet unforgotten Doric of his native Devon is not altogether without a mellowing effect in his utterance of Greek. He would repeat the

αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιῶς
δακρύσας, ἱτύρον ὕψος ἔζοτο. κ. τ. λ.

with such an interpreting accompaniment of look and tone, and gesture, that we believe any commonly educated person might understand the import of the passage without knowing alpha from omega. A chapter of Isaiah from his mouth involves the listener in an act of exalted devotion. We have mentioned this, to show how the whole man is made up of music; and yet Mr. Coleridge has no ear for music, as it is technically called. Master as he is of the intellectual recitative, he could not sing an air to save his life. But his delight in music is intense and unwearable, and he can detect good from bad with unerring discrimination. Poor Naldi, whom most of us remember, and all who remember must respect, said to our poet once at a concert; "That he did not seem much interested with a piece of Rossini's which had just been performed." Coleridge answered, "it sounded to me exactly like nonsense

verses. But this thing of Beethoven's that they have begun—stop, let us listen to this, I beg!"

There are some lines entitled "Hendecasyllables," published for the first time in the second volume of this collection, which struck us a good deal by the skill with which an equivalent for the well-known Catullian measure has been introduced into our language. We think the metrical construction of these few verses very ingenious, and do not remember at this moment any thing in English exactly like it. These lines are, in fact, of twelve syllables; but it is in the rhythm that they are essentially different from our common dramatic line:

"In the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

Our readers will please to observe that a dactyl is substituted for the spondee, trochee, or iambus of the Latin model at the commencement of this verse,

"Hear, my beloved, an old Milesian story!
High and embosom'd in congregated laurels,
Glimmer'd a temple upon a breezy headland;
In the dim distance, amid the skiey billows,
Rose a fair island; the god of flocks had placed it.
From the far shores of the bleak resounding island
Oft by the moonlight a little boat came floating,
Came to the sea-cave beneath the breezy headland;
Where amid myrtles a pathway stole in mazes
Up to the groves of the high embosom'd temple.
There, in a thicket of dedicated roses,
Oft did a priestess, as lovely as a vision,
Pouring her soul to the son of Cytherea,
Pray him to hover around the slight canoe-boat,
And with invisible pilotage to guide it
Over the dusky wave, until the nightly sailor,
Shivering with ecstasy, sank upon her bosom."
—vol. ii. p. 69.

The minute study of the laws and properties of metre is observable in almost every piece in these volumes. Every kind of lyric measure, rhymed and unrhymed, is attempted with success; and we doubt whether, upon the whole, there are many specimens of the heroic couplet or blank verse superior in construction to what Mr. Coleridge has given us. We mention this rather, because it was at one time, although that time is past, the fashion to say that the Lake school—as two or three poets, essentially unlike to each other, were foolishly called—had abandoned the old and established measures of the English poetry for new conceits of their own. There was no truth in that charge; but we will say this, that, notwithstanding the prevalent opinion to the contrary, we are not sure, after perusing *some passages* in Mr. Southey's "Vision of Judgment," and the entire "Hymn to the Earth," in hexameters, in the second of the volume now before us, that the question of the total inadmissibility of that measure in English verse can be considered as finally settled; the true point not being whether such lines are as good as, or even like, the Homeric or Virgilian models, but whether they are not in themselves a pleasing variety, and on that account alone, if for nothing else, not to be rejected as wholly barbarous. True it is, that without great skill in the poet, English hexameters will be intolerable; but what shall we say to the following!

"Travelling the vale with mine eyes—green meadows and lake with green island,
Dark in its basin of rock, and the pure stream flowing in brightness,
Thrill'd with thy beauty and love in the wooden slopes of the mountain,
Here, Great Mother, I lie, thy child, with his head on thy bosom!
Playful the spirits of noon, that rushing soft through thy tresses,
Green-haired goddess! refresh me; and hark! as they hurry or linger,
Fill the pause of my harp, or sustain it with musical murmurs.
Into my being thou murrest joy, and tenderest
Shedd'st thou, like dew on my heart, till the joy and the heavenly sadness
Pour themselves forth from my heart in tears, and the hymn of thanksgiving.
Earth! thou mother of numberless children, the nurse and the mother,
Sister thou of the stars, and beloved by the sun, the rejoicer!
Guardian and friend of the moon, O Earth! whom the comets forget not,
Yea, in the measureless distance wheel round and again they behold thee!
Fadeless and young (and what if the latest birth of Creation!)
Bride and consort of Heaven, that looks down upon thee enamoured!
Say, mysterious Earth! O say, great mother and goddess,
Was it not well with thee then, when first thy lap was ungirdled,
Thy lap to the genial Heaven, the day that he wooed thee and won thee!
Fair was thy blush, the fairest and first of the blushes of morning!
Deep was the shudder, O Earth! the throes of thy self-retention:
Inly thou strovest to flee, and didst seek thyself at thy centre!
Mightier far was the joy of thy sudden resilience; and forthwith
Myriad myriads of lives teemed forth from the mighty embracement.
Thousand-fold tribes of dwellers, impelled by thousand-fold instincts,
Filled, as a dream, the wide waters; the rivers sang in their channels;
Laughed on their shores the hoarse seas; the yearning ocean swelled upward;
Young life lowed through the meadows, the woods, and the echoing mountains,
Wandered bleating in valleys, and warbled on blossoming branches."—vol. ii. p. 67.

We may also quote from page 146 of the same volume the following exquisite couplets:

"The Homeric Hexameter described and exemplified.
"Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean."

Idian Elegiac Metre described and exemplified. The hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column: pentameter aye falling in melody back."

keen lines entitled "Sancti Dominici Palli-
nd the following, suggested by the last words
engarius, seem to stand about midway between
ythm of Pope and Dryden.

*more 'twixt conscience staggering and the Pope,
I shall I now before God appear;
n to be acquitted, as I hope;
him to be condemned, as I fear.'*"

—
x amid moles! had I stood by thy bed,
good cheer, meek soul! I would have said;
I hope spring from that humble fear.
e not strong alike thro' storms to steer
onward. What, though dread of threaten'd
eath
ungeon torture made thy hand and breath
stant to the truth within thy heart,—
truth from which, thro' fear, thou twice didst
tart,
haply told thee, was a learned strife,
it so vital as to claim thy life,
nyriads had reach'd heaven who never knew
e lay the difference 'twixt the false and true!
e, who secure 'mid trophies not your own,
him who won them when he stood alone,
proudly talk of recreant Berengare,—
t the age, and then the man compare!
age how dark! congenial mind how rare!
et of friends with kindred zeal did burn,
robbing hearts awaited his return;
rate alike when prince and peasant fell,
ily disenchanted from the spell,
the weak worm that gems the startless night,
d in the scanty circlet of his light:
was it strange if he withdrew the ray,
did but guide the night-birds to their prey?
'he ascending day-star, with a bolder eye,
lit each dewdrop on our trimmer lawn;
ot for this, if wise, shall we decry
spots and struggles of the timid dawn;
so we tempt the approaching noon to scorn
nist and painted vapours of our morn!"—
vol. ii. p. 79.

r his blank verse take the following passage as
cage example. It is, as will be instantly seen,
ether unlike the Miltonic movement; yet can
hing for the purpose be imagined more exqui-
rich and harmonious?

"And that simplest lute
d lengthways in the clasping casement, hark!
by the desultory breeze caress'd
some coy maid half yielding to her lover,
ars such sweet upbraiding, as must needs
pt to repeat the wrong! And now, its strings
delicious surges sink and rise,
a soft floating witchery of sound
wilight elms make, when they at eve
ge on gentle gales from fairy land,

Where melodies round honey-dropping flowers,
Footless and wild, like birds of paradise,
Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untamed wing!
Oh! the one life within us and abroad,
Which meets all motion and becomes its soul,—
A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,
Rhythm in all thought and joyance every where;
Methinks, it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so filled;
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
Is music slumbering on her instrument!"

We should not have dwelt so long upon this point
of versification, unless we had conceived it to be one
distinguishing excellence of Mr. Coleridge's poetry,
and very closely connected with another, namely,
fulness and individuality of thought. It seems to be
a fact, although we do not pretend to explain it, that
condensation of meaning is generally found in poetry
of a high import in proportion to perfection in metri-
cal harmony. Petrarch, Spenser, Shakspeare, and
Milton are obvious instances. Goethe and Coleridge
are almost equally so. Indeed, whether in verse, or
prose, or conversation, Mr. Coleridge's mind may be
fitly characterized as an energetic mind—a mind al-
ways at work, always in a course of reasoning. He
cares little for any thing, merely because it was or
is; it must be referred, or be capable of being refer-
red, to some law or principle, in order to attract his
attention. This is not from ignorance of the facts of
natural history or science. His written and published
works alone sufficiently show how constantly and
accurately he has been in the habit of noting all the
phenomena of the material world around us; and
the great philosophical system now at length in pre-
paration for the press, demonstrates, we are told, his
masterly acquaintance with almost all the sciences,
and with not a few of the higher and more genial of
the arts. Yet his vast acquirements of this sort are
never put forward by or for themselves; it is in his
apt and novel illustrations, his indications of analo-
gies, his explanation of anomalies, that he enables
the hearer or reader to get a glimpse of the extent
of his practical knowledge. He is always reasoning
out from an inner point, and it is in the inner point,
the principle, the law which he labours to bring for-
ward into light. If he can convince you or himself
of the principle *a priori*, he generally leaves the
facts to take care of themselves. He leads us into
the laboratories of art or nature as a shown, an guides
you through a cavern crusted with spar and stalac-
tites, all cold, and dim, and motionless, till he lifts
his torch aloft, and on a sudden you gaze in admira-
tion on walls and roof of flaming crystals and stars
of eternal diamond.

All this, whether for praise or for blame, is per-
ceptible enough in Mr. Coleridge's verse, but per-
ceptible, of course, in such degree and mode as the
law of poetry in general, and the nature of the spe-
cific poem in particular, may require. But the main
result from this frame and habit of his mind is very
distinctly traceable in the uniform subjectivity of
almost all his works. He corresponds with painting
and painters; of which Pindar and Dante are the
chief; those masters of the picturesque, who, by a
felicity inborn, view and present every thing in the

completeness of actual objectivity—and who have a class derived from and congenial with them, presenting few pictures indeed, but always full of picturesque matter; of which secondary class Spenser and Southey may be mentioned as eminent instances. To neither of these does Mr. Coleridge belong; in his "Christabel," there certainly are several distinct pictures of great beauty; but he, as a poet, clearly comes within the other division which answers to music and the musician, in which you have a magnificent mirage of words with the subjective associations of the poet curling, and twisting, and creeping round, and through, and above every part of it. This is the claim to which Milton belongs, in whose poems we have heard Mr. Coleridge say that he remembered but two proper pictures—Adam bending over the sleeping Eve at the beginning of the fifth book of the "Paradise Lost," and Dalilah approaching Samson towards the end of the "Agonistes." But when we point out the intense personal feeling, the self-projection, as it were, which characterizes Mr. Coleridge's poems, we mean that such feeling is the soul and spirit, not the whole body and form, of his poetry. For surely no one has ever more earnestly and constantly borne in mind the maxim of Milton, that poetry ought to be *simple, sensuous, and impassioned*. The poems in these volumes are no authority for that dreamy, half-wooing style of verse which was criticised by Lord Byron (in language too strong for print) as the fatal sin of Mr. John Keats, and which, unless abjured betimes, must prove fatal to several younger aspirants—male and female—who for the moment enjoy some popularity. The poetry before us is distinct and clear, and accurate in its imagery; but the imagery is rarely or never exhibited for description's sake alone; it is rarely or never exclusively objective; that is to say, put forward as a spectacle, a picture on which the mind's eye is to rest and terminate. You may, if your sight is short, or your imagination cold, regard the imagery in itself and go no farther; but the poet's intention is that you should feel and imagine a great deal more than you see. His aim is to awaken in the reader the same mood of mind, the same cast of imagination and fancy whence issued the associations which animate and enlighten his pictures. You must think with him, must sympathize with him, must suffer yourself to be lifted out of your own school of opinion or faith, and fall back upon your own consciousness, an unsophisticated man. If you decline this, *non tibi spirat*. From his earliest youth to this day, Mr. Coleridge's poetry has been a faithful mirror reflecting the image of his mind. Hence he is so original, so individual. With a little trouble, the zealous reader of the "Biographia Literaria" may trace in these volumes the whole course of mental struggle and self-evolution narrated in that odd, but interesting work; but he will see the track marked in light; the notions become images, the images glorified, and not unfrequently, the abstruse position stamped clearer by the poet than by the psychologist. No student of Coleridge's philosophy can fully understand it without a perusal of the illuminating, and, if we may so say, popularizing commentary of his poetry. It is the Greek put into the vulgar tongue. And we must say, it is somewhat strange to hear

any one condemn these philosophical principles altogether unintelligible, which are inextricably interwoven in every page of a volume of poetry he professes to admire.

No writer has ever expressed the great truth man makes his world, or that it is the image which shapes and colours all things—more than Coleridge. Indeed, he is the first who, in the age which we live, brought forward that position with light and action. It is nearly forty years ago he wrote the following passage in his "Ode to Dejection," one of the most characteristic and best of his lyric poems:

"A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear:
O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throbbing wood
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing on the western sky
And its peculiar tint of yellow green;
And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye
And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars;
Those stars that glide behind them or between
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always
Yon crescent moon, as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;
I see them all so excellently fair,
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

"My genial spirits fail,
And what can these avail
To lift the smothering weight from off my brow
It were a vain endeavour,
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west;
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are

"O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live;
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud
And would we aught behold of higher worth
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,

Enveloping the earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice of its own birth
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

"O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of
What this strong music in the soul may be!
What and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mind
This beautiful and beauty-making power.

Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that n'er was giv'
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shroud
Joy, Lady, is the spirit and the power
Which wedding nature to us gives in dower
A new Earth and new Heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud;
Joy is the sweet voice—Joy the luminous cloud

We in ourselves rejoice!
 And thence flows all that charms our ear or sight,
 All melodies the echoes of that voice,
 All colours a suffusion from that light."—vol. i. p. 238.

On this habit of intellectual introversion we are much inclined to attribute Mr. Coleridge's never seriously undertaken a great heroic poem.

"Paradise Lost," may be thought to stand in the way of our laying down any general rule on the subject; yet that poem is as peculiar as Milton himself, and does not materially affect our opinion, that a pure epic can hardly be achieved by the poet in whose mind the reflecting turn greatly predominates. The extent of the action in such a poem requires a rapid and fluent stream of narrative verse; description, highly objective, must fill a large space in it, and its permanent success depends on a rapidity, or at least a swiftness, of movement which is scarcely compatible with much of what Bacon calls *inwardness* of feeling. The reader's attention could not be prolonged; his journey being long, he expects his road to be smooth and unembarrassed. The condensed action of the ode is out of place in heroic song. Some persons will dispute that the two great Homeric poems are the most delightful of epics; they may have the sublimity of "Paradise Lost," nor the frequency of the "Divine Comedy," nor the brilliant brilliancy of the "Orlando;" but, dead as they are in language, metre, accent,—obsolete in action, manners, costume, and country,—they nevertheless even now please all those who can read, beyond all other narrative poems. There is an element in them which keeps them sweet and incorrupt throughout every change. They are the most valuable of all the remains of ancient genius, and translations of them for the twentieth time are amongst the very latest productions of our contemporary literature. From beginning to end, these marvellous poems are exclusively objective; every thing is in the eye, except the poet himself. It is not to Vico or to us that we refer, when we say that *Homer is vox cetera nihil*; as musical as the nightingale, and as visible.

Any epic subject would have suited Mr. Coleridge's varied powers and peculiar bent of mind, might, perhaps, have been that which he once contemplated, and for which he made some preparations: "The Fall of Jerusalem." The splendid poem which has subsequently appeared under that name by a younger poet, has not necessarily prevented an attempt on the epic scale by a master genius.

Yet the difficulties of the undertaking are arising from their number and peculiarity; and the least overwhelming of them are involved in the treatment of those very circumstances and relations which constitute its singular attraction. We have twice heard Mr. Coleridge express his opinion on this point.

"The destruction of Jerusalem," he said upon one occasion, "is the only subject now remaining for an epic poem; a subject which, like Milton's Fall of Man, should interest all Christendom, as the Homeric story of Troy interested all Greece. There would be no difficulties, as there are in all subjects; and they might be mitigated and thrown into the shade, as

Milton has done with the numerous difficulties in the 'Paradise Lost.' But there would be a greater assemblage of grandeur and splendour than can now be found in any other theme. As for the old mythology, *incredulus odi*; and yet there must be a mythology, or a quasi-mythology, for an epic poem. Here there would be the completion of the prophecies; the termination of the first revealed national religion under the violent assault of Paganism, itself the immediate forerunner and condition of the spread of a revealed mundane religion; and then you would have the character of the Roman and the Jew, and the awfulness, the completeness, the justice. I schemed it at twenty-five, but, alas! *venturum expectat*."

Upon another occasion, Mr. Coleridge spoke more discouragingly.

"This subject, with all its great capabilities, has this one grand defect—that, whereas a poem, to be epic, must have a personal interest—in the 'Destruction of Jerusalem' no genius or skill could possibly preserve the interest for the hero from being merged in the interest for the event. The fact is, the event itself is too sublime and overwhelming."

We think this is fine and just criticism; yet we ardently wish the critic had tried the utmost strength of his arm in executing the magnificent idea of his early manhood. Even now—vain as we fear any such appeal is—we cannot keep ourselves back from making a respectful call upon this great poet to consider whether his undiminished powers of verse do not seem to demand from him something beyond the little pieces, sweet as they are, which he has alone produced since his middle manhood. We know and duly value the importance of the essays in which his philosophical views have as yet been imperfectly developed, and we look with anxiety to the publication of the whole, or a part, of that great work in which, we are told, the labour of his life has been expended in founding and completing a truly catholic "System of philosophy for a Christian man." We would not, for the chance of an epic fragment, interfere with the consummation of this grand and long-cherished design. But is there any necessary incompatibility between the full action of the poet and the philosopher in Mr. Coleridge's particular case? He, of all men, would deny that the character of his studies alone tended to enfeeble the imagination, or to circumscribe the power of expression; and if that be so, what is there to prevent—what is there not rather to induce—a serious devotion of some portion, at least, of his leisure to the planning and execution of some considerable poem? *Poterit si posse videtur*; and could Mr. Coleridge but seem to himself as capable as he seems to others, we believe he would not leave the world without a legacy of verse even richer than aught that has yet come from him.

In attempting any poem of the magnitude suggested by us, unless it were entirely of a moral or philosophical kind, Mr. Coleridge would undoubtedly have to contend with that meditative or reflective habit of intellect which is predominant in him, and characterizes all his works. It dictated to him as a translator the happy choice of "Wallenstein," and constituted once the source of beauty and of weakness in the "Remorse" and "Zapolya." Unless this be remembered and some indulgence be shown to it, justice will not

be done to these fine poems. Perhaps there never was a translation, with the exception of Pope's "Iliad" and Dryden's "Eneid," that has become so intimately connected with the poetic fame of the translator as this English "Wallenstein." It is clearly, in our opinion, one of the most splendid productions of Mr. Coleridge's pen, and will with almost all readers for ever have the charm of an original work. The truth is, that many beautiful parts of the translation are exclusively the property of the English poet, who used a manuscript copy of the German text before its publication by the author; and it is a curious anecdote in literature, that Schiller, in more instances than one, afterwards adopted the hints and translated in turn the interpolations of his own translator. Hence it is, also, that there are passages in the German editions of the present day which are not found in the English version; they were, in almost every case, the subsequent additions of the German poet. Nevertheless, although Mr. Coleridge has not scrupled in some instances to open out the hint of the original, and even to graft new thoughts upon it, his translation is, in the best and highest sense of that term, a pre-eminently faithful translation; indeed, it preserves, or compensates, the meaning and spirit of the author so perfectly, that we are inclined to think that, upon a balance struck, Schiller has lost *nothing* in the English of his "Wallenstein." Has he not gained?—As to this, we do not immediately refer to those beautiful passages in which Mr. Coleridge has confessedly ventured upon his own responsibility to expand the germ of thought in the original,—passages which are familiar to all who take any interest either in Coleridge or Schiller.* We rather look to the total impression left upon the mind of the reader by the character of Wallenstein himself; and the question is, whether a more thorough perception of the idea of Hamlet, and a much greater sympathy with the Hamlet mood of mind, have not helped the countryman of Shakspeare to a grander presentment of Schiller's hero than Schiller's own picture of him. An Englishman and a German, indeed, can scarcely be expected to view such a question as this from precisely the same point; the associations which the mere words of your native language excite are indestructible and inexpressible; and the Shakspearian cast of feeling and reflection, easily distinguishable by us in the English Wallenstein, cannot be fully recognised or appreciated by a foreigner. It may not

* Mr. Hayward, in the preface to the second edition of his translation of "Faust," quotes one of these striking passages:—

"The intelligent forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasins, or watery depths,—all these have vanish'd;
They live no longer in the faith of reason."

These lines are an expansion of two of Schiller's—

"Die alten Fabelwesen sind nicht mehr;
Das reizende Geschlecht ist ausgewandert;"

literally, as Mr. Hayward translates them,—

"The old fable-existences are no more;
The fascinating race has emigrated (wandered out or away.)"

be the tone of Schiller; but it is the tone, or german to the tone, which the fortunate predominance of Shakspeare has consecrated in England for dramatic poetry. The Germans do not seem to us to have arrived at any sympathy with it. The study of Shakspeare is said to be fashionable amongst all literary men in Germany; and some very clever and eloquent books have been written about him by natives of the country. The best of these critics, however, never seem to us to understand their subject. They do not see the absolute uniqueness in kind of Shakspeare's intellectual action. Of the other great authors of the English drama, they appear to know nothing. Tieck, we suspect, is the first German that ever made an acquaintance with any of Shakspeare's mighty contemporaries, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger,—those giants everywhere but in Shakspeare's presence; and Tieck's own acquisitions in this department appear to be of very recent date. His friend and fellow-labourer, Augustus W. Schlegel, if we remember right, passes in some dozen fine pages from Shakspeare to Dryden and Otway. This celebrated critic is so excessively superficial upon those masters of the romantic drama, Beaumont and Fletcher, that we are compelled to say that we do not believe he had read through their works when he wrote his "Dramatic Literature." To us it seems that, upon the whole, Schiller had something in his genius naturally nearer akin to the universality of Shakspeare than any other of the German poets. In depth of thought, in fertility of fancy, in creativeness of imagination, there is no comparison; but Schiller had, as Shakspeare had, that common human feeling—not too high, nor too low—that common tone of the race to which he belonged, which led and enabled him in the maturity of his abilities to give to his countrymen of every circle in historic drama of highest excellence and enduring national interest. This grand work—"Wallenstein"—which, although no similar, is analogous to the historic plays of Shakspeare, will, as we believe, ultimately constitute the permanent claim of Schiller to fame amongst his own fellow-countrymen; and the extraordinary fortune of an English translation which may be read, if we please, without once suggesting the fact of its not being original poetry, will go a great way in extending his fame amongst a people who, by kindred and by moral sympathy, can best appreciate it as it deserves. We have no room for any extracts from this translation; but we particularly refer our readers to act i. scene 4, act iv. scene 7, of the "Piccolomini," and act v. scene 1 of the "Death of Wallenstein." These are not amongst the parts commonly quoted but they are the most powerful and characteristic and in the intermediate one of the three there is an interesting, but perhaps unintended, parallel with the scene of Macbeth's conference with his wife previously to the murder of Duncan.

It is pretty generally known that Mr. Coleridge was solicited to undertake a translation of Faust before Mr. Shelley, Lord Francis Egerton, or Mr. Hayward, had, in their different manners, made that remarkable poem as familiar as it can possibly be made to the mere English reader: for Goethe being, like Coleridge, a great master of verbal harmony, must of necessity lose very considerably in a translation of

l.* His dress sticks to his body; it is inseparable without laceration of the skin. This, amongst other considerations of graver moment, induced Coleridge, after a careful perusal of the work, to the proposition. We are not very sure that it would have succeeded in it; at least it would not have been something very unlike Goethe's

"Mr. Coleridge thinks—perhaps he is the man who may without presumption think—that *"Faust"* is a failure; that is to say, that the what ought to have been the idea, of the very insufficiently and inartificially executed. considers the intended theme to be—the consequence of a misology, or hatred and depreciation of knowledge caused by an originally intense thirst for knowledge baffled. But a love of knowledge for its own sake, for pure ends, would never produce such a result, but only a love of it for base and unworthy ends. There is neither causation nor progression; he is a ready-made conjurer from the very beginning;—the *incredulus odi* is felt from the first. The sensuality, and the thirst after knowledge, connected with each other. Mephistopheles and Margaret are excellent, but Faust himself is dull and uninteresting. The scene in Aurbach's cellars is the best—perhaps the very best; that on the Rhine is also fine, and all the songs are beautiful. There is no whole in the poem; the scenes are magic-lantern pictures, and a large part of the poem is very flat. Such, in substance, is the opinion we have heard Mr. Coleridge express of this piece: upon the justice of the criticism, we have neither time nor inclination to say a word upon any other occasion; but we cannot miss this opportunity of mentioning the curious fact that long before *"Faust"* had appeared in a complete state, we think was in 1807†—indeed before Mr. Coleridge had ever seen any part of it—he had planned to work upon the same, or what he takes to be the same idea. This plan, like many of its fellows, was as bright as Ariosto's moon; yet its general shape de-

Hayward's prose version is an elaborate, and, with many options, an accurate one—and he is much to be thanked for having enabled persons *not thoroughly* skilled in German, to read the original with hitherto unattainable effect. It is needless to say that the mere English version can form not the most distant conception of the Goethe, in his finer and more ærial parts, from any translation. Two translations in verse lately published, one by Mackenzie and Mr. Syme, are creditable in some respects; these enthusiastic, and, we presume, very young admirers of Goethe; but their versification, especially Mr. Mackenzie's, is deformed throughout by provincial licenses; and neither of them has caught the spirit of the poet in his finer passages. We are much disposed to think, that if Francis Egerton were now to extend and remodel his version, he would leave little to be desired.

The first edition of *Faust*, in an imperfect state, was in 1807; the next edition was in 1808, when the poem appeared in the form to which we have been accustomed. Hayward's *Faust*, 2d edition, p. 215. We make no mention of the wretched second part of *Faust*, which has reappeared among Goethe's posthumous pieces. The sanction of its publication has done his utmost for his author's reputation.

XXV.—No. 151.

serves to be recorded, as a remarkable instance of unconscious coincidence between two great individual minds, having many properties in common. Coleridge's misologist—Faust—was to be Michael Scott. He appeared in the midst of his college of devoted disciples, enthusiastic, ebullient, shedding around him bright surmises of discoveries fully perfected in after times, and inculcating the study of nature and its secrets as the pathway to the acquisition of power. He did not love knowledge for itself—for its own exceeding great reward,—but *in order* to be powerful. This poison-speck infected his mind from the beginning. The priests suspect him, circumvent him, accuse him; he is condemned and thrown into solitary confinement. This constituted the *prologus* of the drama. A pause of four or five years takes place, at the end of which Michael escapes from prison, a soured, gloomy, miserable man. He will not, cannot study; of what avail had all his study been to him? His knowledge, great as it was, had failed to preserve him from the cruel fangs of the persecutors; he could not command the lightning or the storm to wreak their furies upon the heads of those whom he hated and contemned, and yet feared. Away with learning;—away with study!—to the winds with all pretences to knowledge. We *know* nothing; we are fools, wretches, mere beasts. Anon the poet began to tempt him. He made him dream, gave him wine, and passed the most exquisite of women before him, but out of his reach. Is there, then, no knowledge by which these pleasures can be commanded? *That way* lay witchcraft—and accordingly to witchcraft Michael turns with all his soul. He has many failures and some successes; he learns the chemistry of exciting drugs and exploding powders, and some of the properties of transmitted and reflected light; his appetites and curiosity are both stimulated, and his old craving for power and mental domination over others revives. At last Michael tries to raise the devil, and the devil comes at his call. This devil was to be the universal humorist, who should make all things vain and nothing worth by a perpetual collation of the great with the little in the presence of the infinite. He plays an infinite number of tricks for Michael's gratification. In the meantime, Michael is miserable; he has power, but no peace, and he every day feels the tyranny of hell surrounding him. In vain he seems to himself to assert the most absolute empire over the devil, by imposing the most extravagant tasks;—one thing is as easy as another to the devil. "What next, Michael?" is repeated every day with more imperious servility. Michael groans in spirit; his power is a curse; he commands women and wine,—but the women seem fictitious and devilish, and the wine does not make him drunk. He now begins to hate the devil, and tries to cheat him. He studies again, and explores the darkest depths of sorcery for a recipe to cozen hell; but all in vain. Sometimes the devil's finger turns over the page for him, and points out an experiment, and Michael hears a whisper—"Try *that*, Michael!" The horror increases, and Michael feels that he is a slave and a condemned criminal. Lost to hope, he throws himself into every sensual excess,—in the mid career of which he sees Agatha, and immediately endeavours

Agatha loves him, and the devil facilitates their meetings; but she resists Michael's attempts to win her, and implores him not to act so as to lose her esteem. Long struggles of passion ensue, the result of which Michael's affections are turned forth against his appetites, and the idea of redemption of the lost will dawn upon his mind. This is instantaneously perceived by the devil; and for the first time the humorist becomes severe and menacing. A fearful succession of conflicts between Michael and the devil takes place, in which Agatha helps and suffers. In the end, after subjecting his hero to every imaginable or unimaginable horror, the poet in dubious made him triumphant, and poured peace into his soul in the conviction of a salvation for sinners through God's grace. Of this sketch we will only say, what probably the warmest admirers of "Faust" will admit, that Goethe might have taken some valuable hints from it. It is a literary curiosity at least, and so we leave it.

The "Remorse" and "Zapolya" strikingly illustrate the predominance of the meditative, pausing habit of Mr. Coleridge's mind. The first of these beautiful dramas was acted with success, although worse acting was never seen. Indeed, Kelly's sweet music was the only part of the theatrical apparatus in any respect worthy of the play. The late Mr. Kean made some progress in the study of Ordonio, with a view of reproducing the piece; and we think that Mr. Macready, either as Ordonio or Alvar, might, with some attention to music, costume, and scenery, make the representation attractive even in the present day. But in truth, taken absolutely and in itself, the "Remorse" is more fitted for the study than the stage; its character is romantic and pastoral in a high degree, and there is a profusion of poetry in the minor parts, the effect of which could never be preserved in the common routine of representation. What this play wants is dramatic movement; there is energetic dialogue and a crisis of great interest, but the action does not sufficiently grow on the stage itself. Perhaps, also, the purpose of Alvar to waken remorse in Ordonio's mind is put forward too prominently, and has too much the look of a mere moral experiment to be probable under the circumstances in which the brothers stand to each other. Nevertheless, there is a calmness as well as superiority of intellect in Alvar which seem to justify, in some measure, the sort of attempt on his part, which, in fact, constitutes the theme of the play; and it must be admitted that the whole underplot of Isidore and Alhadra is lively and affecting in the highest degree. We particularly refer to the last scene between Ordonio and Isidore in the cavern, which we think genuine Shakspeare; and Alhadra's narrative of her discovery of her husband's murder is not surpassed in truth and force by anything of the kind that we know. The passage in the dungeon scene, in which Alvar rejects the poisoned cup, always struck us as uncommonly fine, although we think the conclusion weak. The incantation scene is a beautiful piece of imagination, and we are inclined to think a quotation of a part of it will put Mr. Coleridge's poetical power before many of our readers in a new light:

"REMORSE—Act III. sc. 1.

[A Hall of Armory, with an altar at the back of the stage. Soft music from an instrument of glass or steel.]

VALDEZ, ORDONIO, and ALVAR in a Sorcerer's robe.

ORD. This was too melancholy, father.

VAL. Nay,

My Alvar loved sad music from a child. Once he was lost; and after weary search We found him in an open place in the wood, To which spot he had followed a blind boy, Who breathed into a pipe of sycamore Some strangely-moving notes; and these, he said, Were taught him in a dream. Him first we saw Stretch'd on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank; And lower down poor Alvar, fast asleep, His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleased me To mark how he had fasten'd round the pipe A silver toy his grandam had late given him. Methinks I see him now as he then look'd— Even so!—He had outgrown his infant dress, Yet still he wore it.

ALV. (aside.) My tears must not flow! I must not clasp his knees, and cry, My Father!

Enter TERESA.

TER. Lord Valdez, you have ask'd my presence here,

And I submit; but heaven bear witness for me, My heart approves it not. 'Tis mockery!

ORD. Believe you, then, no preternatural influence?

Believe you not that spirits throng around us?—

TER. Say rather that I have imagined it A possible thing;—and it has sooth'd my soul As other fancies have, but ne'er seduced me To traffic with the black and frenzied hope That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard. (To Alvar.) Stranger, I mourn and blush to see you here

On such employment. With far other thoughts I left you.

ORD. (aside.) Ha! he has been tampering with her!—

ALV. O high-soul'd maiden! and more dear to me Than suits the stranger's name!—I swear to thee I will uncover all concealed guilt. Doubt, but decide not! Stand ye from the altar.

[Strain of music.

With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm I call up the departed.

Soul of Alvar!

Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell;— So may the gates of Paradise, unbarr'd, Cease thy swift toils! Since haply thou art one Of that innumerable company Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow, Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion, With noise too vast and constant to be heard— Fitliest unheard!—For oh! ye numberless And rapid travellers, what ear unstunn'd, What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against The rushing of your congregated wings? [Music. Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head!— Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desert sands,

roar and whiten, like a burst of waters,
 yet appearance, but a dread illusion
 the parch'd caravan that roams by night!
 'ere build up on the becalmed waves
 a whirling pillar, which from earth to heaven
 is vast, and moves in blackness! Ye too split
 ice-mount, and with fragments many and huge
 meet the new-thaw'd sea, whose sudden gulfs
 in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff!
 round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,
 from the blue-swoln corse the soul toils out,
 joins your mighty army!

[Voice behind sings, "Hear, sweet spirit."

Soul of Alvar!

the mild spell, and tempt no blacker charm!
 ghs unquiet, and the sickly pang
 half dead, yet still undying hope,
 visible before our mortal sense!
 all the church's cleansing rites be thine,
 knells and masses that redeem the dead!

(Song behind.)

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
 Lest a blacker charm compel!
 So shall the midnight breezes swell
 With thy deep, long lingering knell.
 And at evening evermore,
 In a chapel on the shore,
 Shall the chanters sad and saintly,
 Yellow tapers burning faintly,
 Doleful masses chant for thee,
 Miserere Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away

On the quiet moonlight sea;—

The boatmen rest their oars and say,

Miserere Domine!

[A long pause.

LD. The innocent obey nor charm, nor spell.
 brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit,
 t on our sight a passing visitant!
 e more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,
 were a joy to me!

LV. A joy to thee!

it if thou heard'st him now?—What if his spirit
 enter'd its cold corse, and came upon thee
 many a stab from many a murderer's poinard?—
 t if—his steadfast eye still beaming pity
 brother's love—he turn'd his head aside,
 he should look at thee, and with one look
 l thee beyond all power of penitence?—

ALD. These are unholy fancies.

RD.

Yes, my father,

is in heaven.

LV. (to Ord.) But what if he had a brother,
 o had lived even so, that at his dying hour
 name of Heaven would have convulsed his face,
 e than the death-pang?—

ALD. Idly prating man!

u hast guess'd ill. Don Alvar's only brother
 ids here before thee—a father's blessing on him!
 is most virtuous.

LV. (still to Ord.) What if his very virtues
 pamper'd his swoln heart and made him proud?
 what if pride had duped him into guilt?
 still he stalked a self-created god,
 very bold, but exquisitely cunning,
 one that at his mother's looking-glass
 uld force his features to a frowning sternness.

Young lord! I tell thee that there are such beings—
 Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damn'd,
 To see these most proud men, that lothe mankind,
 At every stir and buz of coward conscience
 Trick, cant, and lie,—most whining hypocrites!
 Away! away! Now let me hear more music.

vol. ii. p. 193.

"Zapolya" is professedly an imitation of "The Winter's Tale," and was not composed with any view to scenic representation. Yet it has some situations of dramatic interest in no respect inferior to the most striking in the "Remorse;" the incidents are new and surprising, and the dialogue is throughout distinguished by liveliness and force. The predominant character of the whole is, like that of the "Remorse," a mixture of the pastoral and the romantic, but much more apparent and exclusive than in the latter; and it has always seemed to us that the poem breathed more of the spirit of the best pieces of Beaumont and Fletcher, such as the "Beggars' Bush," for example, than of any thing [of Shakspeare's. "Zapolya" has never been appreciated as it deserves. It is, in our opinion, the most *elegant* of Mr. Coleridge's poetical works; there is a softness of tone, and a delicacy of colouring about it, which have a peculiar charm of their own, and amply make amends for some deficiency of strength in the drawing. Although this Christmas tale is, perhaps, as a whole, less known than any other part of Mr. Coleridge's poetry, there is, oddly enough, one passage in it which has been quoted as often as any, and seems to have been honoured by the elaborate imitation of Sir Walter Scott in "Peveril of the Peak," vol. iii. p. 6—"The innocent Alice," &c.*

"The traitor Laska!—

And yet Sarolta, simple, inexperienced,
 Could see him as he was, and often warn'd me.
 Whence learn'd she this?—Oh! she was innocent;
 And to be innocent is nature's wisdom!
 The fledge-dove knows the prowlers of the air,
 Fear'd soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter;
 And the young steed recoils upon his haunches,
 The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard.
 O surer than suspicion's hundred eyes
 Is that fine sense, which to the pure in heart
 By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,
 Reveal the approach of evil."

How fine is Bethlen's image!

"Those piled thoughts, built up in solitude,
 Year following year, that press'd upon my heart
 As on the altar of some unknown god;
 Then, as if touch'd by fire from heaven descending,
 Blazed up within me at a father's name—
 Do they desert me now—at my last trial!"

And Glycine's song might, we think, attract the attention of some of our composers. How like some of Goethe's jewels it is!

"A sunny shaft did I behold,
 From sky to earth it slanted,
 And poised therein a bird so bold—
 Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted!"

* See Hayward's Transl. Preface.

He sank, he rose, he twinkled, he troll'd
 Within that shaft of sunny mist;
 His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
 All else of amethyst!
 And thus he sang—'Adieu! adieu!
 Love's dreams prove seldom true.
 The blossoms they make no delay;
 The sparkling dew-drops will not stay.
 Sweet month of May,
 We must away,
 Far, far away,
 To-day! to-day!'"

Upon the whole, then, referring to the "Wallenstein," the "Remorse," and "Zapolya," we think it impossible not to admit that Mr. Coleridge's dramatic talent is of a very high and original kind. His chief excellence lies in the dialogue itself,—his main defect in the conception, or at least in the conduct, of the plot. We can hardly say too much for the one, or too little for the other. In this respect, indeed, as in some others, his two plays remind us more of Beaumont and Fletcher than of Shakspeare. Yet we can conceive even the "Zapolya" capable of being charmingly represented under circumstances which the common London stage excludes in modern days. But little would be gained by such an attempt, however successful; it could not much heighten the effect of the poetry, and perhaps it might injure it, whilst defects in the action would become more apparent. The "Remorse" is, indeed, of stronger texture, and has borne, and might again bear, acting by common performers before the common audience; yet even in this instance we doubt whether the representation would not interfere with the more exquisite pleasure attending on the calm perusal of the poetry itself. There are parts in it, as in most of Shakspeare's plays, which neither sock nor buskin can reach, and which belong to the imagination alone.

We have not yet referred to the "Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," the "Odes on France," and the "Departing Year," or the "Love Poems." All these are well known by those who know no other parts of Coleridge's poetry, and the length of our preceding remarks compels us to be brief in our notice. Mrs. Barbauld, meaning to be complimentary, told our poet, that she thought the "Ancient Mariner" very beautiful, but that it had the fault of containing no moral. "Nay, madam," replied the poet, "if I may be permitted to say so, the only fault in the poem is that there is *too much*! In a work of such pure imagination I ought not to have stopped to give reasons for things, or inculcate humanity to beasts. 'The Arabian Nights' might have taught me better." They might—the tale of the merchant's son who puts out the eyes of a genii by flinging his date-shells down a well, and is therefore ordered to prepare for death—might have taught this law of imagination; but the fault is small indeed; and the "Ancient Mariner" is, and will ever be, one of the most perfect pieces of imaginative poetry, not only in our language, but in the literature of all Europe. We have, certainly, sometimes doubted whether the miraculous destruction of the vessel in the presence of the pilot and hermit, was not an error, in respect

of its bringing the purely preternatural into too close contact with the actual frame-work of the poem. The only link between those scenes of out-of-the-world wonders, and the wedding guest, should, we rather suspect, have been the blasted, unknown being himself who described them. There should have been no other witnesses of the truth of any part of the tale, but the "Ancient Mariner" himself. This by the way; but take the work altogether, there is nothing else like it; it is a poem by itself; between it and other compositions, in *pari materia*, there is a chasm which you cannot overpass; the sensitive reader feels himself insulated, and a sea of wonder and mystery flows round him as round the spell-stricken ship itself. It was a sad mistake in the able artist—Mr. Scott, we believe—who, in his engravings, has made the ancient mariner an old decrepit man. That is not the true image; no! he should have been a growthless, decayless being, impassive to time or season, a silent cloud—the wandering Jew. The curse of the dead men's eyes should not have passed away. But this was, perhaps, too much for any pencil, even if the artist had fully entered into the poet's idea. Indeed, it is no subject for painting. The "Ancient Mariner" displays Mr. Coleridge's peculiar mastery over the wild and preternatural in a brilliant manner; but in his next poem, "Christabel," the exercise of his power in this line is still more skilful and singular. The thing attempted in "Christabel," is the most difficult of execution in the whole field of romance—witchery by daylight; and the success is complete. Geraldine, so far as she goes, is perfect. She is *sui generis*. The reader feels the same terror and perplexity that Christabel in vain struggles to express, and the same spell that fascinates her eyes. Who and what is Geraldine—whence come, whither going, and what desiring? What did the poet mean to make of her? What could he have made of her? Could he have gone on much farther without having had recourse to some of the ordinary shifts of witch tales? Was she really the daughter of Roland de Vaux, and would the friends have met again and embraced?

"Alas! they had been friends in youth,
 But whispering tongues can poison truth;
 And constancy lives in realms above;
 And life is thorny—and youth is vain—
 And to be wroth with one we love
 Doth work like madness in the brain.
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.
 Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother:
 They parted—ne'er to meet again!
 But never either found another,
 To free the hollow heart from paining;
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder:
 A dreary sea now flows between:
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once has been,"

vol. ii. p. 45.

We are not amongst those who wish to have "Christabel" finished. It cannot be finished. The

is spun all he could without snapping. The is too fine and subtle to bear much extension. As it is, imperfect as a story, but complete and exquisite production of the imagination, differing in form and colour from the "Ancient Mariner," differing in effect from it only so as the same power is directed to the feudal or the mundane of the preternatural.

In these remarkable works we turn to the love scattered through the volumes before us. It is something very peculiar in Mr. Coleridge's notion of the most lovely of the passions. His is not gloomy as Byron's, nor gay as Moore's, intellectual as Wordsworth's. It is a clear unpassion, made up of an exquisite respect and esteem, a knightly tenderness and courtesy,—not ardent, impatient yet contemplative. It is hands and Shakspeare incorporate—it is the mid-moonlight of all love and poetry. The following fragment is now first printed:

nation; honourable aims;
immune with the choir that cannot die;
and song; delight in little things,
joyant child surviving in the man;
forests, ancient mountains, ocean, sky,
all their voices—O dare I accuse
thly lot as guilty of my spleen,
my destiny niggard? O no! no!
or largeness, and her overflow,
being incomplete, disquieteth me so?

Over touch of gladness stirs my heart,
rousely beginning to rejoice
blind Arab, that from sleep doth start
some tent, I listen for thy voice.
! 'tis not thine; thou art not there!
elts the bubble into idle air.
shing without hope I restlessly despair.

mother with anticipated glee
o'er the child, that, standing by her chair
st'ning its round cheek upon her knee,
p, and doth its rosy lips prepare
k the coming sounds. At that sweet sight
rs her own voice with a new delight;
he babe perchance should lisp the notes aright,
is she tenfold gladder than before!
uld disease or chance the darling take,
en avail those songs, which sweet of yore
nly sweet for their sweet echo's sake?
aid! no prattler at a mother's knee
or so dearly prized as I prize thee:
as I made for Love and Love denied to me?"

vol. ii. p. 95.

Forbear to quote from the celebrated "All is, all passions, all delights," or any other previously published, in which "*Amor tri-*" is sung; not only because they are very well known, but that we may make room for the poem now printed for the first time, in which a more difficult thing is attempted—an expression of the poet's anguish at the services of kindness—a substitute for love. This theme—the difference of love and friendship—is several times most elegantly touched in the new parts of this publication particularly in a piece called "Love's Appari-

tion and Evanishment;" but we must confine ourselves to one in the first volume, entitled "The Pang more sharp than all." It runs thus:

"He too has flitted from his secret nest—
Hope's last and dearest Child without a name
Has flitted from me, like the warmthless flame,
That makes false promise of a place of rest
To the tired Pilgrim's still believing mind:—
Or like some Elfin Knight in kingly court,
Who having won all guerdons in his sport,
Glides out of view, and whither none can find!

Yes; He hath flitted from me—with what aim,
Or why, I know not! 'Twas a home of bliss,
And He was innocent as the pretty shame
Of babe that tempts and shuns the menaced kiss
From its twy-cluster'd hiding-place of snow!
Pure as the babe, I ween, and all aglow
As the dear hopes that swell the mother's breast—
Her eyes down gazing o'er her clasped charge;
Yet gay as that twice happy father's kiss,
That well might glance aside, yet never miss,
Where the sweet mark emboss'd so sweet a target—
Twice wretched he who hath been doubly blest!

Like a loose blossom on a gusty night
He flitted from me—and has left behind,
(As if to them his faith he ne'er did plight)
Of either sex and answerable mind,
Two playmates, twin-births of his foster-dame:—
The one a steady lad (Esteem he hight,)
And Kindness is the gentler sister's name.
Dim likeness now, tho' she be fair and good,
Of that bright Boy who hath us all forsook;—
But in his full-eyed aspect when she stood,
And while her face reflected every look,
And in reflection kindled—she became
So like Him, that almost she seem'd the same!

Ah! he is gone, and yet will not depart!—
Is with me still, yet I from him exiled!
For still there lives within my secret heart
The magic image of the magic Child,
Which there He made upgrow by his strong art,
As in that crystal orb—wise Merlin's feat—
'The wondrous 'world of glass' wherein misled
All long'd for things their beings did repeat;—
And there He left it, like a Sylph beguiled,
To live, and yearn, and languish incomplete!

Can wit of man a heavier grief reveal?
Can sharper pang from hate or scorn arise?
Yes! one more sharp there is that deeper lies,
Which fond Esteem but mocks when he would heal.
Yet neither scorn nor hate did it devise,
But sad compassion and atoning zeal!
One pang more blighting keen than hope betray'd!
And this it is my woeful hap to feel,
When at her Brother's hest, the twin-born Maid,
With face averted and unsteady eyes,
Her truant playmate's faded robe puts on;
And inly shrinking from her own disguise,
Enacts the fairy Boy that's lost and gone.
O worse than all! O pang all pangs above
Is Kindness counterfeiting absent Love!"

vol. i. p. 263.

It would be strange, indeed, if we concluded a notice of Mr. Coleridge's poetry, without particularly

adverting to his Odes. We learn from Captain Medwin, that Mr. Shelly pronounced the "France" to be the finest English ode of modern times. We think it the most complete—the most finished as a whole; but we do not agree that it is equal in imagination—in depth—in fancy—to "The Departing Year," or "Dejection," although these latter are less perfect in composition. It is rather passionate than imaginative: it has more of eloquence than of fancy. We may be wrong in setting up the imaginative before the passionate in an ode, and especially in an ode on such a subject; but we think the majestic strophe with which it concludes will, when compared with any part of the other two odes, prove the accuracy of the distinction taken as a matter of fact.

"The sensual and the dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
'They burst their manacles, and wear the name
Of freedom, graven on a heavier chain.
O liberty! with profitless endeavour
Have I pursued thee many a weary hour;—
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.
Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee—
Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee—
Alike from priestcraft's harpy minions,
And factious blasphemy's obscener slaves,
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the
waves!

And there I felt thee!—on that sea-cliff's verge,
Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze above,
Had made one murmur with the distant surge;
Yea, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there!"

Of the other two odes named above, the first is the more varied and brilliant—the last the most subtle and abstract. If we must express an opinion, we must do so without assigning our reasons; and it is, that the ode on "Dejection" is the higher effort of the two. It does not, in a single line, slip into declamation, which cannot be said strictly of either of the other odes: it is poetry throughout, as *opposed* to oratory.

It has been impossible to express, in the few pages to which we are necessarily limited, even a brief opinion upon all those pieces which might seem to call for notice in an estimate of this author's poetical genius. We know no writer of modern times whom it would not be easier to characterize in one page than Coleridge in two. The volumes before us contain so many integral efforts of imagination, that a distinct notice of each is indispensable, if we would form a just conclusion upon the total powers of the man. Wordsworth, Scott, Moore, Byron, Southey, are incomparably more uniform in the direction of their poetic mind. But if you look over these volumes for indications of their author's poetic powers, you find him appearing in at least half a dozen shapes, so different from each other, that it is in vain to attempt to mass them together. It cannot indeed be said, that he has ever composed what is popularly termed a *great poem*; but he is great in several lines, and

the union of such powers is an essential term in fair estimate of his genius. The romantic witchery of the "Christabel," and "Ancient Mariner," the subtle passion of the love-strains, the lyrical splendour of the three great odes, the affectionate dignity, thoughtfulness, and delicacy of the blank verse poems—especially the "Lover's Resolution," "Frost at Midnight," and that most noble and interesting "Address to Mr. Wordsworth"—the dramas, the satires, the epigrams—these are so distinct and so whole in themselves, that they might seem to proceed from different authors, were it not for that same individualizing power, that "shaping spirit of imagination," which more or less sensibly runs through them all. It is the *predominance* of this power, which, in our judgment, constitutes the essential difference between Coleridge and any other of his great contemporaries. He is the most imaginative of the English poets since Milton. Whatever he writes, be it on the most trivial subject, be it in the most simple strain, his imagination, *in spite of himself*, effects it. There never was a better illustrator of the dogma of the Schoolmen—in *omnem actum intellectualem imaginatio influit*. We believe we might affirm, that throughout all the mature original poems in these volumes, there is not one image, the *expression* of which does not, in a greater or less degree, individualize it and appropriate it to the poet's feelings. Tear the passage out of its place, and nail it down at the head of a chapter of a modern novel, and it will be like hanging up in a London exhibition-room a picture painted for the dim-light of a cathedral. Sometimes a single word, an epithet, has the effect to the reader of a Claude Lorraine glass: it tints without obscuring or disguising the object. The poet has the same power in conversation. We remember him once settling an elaborate discussion carried on in his presence, upon the respective sublimity of Shakspeare and Schiller in Othello and the Robbers, by saying, "Both are sublime; only Schiller's is the *material* sublime, that's all!" *All* to be sure; but more than enough to show the whole difference. And upon another occasion, where the doctrine of the Sacramentaries and the Roman Catholics on the subject of the Eucharist was in question, the poet said, "They are both equally wrong; the first have volatalized the Eucharist into a metaphor; the last have condensed it into an idol." Such utterance as this flashes light; it supersedes all argument; it abolishes proof by proving itself.

We speak of Coleridge, as the poet of imagination; and we add, that he is likewise the poet of thought and verbal harmony. That his thoughts are sometimes hard and sometimes even obscure, we think must be admitted; it is an obscurity of which all very subtle thinkers are occasionally guilty, either by attempting to express evanescent feelings for which human language is an inadequate vehicle, or by expressing, however adequately, thoughts and distinctions to which the common reader is unused. As to the first kind of obscurity, the words serving only as hieroglyphics to denote a once existing state of mind in the poet, but not logically inferring what that state was, the reader can only guess for himself by the context, whether he ever has or not experienced in himself a corresponding feeling; and therefore, un-

dly, this is an obscurity which strict criticism but condemn. But, if an author be obscure, because this or that reader is unaccustomed mode or direction of thinking in which such a genius makes him take delight, such a writer indeed bear the consequence as to immediate notoriety; but he cannot help the consequence, and is not worth anything for posterity, he will disregard this sense almost every great writer, whose bent has been to turn the mind upon itself, is, like, obscure; for no writer, with such a direct intellect, will be great, unless he is individual and original; and if he is individual and original, he must, in most cases, himself make the way who shall be competent to sympathize with

English flatter themselves by a pretence that Shakspeare and Milton are popular in England. It is a taste, indeed, to wish to have it believed that poets are popular. Their names are so; but if said that the works of Shakspeare and Milton are popular, that is, liked and studied, among the circle whom it is now the fashion to talk of as cultivated, we are obliged to express our doubts whether a grosser delusion was ever promulgated. The play of Shakspeare's can be ventured on the English stage without mutilation, and without the revolting balderdash foisted into the rents made by managers in his divine dramas; nay, it is only three or four of his pieces that can be borne at once by our all-intelligent public, unless the burthen is lightened by dancing, singing, or processioning. for the stage. But is it otherwise with "the vulgar public?" We believe it is worse; we think, that the apprentice or his master who sits out to see, or Richard at the theatres, does get a sort of sense, a touch, an atmosphere of intellectual grandeur, but he could not keep himself awake during the perusal of that which he admires, or fancies he sees, in scenic representation. As to understanding Shakspeare, as to entering into all Shakspeare's thoughts and feelings; as to seeing the idea of Hamlet or Lear, or Othello, as Shakspeare saw it, this I believe falls, and can only fall, to the lot of the cultivated few, and of those who may have so much of the temperament of genius in themselves, as to comprehend and sympathize with the criticism of a great genius. Shakspeare is now popular by name, not by sense, in the first place, great men, more on a level with the rest of mankind, have said that he is admired and also because, in the absolute universality of his genius, he has presented points to all. Every man, woman, and child, may pick at least one flower from his garden, the name and scent of which are familiar. To which must of course be added, the effect of dramatic representation, be that representation what it may. There are tens of thousands of persons in this country whose only acquaintance with Shakspeare, such as it is, is through the stage.

We have been talking of the contemporary mass; this is not all; a great original writer of a philosophical turn, especially a poet, will almost always find the fashionable world also against him at first, because he does not give the sort of pleasure expected of him at the time, and because, not contented that, he is sure, by precept or example, to show

a contempt for the taste and judgment of the expectants. He is always, and by the law of his being, an idoloclast. By and by, after years of abuse or neglect, the aggregate of the single minds who think for themselves, and have seen the truth and force of his genius, becomes important; the merits of the poet by degrees constitute a question for discussion; his works are one by one read; men recognize a superiority in the abstract, and learn to be modest where before they had been scornful; the coterie becomes a sect; the sect dilates into a party; and lo! after a season, no one knows how, the poet's fame is universal. All this, to the very life, has taken place in this country within the last twenty years. The noblest philosophical poem since the time of Lucretius was, within time of short memory, declared to be intolerable, by one of the most brilliant writers in one of the most brilliant publications of the day. It always put us in mind of Waller, (no mean parallel,) who, upon the coming out of the "Paradise Lost," wrote to the Duke of Buckingham, amongst other pretty things, as follows: "Milton, the old blind schoolmaster, has lately written a poem on the Fall of Man, *remarkable for nothing but its extreme length.*" Our divine poet asked a fit audience, although it should be but few. His prayer was heard; a fit audience for the "Paradise Lost" has ever been, and at this moment must be, a small one, and we cannot affect to believe that it is destined to be much increased by what is called the march of intellect.

Can we lay down the pen without remembering that Coleridge the poet is but half the name of Coleridge? This, however, is not the place, nor the time, to discuss in detail his qualities or his exertions as a psychologist, moralist, and general philosopher. That time may come, when his system, as a whole, shall be fairly placed before the world, as we have reason to hope it will soon be; and when the preliminary works—the "Friend," the "Lay Sermons," the "Aids to Reflection," and the "Church and State," especially the last two, shall be seen in their proper relations as preparatory exercises for the reader. His "Church and State, according to the Idea of Each," a little book, we cannot help recommending as a storehouse of grand and immovable principles, bearing upon some of the most vehemently disputed topics of constitutional interest in these momentous times. Assuredly this period has not produced a profounder and more luminous essay. We have heard it asked, what was the proposed object of Mr. Coleridge's labours as a metaphysical philosopher? He once answered that question himself, in language never to be forgotten by those who heard it, and which, whatever may be conjectured of the probability or even possibility of its being fully realized, must be allowed to express the completest idea of a system of philosophy ever yet made public.

"My system," said he, "if I may venture to give it so fine a name, is the only attempt that I know, ever made, to reduce all knowledge into harmony. It opposes no other system, but shows what was true in each; and how that which was true in the particular in each of them, became error, *because* it was only half the truth. I have endeavoured to unite the insulated fragments of truth, and therewith to frame a perfect mirror. I show to each system that I fully

understand and rightly appreciate what that system means; but then I lit up that system to a higher point of view, from which I enable it to see its former position, where it was indeed, but under another light and with different relations, so that the fragment of truth is not only acknowledged, but explained. So the old astronomers discovered and maintained much that was true; but because they were placed on a false ground, and looked from a wrong point of view, they never did, they never could, discover the truth, that is, the whole truth. As soon as they left the earth, their false centre, and took their stand in the sun, immediately they saw the whole system in its true light, and the former station remaining, but remaining as a part of the prospect. I wish, in short, to connect by a moral copula natural history with political history; or, in other words, to make history scientific, and science historical; to take from history its accidentality, and from science its fatalism."

Whether we shall ever, hereafter, have occasion to advert to any new poetical efforts of Mr. Coleridge, or not, we cannot say. We wish we had a reasonable cause to expect it. If not, then this hail and farewell will have been well made. We conclude with, we believe, the last verses he has written:—

"My Baptismal Birth-Day."

"God's child in Christ adopted,—Christ my all,—
What that earth boasts were not lost cheaply, rather
Than forfeit that blest name, by which I call
The Holy One, the Almighty God, my Father?
Father! in Christ we live, and Christ in Thee;
Eternal Thou, and everlasting we.
The heir of heaven, henceforth I fear not death:
In Christ I live: in Christ I draw the breath
Of the true life:—Let then earth, sea, and sky
Make war against me! On my heart I show
Their mighty Master's seal. In vain they try
To end my life, that can but end its woe.
Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies?
Yes! but not his—'tis Death itself there dies."

vol. ii. p. 151.

Note.—It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Mr. COLERIDGE. When the foregoing article on his poetry was printed, he was weak in body, but exhibited no obvious symptoms of so near a dissolution. The fatal change was sudden and decisive; and six days before his death, he knew, assuredly, that his hour was come. His few wordly affairs had been long settled, and, after many tender adieus, he expressed a wish that he might be as little interrupted as possible. His sufferings were severe and constant till within thirty-six hours of his end; but they had no power to affect the deep tranquility of his mind, or the wonted sweetness of his address. His prayer from the beginning was, that God would not withdraw his Spirit; and that by the way in which he would bear the last struggle, he might be able to evince the sincerity of his faith in Christ. If ever man did so, COLERIDGE did.

Mr. COLERIDGE wrote, about a month or two ago, his own humble and affectionate epitaph.

"Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop, child of God,
And read, with gentle breast. Beneath this sod

A Poet lies, or that which once seemed he—
O, lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.!—
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame
He asked, and hoped through Christ. Do the same."

Mr. COLERIDGE breathed his last at half past six o'clock, in the morning of Friday the 25th day of last, under the roof of his dear and kind friend Mr. and Mrs. Gillman of Highgate; and was in on the 2d of August in the vault of Highgate Church.

From the Quarterly Review.

Lettres de Napoléon à Joséphine, pendant la dernière Campagne d'Italie, le Consulat et l'Empire; et Lettres de Joséphine à Napoléon et à sa Fille. 2 tomes. 8vo, Paris. 1833.

THESE letters are undoubtedly authentic; strange to add—they are worth nearly as little as they were forgeries. We had no conception of authentic and confidential letters from Buonaparte, his wife could be so utterly valueless. They contain neither facts, nor sentiments, nor tract of action, nor domestic incidents, nor even gossip; most the only thing we learn from them is, that Napoleon had little confidence in Josephine, and her in a degree of estimation so low as to approach contempt. Yet they are published by Madame Buonaparte, *ci-devant, la Reine Hortense*, who professed object of doing justice to her mother-in-law against some slanderous insinuations, to Buonaparte gave utterance in the *Mémorial d'Hélène*. This Reine Hortense must be a very woman. We knew very well that Buonaparte guilty of the deplorable indelicacy of amusing his followers at St. Helena with anecdotes about his wives, and that some of these stories were much to the credit of either the understanding character of poor Josephine; but her daughter have shown better taste—even if she had the opportunity of complete refutation—in leaving these petty details to rot forgotten, amidst the mass of falsehood which they are imbedded, and, above all, more in not publishing, as a vindication of her mother's name, a mass of trumpery notes, which have no relevance whatsoever to the points in dispute, and which the whole, tend, we rather think, to justify the in which Buonaparte is represented as having a share of her. They prove, indeed, that he was or pretended to be passionately fond of her, during the first Italian campaign, but it was a fondness so child-like and ludicrous even, considering the age and pretensions of the object of such Philandering, that little credit to either party. A letter from Mantua, 18th July, 1796, tells her,—

"I am very uneasy to know how you are—you are doing. I have been in the village of —on the shores of his lake—by a silvery moor and not a moment without thinking of Josephine." vol. i. p. 51.

Again, next day,

"A thousand kisses, as burning as my heart."

as you! I sent for the courier; he told me he had seen you, and that you told him that you no commands for him. Oh fie—naughty, ugly, tyrannical, pretty little monster! You laugh, at my folly. Ah, you know that if I put you into my heart, you should remain there in prison.”—vol. i. p. 55.

We shall give the whole of a letter from Monaca, September, 1796, which exhibits at once the affectation of a boyish passion, and the slight in which he slurs over the events which a man whose sense would most dwell upon to a wife whom he loved.

I write, my dear love, very often, and you hardly ever. You are naughty, ugly—as frightful as a mess, (*laide autant que légère.*) It is shocking to receive a poor husband so—a tender lover! Must I lose his rights because he is absent, overwhelmed by business, fatigue, and trouble?—Without his Josephine—without the certainty of her love, what remains for him upon earth?—How could he live in his world! We had yesterday a very bloody affair—the enemy suffered considerably and was completely beaten. We have taken the faubourg of Mantua. Adieu, my adorable Josephine! One of these nights I shall force open your doors as if I were yours, and there I am—in your arms.

Mille baisers amoureux!”—

And all this to a middle-aged lady, who had been a widow some years before she became the object of his romantic flame, and from a man engaged in the highest, and the most important, and the most arduous concerns!—No real confidence—no interchange of mind—not one touch of true feeling—no communication of serious thoughts—no identity of interests—nothing that marks the mutual respect and affection which dignify and bless the married couple; but instead we have these boyish tirades, which betray, by their gross exaggeration, the insincerity of the man and the silliness of the woman. Readers will have observed the playful delicacy in which the husband talks of a favoured lover, the significant hint that his love and jealousy prompt him to make an unexpected visit. This might pass for a clumsy badinage, but we find that Buonaparte continues to harp upon it.

“Verona, 13th Nov. 1796.

“No—I don’t love you at all—no, I don’t love you at all—on the contrary, I detest you! You are awkward—stupid—a very cinder-wench!—You don’t write to me—you don’t love your husband, I know the pleasure he takes in you; and yet you don’t throw away six lines on him! What are you waiting, madam, all day? What important business prevents your writing to your dear, dear love? What affection supersedes the love—the constant tenderness I love you promised me! Who is the new and extraordinary (*merveilleux*) lover who absorbs all your time and engrosses all your leisure, and drives your husband out of your head? Take care, Josephine; one fine night your doors will be burst open, and there I am. I hope, before long, to clasp you in my arms, and to reward you with kisses burning as if under the equator.”—p. 83.

It turns out, ridiculously enough, after all this

warning, these menaces of midnight visits, and these promises of equatorial kisses, that the poor husband did really, one fine night, leave his army unexpectedly, and make his way “to my lady’s chamber,” like “a goosy gander,” as he found he was, for Madame, instead of pining in her lonely bed, was, it seems, gone upon a party of pleasure to Genoa, or some neighbouring town, without apprising the “poor husband.” He was evidently somewhat surprised and chagrined at the untoward result of his amorous escapade, and, like a true Celadon, hints that it is enough to make a man commit suicide.

“Milan, 27th Nov. 1796.

“I arrive at Milan; I rush into your apartment; I had left all to see you, to embrace you; you were not there; you were gone to look for amusement elsewhere; you absent yourself just when I am expected; you are tired of your dear Napoleon; you loved him by a caprice, and your inconstancy restores you to a state of indifference. Familiar with danger, I know the remedy for the cares and misfortunes of life. The misfortune I have suffered is incalculable, and it is unmerited. I shall stay here two days, but don’t put yourself to any trouble; pursue your amusements; pleasure is made for you; the gay world is but too happy, if it pleases you; your husband only is very, very unhappy.”

We dare say that this unlucky excursion was perfectly innocent on the part of Josephine, but it is clear that the “poor husband” was somewhat offended, and his subsequent letters, though still affectionate, are no longer quite as burning as the equator. We cannot conceive why the queen Hortense should think the publication of this little matrimonial fracas necessary to the defence of her mother’s character. It seems, however, to have had no permanent consequences, for after sulking a little, Buonaparte returned to his usual style. The apparent absurdity of that style may be, we think, satisfactorily explained by reference to his wife’s position and character. We do not wish to revive the old scandals about Madame de Beauharnais; we need only observe that she was an amiable and interesting woman, of good family and agreeable manners, and that when Barras, then President of the Directory, began—what Buonaparte afterwards endeavoured to complete—the restoration of a better tone of society in Paris, Madame de Beauharnais became a kind of authority in the fashionable world, and a principal ornament of the directorial court. The same day (March, 1796) conferred on General Buonaparte the hand of Madame Beauharnais, and the command of the army of Italy. It is very possible that her new husband really loved her; it is certain that he was indebted to her influence for his brilliant station and still more brilliant prospects; every motive would incline him to live on cordial terms with her; he knew that, with a great deal of good nature at bottom, she was frivolous, capricious, and giddy; too vain not to be flattered, too indiscreet to be trusted: Buonaparte, therefore, like Brutus, showed his prudence by acting like a fool. As he could not venture to place a real confidence in this light-hearted and light-headed lady, he compensated her vanity by those extravagant rhapsodies of love, which, agreeable to any woman from a young

hero of twenty-eight, are peculiarly so to one *déjà sur le retour*. This seems to have been the whole secret of his early management of the lady, and the only rational explanation of such peurile absurdities as we have just quoted.

The amatory enthusiasm, however, began to wear out, as he felt himself stronger in public opinion; there are no letters from Egypt, and the notes (there is hardly one which deserves to be called a *letter*) of the *first consul* subside into a concise, but good-humoured familiarity, and evince a real kindness for his two step-children Eugene and Hortense Beauharnais, whom he seldom omits to mention. This is creditable to Buonaparte's good nature and good sense; when we recollect that he returned from Egypt with the avowed, and not unjustifiable intention of divorcing his wife for her conduct during his absence. Having been persuaded, chiefly, we believe, by political considerations, and by the still subsisting influence of Barras, to abandon that course, he very wisely put the best face on the matter, and continued to live with her in a friendly familiarity, which, on the birth of her grand-children, in whom he saw the future heirs of his power, warmed into cordiality, and a more rational kindness than he had ever before shown. We shall select a few specimens.

"The First Consul to Josephine at Plombiers.

"Malmaison, 27th June, 1803.

"Your letter, good little woman, tells me that you are out of order. Corvisart (the first physician) says, however, that it is a good sign; that the baths have the desired effect, and will soon restore you. Nevertheless it is really painful to my heart to know that you are suffering.

"I went yesterday to see the manufactories of Sévres and St. Cloud.

"Say a thousand kind things to all about you.

"Yours for life,

"BUONAPARTE."

His letters, after he assumed the crown, became shorter, but more frequent, and are, if possible, still more insignificant. They confirm, however, by slight incidental allusions, the statement which we have had from so many other quarters, that her exaltation to the imperial dignity was the source of anxiety and unhappiness to Josephine; whether, as some say, the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, or, as others think, *jealousy* and some vague anticipations of a divorce, or, as is most probable, *both* these causes operated to prey upon her mind, it certainly appears that from that time, Buonaparte's chief exhortations to her are to keep up her spirits, to dry her tears, to enjoy society, and to fulfil, with at least an *appearance* of content, her new duties. His first letter from Berlin, after the wonderful campaign of Jena, is a striking instance of the kind and quality of the attention he paid her.

"1 Nov. 1806.

"Talleyrand is just arrived, and tells me, my dear, (*mon amie*), that you *do nothing but weep*. What can be the matter? You have your daughter, your grand-children, and good news. That is surely enough to make you happy. The weather is magnificent; not one drop of rain has fallen during the whole campaign.

I am very well, and every thing goes right. Adieu my love! I have received a letter from M. Napoleon, (the grand-child,) but I suppose it was not written by him, but his mother. A thousand kind things to every body.

Again,

"Warsaw, 16th January, 1807.

"I am grieved at what I hear of your spirits. *Weep in tears—why in grief?* I shall soon return; and doubt my affection. If you wish to be still dear to me, show some courage and strength of mind. I am mortified to think that *my wife can distrust distances*."

And again, two days after,

"They tell me that you are for ever in tears; *lie, that is wrong!* Take courage and show yourself worthy of me. Hold your courts in Paris with noble dignity; but above all, be happy. I am well, I love you sincerely, but if you are for ever crying, I shall think you have no firmness of mind. I do not love cowards, (*les lâches*;) an empress should have courage.

We were, at first, a good deal surprised at the number and nothingness of the notes, which, at some of the most critical moments of his career, Buonaparte took the trouble of writing to the empress. We found some difficulty in reconciling the frequency of these communications with their *insanity*. They seem all composed on one plan: each has two principal topics—his own personal health, which is sometimes good, and the weather, which is sometimes good, sometimes bad; but he generally throws in a *hint* about the *army*, which is always superior and successful. As to this latter business, it is observed that his greatest victories are sometimes only alluded to in a *parenthesis of three words*; while, on the other hand, in cases where the success was more doubtful, he insists, with unusual earnestness, on the prosperous position of his affairs. The explanation of the enigma seems to be this: Buonaparte was much annoyed by the gossip of Josephine's society, (some persons of which he occasionally sent into exile.) He complains that all the bad news and unfavourable reports of Paris originate in her family circle; and it was, we are satisfied, to counteract this tendency, and to give a favourable idea of his position, that we find him, in some of his most important and critical moments—take the battle of Eylau for instance—writing to her such billets as follow:

"Eylau, 9th Feb. 1807.

"My dear, there was yesterday a great battle. The victory was eventually ours, (*la victoire est restée*;) but I have lost a great number of men. The loss of the enemy, which is still greater, does not console me. I write you these two lines with my own hand, though much tired, to assure you that *I am well*."

Another note of the same evening, and two others of the 11th and 12th, follow to the same effect; the fifth of the 14th says:

"I am still at Eylau. The country is covered with dead and wounded, but I *am well*. I have done what I wish and *repulsed* the enemy, whose projects I have baffled."

He repeats, on the 17th, that the battle was bloody.

obstinate, but that *he is well*, and he "writes words" to say that *all is well* on the 18th, twice on the 20th; on the 21st and on the 23d Feb.; *three* in the first week of March; and again on the 1st of March he reverts to the subject by saying, "A great deal of *nonsense* will be talked about the 1st of Eylau; but the bulletin tells all, and rather generates than diminishes our losses."—p. 283.

many letters in so short a time, and each of only lines to say *he is well*, savours more of the tender and than could have been accounted for, but the 18th *billet-doux* gives us *le mot de l'énigme*.

"Osterode, 13th March, 1807.

I learn, my dear, that the *unfavourable reports* have been used to circulate in your drawing-room at 22 are renewed in Paris. *Silence those people*. I shall be very much displeased if you do not stop

short, Buonaparte knew very well that his bulletin had become of very doubtful authority, particularly when not corroborated by some decisive *advance* (Eylau he has not been able to advance a step,) with consummate ability, he despatches these notes to his wife, which he knew would be circulated in Paris, and by their domestic and confidential style, produce more effect than the discredited *ins*. In this point of view these letters may have some value to the historian; in every other respect they are wholly worthless: indeed, it seems wonderful that such a man in such circumstances, during ten years of so eventful a life, should have been able to write *two hundred and thirty-eight letters* without mentioning one single political event, which had not been previously or at latest simultaneously mentioned in the gazettes; without announcing, in *one instance*, his own intentions; without anticipating, by the most remote hint, his own proceedings or projects, trifling or important; without commenting, in the frequency and apparent freedom of conjugal correspondence, *one word, thought, or* which might not have been proclaimed on the 1st, and which, if so proclaimed, could have induced the greediest *quidnunc*. This is assuredly a singular fact; but the Reine Hortense is very mistaken in imagining that its promulgation will either exalt or render more amiable or more respectable the domestic character of Josephine. As Buonaparte himself, whatever may have been the effect that dictated these communications, they certainly exhibit more kindness, more ease, and more nature than we had given him credit for possessing. His wife had, it is clear, no share in his habits; but he was not deficient in personal attention to the partner of his throne.

From the Quarterly Review.

and Poems of the Rev. George Crabbe. By his Son. Vol. viii. 12mo. London, 1834.

I do not on this occasion propose to enter at length upon the subject of Mr. Crabbe's poetry. It is certain that a selection from his prose writings may now be laid before the public; and until that has appeared, the consideration of his literary cha-

acter, as a whole, must be deferred. We mean, therefore, at present, to confine ourselves to the easy and humble task of reviewing, in a very cursory manner, the last volume of the younger Crabbe's edition of his father's poetical works; that which consists entirely of new matter. In the other volumes of the series, various little pieces have for the first time been published, and some of these appear to us highly meritorious: indeed, the dialogue called "Flirtation" (in vol. v.) is a fair specimen of his lightest humour; and "The World of Dreams," (vol. iv.) though obviously unfinished in some parts, is on the whole a lyrical composition of extraordinary power, interest, and beauty. But the editor reserved unbroken for his concluding volume those *tales* which the poet himself had destined and prepared for posthumous publication; and to these we must give the space that we have now at our disposal.

The volume is fitly dedicated to the kindest and most distinguished of our poet's surviving friends, Mr. Rogers; and we understand that he is one of those to whose opinion of its contents the editor refers in his modest advertisement:

"Although, in a letter written shortly before his death, Mr. Crabbe mentioned the following pieces as fully prepared for the press; and to withhold from the public what he had thus described could not have been consistent with filial reverence; yet his executors must confess that, when they saw the first pages of his MS. reduced to type, they became very sensible that, had he himself lived to edit these compositions, he would have considered it necessary to bestow on them a good deal more of revision and correction, before finally submitting them to the eye of the world. They perceived that his language had not always effected the complete development of his ideas; that images were here and there left imperfect; nay, trains of reflection rather hinted than expressed; and that, in many places, thoughts in themselves valuable could not have failed to derive much additional weight and point from the last touches of his own pen.

"Under such circumstances, it was a very great relief to their minds to learn, that several persons of the highest eminence in literature had read these poetical remains before any part of them was committed to the printer; and that the verdict of such judges was, on the whole, more favourable than they themselves had begun to anticipate; that in the opinion of those whose esteem had formed the highest honour of their father's life, his fame would not be tarnished by their compliance with the terms of his literary bequest; that, though not so uniformly polished as some of his previous performances, these posthumous Essays would still be found to preserve, in the main, the same characteristics on which his reputation had been established; much of the same quiet humour and keen observation; the same brief and vivid description; the same unobtrusive pathos; the same prevailing reverence for moral truth, and rational religion; and, in a word, not a few 'things which the world would not willingly let die.'"—pp. v. vi.

From the judgment of the friendly critics here alluded to we do not apprehend there will be much dissent. The posthumous volume offers, indeed, no tale

entitled to be talked of in the same breath with the highest efforts of Crabbe's genius; no "Peter Grimes," no "Ellen Oxford," no "Sir Owen Dale," no "Patron," no "Lady Barbara;" but it contains, nevertheless, a series of stories, scarcely one of which any lover of the man and the poet would wish to have been suppressed; every one of them presenting us with pithy couplets, which will be treasured up and remembered while the English language lasts, and some of them, notwithstanding what the editor candidly says as to the general want of the *time* labor, displaying not only his skill as an analyst of character, but in a strong light also his peculiar mastery of versification. The example of Lord Byron's "Corsair" and "Lara," had not, we suspect, been lost upon him. In some of these pieces he has a freedom and breadth of execution which we doubt if he ever before equalled in the metre to which he commonly adhered; insomuch, that in place of a "Pope in worsted stockings," (as James Smith has called him,) we seem now and then to be more reminded of a Dryden in a one-horse chaise.

One of the most amusing of these stories is the first of them, entitled "Siltford Hall, or the Happy Day." It gives us the summer's-day adventures of an enthusiastic, dreaming boy, the son of a village schoolmaster, sent by his parent to receive payment of "a small account" at a nobleman's seat six miles off; kindly treated by the housekeeper; admitted for the first time to see the interior of a great mansion; and opening his imagination to those dreams of the felicity of grandeur which we suppose every lad of the same class has formed acquaintance with on some similar occasion. The editor intimates that this little narrative is in fact that of a day in the poet's own early life; that on which, being then "our new 'prentice," he first walked across the country with a packet of medicines to Cheveley Hall, a seat of the Rutland family, in whose noble palace of Belvoir he was, in after years, domesticated. His picture of the schoolmaster is very good:

"Small as it was, the place could boast a School,
In which Nathaniel Perkin bore the rule.
Not mark'd for learning deep, or talents rare,
But for his varying tasks and ceaseless care;
Some forty boys, the sons of thrifty men,
He taught to read, and part to use the pen;
While, by more studious care, a favourite few
Increased his pride—for if the scholar knew
Enough for praise, say what the Teacher's due!
These to his presence, slates in hand, moved on,
And a grim smile their feats in figures won.
No day of rest was his. If, now and then,
His boys for play laid by the book and pen,
For Lawyer Slow there was some deed to write,
Or some young farmer's letter to indite,
Or land to measure, or, with legal skill,
To frame some yeoman's widow's peevish will;
And on the Sabbath, when his neighbours drest,
To hear their duties, and to take their rest;
Then, when the Vicar's periods ceased to flow,
Was heard Nathaniel in his seat below."—pp. 5-6.

Peter, the eldest son of this hero, is now in his fifteenth year;

"A king his father, he a prince has rule,
The first of subjects, viceroy of the scheme
But at leisure hours showed little affection
Contents of old Nathaniel's loftier bookshelf

"Books of high mark, the mind's more store
Which some might think the owner und
In place of "Fluxions, sections, algebraic letter
turned, with unwearied zest, to his mother
collection,

"And there he found
Romance in sheets, and poetry unbound;
Soft Tales of Love, which never daisies
But tears of pity stain'd her virgin bed.
There were Jane Shore, and Rosamond
And humbler heroines frail as these were
There was a Tale of one forsaken maid,
Who till her death the work of vengeance
Her Lover, then at sea, while round him
A dauntless crew, the angry ghost pursued
In a small boat, without an oar or sail,
She came to call him, nor would force
Nor prayer; but conscience-stricken, d
leapt,
And o'er his corse the closing billows aye
All vanished then! but of the crew were
Wondering whose ghost would on the
come.

"Arabian Nights, and Persian Tales, we
One volume each, and both the worse for
There by Quarles' Emblems, Esop's Fable
The coats in tatters, and the cuts in wood
There, too, 'The English History,' by the
Of Dr. Cooke, and other learned men,
In numbers, sixpence each; by these was
And highly prized, the Monthly Magazine
Not such as now will men of taste engage
But the cold gleanings of a former age,
Scraps cut from sermons, scenes remote
plays,
With heads of heroes famed in Tyburn's
days.

"The rest we pass, though Peter pass'd it
But here his cares and labours all forgot;
Stain'd, torn, and blotted every noble page
Stood the chief poets of a former age—
And of the present: not their works come;
But in such portions as on bulks we meet
The refuse of the shops, thrown down in
street.

"There Shakespeare, Spencer, Milton,
place,
With some a nameless, some a shameless
Which many a weary walker resting took
And, pondering o'er the short relief, proceed
While others lingering pay the written
Mail loth, but longing for delight to come

"His books, his walk, his musing, morn
Gave such impressions as such minds receive
And with his moral and religious views,
Wove the wild fancies of an Infant-Muse,
Inspiring thoughts that he could not express
Obscure sublime! his secret happiness."

pp. 6

enius was never better portrayed than in
couplet.

maternal preparations for Peter's great ex-
are described in terms that call to our re-
nce our friend Moses Primrose on the morn-
ie spectacles :

athaniel's self with joy the stripling eyed,
ave a shilling with a father's pride ;
of politeness, too, with pomp he gave,
howed the lad how scholars should behave.

orth went the pony, and the rider's knees
ed to her sides ; he did not ride with ease ;
and a whip, and one a bridle held,
e the pony falter'd or rebell'd.

he village boys beheld him as he pass'd,
ooks of envy on the hero cast ;
e was meek, nor let his pride appear,
ruth to speak, he felt a sense of fear,
he rude beast, unmindful of the rein,
d take a fancy to turn back again."

p. 13.

ss Peter's ride ; his business with the bailiff ;
teous address with the courtly housekeeper—
earned lady she, who knew the names
the pictures in the golden frames."

s suppose him well luncheoned, and on his
through the never-ending galleries of Silford

æ could he look on that delightful place,
glorious dwelling of a princely race ;
ast delight was mix'd with equal awe,
e was such magic in the things he saw.
his gaze rested on his friendly guide,
safe,' he thought, ' so long as you abide.'

n one large room was found a bed of state :
can they soundly sleep beneath such weight,
re they may figures in the night explore,
id by the dim light dancing on the floor
the far window ; mirrors broad and high,
ling each terror to the anxious eye ?
strange,' thought Peter, ' that such things
duce
ear in her ; but there is much in use.'

On that reflecting, brightness passing by,
boy one instant fixed his restless eye,
saw himself ; he had before descried
ace in one his mother's store supplied ;
here he could his whole dimensions view,
the pale forehead to the jet-black shoe.
ing he look'd, and looking, grieved to pass
n the fair figure smiling in the glass.
is so Narcissus saw the boy advance
ie dear fount, and met th' admiring glance
oved : but no ! our happier boy admired
the slim form, but what the form attired—
riband, shirt, and frill, all pure and clean,
white-ribb'd stockings, and the coat of green.

Then to the Chapel moved the friendly pair,
well for Peter that his guide was there !
, silent, solemn was the scene ; he felt
cedar's power, that so unearthly smelt ;

And then the stain'd, dark, narrow windows threw
Strange, partial beams on pulpit, desk, and pew :
Upon the altar, glorious to behold,
Stood a vast pair of candlesticks, in gold !
With candles tall, and large, and firm, and white,
Such as the halls of giant-kings would light.

" There was an organ, too, but now unseen ;
A long black curtain serv'd it for a screen ;
Not so the clock, that both by night and day
Click'd the short moments as they pass'd away.
' Is this a church ? and does the parson read,'
Said Peter, ' here ?—I mean a church indeed.'
' Indeed it is, or as a church is used,'
Was the reply, and Peter deeply mus'd."

pp. 16—18.

But the Picture Gallery is the wonder of wonders.
We must omit all the Guides, Claudes, Tenierses,
and Gerard Dows.

" The Scripture Pieces caused a serious awe,
And he with reverence look'd on all he saw ;
His pious wonder he express'd aloud,
And at the Saviour form devoutly bow'd.

" Portraits he pass'd, admiring ; but with pain
Turn'd from some objects, nor would look again.
He seem'd to think that something wrong was
done,
When crimes were shown he blush'd to look upon.
Not so his guide—' What youth is that ?' she cried,
' That handsome stripling at the lady's side ;
Can you inform me how the youth is named ?'
He answered ' Joseph ;' but he look'd ashamed.
' Well, and what then ? Had you been Joseph,
boy,
Would you have been so peevish and so coy ?'
Our hero answered, with a glowing face,
' His mother told him he should pray for grace.'

" A transient cloud o'ercast the matron's brow ;
She seem'd disposed to laugh, but knew not how ;
Silent awhile, then placid she appear'd ;
' 'Tis but a child,' she thought, and all was clear'd.

" No, laugh she could not ; still, the more she
sought
To hide her thoughts, the more of his she caught.
A hundred times she had these pictures named,
And never felt perplex'd, disturb'd, ashamed ;
Yet now the feelings of a lad so young
Call'd home her thoughts, and paralysed her
tongue.

" She pass'd the offensive picture silent by,
With one reflecting, self-approving sigh ;
Reasoning how habit will the mind entice
' To approach and gaze upon the bonnds of vice,
As men, by custom, from some cliff's vast height,
Look pleas'd, and make their danger their delight."

pp. 18, 19.

Peter's mother, who had visited Silford Hall in her
own earlier day, had particularly cautioned the boy
not to be startled with the statues :

" There, she related, her young eyes had view'd
Stone figures shaped like naked flesh and blood,
Which, in the hall, and up the gallery placed,
Were proofs, they told her, of a noble taste ;

Nor she denied—but in a public hall,
Her judgment taken, she had clothed them all."

p. 13.

But, nevertheless, Peter was marvellously awestricken when he found himself in such company. Madame Johnson inquires why his looks were so very earnest and rueful. He answers,

"A holy pilgrim to a city sail'd,
Where every sin o'er sinful men prevail'd;
Who, when he landed, look'd in every street,
As he was wont, a busy crowd to meet;
But now of living beings found he none,
Death had been there, and turn'd them all to stone.
All in an instant, as they were employ'd,
Was life in every living man destroyed:
The rich, the poor, the timid, and the bold,
Made in a moment such as we behold."

"Come, my good lad, you've yet a room to see,
Are you awake?"—"I am amazed," said he;
'I know they're figures form'd by human skill,
But 'tis so awful, and this place so still."

pp. 21, 22.

One glimpse of the billiard-room, and we dismiss the lions of Silford Hall:

"And what is this?" said Peter, who had seen
A long wide table, with its cloth of green,
Its net-work pockets, and its studs of gold,
For such they seem'd, and precious to behold.
There too were ivory balls, and one was read,
Laid with long sticks upon the soft green bed,
And printed tables, on the wall besides:
'Oh! what are these?' the wondering Peter cried.

"This, my good lad, is called the billiard-room,"
Answered his guide, "and here the gentry come,
And with these maces and these cues they play,
At their spare time, or in a rainy day."

"And what this chequer'd box? for play, I guess"

"You judge it right, 'tis for the game of chess.
There, take your time, examine what you will,
There's King, Queen, Knight—it is a game of skill;
And these are bishops—you the difference see."—"What! do they make a game of them?" quoth he."—pp. 22, 23.

Crabbe is never greater than in dreams. We have already alluded to that lyric recently published, which no one could have written but the author of *Sir Eustace Grey*. In a lighter vein, what can be better than the dreams of Peter Perkin, when, having explored all the galleries and libraries and saloons of Silford Hall, he is told the housekeeper's dinner will not be for an hour yet walks abroad into the gardens, and falls asleep under some huge oaks, as old, he doubts not, as *Julius Cæsar*?

"I am so happy, and have such delight,
I cannot bear to see another sight;
It wearies one like work;" and so with deep
Unconscious sigh, he laid him down to sleep.

"Thus he reclining slept, and oh! the joy
That in his dreams possess'd the happy boy!"

Composed of all he knew and all he read,
Heard or conceived, the living and the dead.

"The Caliph, Haroun, walking forth by night,
To see young David and Goliath fight,
Rose on his passive fancy; then appear'd
The fleshless forms of beings scorn'd or fear'd
By just or evil men—the baneful race
Of spirits restless, borne from place to place;
Rivers of blood from conquer'd armies ran,
The flying steed was by, the marble man:
Then danced the fairies round their pigmy queen,
And their feet twinkled on the dewy green,
All in the moon-beam's glory. As they fled,
The mountain loadstone reared its fatal head,
And drew the iron-bolted ships on shore,
Where he distinctly heard the billows roar,
Mix'd with a living voice of 'Youngster sleep no more,

But haste to dinner.' Starting from the ground,
The waking boy obey'd that welcome sound,

"He went and sat, with equal shame and pride,
A welcome guest at Madam Johnson's side.
At his right hand was Mistress Kitty placed,
And Lucy, maiden sly, the stripling faced.
Then each the proper seat at table took,
Groom, butler, footman, landress, coachman, cook,
For all their station and their office knew,
Nor sat as rustics or the rabble do.

"The youth to each the due attention paid,
And hob-or-nob'd with Lady Charlotte's maid;
With much respect each other they address'd,
And all encouraged their enchanted guest.
Wine, fruit, and sweetmeats closed repast so long,
And Mrs. Flora sang on opera song.—pp. 29, 30.

It need not be said that Peter Perkin retired with a perfect conviction that the lords and ladies of the grand place must be the happiest of human beings. "Long life to your honours!" said an Irish beggar, looking into a carriage lined with bright blue silk, out of which some peace had been thrown to him while the horses were changing, "Long life to your noble honours! I need not wish you paradise, for surely you're there already!" and such was Peter's parting impression of the state and condition of those who could number among their dependents persons so distinguished as Madame Johnson and Mrs. Flora. But mark the conclusion, and accept with gratitude a new page of Crabbe's *Autobiography*:

"Dream on, dear boy! let pass a few brief years
Replete with troubles, comforts, hopes, and fears,
Bold expectations, efforts wild and strong,
And thou shalt find thy fond conjectures wrong.
Thou think'st the lords of all these glorious things
Are blest supremely—so they are,—like kings!
Envy them not their lofty state, my boy;
They but possess the things that you enjoy.
Dream on awhile! and there shall come a strange
And, could'st thou see it, an amazing change.
Thou who wert late so happy and so proud,
To be a seat with liveried men allowed,
And would not, dared not, in thy very shame,
The titles of their noble masters name,
Titles that, scarcely known, upon thy tongue
With tremulous and erring accent hung;

Oh! had they told thee, when thou satest with
pride,

And grateful joy, at Madam Johnson's side,
And heard the lisping Flora, blue-eyed maid,
Bid thee be neither bashful nor afraid,
When Mrs. Jane thy burning blush had raised,
Because thy modesty and sense she praised;
Couldst thou have seen that in that place a room
Should be thine own, thy house, thy hall, thy
home,

With leave to wander as thou would'st, to read
Just as thy fancy was disposed to feed,
To live with those who were so far above
Thy reach, it seem'd to thee a crime to love
Or even admire them! Little didst thou know
How near approach the lofty and the low!
In all we dare, and all we dare not name,
How much the great and little are the same!

"Well, thou hast tried it; thou hast closely seen
What greatness has without it, and within;
Where now the joyful expectation?—fled!
The strong anticipating spirit?—dead!"

pp. 32—34.

There are twenty-tales in the volume; so that
were we to go into them all at this rate, we should
fill three or four sheets of our Journal. We have,
we confess, dwelt so long at Silford Hall chiefly be-
cause of its connexion with the personal history of
the poet. There are several other stories in the
series which might tempt us, though not quite so
strongly, on similar grounds; but we must satisfy
ourselves with turning the rest of these leaves more
hastily.

The "Family of Love" is perhaps the best tale in
this volume. A wealthy stranger, Captain Elliott,
so called, is introduced as exciting attention by hir-
ing a comfortable house in a place where few idle
men would voluntarily have fixed their residence—
viz.

"In a large town, a wealthy thriving place,
Where hopes of gain excite an anxious race;
Where dark dense wreaths of cloudy volumes cloak,
And mark, for leagues around, the place of smoke."

Here he becomes a very popular character; and no
wonder, for he was regular in his attendance at
church, was bountiful to the town charities, and,
above all, gave handsome dinners:

"These last so often, that his friends confess'd
The Captain's cook had not a place of rest."

But he appeared to regard with especial warmth and
interest the members of one particular family, that
of the Dysons, who were so celebrated for the affec-
tionate terms on which they lived among themselves,
as to have gained the popular cognomen of "The
Family of Love." The truth is, that Captain Elliott
is an uncle of their's, who, having spent thirty years
in foreign parts, and realized a good fortune, has now
planted himself near them under an assumed name,
for the express purpose of watching their characters
before making his will. There are two brothers and
two sisters now subjected unconsciously to a most
scrutinizing glance; and never did Crabbe show
more of his own keen and delicate satire than in the

whole management of the result. With what a just
and easy skill does he, step by step, pluck every rag
of disguise from the "family of love;" how power-
fully does he illustrate the efficacy of one glimpse of
domestic affection among a set of hard-hearted old
bachelors and spinsters peel off, and leave thee in-
visible lignum bare! We do not meddle with the dra-
matic interest of the story, but merely extract a few
specimens of the character-painting. James Dyson,
the elder brother, is one of our "cotton lords:"

"He had a sturdy multitude to guide,
Who now his spirit vexed, and now his temper
tried;

Men who by labour live, and, day by day,
Work, weave, and spin their active lives away:
Like bees industrious, they for others strive,
With, now and then, some murmuring in the hive.

"James was a churchman; it was his pride and
boast;

Loyal his heart, and 'Church and King' his toast;
He for religion might not warmly feel,
But for the church he had abounding zeal.
Yet no dissenting sect would he condemn,
'They're nought to us,' said he, 'nor we to them;
'Tis innovation of our own I hate,
Whims and inventions of a modern date.

"Why send you Bibles all the world about,
That men may read amiss, and learn to doubt?
Why teach the children of the poor to read,
That a new race of doubters may succeed?
Now can you scarcely rule the stubborn crew,
And what if they should know as much as you?
Will a man labour when to learning bred?
Will he a clerk or master's self obey,
Who thinks himself as well-inform'd as they?"

"These were his favourite subjects; these he
chose,
And where he ruled no creature durst oppose."

p. 41.

It is obvious that James would have read with hor-
ror, had he lived down to August 1834, the announce-
ment, by us long ago foreseen, of the "Society for
the Diffusion of *Political Knowledge*"—chairman,
the Lord Chancellor.* The very title of this Socie-
ty's forthcoming publication, "THE CITIZEN, a week-
ly Paper, price One Penny," would have appeared
ruefully ominous in the prejudiced eyes of Mr. Dy-
son. It seems, however, that he would have hailed
with approbation the sternest clauses of the new
Poor-Bill.

* This Society is, of course, substantially the same with
that for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge: the time has
now come for dropping the mask; and any one who con-
siders Lord Brougham's evidence before the late committee
on the law of libel, together with his new prospectus, will
perceive that the grand scheme for which all this machinery
was originally set on foot and organized, was that of con-
centrating the whole management of the newspaper press
throughout the empire in the hands of a snug committee
of Belenden Kers and Le Marchants, mixed up with
Unitarians, &c.—under the tranquil superintendence of
Lord Chancellor Brougham! The stamp duty is, of
course, to be removed forthwith. No wonder that the ex-
isting newspapers have taken the alarm—*exequat aliquos*—
they are quite the "Family of Love."

"Active himself, he labour'd to express,
In his strong words, his scorn of idleness;
From him in vain the beggar sought relief—
Who will not labour is an idle thief,
Stealing from those who will; he knew not how
For the untaught and ill-taught to allow.
Children of want and vice, inured to ill,
Unchain'd the passions, and uncurb'd the will.

"Alas! he look'd but to his own affairs,
Or to the rivals in his trade, and theirs:
Knew not the thousands who must all be fed,
Yet ne'er were taught to earn their daily bread;
Whom crimes, misfortunes, errors only teach
To seek their food where'er within their reach,
Who for their parents' sins, or for their own,
Are now as vagrants, wanderers, beggars known.
Hunted and hunting through the world, to share
Alms and contempt, and shame and scorn to bear;
Whom Law condemns, and Justice, with a sigh,
Pursuing, shakes her sword and passes by."—p. 44.

The other brother, David, is a medical man; and Crabbe, it must be owned, is seldom better pleased than when he has an opportunity of exhibiting his dissecting ingenuity at the expense of the members of the profession which rejected himself.

"He had a serious air, a smooth address,
And a firm spirit that ensured success.
He watch'd his brethren of the time, how they
Rose into fame, that he might choose his way.
Some, he observed, a kind of roughness used,
And now their patients banter'd now abused:
The awe-struck people were at once dismay'd,
As if they begg'd the advice for which they paid.

"There are who hold that no disease is slight,
Who magnify the foe with whom they fight.
The sick was told that his was that disease
But rarely known on mortal frame to seize;
Which only skill profound, and full command
Of all the powers of nature could withstand.
Then, if he lived, what fame the conquest gave!
And if he died—'No human power could save!'

"Mere fortune sometimes, and a lucky case,
Will make a man the idol of a place—
Who last advice to some fair duchess gave,
Or snatch'd a widow's darling from the grave,
Him first she honours of the lucky tribe,
Fills him with praise, and woos him to prescribe.
In his own chariot soon he rattles on,
And half believes the lies that built him one.

"But not of these was David: care and pain,
And studious toil prepared his way to gain.
At first observed, then trusted, he became
At length respected, and acquired a name.
Keen, close, attentive, he could read mankind,
The feeble body, and the failing mind;
And if his heart remain'd untouch'd, his eyes,
His air, and tone, with all could sympathize.

"This brought him fees, and not a man was he
In weak compassion to refuse a fee.
Yet though the Doctor's purse was well supplied,
Though patients came, and fees were multiplied,

Some secret drain, that none presumed to be
And few e'en guess'd, for ever kept it low.
Some of a patient's spake, a tender fair,
Of whom the Doctor took peculiar care.

"In his religion, Doctor Dyson sought
To teach himself—'A man should not be too
Should not, by forms of creeds, his mind delude
That keep in awe an unreflecting race.'
He heeded not what Clarke and Paley say,
But thought himself as good a judge as they
Yet to the Church profess'd himself a friend,
And would the rector for his hour attend;
Nay, praise the learn'd discourse, and less
defend.

For since the common herd of men are blind,
He judg'd it right that guides should be as kind
And that the few who could themselves direct
Should treat those guides with honour and respect
He was from all contracted notions freed,
But gave his brother credit for his creed;
And if in smaller matters he indulg'd,
'Twas well, so long as they were not divulg'd.

The elder of the sisters of this loving family
widow; one who indulges her grief both for that
of her husband and the smallness of her jail
Crabbe pithily says—

"Sorrow like showers descend, and as the
For them prepares, they good or ill impart;
Some on the mind, as on the ocean rain,
Fall and disturb, but soon are lost again.
Some, as to fertile land, a boon bestow,
And seeds, that else had perish'd live and grow
Some fall on barren soil, and thence proceed
The idle blossom, and the useless weed."—

This sorrowful widow was considered a virtuous person; and her maiden sister Fanny's vanities, and her brother the doctor's Social appeared to cause her daily affliction. How able is the following portraiture!

"In her religion she was all severe,
And as she was, was anxious to appear.
When sorrow died, restraint usurp'd the place
And sat in solemn state upon her face.
Reading she loved not, nor would deign to
Her precious time on trifling works of taste
Though what she did with all that precious
We know not, but to waste it was a crime;
As oft she said, when with a serious friend
She spent the hours as duty bids us spend;
To read a novel was a kind of sin;
Albeit once Clarissa took her in. . . .

"Her Bible she perused by day, by night:
It was her task; she said 'twas her delight;
Found in her room, her chamber, and her parlour
For ever studied, yet for ever new—
All must be new that we cannot retain,
And new we find it when we read again.

"The hardest texts she could with ease explain
And meaning for the most mysterious found
Knew which of dubious senses to prefer:
The want of Greek was not a want in her;

inactive light no aid from Hebrew needs,
full conviction without study breeds;
mortal powers by inborn strength prevails,
ere Reason trembles, and where Learning fails.

To the church strictly from her childhood bred,
now her zeal with party-spirit fed:
brother James she lively hopes express'd,
for the Doctor's safety felt distress'd;
her light sister, poor, and deaf, and blind,
her with fears of most tremendous kind.
David mock'd her for the pains she took,
Fanny gave resentment for rebuke."—p. 51.

his worldly Miss Fanny Dyson, in whom every
must acknowledge a personal acquaintance,
afford but a glimpse.

Their sister Frances, though her prime was past,
beauty still; nay, beauty form'd to last;
is not the lily and the rose combined,
must we say the beauty of the mind;
features, form, and that engaging air,
lives when ladies are no longer fair.
rs she had, as she remember'd yet,
who the glories of their reign forget?
she rejected in her maiden pride,
some in maiden hesitation tried,
willing to renounce, unable to decide.
lost, another would her grace implore,
all were lost, and lovers came no more:
had she that, in beauty's failing state,
ch will recall a lover, or create;
was the slender portion, that supplied
real wants, but all beyond denied.

When Fanny Dyson reach'd her fortieth year,
would no more of love or lovers hear;
ne dear friend she chose, her guide, her stay;
to each other all the world were they;
ll the world had grown to them unkind,
sex censorious, and the other blind,
walk'd together, they conversed and read,
ender tears for well-feign'd sorrows shed;
vere so happy in their quiet lives,
pitied sighing maids, and weeping wives."—
p. 52.

ne affectionate intimacy of the two spinsters
nothing too pure to last long in this wicked
Unfortunately for Fanny Dyson, her friend
ia had a gentleman-friend also; and even
ve is quite out of the question, it is difficult
lady-friends to have a gentleman-friend in
, and enjoy his attentions without the slight-
position to inquire in what proportions these
led between them.

here was among our guardian volunteers
for Bright; he reckon'd fifty years."

impossible that Miss Sophronia should keep
em all to herself. By and by,

walks, in visits, when abroad, at home,
riendly Major would to either come.
ver spoke, for he was not a boy,
ies' charms, or lovers' grief and joy;
s discourses were of serious kind,
eart they touch'd not, but they fill'd the mind.
XXV.—No. 151.

Yet, oh, the pity! from this grave good man
The cause of coldness in the friends began.
Miss Frances Dyson, to confess the truth,
Had more of softness—yes, and more of youth;
And though he said such things had cess'd to please,
The worthy Major was not blind to these."—p. 53.

The inseparables separate; and while the more el-
derly Sophronia

"Much wonders what a man of sense could see
In the light airs of wither'd vanity:
'Tis said that Frances now the world reviews,
Unwilling all the little left to lose;
She and the Major on the walks are seen,
And all the world is wondering what they mean."

The story of "The Equal Marriage" is a much
shorter one than this truly excellent "Family of
Love;" and the subject is neither an interesting nor
a new one; the sudden break-up of all affection and
comfort, consequent on the termination of the honey-
moon allotted to a rake and a coquette, who have
mutually deceived each other, and in so far them-
selves. The opening sketches of the lady and gen-
tleman are, however, extremely lively.

"There are gay nymphs whom serious matrons
blame,

And men adventurous treat as lawful game,
Misses, who strive, with deep and practised arts,
To gain and torture inexperienced hearts;
The hearts entangled they in pride retain,
And at their pleasure make them feel their chain:
For this they learn to manage air and face,
To look a virtue and to act a grace,
To be whatever men with warmth pursue—
Chaste, gay, retiring, tender, timid, true,
To-day approaching near, to-morrow just in view.

"Maria Glossip was a thing like this;
A much observing, much experienced Miss;
Who on a stranger-youth would first decide
Th' important question—"Shall I be his bride?"
But if unworthy of a lot so bless'd,
'Twas something yet to rob the man of rest;
The heart, when stricken, she with hope could
feed,
Could court pursuit, and when pursued, recede.

"Yet seem'd the nymph as gentle as a dove,
Like one all guiltless of the game of love,
Whose guileless innocence might well be gay;
Who had no selfish secrets to betray;
Sure, if she play'd, she knew not how to play.
Oh! she had looks so placid and demure,
Not Eve, ere fallen, seem'd more meek or pure;
And yet the Tempter of the fallen Eve
Could not with deeper subtilty deceive.
But men of more experience learn to treat
These fair enslavers with their own deceit.

"Finch was a younger brother's youngest son,
Who pleas'd an uncle with his song and gun;
Who call'd him 'Bob,' and 'Captain'—by that
name
Anticipating future rank and fame:
Not but there was for this some fair pretence,
He was a cornet in the Home Defence.

When on the thorn the ripening sloe, yet blue,
Takes the bright varnish of the morning dew;
The aged moss grows brittle on the pale,
The dry boughs splinter in the windy gale,
And every changing season of the year
Stamps on the scene its English character.

"Farewell! a prouder Mansion I may see,
But much must meet in that which equals thee!"
pp. 160—162.

We must not follow the good lady and Jacob to
their long home, but take these fine lines on the an-
cient mansion's altered aspect when the poet revisits
it:

"Who had done this? Some genuine Son of
Trade
Has all this dreadful devastation made;
Some man with line and rule, and evil eye,
Who could no beauty in a tree descry,
Save in a clump, when station'd by his hand,
And standing where his genius bade them stand;
Some true admirer of the time's reform,
Who strips an ancient dwelling like a storm—
Strips it of all its dignity and grace,
To put his own dear fancies in their place.
He hates concealment: all that was enclosed
By venerable wood, is now exposed.
And a few stripling elms and oaks appear,
Fenced round by boards, to keep them from the
deer.

"I miss the grandeur of the rich old scene,
And see not what these clumps and patches mean!
This shrubby belt that runs the land around
Shuts freedom out! what being likes a bound?
The shrubs indeed, and ill-placed flowers, are gay,
And some would praise; I wish they were away,
That in the wild-wood maze I as of old might
stray.

The things themselves are pleasant to behold,
But not like those which we behold of old;
That half-hid mansion with its wide domain,
Unbound and unsubdued!—but sighs are vain:
It is the rage of Taste—the rule and compass reign

"As thus my spleen upon the view I fed,
A man approached me, by his grandchild led—
A blind old man, and she a fair young maid,
Listening in love to what her grandsire said.

"And thus with gentle voice he spoke—
'Come lead me, lassie, to the shade,
Where willows grow beside the brook;
For well I know the sound it made,
When, dashing o'er the stony rill,
It murmur'd to St. Osyth's Mill."

The lass replied—"The trees are fled,
They've cut the brook a straighter bed:
No shades the present lords allow,
'The miller only murmurs now;
The waters now his mill forsake,
And from a pond they call a lake."

"Then lassie, lead thy grandsire on,
And to the holy water bring;
A cup is fasten'd to the stone,
And I would taste the healing spring,

That soon its rocky cist forsakes,
And green its mossy passage makes."

"The holy spring is turn'd aside,
The rock is gone, the stream is dried;
The plough has levell'd all around,
And here is now no holy ground.'" pp. 163-

We wish we could afford to give the rest of
sweet stanzas. In a very different style is the
tale; that of "the Wealthy Merchant"—
haughty, ostentatious, the great man of Slau-
Quay, whom the poor poet, when piling up
and cheese there in his corduroy jacket, durst
ly look in the face; but who, when the twenty
have flown, is found in the alms-house.
sketch of his wife in her splendid days going
keting is capital:

"How bows the market, when, from stall to
She walks attended! how respectful all!
To her free orders every maid attends,
And strangers wonder what the woman spe-

"There is an auction, and the people, shy
Are loth to bid, and yet desire to buy.
Jealous they gaze with mingled hope and fe-
Of buying cheaply, and of paying dear.
They see the hammer with determined air
Seized for despatch, and bid in pure despair!
They bid; the hand is quiet as before,—
Still stands old Puff till one advances more.
Behold great madam, gliding through the c
Hear her too bid—decisive tone and loud!
'Going! 'tis gone!' the hammer-holder crie
'Joy to you, lady! you have gain'd a prize.'
p. 1

The *finale* of "the Wealthy Merchant" is
ly good:

"See yonder man, who walks apart, and
Wrapt in some fond and visionary schemes;
Who looks uneasy, as a man oppress'd
By that large copper badge upon his breast.
His painful shame—his self-tormenting pride
Would all that's visible in bounty hide;
And much his anxious breast is swell'd with
That where he goes, his badge must with hi
Now to the paupers who about him stand,
He tells of wonders by his bounty plann'd,
Tells of his traffic, where his vessels sail'd,
And what a trade he drove—before he fail'd
Then what a failure!—not a paltry sum,
Like a mean trader, but for half a plum;
His lady's wardrobe was appraised so high,
At his own sale, that nobody would buy!
'But she is gone,' he cries, 'and never saw
The spoil and havoc of our cruel law.
I who have raised the credit of the town,
And gave it, thankless as it is, renown—
Deprived of all—my wife, my wealth, my
And in this blue defilement—Curse the Co
pp. 173,

"The Dear's Lady" exhibits another of the
chances and changes of life. In the earlier

suffers under her domineering blue-stockings—

Belinda sees her morning levee fill'd
men in every art and science skill'd,
who have gain'd a name, whom she invites,
use in men of genius she delights.
These she puts her questions, that produce
passion vivid, and discourse abstruse;
no opinion for its boldness spares,
loves to show her audience what she dares;
creeds of all men she takes leave to sift,
quite impartial, turns her own adrift.

Her noble mind, with independent force,
vector questions on his late discourse;
ex'd and pain'd, he wishes to retire
one whom critics, nay, whom crowds, admire:

Her whose faith on no man's dictate leans,
her large creed from many a teacher gleans;
for herself will judge, debate, decide,
be her own "philosopher and guide." p. 186.

Is a metaphysician, too, an economist, and, to
all, a geologist:

Her hungry mind on every subject feeds;
Adam Smith and Dugald Stewart reads;
she entertains her, and she wonders why
famous *Essay* is considered dry.
Her amusement in her vacant hours,
plants and rocks, and animals and flowers:
could the farmer at his work assist:
systematic agriculturist.

Belinda deems all knowledge might be gain'd
she is idle, nor has much attained;
are in her deceived: she knows at most
of light matters, for she scorns to boast.
Mathematic studies she resign'd:

did not suit the genius of her mind.
thought, indeed, the higher parts sublime,
when they took a monstrous deal of time!" p. 188

appears to be a reviewer, too, and dabbles
ably in the magazines; but we must hasten
conclusion:

"—Now where the learned lady! Doth she
live,
liners yet and sentiments to give:
dean's wise consort with the many friends,
whom she borrows, and to whom she lends
precious maxims?

F.—Yes, she lives to shed
light around her, but her dean is dead!

Once from her lips came wisdom; when she
spoke,
friends in transport or amazement broke.
to her dictates there attend but few,
they expect to meet attention too;
yet she finds is purchased at some cost,
deference is withheld when dinner's lost
but not wise, forsaken, not resign'd,
gives to honours past her feeble mind,
to her former state her fancy moves,
lives on past applause, that still she loves;

Yet holds in scorn the fame no more in view,
And flies the glory that would not pursue
To yon small cot, a poorly jointured *Blue*."

pp. 189. 190.

We pass the "Brother Burgesses," "The Dealer
and Clerk," "Gentle Jane," and "The Wife and
Widow," and reach, in "Belinda Waters," a most
Crabbish portraiture of a fine dainty miss:

"She sees her father oft engross'd by cares,
And therefore hates to hear of men's affairs:
An active mother in the household reigns,
And spares Belinda all domestic pains.
Of food she knows but this—that we are fed:
Though, duly taught, she prays for daily bread,
Yet whence it comes, of hers is no concern—
It comes! and more she never wants to learn.

"She on the table sees the common fare,
But how provided is beneath her care.
She thinks, when married—if she thinks at all—
That what she needs will answer to her call.

"To write is business; and, though taught to
write,
She keeps the pen and paper out of sight;
What once was painful she cannot allow
To be enjoyment or amusement now.
She wonders why the ladies are so fond
Of such long letters, when they correspond.
Crowded and cross'd by ink of different stain,
She thinks to read them would confuse her brain."

p. 204.

And what came of this delicate beauty?

"She took a surgeon's mate
With his half-pay, which was his whole estate."
And how does she relish a scanty establishment, a
housefull of bawling children, and the weekly ac-
counts?

"She wonders much; as, why they live so ill,
Why the rude butcher brings his weekly bill;
She wonders why the baker will not trust,
And says, most truly says, 'Indeed he must!'
She wonders where her former friends are gone,
And thus, from day to day, she wonders on.

"How'er she can, she dresses gaily yet,
And then she wonders how they came in debt.
Her husband loves her, and in accent mild
Answers, and treats her like a fretted child;
But when he, ruffled, makes severe replies,
And seems unhappy; then she pouts and cries,
'She wonders when she'll die!'—She faints, but
never dies.

"How well my father lived!' she says.—'How
well,
My dear, your father's creditors could tell!'
And then she weeps, till comfort is applied,
That soothes her spleen, or gratifies her pride:
Her dress and novels, visits and success
In a chance game, are softeners of distress."

p. 207.

"The Will" and "The Cousins," are among the
most powerful of these tales: and "The Boat Race,"
'Master William, or Lad's Love.' "Danvers and
Rayner," "Preaching and Practice;" in short,

every piece in the volume, might furnish us with some extract, grave or gay, which would much adorn our pages. But we believe we have already quoted quite enough to convey a fair notion of what this legacy amounts to. It is on the whole decidedly inferior, in most respects, to any other volume of the author's poetry; but still it is perhaps more *amusing* than any of the rest of them; it is full of playfulness and good-humour, and the stories are, with hardly an exception, such as we can fancy the good old man to have taken delight in telling to his grand-children, when the curtains were drawn down and the fire burnt bright on a winter's evening, in the rectory parlour of Trowbridge. "Why sir," said Johnson at Dunvegan, (anno ætat. 64;) "A man grows better-humoured as he grows older. He improves by experience." It is pleasing to trace the gradually increasing prevalence of the softer feelings in the heart of Crabbe, when removed from the stern influences of his early distress. *Requiescat in pace!* We hope his Sermons may be found worthy of the high reputation which this volume will neither increase nor disturb.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF MIRABEAU.

Written by himself, his father, his uncle, and his adopted son.

THESE Memoirs have, we understand, been called into existence by the expressed intention of Duke d'Arremberg to publish, *unpurified*, a great quantity of the Mirabeau papers, which he possesses. The adopted son of Mirabeau, therefore, or, to speak more correctly, his natural son, Monsieur Lucas Montigny, has, for the purpose of vindicating his father's memory, given these volumes to the world. They are compiled altogether from notices and letters, written by Mirabeau himself, by his father, and his uncle. The matter they contain is entirely new, and is preceded by a most interesting memoir, written by Mirabeau, on his more remote ancestors. It is with regret that, on the present occasion, we find ourselves obliged to pass this over, as the quantity of documents, still more interesting, touching his own private life, warn us that we should otherwise transgress our limits, and lose sight too long of our principal subject.

But of the father and the uncle it is necessary to say a few words. His father especially was a man of very superior mind; one of the last of those characters cast in the feudal mould, which are now lost; hard, stern, unbending, reasoning, self-opinionated, who took austerity for virtue, and any relaxation therefrom, for weakness and vice. But this characteristic does not so much describe the individual, as the whole system of moral notions which prevailed in the feudal times. In times morally barbarous, we shall find, indeed, that all duties take the shape of *simple propositions*. This simplicity gives them an energy which surprises us into admiration. It cuts *straight through* all opposing considerations and difficulties; but it is this very *cutting through* that *proves their falseness, and their banefulness*. It is

this which made the moral heroes of the Pagan world as well as of the middle ages. To a few virtues, carried to their utmost extent, or rather excess, humanity was sacrificed; and this was considered perfection. It is to the prevalence of this sort of moral notions, that we attribute the conformation of character which the father of Mirabeau presents. Esteemed, admired, and respected by all who knew him, he was towards his son inexorably savage; nor does a single compunctious visiting of conscience or of nature seem ever to have disturbed his serenity, or his firm conviction of his own justice and wisdom. We find the same man who was persecuting his own son with relentless cruelty, going down on his knees nightly to his aged mother, to crave her blessing, before he retired to rest; and at the same time that he was plotting a most atrocious scheme against his son, projecting an enterprise by which cheap *bread* might be made for the poor, applauding himself, no doubt, the while, for his own benevolence. His character is one which deserves to be studied, as exemplifying a whole system of ethics; besides, we can assure our readers, Sir Walter Scott himself never painted any portraits from the feudal times, more highly coloured, or with more prominent and characteristic traits, than this man, and even his brother, without the aid of romance or fancy, present. We now hasten to our details of Mirabeau himself.

He was born in 1764, and came into the world with such an enormous head, that the first words his father heard when his infant was brought to him was, "*Don't be frightened!*" At the age of three years, the child had the small-pox, which so disfigured and cicatrized his face, that his father writes to his brother, "Your nephew is as ugly as Satan." At the age of seven, he received confirmation; and it was on that occasion that he made the singular remark for a child, reported by himself: "It was explained to me that God could not make contradictions; for instance, *a stick with only one end*. I asked, if a miracle was not *a stick with one end*. My grandmother never forgave me." Even before this period, the severities of his father towards him began; we find him on all occasions urging his tutor to harshness and rigour; yet he seems, even from his earlier years, to have discovered his wonderful faculties; indeed, his *bon mots* would do honour to a grown man. His father writes, "My son grows fast, his prattle increases, and his face grows uglier every day; he is of the ugliest and the wittiest. His mother had been talking to him of his future wife; he replied, he hoped she would not judge him by his *face*. What should she judge you by then, said his mother. *The inside will help the outside*, was his reply." We find another anecdote, a little posterior, which is quite in character with those sudden bursts of nobleness, which threw a splendour on, and in some measure, redeemed his after career. "The other day," says his father, in a letter to his uncle, "he gained a prize; it was *a hat*, and turning towards a youth present, who had only a cap, and putting his hat on his head, '*Here, take it,*' said he, '*I have not two heads.*' He seemed to me then the emperor of the world. His attitude had something divine; I wept and pondered, and the lesson was to me very good."

Perhaps no child in his infancy ever showed in so remarkable a degree what he would be as a man, as did Mirabeau. The following sentences from his father's letters would seem sometimes to describe the man. In one place the Marquis says, "he has a mind all athwart, fantastic, tumultuous, unmanageable, and tending to vice, even before he knows what it is." In another place, "the imp has a haughty heart under the jacket of a child, a strange instinct of pride, noble nevertheless; an embryo ambition that would swallow the whole world before it is twelve years old." Again, "he has an intelligence, a memory, a capacity, altogether astonishing; but I know, from the physical conformation of such characters, that there is no making any thing of them; to brutal appetites they will return, and carry them to excess; and as pride never abandons them, even on the wheel, they will make themselves base with the base, vain with the vain, fierce with the fierce; and even pique themselves on surpassing the very hogs; there are excrements in all races." So atrociously does this man express himself when writing of his son, and yet it is impossible to deny him a profound penetration into human nature.

The severity of his father always went on increasing. Not finding rigour enough in private tutors, he sent his son to a school, but refused to let him bear his name. He was sent as *Pierre Buffiere*. "In vain," says his father, "has he wept, begged, reasoned. I told him that to bear my name he must first merit it." It does not appear, however, that the boyhood of Mirabeau was vicious; he was only wild and unmanageable, and probably rendered wild by the extraordinary rigour with which he was treated; his father repeats constantly in his letters, that *rigour costs him nothing*. He had, when his son was not sixteen years of age, formed the project of banishing him for ever from Europe, lest he should bring disgrace upon his name. This project was, however, abandoned, and young Mirabeau was, at the age of eighteen, placed in a cavalry regiment, under the command of the Marquis de Lambert, whose severe and savage character recommended him to the father. Here Mirabeau fell into some excesses very natural to his age; he played, lost forty louis, was the successful rival of his colonel in love, and, exasperated by rigour and ill-treatment, left his regiment without leave, and went to Paris. This gave occasion to the first *lettre de cachet* that was launched against him. He was made prisoner in the castle of the Isle of *Rhé*. His father, whose letters against him always breathe the most implacable hatred and rage, wrote to the governor to enforce every severity in his power. On his release from this prison, Mirabeau joined the military expedition to Corsica, and there distinguished himself so much by his military talents and conduct, that his uncle seems to have been altogether softened towards him, and his father to have felt a more than stoic and unforgiven approbation. On his return from this expedition, Mirabeau, though he had not his father's permission for so great a liberty, visits his uncle. We shall give the letter from the uncle to the father on this occasion at full length, because it exhibits Mirabeau's character at this epoch, we think, in its true light, and shows the sternness of the domestic despotism under which he suffered even

in its most placable and relenting moments. He writes to his uncle to ask permission to visit him, but the uncle, always under the ascendant of his brother, hesitates. "It appeared to me," says the uncle, "much to be feared that you would be offended, and that I should not suffer him to fail in the respect due to paternal orders; I told him, therefore, to defer his visit, and to go and wait for the passage of his regiment at Lambex, but he insisted, and yesterday evening a soldier brought me a note from *M. Pierre Buffiere*, begging me to fix an hour for seeing him. I told him to come. I was delighted to see him; my heart expanded; I found him ugly, but not with a bad physiognomy, and behind the marks of the small-pox, and his features, which are much changed, I thought I saw an expression graceful, noble, and intellectual. If he is not worse than Nero, he will be better than Marcus Aurelius, for never do I think I have encountered so much talent and superiority; my poor head turned with it. He appears to fear you like the *prévôt*; he avowed that he had been guilty of many follies, but that it had been in his despair. He told the abbot, that he had been misunderstood from his infancy, and that his last Colonel, Viomenil, had gained upon him by gentleness and reason, and had made him see, in good conduct, a new order of things. I told him that, without wishing to rule over him, (*le régenter*,) I would give him a memorandum, containing reflections, for his future conduct. He replied, 'RULE OVER ME! May all who rule over me be such; why have they not always been such?' He told Castagny, the other day, that his uncle might do what he would with him. It is true that his uncle has received him well, treated him as a man, and represented to him that his father and his uncle had acquired, the one celebrity, and the other general esteem, by their honour, probity, and justice. I assure you I find him very repentant for his past errors; he seems to have a sensitive heart; and as to talent, the devil himself has not so much. I tell you again that if he is not the most perfect and consummate mocker in the world, he will be one of the greatest men in Europe, a commander by sea or by land, a minister, chancellor, or pope, any thing that he wishes. You were something at twenty-one years of age, but not the half; and as to myself, I am not worthy to play the part of Strabo to his Democrates. I will repeat it a thousand times, that if I do not deceive myself (of which I am not sure, on account of his past follies, and yet I would bet an hundred to one that I am right,) this young man, if God gives him life, will not differ from the greatest men that have ever lived, otherwise than by his position. You know what a solemn square-toes is Castagny; well, he opens his eyes and he weeps for joy when he hears him. As for me, this child has opened my heart. What makes me think well of him is, that I see his faults, and therefore am not blinded by partiality. For three days I have been now ten hours a-day with him, and the Abbot Castagny near thirteen hours. Well, I can swear to you and the abbot also, that we have found nothing to blame in him but a little too much vivacity and fire, but not a word which did not denote uprightness of heart, elevation of soul, and force of genius, all perhaps a little too exuberant. The

abbot says he could hardly restrain his tears when he said to him: *Alas! if my father would deign to know me! I know he thinks I have a bad heart, but let him put it to the proof!*"

To this letter the father replies with his characteristic ruggedness and penetration. "I thank you for the reception you have given my son, but take care that your goodness does not lead you too far; a good heart is the instrument of a dupe. His voracious vanity has found itself at ease with you, and completely successful; but take care, be upon your guard against the gilding of his beak, for he has the vanity and the presumption of Satan. By Saint John! listen not to his apologies, or he will belch in your hand (*il te petera dans la main.*) His head is a wind-mill or fire-mill; and his imperturbable audacity will be a fortune to him, if he ever gets over being a madman." * * In another letter he writes, "The good *bailli* [his brother] has had him [his son] with him many days, and the romance which exhales from the vagabond, from head to foot, has got into the brain of his uncle. Well, well! let him win over his uncle, he will not win over his father so promptly."

But his father was at last softened. He received his son, and, as he says himself, "with kindness and even tenderness;" but he adds, "I am on my guard, knowing how this elasticity of mind may deceive us as to the explosive soil which generates it; we must give him constant exercise and occupation, or what the devil can be done with this sanguine and intellectual exuberance? I know no one but the Empress of Russia, to whom it would be good to marry this man at present." He says in another letter, "I continue to favour Mons. the Count of *Hurricanes*, whom you call with reason, *rudis indigestaque moles*. He has need to find me *debonnaire*, and indeed he merits it. But is it not true that he is two men at once? When he is inclined to speak reasonably, Cicero himself is a fool beside him; but he is sometimes more a child than he ought to be at his age."

Mirabeau then accompanies his father to Paris, and is introduced at the Court, where he meets with the greatest and most brilliant success, his father continuing to accord to him all this time, a kind of savage favour, a sort of resentment, always mingling with a proud but unaffectionate admiration. A short time after he marries Marie Emile de Lovet, the only daughter of the Marquis of Marignanne, and a great heiress; but this circumstance, instead of bestowing on him independence, rather involved him in pecuniary difficulties, by the stimulus it gave to his expensive and extravagant habits; his father, out of his love of power and despotism, refusing him any suitable provision. This appears from an expression of a letter to his wife on this occasion, "Our son will be married when you receive this, and he will remain under the power of his father, as you under the power of your husband."

The expensive habits of Mirabeau soon involved him in debts and difficulties; these his father-in-law would have extricated him from, but his father refused his security for the final repayment of the sum to be advanced. Mirabeau, therefore, retired into the country, but only to encounter new persecutions from his father. Under the pretence that his son

was running the patrimonial property, (which afterwards proved to be false,) he has him seized by a *lettre de cachet* to a little town of Marseilles from thence, in the pretext that he had transgressed the bounds of his duty. And him, he was thrust into the narrow confinement of the chateau d'If. His father wrote to the governor to impose upon every kind of restraint, calumniating his son with utmost ferocity, and painting him in the blackest colours. But we confess we can see, in the detail account of the life of Mirabeau which the volume before us presents, nothing at the present period of his life even reprehensible, except, perhaps, the want of an almost impracticable and unsuitable economy in his affairs, which the parsimony of his father rendered necessary. On the contrary, when we consider the strength and the turbulence of his passions, and the sense of his own intellectual superiority which he must have had, we cannot sufficiently admire the strong moral sense of duty to his father, which made him, on all occasions, submit and acknowledge and even aggravate his errors.

The following extract of a letter from him to his uncle, first published in these volumes, shows his cruel position, and also truly "the very head on front of his offending," which had brought him into it. "If I knew a better heart than yours, or one more tender, a judgment more strong and unprejudiced, I would address myself to the privileged being who possessed it, to intercede for me with my father, and to ask him when he intends that the deplorable state in which I have so long been should finish. I should say to him: liberty is a right of nature—how I justly forfeited it? One should not be punished twice for the same offence, and certainly not for ruinous expenses, which have brought upon me so many humiliations, caused me so much remorse, and deprived me for a whole year of my liberty."

"Should I, my dear uncle, abandon all hope of obliterating the recollection of my follies? Of committing to my son a name, which will not lose by my fault, a consideration it has acquired by my father and you. Should I exclude myself for ever from a career wherein my conduct and my efforts may make me in my time useful and distinguished? The times are regenerating, and ambition is at present permitted. Do you think that the emulation which a name inspires, should be altogether sterile, and that at the age of twenty-six, your nephew is already incapable of doing good? No, my uncle, you do not believe this. Raise me up then; save me from that terrible fermentation with which my mind labours. Believe me, there are men who *must* be occupied, and I am of the number; that activity which accomplishes all things, and without which nothing can be accomplished, becomes turbulent, and may become dangerous, when it has neither object nor employment."

This letter, which is most moving, as in it we see the lion, from the generosity of his nature, become a lamb, had no effect, and remained even unanswered. In it, and indeed in all his other letters, we see dignity and pride of intellect united with the most reverent respect towards his natural father; nor can this be attributed to tameness of spirit, for at the period he was writing his *Essay on Despotism*.

ng by the ascendancy of his mind, and the of his manner, rendered the governor his father had him removed from the chateau de Joux, where he enjoyed some liberty, being merely on his *parole*, and town of Portarlier for his prison. Here d his fatal intimacy with Sophia, whom he ed so unhappily celebrated. She was mar- ng girl, to a man of near seventy, and the was more on her side than on the side of

He indeed struggled hard against the le wrote to his wife most urgently to come m, and partake of his fortunes, but she, it d provided herself with another lover, and le was then alone, abandoned, all his natu- had, by the strange influence his father them, become his enemies and calumnia- no subject of wonder, then, however much of regret, that in his forlorn situation he assess the virtue of refusing to mingle, in bitterness he was condemned to drink up, ating ingredient love. Alluding, however, er he had written to his wife, he says, de Mirabeau would not show you the let- to her from Portarlier, before I was intox- all the philtres of love. If, at the last t appear before that sublime reason which ver nature, I will say: I am covered with tains, *but thou alone knowest, great God, should have been as culpable as I have been, er had been answered, and answered as it e been.*" And his father, also alluding to passion, which, as he repeats continually, i, writes: "I reproach not myself, I assure is removal from the chateau D'If to the Joux. If he had remained at the chateau he attestations of that fool Dallègré, (the he would be there still crying out against and would not have been able to ruin him- has done, and which is the salvation of his

ision from Portarlier—his wanderings in id—his rescuing Sophia from a convent, in parents had confined her—his flight with olland, where he gained his subsistence by 7 labours, are already known; but, as there sage in his letters from the dungeon of , which describes most eloquently both his cter and that of Sophia, and forms the best r his fatal, but not *singularly* culpable love, ere transcribe it:

very unhappy, and unhappiness doubles . I met with the tenderest interest, and rms which most powerfully seduce—a ge- il and a fascinating intelligence. I sought , and what consolation is more delicious ? Till then I had known only gallantry,

Oh, how cold the passion, in comparison which began to embrace my being! I have is and defects of my temperament. If it

ardent and impetuous to excess, it forms t of fire which gives aliment to my inex- tenderness; it makes me burn with that and fatal sensibility, which is the source of it imagination, of all profound impressions, it talents, of all great success, and too often

of great errors and great misfortunes. It was not that strong propensity of nature to gratify the senses which seduced me; it was not even the desire of pleasing a judge of exquisite taste. I felt too much to feel vanity. Uniformity of tastes, the need of the intimate society of a confidante, who is always much more under our ascendant than we are under hers; these things did not influence me at all; more powerful charms had taken possession of my heart. I found a woman who had all the virtues of her temperament, and none of its defects; soft, but neither too warm nor indifferent, as soft characters generally are; sensitive, but not flexible; benevolent, but with a benevolence excluding neither discernment nor firmness. Alas! all her virtues are her own, her faults are mine. I found this adorable woman all melting with love. I have studied her under all circumstances. I studied her too profoundly; I lingered over this delicious contemplation. I contemplated and probed a soul formed by nature in one of its moments of magnificence; and she has centred in herself all the scattered rays of my burning sensibility."

In spite of the strength of his passion, however, Mirabeau would have had strength of mind enough to detach himself from the fatal chain which bound him to his ruin, but he sacrificed himself to Sophia. When she was confined in the convent, she wrote him letters in which she menaced her own life, if she should not be reunited to him; and her death, which happened afterwards by suicide, proved that such menaces were not vain words. In a letter to Mademoiselle Dauven, now first published, he says: "What could I do? Could I let her swallow the fatal draught, as I doubt not she would have done? This is the point of view from which you should judge me; and you will see then, it was myself, not her, whom I have *sacrificed*. There was no longer any question of *delicacy*. It was a question of life or death. Could I hesitate?"

But the retreat of Mirabeau and Sophia in Holland was soon disturbed by new persecutions from his father, and the husband of Sophia, Monsieur de Monnier. Mirabeau was declared, by the judgment of the bailiwick of Portarlier, guilty of the crime of *rape* and *seduction*, and was condemned to be beheaded, which execution should take place in effigy; "and Sophia was sentenced to be imprisoned during her life in the house of refuge established at Berancon—to be classed among the public girls of the community—to forfeit all her rights, personal, as well as those arising from her contract of marriage—to surrender her marriage-portion to her husband; and pay an *amende* of ten louis to the king."

The two lovers were both captured at the same time. On this occasion the father of Mirabeau writes to his uncle in the following terms:—"I would have wished, had it been possible, to deliver over this ruffian to the Dutch, and to send him to the colonies, from whence he would never have escaped with his life. If he should there have been hanged, it would have been *incognito*; and, remaining here, he has reason enough, should he survive you and me, to keep him out of the madhouse, and madness and villany enough to disgrace the name which he bears. I endeavoured to engage the State to send him to India: but the reply was, *that that could not be done, except*

towards individuals very young, not married, and secretly. I have, therefore, got him shut up, contrary to the advice of all who wished that I should let him run his course.

"This is their eternal song; but my conscience, which I sound every day before God, will not suffer me to do this; for independently of the crimes which he sows in his path daily, I am convinced that he would finally end by being broken on the wheel, and it is not for this that our ancestors have transmitted to us their name, with its advantages. And besides, he would soon again fall upon me and mine with all the weight of his intrigue, of his fatal talent, of his age, his manners, his wickedness, with the money of his dupes, and the support of his worthy consorts; for in this town all follies and assassinations, moral and physical, are openly justified. Thus, then, as to this man, in spite of time, which unfortunately covers and diminishes all things, and in spite of the fools who say, '*the king will not have perpetual prisons for reasons of family, however he may permit them for reasons of state.*' my plan is resolutely fixed: only the state authority and myself alone will know it, and after my death, a sealed letter will make it known to my substitute."

Who, in reading this letter, would not imagine Mirabeau to have been one of the greatest monsters that ever lived; and yet his errors were such as few of his age escape from. With one exception, they involved little moral guilt, and even into that he had to a great extent been impelled and exasperated by a stern domestic despotism almost without parallel.

But this father, or rather this lord and master, for all the other relations of life seem to have been absorbed in the sentiment of personal authority, with which the feudal system gratified Grantees, absolutely sported in his acts of despotism. M. de Monpezat one day meeting him, the following conversation took place, as related by himself: "*Your law-suit with Madame the Marchioness, is it finished?*" "*I have gained it.*" "*And where is she?*" "*In a convent.*" "*And Monsieur your son, where is he?*" "*In a convent.*" "*And Madame your daughter?*" "*In a convent.*" "*You have undertaken, then, to people the convents?*" "*Yes, sir; and if you had been my son, you would have been in one long ago.*"

It is unnecessary to follow the history of Mirabeau during his imprisonment at Vincennes. His already published letters from his dungeon have made known the sufferings he endured there. Confined to a narrow cell for a long time, cut off from all communication, denied all correspondence, ill in health, his sight impaired, threatened with blindness, his privations extending down even to food and clothing, having hardly ragged apparel wherewith to cover him, it is no wonder that we find in his work on *lettres de cachet*, the following fearfully eloquent passage: "I will not undertake to maintain, that the height of atrocity, after having deprived a man of his liberty, after having driven him to the despair of slavery, is to punish him for what he may do, be it the most excessively inhuman of actions, to deliver himself from the yoke; for is not an unhappy slave out of the pale of society, out of the power of the laws which govern it, which have been found impotent to protect him? Is there any law for him? Do nature and justice

demand that he should respect the life of him who respects neither his property nor his person? Are not the instruments and satellites of oppression as culpable in his eyes as the oppressor? Is not all—*all*, I say, permitted to a man to break his chains? Know, then, know, oh you who have two weights and two measures—who put all the duties in one scale, and all the rights in the other; who make a traffic of the morals, justice, and liberty of the human race; who pretend to be ignorant that it is often criminal, and most criminal to obey; that the greatest crime which a man can commit against himself and his fellow-men is to submit to the orders of a government, which, depriving him of the exercise of his will, of his opinion, and his conscience, may, at any moment, place crime among the number of his duties. Know, then, that a despot, a jailer, and a merchant of slaves, are beings devoted by nature and justice to the point of those whom they hold in irons, if they have the least hope of breaking them at this price."

The object of these Memoirs is to exculpate the character of Mirabeau from charges of many crimes and many calumnies which have been heaped upon him. As to the *facts* of his private life, we confess we see little in them hitherto *singularly* culpable, little, at least, which could justify the extreme severity of invective which has been employed against him. But some of his own letters from the dungeon of Vincennes, show that, with all the grandeur, generosity, frankness, and nobleness of his sentiments, his habits and tastes were lowly vicious; that which was surprising loftiness in speculation, became turbid impetuosity and violence in action; even his sensibility is sensual; and in his eloquent letters to Sophia, instead of his imagination etherealizing his love, and raising it to heaven as an object of adoration, it fasts only upon the earthly subsistence of passion, and unlike that of Rousseau, breathes more of voluptuous enjoyment than of mental idolatry. But with respect to the mutual and disgusting accusations by the father against the son, and the son against the father, which these letters also exhibit, there is some excuse for Mirabeau. 1st, Because his father had on all occasions striven to calumniate and blacken his character in the most unjust and cruel manner; and 2d, Because in all his works, intended for publication, and in all his letters, written calmly and seriously, he speaks of his father with that respect and reverence which he really felt for him, and which, considering what a father he had, places his character in its fairest point of view. Indeed, this filial respect and forbearance in him, and in this position, we look upon as a high virtue.

We shall now give a few extracts from the Correspondence which took place between Mirabeau, his uncle, and his father, during the four years' imprisonment of the former. This correspondence appears to us beautifully dramatic, picturing the passions, the characters, and the times in which it took place with graphic fidelity. So perfect is the picture, and so *finished*, that it seems to be rather the work of imagination, than real, (for the *vrai* has general something *invraisemblable*, which spoils its effect.) It puts us in mind strongly of the letters in *Clarissa Harlowe*, by the uncles Harlowe, and all their train of relations, where the oppressors harden themselves

their *morality*, and are convinced that all their cruelty and injustice is only rigid righteousness. We will begin by an extract from a letter from Mirabeau to his uncle, which is very characteristic.

Your letter, my dear uncle, of the 24th of September, announces to me *the pardon of my father for my personal offences towards him*. As these are surely the gravest I have to reproach myself with, happy news has taken a terrible weight from my mind; but I cannot pardon myself; for, free or a slave, in health or suffering, it is dreadful to me to do to myself, *your father hates you!* This is the chief of my fears, the most piercing of my afflictions. I am not then confident, but consoled. This point explained, allow me to pass to the others which compose your letter. And first, my uncle, I tell you frankly, that in a country where there is neither constitution nor law, properly speaking, the society is in a real state of war, the greatest number of positive laws inspires me with little respect.

One may be a very bad man, and these laws have no authority to punish; one may be a very good man and have transgressed many, and even glory in having done so. I may deceive myself, but this is my belief, and when my conscience and natural law condemn me, I will avow to you that the positive law inspires me with as little respect as terror.

* * * *

My uncle, I will, in addressing such a man as the only man among all I have ever met with, put me in mind of the men of Plutarch, put all private discussions, and at once come to the question right of men, that unquestionable arbiter of a virtuous man, who, like you, asks himself every thing, *'What is my duty? Let me follow it;'* and I will begin by defining what I mean by *despotism*. Then, that tyrannic justice, which substitutes the will of one man for the decision of the law; which makes the life and fortune of a citizen depend on a caprice or an error; whose inflictions are the more terrible, as they are often silent and concealed; whose wrong is felt by the victim it pierces, while the hand which has sped it is hidden; or which, separating him from the entire universe, and condemning him to live that he may die daily, abandons him to the weight of his chains, far from liberty, whose august image is reserved from his eyes, and far from law, which, in prison or exile, should always respond to the cry of the sufferer who invokes it. Do you wish for a better definition of this despotism, under which I live, and which I deny not that I abhor. 'I will tell you then, with the *Friend of men* [a work of his father's,] *an attribute which, were it given to equity, would not draw back with horror from exercising it, would degenerate into tyranny in her*

* * * *

For you, my dear uncle, you who, I repeat, owing to nothing, have deigned to write to me the first of my relations, whilst the others, without a single exception, refused me news even of my poor child, the death I only learned from a stranger; what you may decide respecting me, my vows will be for you. I inhabit a place of grief, where I am dying daily, slowly, but surely; a painful gravel

keeps me in constant suffering; a nearly inevitable cataract—especially in an absolute solitude, in which I have no other consolation but study, threatens to deprive me of my sight; pain and time, with decomposing hands, mine by being, too much wasted in every sense by my turbulent youth; but may I die, and die this instant, unworthy of all pity, if I regret any thing so bitterly as the impossibility of making you forget, or of softening at least to you and to my father the recollection of my long errors. Call them *follies*, call them *crimes* as you wish, I will not defend myself against you; but certainly never was resolution to repair them more firmly formed than mine. Yet I am not allowed to put this resolution to the proof; I am denied even that pity which a tyrant of Asia felt who wrote to Alexander: *Rizimus in the dungeon of his prison lives not; he merely languishes, and is more than half-dead; it would be doing him a good office to send him, by a complete death, to those regions where he might enjoy an eternal repose.*"

The death of his son, alluded to in the above letter by Mirabeau, was the cause of his ultimate release from imprisonment. His father became alarmed at the probable prospect of the extinction of his name, and from that time it was resolved that Mirabeau should be liberated, and a reunion with his wife brought about if possible. But the love of power, or, as it appears in the present instance, the love of torturing, which is often the same thing when power is confined to a narrow circle, prolonged his captivity yet a considerable time, when he was regaled by volumes of such letters as the following, from his uncle, as we have said above, quite in the Harlowe strain. "However useless a commerce of letters with me may be to you, however fatiguing it may be to me constantly to refuse all succour to a man, to whom, even before his existence, I had dedicated my laborious life, I will not add to your vexations that of receiving no answer from me. Supposing that age, reason, and reflection have given you as lively a repentance as your past actions call for, my moral exhortations are useless; supposing, on the contrary, that your present letters merit no more confidence than the promises, verbal and written, that you have given me so many times, and which have had no effect, these exhortations will be still ridiculous and useless. Recall to your mind, that in walking together in the hall of this very chateau, you made me protestations, to which I replied, that if you deceived me, you would obtain sooner the pardon of your father than my confidence; it was after that that I obtained your pardon from your father, who told me at the time that I was labouring for one who would soon belie my testimony in his favour. * * * * You ask me, nevertheless, for my advice, and I have given it to you; I have pointed out the persons you have to propitiate, and by whom the pardon you have to demand should be transmitted. But the best counsel I have to give you is to reform yourself. I will not conceal from you that the most revolting pride is apparent in all your letters, even when you make every effort to hide it. I perceive it even in the motives which you tell me prevent you from writing to your father. I have no advice to offer you on this

subject, for in truth, in his place, the sight of your writing would revolt me.

"You have always, too, some word of menace; you menace us with your despair; endeavour, on the contrary, to give your friends and me some gleam of hope, and believe me your letters give none; for I repeat to you, that pride, and the spirit of independence, are seen through all the honied words you employ to hide them. But, in your last letter, I know not whether even you have taken any pains to hide your haughtiness. *I ought, you say, to be frank in the avowal of my errors, but not base in my supplications.* This whole phrase is impregnated with the most odious pride. I repeat, that I have pointed out the only manner of acting which can be useful to you. But I counsel you to persuade yourself that you have been guilty of very great offences, of which you seem to be at present not at all sensible; this may render your style less offensive than that which you employ in the position in which you are; for you ought to feel that that which would be quite simple and right in a person who has nothing to reproach himself with, becomes offensive in a man who has never regarded any one, who has outraged all his relations, and trampled upon all which he ought to respect."

It does not appear that Mirabeau had outraged any of his relations, but only retorted on his father some of the atrocious calumnies he had spread against him. But these were the kind of letters he received daily. One cannot wonder that such exasperations drove him to madness; and that, feeling his own infinite superiority over such men, superior men themselves, his father and his uncle, as they really were; feeling, also, his own superiority, in morals as much as in talents, over such pedantic moralists, who had enchained him and tortured him, and preached to him, and treated him at the same time like a schoolboy and like a felon, with indignity, insult, outrage, and mockings, trying to bend or to break his heart; it is no wonder, we think, that, when power came into his hands, he should have used it, *first* to avenge and to crush, and that he would have delighted in the consciousness of his own force to punish and to triumph, rather than to uphold and restore a society whose every arrow was sticking in his side. But we must advance. He was at last liberated, after long negotiations, or, rather, after long torturing correspondences. He came out of prison without a coat to his back, and we find him, some time after, living with his father, who seems, however implacable towards him in his absence, to have felt somewhat his ascendancy whilst present with him. It was not, however, till several months after his liberation that he suffered his presence. In a letter to his brother he says, "You ask me if I have seen him; undoubtedly not. I do not even reply to him except by dictation through my secretary. It is true I found myself face to face with him coming out from Desjobert; I found his eye piercing and his body robust and looking healthy; he stooped his head, and avoided me as much as possible, and I passed on." The father and son had not seen each other for nine years. But, when under the roof of his father, we have the following observations, which show what a curious and sometimes penetrating appreciation he had formed of the character of his son.

"Every thing in this man, said I, is conjectures and main in the re; neither day nor night, as I know that he is drawn to the right by the heart, and to the left by the head, all reflection and remembrance, I am convinced that his eagerness, his talents, will make him figure greatly in an age where words are without signification, without colour, rights without reality, and duties without authority." Again,—*"He will go far, if far can be said of a country where nothing is far, where there is nothing left but the amiabilities of ceteris, instead of the male and essential qualities of man; where, in a word, all is perishing; for, thanks to the presumption of fools duped by knaves, the cord which is strangling the state is every day drawn tighter; and every day new matches are put to the mine which is brooding fire under ground."* Again,—*"I pass my life in instilling into him principles; for this man, by his long and solitary studies, has only augmented the chaos in his head, which is a library turned topsy-turvy; his talent is to dazzle by superficialities; he knows every thing, and nothing substantially. His brain is a furnace, and his talent and facility so great, that necessarily this poor devil must be withdrawn from the snares, invitations, and dangers which society spreads for him."* In another letter, *"He is neither addicted to intemperance, nor to gaming, which he cannot endure, nor to idleness, and he loves occupation and books; but, to balance this, he is like a basket with holes in it, an innate disorder, and credulous with the credulity of a nurse; indiscreet; a liar by exaggeration, affirmation, and effrontery, without necessity, and merely from the love of embellishment; confident, with a confidence that throws dust in the eyes of all, with an infinity of wit and talent. For the rest, his vices are infinitely less rooted than his virtues; all is facility, turbulence, weakness, (not indolence,) lined with resolution, a spirit which rushes into the vague, and builds in the air. But, brother, we must assist him, if he shows a constant good-will and not let him hang himself on some tree, which will find him a heavy burden."* In another letter, he writes, *"I confess that this man, nearly without heart, fellow for talent, has no judgment, and that his heart, which is good, holds to nothing. For my part, I think that, instead of a soul, he has a mirror within him, in which all is reflected and effaced at the same instant, and nothing is realized."* Again, *"Honour is nothing, nothing at all; he has the talent of Satan, always on the alert, like the eyes of a hare! he has taste, chicanery, discretion, turbulence, audacity, and sometimes dignity. Well! all this is only to make him abandon himself to the forgetfulness of yesterday, and carelessness of to-morrow, and to the impulsion of the moment; child, parrot, abortive man, knowing neither the possible nor the impossible, pleasure or pain, action or repose."* Again, *"When I look upon this man, in spite of his bitter ugliness, his restless walk, his striking theatric precipitation, his look, or rather his atrocious frown, when he listens or reflects, something tells me that he is nothing but a scarecrow of cotton, and that all the savageness with which he*

as known how to furrow his person, his reputation, and his showiness, with his decisive babble, and his knowledge, are but vapour, and that at bottom there is not a man in the kingdom more incapable of a premeditated act of wickedness than himself."

These sketches of the mind and character of Mirabeau, by his father, are very striking and interesting, but we must hasten towards our conclusion. We must pass over the proceedings, by which the sentence passed on him by the tribunal of Portarlier was annulled. We will only mention that the sentence against himself would have been annulled at once, if he would have suffered that against Sophia to stand: but this he nobly refused; and his eloquent memoirs and pleadings, the daring front which he presented to his enemies, his fearless exposition of the atrocious injustice he had suffered, and the popular principles which he advanced, filled the kingdom with admiration of his talents, and made him more than ever the darling of the populace.

A short time after, paying a visit to his uncle, who received him very unwillingly, being very reluctant to receive the "specious monster" into his house and sink under his ascendancy, which he did very shortly, the people received him and hailed him on his passage as they would a hero. The uncle writes to the father on this occasion.

"What has astonished me most is the joy of the people on seeing him arrive, although he is the debtor of many of them. To tell you the truth, he is much beloved here, though he owes much. The lively expressions of affection with which he has been received have touched me much."

We must also pass over the history of his suit for a re-union with his wife, though this also is prolific in the display it makes of the moral state of society at the time. We will only mention one instance, taken from a letter of the Bailli de Mirabeau. "Marignanne," (the father-in-law of Mirabeau,) says he, "has gone so far as to say that law-suits were natural to us; you against your wife, me against my niece; we could retort, that his daughter wishes to be separated from her husband; that she is the daughter of a woman separated from her husband, and the grand-daughter of one also separated from hers."

Mirabeau did not succeed in his suit, but the eloquence of his memoirs and his pleadings, in which he completely crushed and triumphed over his adversaries, kept the eyes of the whole kingdom fixed on him. The court in which he pleaded was crowded to excess, the windows and even the roofs were occupied by dense multitudes, and the Archduke of Milan came from Italy to Aix, for the express purpose of hearing an orator, the fame of whose eloquence had already travelled beyond his own country.

We have now given our readers some of the salient points which the volumes before us present. All our extracts are new, and with one exception, have never been published before they appeared in these Memoirs. It is impossible to deny that they present a picture of the state of society previous to the Revolution, most intricately evil. We see the despotism of the system of government extending even to private families, and becoming domestic; fathers becoming the tyrants and persecutors of their wives, their sons, their daughters; the secret inqui-

sition of an irresponsible state entering into all the details of private life; every honourable path of life only approachable by passing under the abasing yoke of court favour and intrigue; men thus made servile and tyrannic tools, or sequestering themselves in the independence of their chateaux, becoming, like their abodes, austere and domineering; all the educated classes of society, except the lords of the soil, lawyers of sharp wits and supple principles, subservient hangers-on upon the great, and being incorporated as a body, ready at a moment's notice to rush in, oust their superiors, and take possession of their vantage-ground. In fact, no man had a right to stand upright but he who was, or was in a position to be, a tyrant. The prison was the natural appendage of the chateau, and the one half of the nobility incarcerated the other half. Yet with all this, the privileged independence of that class being the greatest good in life, all things else were sacrificed to it. Hence marriage became not an affair of the affections, but an affair of territory, which secured the first good—independence, privilege, and freedom to its possessor. Thus we see a young girl, like the unhappy Sophia, married to a man of seventy, and the consequence, a life of crime, and a death by suicide; divorces, separations, infamous intrigues, concubinage, and libertinism, all marked and closed over by the emphatic seals of *lettres de cachets*, compose the private history of almost every family in France at that epoch. This is the picture, or at least one aspect of it. And we have heard it said, that this picture, which is so fully illustrated in the Life and Memoirs of Mirabeau, justified the Revolution. We say no, but it certainly justified a Revolution. We cannot confound the system of governments, which produced all the evils we have enumerated, with the men who were, unfortunately for themselves, at the top of the scale of society. On the contrary, we recognize in these men, even in the Mirabeau family, (an example, be it remembered, taken as it were at hazard,) a superiority of intelligence, a vigour of understanding, a high cast of sentiment, a feudal robustness of mind, and so much of all those qualities which were fit to regenerate a state, as makes it impossible for us to say—*this race was irreclaimable; it was only fit to be destroyed*. In truth it was on this race, in whom the only hope of a rational and effective revolution depended; and they were willing and ready, and did co-operate, and would have accomplished (putting the vile tribe of mere courtiers out of the question) even fundamental changes. But though it is utterly impossible to justify, or even to palliate, the lengths to which the revolution proceeded after a revolution had been accomplished, it is easy to account for them, and the Memoirs of Mirabeau themselves give us the key for so doing. They present to us the unparalleled phenomenon which France then exhibited, the glaring contrasts and opposition which existed between her mind and institutions. This appears almost as strange as if Turkey should produce a Voltaire, with his host of satellites. We behold civilization growing wild out of barbarism—the extremes of both in presence of each other. Time, which had changed man, had passed by without touching the organization of society. Here was a vast discrepancy, a vast gulf, which it seemed impossible to rectify.

or to fill up. The *abyss*, in truth, which Burke observed the Revolution had made of France, existed before the Revolution. The past was separated from the present, and there was an immense gulf between them. What a distance between the institutions of Charlemagne and Voltaire's *Essai sur les Mœurs*, and yet they both coexisted! The gulf existed, though being underground, it was not made apparent till the first trembling of the earth swallowed up all the past, and revealed it. But how came this monstrous state of things about? We attribute it to one simple cause: the rejection of the Reformation. This is the only great movement in advance society has made since the promulgation of Christianity. France refused to move with it. Wherever it prevailed, it changed, modified, remodelled. The face of society became completely altered, whilst nothing was destroyed. The past was brought into harmony with the present; and out of the transformation thus operated arose *liberty*. This liberty, however, was not *merely* the result of emancipation from superstition, it was still more emphatically the result of *subjection* to the gospel. The mind was not projected into a limitless *vacuum*, but its freedom was *religious*, and depended on, and was limited by the *Christian revelation*. France certainly would have acquired this only *true* liberty, if she had not rejected the Reformation. The history of the Huguenots proves this. It proves that she would have attained liberty, not as the fruit of abstract theories, but as growing out of specific privileges, out of municipal rights, out of charters given to industry and commerce, out of laws protective of personal freedom, and all those grand *details* of practical utility, which become, as it were, *materially*, from the fast hold they take upon the earth, landmarks against retrogradation, and beacons to further acquisition and advancement. The triumphs of Protestantism would besides, have given weight and importance to provincial cities, and thus prevented Paris from absorbing all France; and from the free local government it established, it would at once have destroyed that system of *centralisation* which leaves France, at the present moment, only the choice of another revolution, or the certainty of remaining fettered for ever by the head of her government, whoever he may be. But the Reformation was rejected, and France *a manqué à ses destinées*. All the desolating career she has run through since, may be evolved, logically we believe, from this one source. Still, though she rejected the Reformation, she possessed *philosophy*. Philosophy, however, has never been a legislator. Whenever it has been applied to purposes of legislation, it has lost its name and abstract nature, and has been controlled more by existing things, than ever it has controlled or modified them. The French, however, did not think that any thing existing in France was worthy of this compromise on the part of philosophy. To work then they went with their theories their abstractions, their first principles, and their metaphysics, to create a new order of things, and the blasting corruscations of these electric fluids played upon the old edifice of the state, till they smote it to the ground. The new legislators did not consider that society is too *material* to be reformed by metaphysics. Metaphysics may be good for the mind, be-

cause the mind is pure spirit, but coming into contact with the frame-work of social institutions, it is like lightning coming into contact with matter—where it strikes, it destroys.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

RECORDS OF PASSING THOUGHT.

A Series of Sonnets, by Mrs. Hemans.

A REMEMBRANCE OF GRASMERE.

O VALE and lake, within your mountain-urn
Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep,
Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,
Colouring the tender shadows of my sleep
With light Elysian:—for the hues that steep
Your shores in melting lustre seem to float
On golden clouds from spirit-lands remote,
Isles of the blest; and in our memory keep
Their place with holiest harmonies. Fair scene,
Most loved by evening and the dewy star,
Oh! ne'er may man, with touch unhallowed,
jar
The perfect music of thy charm serene!
Still, still unchanged may one sweet region wear
Smiles that subdue the soul to love, and tears, and
prayer!

• THOUGHTS CONNECTED WITH TREES.

Trees, gracious trees! how rich a gift ye are,
Crown of the earth! to human hearts and eyes!
How doth the thought of home, in lands afar,
Linked with your forms and kindly whisperings
rise?
How the whole picture of a childhood lies
Oft 'midst your boughs forgotten, buried deep,
'Till gazing through them up the summer skies,
As hushed we stand, a breeze perchance may
creep,
And old sweet leaf-sounds reach the inner world
Where memory coils; and lo! at once unfurled
The past, a glowing scroll, before our sight
Spreads clear! while gushing from their long-
sealed urn
Young thoughts, pure dreams, undoubting pray-
ers return,
And a lost mother's eye gives back its holy light.

THE SAME

And ye are strong to shelter! all meek things,
All that need home and covert, love your
shades:
Birds of shy song, and low voiced quiet springs,
And stealthy violets, by the winds betrayed.
Childhood beneath your fresh green tents hath
played
With his first primrose-wealth; there Love hath
sought
A veiling gloom for his unuttered thought,
And silent grief, of day's keen glance afraid,
A refuge for his tears; and oft-times there
Hath lone devotion found a place of prayer,
A native temple, solemn, hushed, and dim;

For wheresoe'er your murmuring tremors thrill
The woody twilight, *there* man's heart hath still
Confessed a spirit's breath, and heard a cease-
less hymn.

READING "PAUL AND VIRGINIA" IN CHILDHOOD.

O gentle story of the Indian Isle!
I loved thee in my lonely childhood well,
On the sea-shore, when day's last purple smile
Slept on the waters, and their hollow swell
And dying cadence lent a deeper spell
Unto thine ocean-pictures. 'Midst thy palms,
And strange bright birds, my fancy jcyed to
dwell,
And watch the Southern Cross through midnight
calms,
And track the spicy woods. Yet more I blessed
Thy vision of sweet love, kind, trustful, true,
Lighting the citron groves—a heavenly guest—
With such pure smiles as Paradise once knew.
Even then my young heart wept o'er this world's
power
To reach and blight that holiest Eden flower.

A THOUGHT AT SUNSET.

Still that last look is solemn—though thy rays,
O Sun! to-morrow will give back, we know,
The joy to Nature's heart. Yet through the
glow
Of Clouds that mantle thy decline, our gaze
Tracks thee with love half fearful: and in days
When Earth too much adored thee, what a swell
Of mournful passion, deepening mighty lays,
Told how the dying bade thy light farewell;
O Sun of Greece! O glorious festal sun!
Lost, lost! for them thy golden hours were done,
And darkness lay before them. Happier far
Are we not *thus* to thy bright wheels enchained.
Not thus for thy last parting unsustained,
Heirs of a purer day, with its unsetting star.

IMAGES OF PATRIARCHAL LIFE.

Calm scenes of patriarch life! how long a power
Your unworn pastoral images retain
O'er the true heart, which, in its childhood's hour,
Drank their pure freshness deep! The camel's
train,
Winding in patience o'er the desert-plain,
The tent, the palm-tree, the reposing flock,
The gleaming fount, the shadow of the rock.
Oh! by how subtle, yet how strong a chain,
And in the influence of its touch how blest,
Are these things linked, for many a thoughtful
breast,
With household memories, through all change
endeared!
The matin-bird, the ripple of a stream,
Beside our native porch, the hearth-lights gleam,
The voices earliest by the soul revered!

ATTRACTION OF THE EAST.

What secret current of man's nature turns
Unto the golden East, with ceaseless flow?
Still, where the sunbeam at its fountain burns,

The pilgrim-spirit would adore and glow.
Rapt in high thought, though weary, faint, and
slow,
Still doth the traveller through the deserts wind,
Led by those old Chaldean stars, which know
Where passed the shepherd-fathers of mankind.
Is it some quenchless instinct, which from far
Still points to where our alienated home
Lay in bright peace? O thou, true Eastern
Star!
Saviour, atoning Lord! where'er we roam,
Draw still our *hearts* to thee; else, else how
vain
Their hope the fair lost birthright to regain!

TO AN AGED FRIEND.

Not long thy voice amongst us may be heard,
Servant of God! thy day is almost done!
The charm now lingering in thy look and word
Is that which hangs about the setting sun,
That which the meekness of decay hath won
Still from revering love.—Yet doth the sense
Of Life immortal—progress but begun—
Pervade thy mien with such clear eloquence,
That hope, not sadness breathes from thy decline;
And the loved flowers which round thee smile
farewell
Of more than vernal glory seem to tell,
By thy pure spirit touched with light divine;
While we, to whom its parting gleams are given
Forget the grave in trustful thoughts of Heaven.

A HAPPY HOUR.

Oh! what a joy to feel that in my breast
The founts of childhood's vernal fancies lay
Still pure, though heavily and long repress'd
By early-blighted leaves, which o'er their way
Dark summer-storms had heaped! But free,
glad play
Once more was given them;—to the sunshine's
glow
And the sweet wood-song's penetrating flow,
And to the wandering primrose-breath of May,
And the rich hawthorn odours, forth they sprung,
Oh! not less freshly bright, that *now* a thought
Of spiritual presence o'er them hung,
And of immortal life!—a germ, unwrought
In childhood's soul to power, *now* strong, serene,
And full of love and light, colouring the whole
blest scene!

From the Examiner.

PROGRESS OF PUBLICATION.

A manuscript work, entitled the "Wonders of Nature," is preserved in the Royal Library at Paris, by an Arabian writer, Mohammed Kazwini, who flourished in the seventh century of the Hegira, or at the close of the thirteenth century of our era. Besides several curious remarks on aerolites, earthquakes, and the successive changes of position which the land and sea have undergone, we meet with the following beautiful passage, which is given as the

narrative of Khidhz, an allegorical personage: "I passed one day by a very ancient and wonderfully populous city, and asked one of its inhabitants how long it had been founded! 'It is indeed a mighty city,' replied he; 'we know not how long it has existed, and our ancestors were on this subject as ignorant as ourselves. Five centuries afterwards, as I passed by the same place, I could not perceive the slightest vestige of the city. I demanded of a peasant, who was gathering herbs upon its former site, how long it had been destroyed? 'In sooth, a strange question!' replied he; 'the ground here has never been different from what you now behold it.'—'Was there not of old,' said I, 'a splendred city here?'—'Never' answered he, 'so far as we have seen, and never did our fathers speak to us of any such.' On my return there, 500 years afterwards, I found the sea in the same place, and on its shores were a party of fishermen, of whom I inquired how long the land had been covered by the waters? 'Is this a question,' said they, 'for a man like you?—this spot has always been what it is now.' I again returned, 500 years afterwards, and the sea had disappeared; I inquired of a man, who stood alone upon the spot, how long ago this change had taken place, and he gave me the same answer as I had received before. Lastly, on coming back again after an equal lapse of time I found there a flourishing city, more populous and more rich in beautiful buildings than the city I had seen the first time, and when I would fain have informed myself concerning its origin, the inhabitants answered me, 'Its rise is lost in remote antiquity: we are ignorant how long it has existed, and our fathers were, on this subject, as ignorant as ourselves.'"

GRANADA.—Then who can wonder at the rapture with which the Moor looked upon the bright and beautiful city of his princes! In the dewy twilight of morning, breathing the soft spirit of its southern sea, mingled with the pure breezy freshness of its snowy sierra; in the readiness of the noonday sun, in the solemn shades of evening, Granada burst upon his sight with a splendour unknown to any other city in the world. Loved with a species of idolatry, without parrallel, perhaps, except in the glory of the Syrian Damascus, or the marble Tadmor in the palmy days of its famed queen, far around her swell the mountains which appear to have been raised by nature for her lordly barrier, their snow-bound crests emulating in whiteness the crystal of the moonbeams—their deep dark woods bending in bold contrast to the glistening clothing of the summits, and the not less exquisite splendour of the golden roofs of palaces and mosques that shone on the plains below. Wide spreading along the sunny sides of the delicious site of this queen of cities, the murmur of its golden river, the bloom of gardens and orchards vied with the luxury of an eastern Eden. Immediately on the skirts of those pleasure-grounds which appeared only lavishly adorned to skreen, in their sylvan recesses, the most lovely of women from the too ardent rays of the sun, extended yellow cornfields and purple vineyards far as the eye could reach over fertile lands, richly peopled with busy hamlets, strong thriving towns, with innumerable castles and fortresses in the distance. In the midst of this spa-

cious glowing scene of fertility, enriched with all the gems of art, lay Granada. like some proud beauty, calm and stately, seated secure in her own spangled halls. From the two hills which she crowned with her numerous sumptuous edifices, the Darro and the Xenil were seen mingling their limpid waters, in which the peasants not unfrequently gathered the purest grains of gold and silver. The most conspicuous objects in the direction of the Darro, flowing through the valley of the two hills and dividing the city, were the palace of the Alhambra and the Vermilion Towers,—the former venerable in the eyes of the Moor as the grand citadel of his country's glory, the latter, as one of those monuments which seem to defy the calculations of time, still glowing midst the surrounding ruins of a fallen empire.—*Roscoe's Landscape Annual.*

—
From the Spectator.

MADAME JUNOT'S *Lives and Portraits of Celebrated Women*, is concluded rather than completed, by the publication of the Fourth Part; containing notices of Lady WORTLEY MONTAGUE and the Queens CHRISTINA of Sweden, MARIE ANTOINETTE, and MARY DE MEDICIS. Biographies of such well-known personages can only be made interesting by new facts or profound reflections; neither of which enrich these Memoirs. The portraits are French versions of the originals; those of the large edition, lithographed in the free, smooth, and masterly style of MAURIN, one of the best French portrait draughtsmen.

The Collected Poems of the late N. T. Carrington must pass without a word of welcome. They have been published in two small volumes, for popular circulation, at the request of many inhabitants of his native county; they are edited by his son, who has prefixed a biographical notice,—short, of course for the career of his father was uneventful; but not without interest, as containing what little is known of a man of genius, whose life was passed in drudgery and obscurity, cheered only by the domestic affections, and those occasional enjoyments which the enthusiastic lover of nature could derive from her beauties when a casual holiday relieved the schoolmaster from his tasks, and enabled him to wander among scenes from whose description he was to derive his celebrity.

To recommend this collection, is scarcely necessary; if it were, it might be done with safety. Few modern poets can lay better claim to the title of an English classic than CARRINGTON; few, perhaps, gain more on perusal. His class of subjects and style of composition—purely descriptive—are not of the highest range; he is excelled by many in animation, force, passion, and richness; but in that quiet and simple truth which attains its end without attracting attention to the means, and which is perhaps the real test of classicality, he is surpassed by no writer of our day.

A fifth edition of that capital little work, *Laconics, or the Best Words of the Best Authors*, is before us. The word of number upon its titlepage is a sufficient voucher for its merit. It is as amusing as a jest-book and much more valuable!

From the Friendship's Offering.

SIX SONNETS.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

SONNET I.

of human life this forest old;
 y, withered, blooming, teeming, blasted;
 hat the reign of summer hath outlasted,
 rly sere, and blight that flaunts in gold;
 ss, like sorrow, springing from the mould,
 y the wholesome tree; and verdure wasted,
 ace; and berries, like our bliss, untasted;
 rns, like adverse chances, uncontrolled;
 lovers are joy that ne'er shall form a wreath,—
 ilies are unsure affection crowned
 neglect, the water; underneath,
 which are hope, still sadly standing, drowned.
 ary sedge is age of noteless years,
 ol, epitome of human tears!

SONNET II.

ler lamp within my vacant room,
 duous flame disputes the darksome night,
 n, with its involuntary light,
 less things, that near it stand, illumine;
 the while it doth itself consume;
 e the sun commence its heavenly height
 urier beams that meet the shepherd's sight,
 whence its life arose, shall be its tomb.
 es my light away. Perforce confined
 mon things, a limit to its sphere,
 s on worthless trifles undesign'd,
 inter ray each hour imprisoned here.
 know that the consuming mind,
 ave its lamp cold, ere the sun appear!

SONNET III.

on I lie me down to rest at night,
 eful heart by sorrow is betrayed,
 ghts of friendship, broken, or decayed,—
 to others caused, to me of slight,—
 ns of hate interpreted aright,—
 ess vows, of vows that should be made,—
 too prompt, of hope too long delayed,
 nt wo, of ever-gone delight.
 what am I then? If weak for good,
 ne at least to bear with others' ill;
 rto thy law not understood,
 me bear thy cross, to learn thy will;
 ny soul have thy paternal care,
 ch me what to be, and how to bear!

SONNET IV.

le friend, last refuge of a soul
 hich the world too soon hath turned away,
 y long silent lute, and softly play
 r which childhood from oblivion stole;
 avenly dew shall melt without control,
 en griefs, that rule with stubborn sway;
 ain all harsher feelings, shall allay,
 e my heart into one tender whole.
 use upon the strings, and with thy voice,
 om the silent deep a radiant form,
 er days and happier hours the choice,
 my troubled spirit felt the storm;
 ving called it into being, cease;
 own it with a smile, and name it Peace.

SONNET V.

irst my heart by sorrow was o'ertaken,
 ery blossom of my youth destroyed,
 [XV.—No. 150.

Wherefore, thought I, should hope my breast avoid,
 And why my heart of the fresh spring forsaken?
 The old philosophy did I awaken,
 And moral truths by error unalloyed,
 And ancient maxims, evergreens, employed,
 To guard my heart, that should no more be shaken.
 O vanity! the worst that e'er befell
 What use, with ceaseless labour, to commit
 A golden bucket to an empty well,
 Or for heaven's wisdom seek in human wit?
 I planted strength that flourished not, and why?
 The fount that should have watered it was dry.

SONNET VI.

Yes, to be strong and bold, thyself to know,—
 Daunted by nought the hostile world may urge,—
 Contesting every inch unto the verge,—
 And greatly resolute when dashed below;—
 'Tis well:—but man unto himself doth owe
 A better wisdom ere he can emerge
 From the wide water, and the boiling surge,
 Which his strong arms in vain behind him throw.
 —That inward strength which Heaven so freely grants,
 'Tis not to bear, but,—be not made to bear;—
 Refer to Heaven our more immortal wants,
 All else the world withholds ourselves can spare.
 Thus, Earth hath not an ill to be withstood,—
 Nor need we the slave's virtue, Fortitude.

From the same.

THE RIDDLE OF LIFE.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

COME, thou sage philosopher,
 Thou who never yet didst err,
 Who with power almost divine,
 Bid'st reluctant truth be thine,
 And unaided, canst unfold
 All this cunning earth doth hold;
 If any praise to thee be due,
 If thou and thy report be true,
 Incline thine ear, contract thy brow,
 And summon all thy wisdom now;
 And henceforth be thy name enhanced,
 Solve me this riddle,—if thou canst.

First, let thy mental vision see
 An infant on his mother's knee;
 Nestled in softness, watched with care,
 And hushed by love's unconscious prayer;
 Not yet responsive to the smile,
 The fingers' play, or tender wile;
 Not yet acquainted with the skies,
 Or light even of its mother's eyes;
 Thoughtless of heaven, though newly thence;
 Ungifted by each finer sense,
 Imperfect, perfect Innocence.

The bud into a blossom blown,
 Next view him into boyhood grown;
 Bright golden locks his brows adorn,
 His brave brows that outshine the morn.
 Clear honour glows upon his face,
 And strength about him strives with grace;
 Virtue is portion of his blood,
 And health instructs him to be good;
 All nature to his heart appeals,
 And every thing he sees, he feels;
 Her scenes committed to his mind,
 A smooth transparent surface find,
 Nor from the brittle mirror pass;
 So, pictures painted upon glass:
 All things to him are as they seem;

We doubt, nor wonder in a dream.
This weakness, honoured sage, forgive,
It dies more quickly than we live.

Behold this rich and festive hall,
Where daylight struggles to the wall,
Through gorgeous hangings closely drawn,
That would, but cannot, hide the dawn.
He sits alone,—by pleasure stung,
The empty goblet from him flung;
A busy fever in the vein,
A silent throbbing in the brain,
Madness at work and reason slain.
A portrait hangs above his head,
It lives in art, but *she* is dead.

Say, shall I o'er that moral dwell?
No, 'twere too long a tale to tell.
Poor pleasure's child is passion's slave,
Bound in the rosy chains she gave;
He too enjoys his hour;—too late
Comes wisdom, when it comes with fate.

Now mark the man of middle age,
Virtue his foe, and scorn his gage;
And well doth he the conflict wage.
See him, in conscious power secure;
Dispense injustice to the poor;
Hear how he doeth ill by stealth,
And from the needy draws his wealth,
With hand of grasping avarice,
That gives not once, and taketh twice;
Moved by a tiger soul within,
Spotted like the tiger's skin.
Hear from his lips the damning lie,
Long has his heart been hard, and long,
Though base, ere 'twas impelled to wrong;
But now, a new refinement found,
Ground into keenness, it can wound;
It feels not, but makes others feel;
The iron is refined to steel.

One scene, the last, is yet untold—
This infant, boy, and man, grown old;
Decrepitude his sole defence,
Gray hairs that claim no reverence;
All vice remembered, good forgot,
A fear to live, a dread to rot,
A horror of he knows not what.
So long was virtue out of call,
Vice is become habitual:
Custom so strong of doing ill,
It never asks the leave of will,
But acts,—still shifting the *until*.
And now Time bids him to begone,
And not that hoary power alone;
The dust begins her prey to crave,
The worm cries to him from the grave;
The dead accuse him from the tomb,—
The child rebukes him from the womb;
The past, the present, the to-come,
Point to his dark and silent home.
What refuge now? what compromise
Will now avail? what truth,—what lies?
What huddled penitence?—He dies!

Honour to him who largely lends,—
His good name is the loan of friends;
Praise be to all where'er 'tis due,
The quarry lends its marble too;
And praise to earth, whose mother's care
Has called him hence, and keeps him there.

Now then, thou sage philosopher,
If to the infant we recur,
And trace him through each onward stage,
To the long journey's end of age;
What by philosophy is found,
That reason may admit? expound.—

Tell me, was this unsullied child
From infancy to age beguiled?
Cozened by counters falsely played,
And to his dying hour betrayed;
The book of virtue interleaved,
And by the gloss of vice deceived?
Was this, or that, or what you will,
The active cause, the impulse still?
Say, is there some external sin,
That works into the heart within;
Did outward influence control,
Or was the bias in the bowl?

Why ponder? thou perhaps canst show,
More than to me was given to know;
Thou mayst unwind the stubborn mesh
That holds alike the soul and flesh;
Thou mayst with nicest skill define,
What error is, and what design;
And how, when virtues stagnant brood,
Evil is formed from weaker good,
As petrified by water, wood.

O fool! thy vain philosophy,
For heaven too low, for earth too high,
Like some dense fog that hangs between
The orb and the eternal sheen,
Darkens the earth whereon we dwell,
Till Heaven the cloudy mist dispel.
What wisdom, such as thine, can teach
Of each, or what is due to each?
One earnest prayer—one ray of faith,
One mind to all Religion saith,—
One heart, one hope, one conscious stay,—
Thy subtle folly melts away.
For earthly things is science given,
But Heaven is still the gift of Heaven.

From the same.

NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BRANNER.

GATHER, ye sullen thunder clouds;
Your wings, ye lightnings, wave,
Like Spirits bursting from their shrouds;

And howl, thou wild and dreary storm,
Like echoes of the grave,
Sounds of the brothers of the worm.

Ay, wilder still, ye thunders roll,
Ye lightnings, cleave the ground:
Ye cannot shake the Christian soul:

In God's high strength she sits sublime,
Though worlds were dust around;
Defying Chance, outliving Time.

From the same.

THE LONELY HEART.

BY SARAH STICKNEY.

They tell me I am happy—and
I try to think it true;
They say I have no cause to weep,
My sorrows are so few;
That in the wilderness we tread,
Mine is a favour'd lot;
My petty griefs all fantasies,
Would I but heed them not.

It may be so; the cup of life
Has many a bitter draught,
Which those who drink with silent lips
Have smiled on while they quaffed.
It may be so; I cannot tell
What others have to bear,
But sorry should I be to give
Another heart my share.

They bid me to the festive board,
I go a smiling guest,
Their laughter and their revelry
Are torture to my breast;
They call for music, and there comes
Some old familiar strain;
I dash away the starting tear,
Then turn—and smile again.

But oh! my heart is wandering
Back to my father's home,
Back to my sisters at their play,
The meadows in their bloom,
The blackbird on the scented thorn,
The murmuring of the stream,
The sounds upon the evening breeze,
Like voices in a dream;

The watchful eyes that never more
Shall gaze upon my brow,
The smiles—Oh! cease that melody,
I cannot bear it now!
And heed not when the stranger sighs,
Nor mark the tears that start,
There can be no companionship
For loneliness of heart!

From Johnstone's Edinburgh Magazine.

EXPERIENCES OF RICHARD TAYLOR, ESQ.; OR LIFE IN LONDON.

CHAP. II.—MARY ANNE'S HAIR.

HERE was not," I have said, "when I first it, a more comfortable household than that of David Moir, among the two hundred and fifty families, which then formed the mighty gate of the population of London."

My original acquaintance with my opposite neighbour, old Moir, was as a draught-player. As a first-rate hand, and some of his coun- in, in his name—for David had no idiotic ion—challenged London. A refugee French was, about the same time, my opponent ss. I learnt to beat my master, the Abbe, d Cairnbrogue retained undisputed ascen- . The cool, dry, easy, unconscious manner ich he beat me was infinitely irritating. e up the contest for victory; and our friend- was prosecuted upon a new principle. I t tell what David liked me for, or if he , at this time, much about me at all. He he first Scotchman of the old school that I ver known intimately. His phlegm; his amour; his accent, broad and yet sharp; his urns of phrase, indicating a manner of ht quite new to me; and a certain strain of I called antiquarianism, which ran through iscourse, gave him interest with me. He o book-man, though he had received the on good education of his country, but he from the part of the island where manners, , and modes of thinking, were some cen- older than those with which I was familiar.

David was a *Jacobite* in politics, and, more wonderful! a *Whig* in religion; but more a feudalist than either the one or the other. His greatest character on earth, next to the Pretender, but in many points, before him, was the LAIRD O' BRODIE. The Laird, as David definitely called him when our acquaintance ripened to intimacy—not Laird John, or James, or Robert, but THE BRODIE—the reigning potentate. Though David's trade, for thirty years, had been to escort bullion wagons from wharfs to banks, and carry about bills of exchange, and all manner of papers significant of scrip, omnium, &c., &c., London and the *prestige* of riches had scarcely lessened his hereditary impressions of feudal rank. The celebrated speech of the clanswoman to her husband in the cave—"Come out Donald and be hanged, and no anger the Laird!" would to David have sounded as sublime and pathetic. His insensibility to wealth may in part be accounted for by his very moderate participation in the profits of the bank. It is certain that his fortunate *millionaire* countryman and employer only appeared in David's eyes like a richer sort of Bailie of Forres, and the *establishment* only a larger kind of better-stocked shop. During the mornings David spoke of his employer as "the Master;" but in his hours of relaxation, his father's or uncle's old school-fellow uniformly diminished into the familiar, *Tam*. A certain portion of respect, regard, and Scottish affection established, David's anecdotes, strictures, and censures on his shrewd, vain, ostentatious, and lucky countryman, were free enough. He could partly understand, but never forgive, the court and aristocracy of London for visiting *Tam*, and partaking of his splendid shows, while David was morally certain, never one of them had yet paid their respects to our neighbour, Mrs. Gordon, the lame lieutenant's widow; and "a sister's daughter o' THE BRODIE."

Mr. Moir's original lodging in London, while hanging on looking out for employment, was a small back attic in the house he still inhabited, and which he has lately built anew from the foundation, with a handsome front, and three sashes a-row, the architectural glory of our lane. Among his many early difficulties and distresses, his original stock of £12 diminishing every day in spite of him, and no prospect of employment opening, David has often told me none ever pressed so hard as his old landlady—the aunt of his future wife—giving warning, not to himself, but to a cracked flute, on which, after reading (seated on his *kist*) a chapter in his Bible, he went to bray away the dinnerless dinner hour, with "O'er the Bogie," or "The Birks of Endermay," as the pensive or the comic muse chanced to preside over the hollow and hungry hour. Poor David, whose twin-born horrors, arising from London lodgings, were plunder and pollution, would have submitted to any thing rather than leave this attic-sanctuary of his purity, and of his good stock of wire-knit hose and coarse linen. To this cross lady's he had been recommended by a Scotch coachman of *Tam's* as an honest house.

"With my heart in my mouth," said David—and his mouth would have held one even fully as large as was his honest circulatory organ—"Wi' my heart in my mouth, I locked the bit whistle i' the kist, though all my comforter. I had another in this wilderness of brick and plaster. I could, by standing on the top of the kist, have a keek from my four-paned skylight of a green spot

This was the sort of maundering which formed interludes to those games which David carried off from me with such easy superiority, and which first drew my liking to *him*, while he "loved *me* that I did listen to him."

"O man," would he cry, warming up to cordial familiarity, "but a real hill does fill a body's heart. Could ye but see the Linns o' Dee, and there-away, where I once carried THE BRODIE'S gun when a youngster; or even our ain Forres Moss, where Macbeth met the witches, ye ken. It's nothing in the playhouse. I once threw three white shillings to the cocks for that nonsense. And if it were a blae misty day, the *rack* hanging low on the moor, and the whaups whistling, ye canna tell where, and the crack o' the Laird's gun, bursting out of the cluds as it were. Oh man!—"

Mr. David Moir had obtained a respectable footing with lane and landlady, and Banking-house, by the fifth year of his sojourn in London. Mrs. Nott's original contempt of his country was giving way in favour of the sober, steady, punctually-paying individual, though she still thought it concerned her dignity to resent every attempt that her lodger made to introduce Scottish habits and Scottish cookery into her back attic; and, though a rigid economist, to show a proper degree of contempt for his national *stinginess*.

The *smell* of certain dried little fishes of which David received an annual supply, was as offensive to her *nose* in his attic, as his flute had been to the *ears* of the whole neighbourhood; but chance averted a rupture. Lodging-house-keeping—though David did estimate highly the profits of Mrs. Nott, to which he contributed 3s. 9d. weekly—cannot, after all, be so lucrative a calling as lodgers generally imagine. They probably calculate as authors do with publishers, clients with agents, or day-boarders with those who feed

quarters, and with the aid of "a chest of drawers by day," rose to the rank of a parlour lodger. The room in which games were performed became the study of a thrifty Scotch bachelor's London; it was David's Sunday hat-box of rags, his draught-board; and lo! an arm-chair with a new bookcase over it, containing Burns was not yet familiar,) Blair, and Ross's Shepherdess, (if I don't remember the name,) all bought cheap, and encased in substantial calf-board. David could read everything and know everything in a cloth easy chair, presented to David by an old friend of rheumatism by an old and faithful friend, closely connected with the publishing world, whom he still familiarly called "the old man," and with whose eventful history he was perfectly familiar, completed his catalogue. Independent of the garniture pertained to Mrs. Nott; and, taken together, it showed a purpose of bachelorism, that though David was not surprised at the strange marriages, I was rather astonished with David's invitation to do him the honour to call on him to church.

The case was this. In spite of the prostrations of Scotch groat-gruel and poverty, poor old Mrs. Nott died one winter of a cough which had indeed attacked her for the twenty preceding seasons. Her executor, who was obliged to look after her affairs, was obliged to look after her affairs. Quitting his grandfather's moorland, he had not have been more distressing to him than was to the elderly thriving man to leave his now endeared by its "old, familiar" snug parlour-chamber. He could not leave his second-floor back apartment in London, his broken flute, and his draught-board.

such reliance," counselled Miss Penny (Penelope) Nott, in this crisis of her fate, to carry on the house, allowing his own claim over the furniture to run on at the ordinary interest.

Ladies have gained husbands in an incredible number of ways, if we may believe rumour. Mrs. Moir is alleged to have gained hers in a manner which, to me at least, in all my experiences, is perfectly original. I have heard of women billiarding, duetting, waltzing, hunting, boating, racing, gaming, versifying, mimicking, psalm-singing, sketching, nay, drinking themselves into good matches; but none who, like Miss Penny Nott, gained a husband by being taught by him to knit ribbed worsted hose. This accomplishment, which David had acquired while a herd in the heights of Morayshire, and which he still affectionately remembered in all its details, of the loop and the back-seam, and the rig-and-fur, though it had been nearly forty years in abeyance, he revived upon the reiterated instances of his maiden landlady, with whom he took tea as seldom as he civilly could avoid giving her inexperienced youth the solicited aid of his guiding counsel. There were many little hinges on which the affair finally turned, before David made up his mind to indict me to serve as bridesman.

Imprimis, There was the Bond over the furniture, which there was no prospect of ever being cancelled, save by such harsh measures as the gallant Scot never could have used to a woman. *Secondly*, The lease of the house was for sale, and a bargain. *Thirdly*, Miss Nott was really much more civil than her aunt, though David was not yet nearly so much at his ease with her as if her years had been threescore instead of two twenties. *Fourthly*, But this was scarce a motive, for David, never thinking evil of any one, was no close or keen observer of female manners. *Fourthly*, however, In twenty years he had regularly noted the maiden's annual visits to her deceased aunt, and she had always seemed a steady, solid, industrious, well-behaved young woman, "or elderly lass," with a taste for knitting worsted hose: and, *Finally*, and to crown all, and for ever determine David, when a *sugh* went abroad in our lane, and when Mrs. Baker tittered to Mrs. Chandler, and Irish Peg, the orange-woman, sniggered to Bob, the pot-boy, who carried in David's diurnal half-pint, he arose before me, in his mighty Norland wrath, and, slapping his thigh, gallantly vowed, "Nae virtuous maiden had e'er owed the scathe o' her good name to a man o' the House o' Cairnbrogue, and he should no' be the first."

Bravo, man of the mountains!

"Hail, Usages of ancient mould,
And Ye that guard them, Mountains old!"

Cairnbrogue, my readers are to know, was the some hundred acres of stone and heather which my friend's ancestors had rented from the Brodie, or some other northern chief, for a few centuries. The House, of which he was the English representative, must have meant, if meaning it had, the wretched black, straggling hut, combining dwelling and long cow byre, which was pitched about the lowland outskirts of that barren holding.

"No that I cared a —, for my own part, for their clish-ma-claver,"—as David, who, on occa-

sion, would crack his fingers, and swear in a moderate way, afterwards said to me, in referring to those laughing gossips; who assuredly could not have believed their own scandal, and whose roguish malice was very probably stimulated by David's profound stolidity of aspect and demeanour, and the indescribable air of prudery which, as a young lady of a certain age, acting in the matron's office of lodging-letting, distinguished my friend Miss Penny; particularly when she impressed David's sturdy arm into the rather reluctant service of escorting her to hear some favourite divine at his Presbyterian chapel.

But I am impatient to get to my god-daughter, my little Mary Anne, the "Sally of our alley," "The Venus of Trotterdown Hill," and must make shorter work than Miss Nott might approve, with the ceremonial of her wedding-day.

I still remember with what resentment I heard my country-woman secretly explain, and apologize to me for marrying a Scotsman. She, Essex-born, and salt-marsh bred, to wed with a man of the heathery mountains.—"It was so odd, but such things were ordained to happen, and she hoped would turn out for the best."

It indeed turned out remarkably well. For the encouragement of all couples who begin wedded life with a very slender stock of love, passionate and undiluted, I am bound to say that I have seldom known a more comfortable union, according to the fifth degree on my scale matrimonial. I am afraid David never was a lover at all, at least of Miss Penny, much less an ardent one, though the poor man did his very best to assume the certain requisite grimaces in his bridegroom state; and sung Tullochgorum, The Ewie with the Crooked horn, and many jovial Scotch songs at the wedding supper. On the hint of Mrs. Chandler, he bought and presented his bride a certain Paisley shawl. A Carngorum brooch was a relative idea; not that David would have grudged to do so, but the thing never occurred to him. "He had little skill of the women folk" he owned, and he ever remained a singularly undemonstrative husband in outward show and small attentions, though what is usually called a dutiful and an affectionate one.

My new friend, Mrs. Moir, bore David's *rugarity* fully better than I at first expected. Perhaps she loved him not the less for that "quantity," which, as she informed me, she had to endure from his awkward habits. These were all placed against Scotland and his accent, which remained most undisguisedly Scotch, and provincially Moray. To counterbalance those severe domestic hardships came the esteem in which David was held by his employers of the Bank—the cancelled bond—the better income—the approbation of Messieurs Baker and Chandler, and their ladies; the witty congratulations of Irish Peg, and the grins of Pot-Bob; together with the regard of myself, the philosopher, and of Harvey, the fine gentleman of our lane. It was a satisfactory union. To increase its delights, the Banking-house, on the marriage-cake being presented to a lady connected with the establishment, by the address of Mrs. Moir, spontaneously, in a forenoon fit of laughing good humour, raised David's salary thirty pounds. My thrifty, disinterested friend, no more thought of plotting for an increase than of lavishing his superfluous cash; that is to say, all his income above one guinea

a-week, to which David, on his marriage, raised his expenditure—the House going on as before, under the active management of his wife.

I never had more occasion to admire David than on this advance of salary. He was told that he owed it to the lady, whose generosity, beauty, and blandishments, though all had been tried, had never yet been able to shake his fealty, or withdraw him from his original allegiance to his old friend *Cookey*; and informed that he must go in his Sunday suit to thank her. I can conceive the wry faces and contortions of repugnance our Man of the House of Cairnbrogue must have made when this wish was signified to him. Though he had a proper respect for £30 a-year additional, or rather for twelve shillings save some fractions a-week—for David rather counted by weeks than years—nothing could induce him to commit what he considered an act of treachery to his old friend, and of personal degradation to himself.

"Tam got into a tantrum," David afterwards told me, when talking of this affair. "He thinks a' the world should be as be-glamoured by his glory and his gold, and his eedol, that cuttie — as he is himself, poor auld ne'er-do-well; and lightlie his lawful wife and her bonny bairntime: —"

I must not go into the particulars of David's tale. The Kirk had laid on him, however it fares with his richer expatriated countrymen,

The strong hand of her discipline;

Religion had given him high moral principles; feudalism—yes feudalism—clanship—in spite of my philosophy I must own it—warm and grateful social ones; though they might not always be the most enlightened or expansive that philosophy may imagine.

"I slept little that night," continued David. "There was poor Penny, three weeks after marriage, lying snoringly laighly beyond me, little dreaming what was hanging over us. If I had been a single man, I could have ta'en a knot of ropes and gone to the wharf; and I had character enough left to get me a porter's ticket in a city and neighbourhood, where I have lived upwards of thirty years. But what would Penny say to that? It's an auld tale in my country-side, Mr. Taylor, that a man will never thrive unless his wife let him; but I have an odd notion that it is still more difficult for him (especially if in office like me) to be an honest man unless the wife say yea, bauldly. It would have gone to my heart, too, to have eaten another man's bread than Tam's. Auld sinner as he is, we had been lang acquaint. I think I drank an extra pint next night, when there was never another word about it from him; and sang 'O'er Bogie,' and ne'er let on to Penny. Wives shouldna ken a' thing, Mr. Taylor. Ye'll find that out when ye come to marry."

If my readers have not now some tolerable notion of my little Mary Anne's progenitor, I am sorry for it; for I can spend no longer time on David. Never was a child more welcome or more valuable to her parents in their humble way than my pretty god-daughter. It was Mary Anne's dawning smiles that first cordially introduced David to his new fire-side, and made him feel at home, after having, for eighteen months,

left his old chamber above stairs, and sat opposite Miss Penny. It was she that even taught him to conquer the habit of calling his wife by that unmatronly name. The personal identity of the middle-aged, staid couple was soon lost in that of the little stranger. Mrs. Moir now first found for her husband the satisfactory denomination, mingling respect with familiar affection, of "My Mary Anne's Pa," and David converted his blundering "Miss Penny" into "Our bit lassie's mother."

I think it went a great way to convert David from Jacobitism, which, however, had waxed dim of itself, that my god-daughter, by what both her parents, and all the females of our alley thought a marvellous coincidence, was born on the birthday of the Princess Charlotte. Mrs. Moir, in particular, could never have done admiring the good luck which predicted some extraordinary stroke of good fortune to "the Princess," which became one of my many caressing names for little Mary Anne.

David Moir was a poor, unlettered, vulgar Scotsman, a porter to C. & Co.—I was a broken merchant—a chagrined, pitied, baffled, and thrown-out man of the world; an oddity, a crazy humourist, something of an early scholar, and betraying a touch of the new philosophy; yet we two spent many tolerably happy evenings together; at least when Mrs. Moir, grown more notable and active than ever, now that she "had a family to provide for," left us alone, with the draught-board, and the nursing of Mary Anne. The child, though merely a delicious, diamond-edition of my friend, and indeed, so like him as to provoke her mother for the honour of Essex beauty, was really a very pretty creature; or, perhaps, she was only the first child I had ever watched as it grew. Perhaps she was not beautiful, not even pretty, after all. It was, I acknowledge, impossible to reduce any mouth in imitation of friend David's to the size or curvature of the lips of either loves, nymphs, or graces. But his daughter had his mild and meaning Scotch eyes—not bright but ever ready to kindle "like fire to heather set"—a lovely, pure skin, and sweet dimples; and for her David's bunches of carrots (now frosted) were refined in some alembic of the graces, till, in her third year, they flowed in redundant Ossianic tresses of "paly gold," over her little ivory shoulders, and down to her (not yet) clipsome waist. No shears were permitted to approach those precious ringlets. Mrs. Baker, with her lace-capped little ones, might wonder, and Mrs. Chandler protest and remonstrate; David was inflexible on this one point, and Mrs. Moir willing to be forced to honour and obey; so they hung down to the ledges of the pew on Sundays, to the admiration of the whole Caledonian congregation of London Wall:—or David thought so, which was the same thing.

From October to March, in one year, this little maid regularly made a third at our draught-board, seated on her father's knee: who, between crowning and capturing, would still clumsily fondle or dandle the pouting or smiling child to the romance of "the Lord o' Gordon's three bonny daughters," or the heroic strain of "the Red Harlaw,"—and sometimes in the plenitude of his admiration, and simplicity of his heart, break off to ask me if she was not as bonny as a Flander's babie; while I, from a sound conscience, protested

that she was ten times prettier than the most resplendent of the beauties specified—Dutch Dolls, to wit.

“And, O! Mr. Richard, and what a terrible town to bring up a lassie in!” would David then sigh, and resume his *crooning* lullaby about the indifference to rank, and the power of love over “the bonnie Jeanie Gordon.”

In our first approaches to anything resembling demonstrative affection, the advances were all on Mary Anne’s side, of which I never failed to remind her. This, as she grew up, she heard with maidenly smiles and blushes of the purest good-humour, until one unlucky day in her eighteenth year, when conscience made my raillery glance sharply aside,—stamping her small foot in sudden passion, while the glow of her eyes and cheeks scorched up the bursting tears of love, pride, shame, and resentment, and indignantly repelling my implied suspicion, she clasped her knit fingers across her brows, exclaiming—

“You insult and wrong me, Mr. Taylor; I did **THAT**,—but I would die!—die ten thousand times, sooner than care for any one who did not first care for me!” Poor little Mary Anne—*care* was her maidenly substitute for the obnoxious word, *love*, which she would not, in her own case, have used honestly for the world. Alas! she did not feel it the less. *One* was her word for *man*, or rather for:—but no matter—her secret was still safe with me. I could only sigh, and, with a slight variation, repeat old David’s ejaculation of fifteen years before: “O, what a world to bring up a lassie in!”

I must glance back on these fifteen years—before that world, with its turbulent scenes and troubled passions, came to disturb us; and when Mary Anne, unprompted, remembered me in her baby prayers, and dispensed to me the good-night kiss, which that good, industrious woman, her mother, partly grudged, as something going out of the family, and partly resented as an indecorum in *Miss*, as she called the child. How I came to love this little thing better than other children, and even than my own nieces, may be simply accounted for by her being much in my way, exceedingly ingratiating, very fond of myself; and, above all, that her mother being kept off by her continual housewifery, no one, not even a nursemaid, interfered to check and restrain the free course and interchange of our affection, by the peremptory observance of nursery etiquette, curtsies, and pretty behaviour. Nothing like free trade! There was yet another reason: I had not much, indeed I had no experience of children’s characters; but compared with the romps, Missies, fine little fellows, and frugiverous, or tart-loving monsters whom I usually saw, my own god-daughter possessed, as I imagined, great talents, and uncommon natural sensibility; and was already, in her little mould of woman, an exquisitely feminine creature—a living thing, by which, without interfering in any way with her education, I might test the educational theories of Rousseau, which I was studying about this time.

I hope my friends will not believe that I was in the smallest degree influenced in my studies by the imperial ordinance of the dashing dame of my brother’s broker, who laid her commands upon me “to throw my ideas together on female education, as she certainly did mean, if possible, to retire to the Isle of Wight, or some quiet watering place, say Worthing—to take *Miss Edge-*

worth with her, (books meant,) and give herself up the whole season to forming the characters of her twins, Charlotte Victoria and Victoria Charlotte.” I heard all with the profound bow that became one so honoured.

This lady, by name Mrs. Pantague, was, according to my sister Anne, one of my especial female pets. She still says this was because the lady wished to patronize me.—I deny that; but I own I did the woman, at one time, the honour of giving her a very respectable share of my ill-temper; while contempt was all she really merited. There was something in her hard, undaunted, unquestioning assumption of superiority in her circle, that was infinitely irritating, in some of my old moods. It was my misery, at first, not to be able to feel her insignificance—or, if I ever did, her cool unconscious audacity again threw me out. In our social contests, she, the fine lady of her clique, had the advantage of being cased in the hide of a buffalo; while my thin cuticle might be likened to gold-beater’s leaf, barely covering the raw integuments. This Mrs. Pantague, whom I allowed to be an occasional tormentor for some years, though only the daughter of a Bath hotel-keeper, and the wife of a stock-broker, might have gained high fame as a Dutchess, had she achieved that enviable rank. Her consequence, and her *inconsequence*—(I cannot English it)—her *hauteur*, her apparently unconscious audacity, her total disregard and contempt, or, perhaps, ignorance of the feelings of others—her love of show and expense, and the active energy of her style of dissipation might have adorned the highest circles. They made her the wonder of her own. The woman really had talents. She was mischievous, not *insignificant*. She would, in the mood, have won your pity for the severe hardships to which she, hard-working woman, was exposed, in spending double her husband’s income; and she certainly believed herself entitled to universal sympathy and admiration, for the magnanimity and spirit with which she bore up under the continual fatigue of rounds of engagements, with the third-rate great people, to whom reversing the common rule, she made her way by audacity, and afterwards held her place by obsequiousness.

We shall meet again.—In the meantime, the porter’s load of works on education, which she unhesitatingly ordered to our lane from a fashionable bookseller’s shop, was the accidental means of turning my thoughts into the channel she had indicated. My friends will not believe me so simple, nor yet so very humble, as to have exposed in her drawing-room the precious ideas on female education of “that clever, odd creature, Richard Taylor; the particular friend of B—, and of C—.” In such circles, a literary man, as they called me, like a suspicious bill, always, I have remarked, requires, at least, two indorsers. I could not expose my precious parcel of ideas to the ridicule of being paraded for three days among the other show-boards of Mrs. Pantague’s drawing-room—to be afterwards overlaid by its rubbish of fashionable novels, vulgar caricatures, and tawdry trinketry. I did, however, admire the idea, not an uncommon one among ladies, of forming character in a season like an asparagus bed,—but that, I believe, takes several successive seasons; and having returned Mrs. Pantague’s books, I got a Rousseau and Miss Edgeworth of my own; and while Mrs. Hannah More was writing for the

benefit of her Princess, Mr. Richard Taylor was cogitating less anxiously for the good of his own equally beloved one.

Chance sent mine something better than a mitred tutor; since Mary Anne's empire was, I hoped, to be over a few devoted hearts, and many affectionate and attached ones.

I never saw, save at the interview when she was bequeathed to my friendship, the Sœur Agathe—the exiled nun, the sister of my old friend, the refugee Abbe La Martine.—Blessings on the French tongue!—and on my own imperfect knowledge of it—for many a happy hour it has provided for me during my metropolitan pilgrimage!—Many years before this time an act of common civility, or of common humanity to a foreigner in distress, gained for me, owing solely to my slight knowledge of French, the friendship of the good Abbe. I had afterwards been able to procure him some teaching in the city. It was in vain that I attempted to dissuade him from joining in the mad expedition to Quiberon Bay. He devoted himself to destruction with his eyes open; for Agathe sanctioned, blessed the enterprise.

I shall never upbraid myself for the vulgarity of those associations which made me feel shocked when I first saw the sister of my friend. But one always imagines a nun beautiful, and, at least, not very old. She was very old, very small, very pale—of a figure originally slight, and now almost etherealized, by rigorous fasts, and the rigid exercise of her rule of devotion. Republican as I am sometimes accused of being, I could not help venerating the exalted sentiment of loyalty and piety which animated those heavenly-minded beings—catholics, bigots, infatuated royalists as they were. Why is it that the shrine of the False Oracles so often allures the purest and most fervent worshippers?

I shall never forget the figure of the aged nun, bending to receive from her brother, who was many years younger than herself, the priestly benediction; or the look of almost inspiration with which, without one tear, or a faltering accent, she sent him, the servant of the Cross, forth in the strength of the Cross, to battle for his Prince with the Sword. I could have envied, while I pitied, her enthusiasm; and, as it was, I peevishly thought, When will the cause of MANKIND inspire women with kindred sentiments? Is hero-worship the natural destiny of man till it degenerate into doting superstition like this, which still throws illusion around the degenerate, grovelling, and sensual race of St. Louis?

We never learned how La Martine fell. He perished in some obscure mountain skirmish in La Vendée.

Long after this event it required all my address and influence to prevail with Mrs. Moir to allow Sister Agathe the miserable shelter of one of her attics, though at a fair stipend. She, the gentlest and most benevolent of God's creatures, was disliked as a Frenchwoman—and, moreover, an old Frenchwoman—(Mrs. Moir had never before seen an old specimen)—as a Papist, a nun, and an odd sort of a body, who saw no one; never quitted her chamber; wore a strange black garb; and gained a miserable living by weaving cushion-face.* That I carried the point, was not so much

from being Mary Anne's god-father, and the gentlest of David's personal friends, as that my friend Harvey was exhibiting symptoms of being more than usually sensible of the drawing-room smoking.

The curiosity of childhood, and the sense of the marvellous and mysterious, soon led my god-daughter to slip up the stairs stealthily, and scratch at the yielding door of Sister Agathe's garret. The sweetly modulated voice, the winning smile, and natural courtesy of the nun, captivated the opening affections of Mary Anne, who ran to her on every opportunity, caught her language and her manner, and gradually became, what the solitary *religieuse* must have felt, even sinfully dear.

Mary Anne's first trials—and I have no doubt but they were most grievous ones to a girl of her sensibility—arose from the prejudices of her mother, and her rudeness to this poor nun. Mrs. Moir, though partly sensible of the advantages the little girl derived from the instructions of Agathe, grudged the over-payment of the child's vehement and even passionate affection for the nun. Poor Mary Anne! It was even thus early her misfortune to love too thoughtlessly, and too well, and to suffer for it.

Mrs. Moir would, as she told me, have grudged nothing in reason by the month, or quarter, or lesson, for the child's education: she could, thank God! pay in money; but no Frenchwoman should dare to steal her daughter's affections from her. Sister Agathe had often, before this, secretly mingled her tears with those of her affectionate pupil, and long before she could summon resolution to acquaint me that her duty required that she should leave this house, again to go forth among strangers and heretics. This she did not say. She blamed no one. It was Irish Peg's scolding accost at the head of the lane, and Mary Anne's tear-stained face, that first acquainted me with this odious domestic persecution. Peg, a generous Tipperary vixen, (or *randy*, as David called her) and a true Catholic, was the thorough-going friend of the friendless nun, not the less, perhaps, that she cordially detested Mrs. Moir, and did not understand a word of French.

My expostulatory conversation with the worthy lady of David, showed me English prejudice, as it existed in female bosoms in the last generation, in all its narrowness and rankness. On a patient cross-examination, I found that Agathe's only faults were the black garb and close coif-veil of her order; untidiness (sometimes) implied by certain spots on her floor, which were a dreadful affliction to Mrs. Moir's fidgety neatness; and, above all, the occasional visits of Irish Peg. If the Irish woman could have ascended by wings, she might at first have been forgiven, but her steps necessarily fell on the stair's-carpet; and though the poor orange-woman, in reverence of English niceness, sometimes actually stole up stairs in what she called her "vamps," that was no excuse; since it was correctly imagined that

orders, whose rapacity for a bargain, knowing how my wares came, often enraged and disgusted me. Peg's customers lay among small green-grocers, pot-housekeepers' wives, and hucksters driving a brisk trade; who, if they coveted a bit of real *Wallenchines*, never grudged to pay freely and even generously for it. I must make a chapter of my lace trade. It brought me in contact with many strange female propensities.

*Irish Peg and myself became disinterested agents for the disposal of this delicate commodity to ladies, and families of inferior degree. My fair customers lay among the better

she had no good tale to rehearse at the end of her journey, though one of which, haply, the nun comprehended not a word. The humour of the landlady fell somewhat, when I calmly pointed out to her the injury she was inflicting on her child; but it rose again when I fairly acquainted her that the aged sister of my dear friend, La Martine, should remain the inmate of no house where she was not treated with every respect. This was pushing matters to an extreme on which the lady had not counted.

"Let her go"—she exclaimed, with the hyena-laugh of malignant feelings—"a blest riddance. Had it not been to oblige you, Sir—" But Mary Anne, a silent and most anxious listener, started from her stool, crying—

"And if Agathe go, then Mary Anne goes!" And the child burst into tears. This sally, in a creature so gentle and docile, and the still more generous feeling it expressed, provoked the mother, who violently and repeatedly struck her child before I could interfere. I could have knocked the woman down, had I not been better engaged in shielding within my arms my dear little god-daughter, whom I kissed, and pressed to my heart as if for the first time, and have loved ever since with a new love, the sudden growth of that moment; a passion which I may say rivals in tenderness, and has exceeded in anxiety, the paternal affection of old David himself.

I was but too happy to restore the general peace on terms rather favourable, at last, for Mary Anne and her amiable *Bonne*; that is, if the other contracting party kept faith—which she did not. It is a trait of my countrywoman, who was too English, too proud, and, according to her light, too honest to accept of gratuitous service from the despised poor, that on this Friday, and many future days, she commissioned her daughter, who, at ten years old, had ten times her sense, and a thousand times her delicacy, to carry to the thin etherealized French recluse a huge slice of plum pudding! Mary Anne either swallowed as much as she could herself, or dexterously conveyed such rations to Irish Peg,—too delicate to expose her mother, or, as she imagined, to affront her tutoress, whose refusal of such gifts, however polite, would have mortally offended the insular power. I am afraid that these little concealments, practised for the most amiable purpose, laid the foundation of future evil in the naturally ingenuous mind of my god-daughter. But before this went too far she had lost the beloved and revered friend of her infancy. Let me recall them on this evening of the general pacification. It forms an era in the history of our Princess.

The window of my second-floor bed-chamber, and the window of Sister AGATHE's attic stood at right angles; for nurse Wilks's is a stately three-storied pile. Lovers might have held intercourse and friends with long arms might have shaken hands across the angle of nine or ten feet. When I wished at any time to have a lattice conference with my Princess, I had only to draw up my casement. For the first twelve years of her life, Mary Anne, if within sight or ear-shot, ever obeyed the signal. On this sunshiny evening—sunshine after storm in heaven and in our lane—up went my casement to catch the breeze from the unseen river, and up sprang Sister Agathe's. What could be prettier than the home picture it revealed! The happy little maid, now all smiles,

sitting within the muslin screen, and the embowering mignonette, singing, and tossing about her lace-bobbins with the indescribable *petillante* air of a French girl, and anon stopping to nod or kiss her hand to "*le bon, petit Monsieur Taylor*," while, retiring from view, the nun kept fondly brushing out those luxuriant golden tresses, disturbed from their now usual conventual neatness of arrangement by the tempestuous day we had passed: and over her attenuated form towered the broad face and broad grins of Peg Plunkett, come openly to sing *Te Deum* for Mrs. Moir's defeat.

I could not conclude my first chapter more happily than with this view of the three leading female characters of our lane; and while the evil influences that were darkening around my god-daughter were still but faintly shadowed.

[To be continued.]

From the same.

SCOTTISH DISCREETNESS.

WHATEVER qualities may be denied, or grudgingly allowed to our nation, no one disputes our eminent, if not exclusive possession of *discreetness*, by which the discretion of the English is never meant—and the Irish have nothing in either kind. The qualities we have in common with other nations, though we are allowed to possess a larger share, are courage, fidelity, temperance, prudence, and (questionable?) hospitality. Of *discreetness* we have the monopoly, though our neighbours will scarcely permit this pervading quality a place among the positive virtues. A writer, whose name we cannot give, deals with it and our national character with, upon the whole, tolerable fairness and liberality. Our *discreetness*, according to him, is a very complex and heterogeneous quality. "It is extended generally over the whole Scottish character,—not merely for the purpose of using prosperity with moderation, or of observing secrecy with fidelity, but for many other ends of national convenience.

"A man is recommended as a lover, because he is 'a discreet lad.' Now it is not in order that the Caledonian lassie should trust him o'er muckle, or abandon herself beyond the bounds of prudence to him—for she too is a *discreet* lass—but because a *discreet* lad will be a *discreet* husband, and take good care of the main chance. He will also use *discretion* in everything connected with their mutual interests. However they may differ at home, he will be discreet enough not to let the report go abroad. If he err for a moment, he will be too discreet to let his wife know it; and 'what the eyes don't see, the heart cannot grieve at;' or, as the Italian says, '*Peccato relato e mezzo perdonato*.'

Sandy and Sandy's wife are liable to frailties; but they are aye o'er discreet to trouble their neighbours about it. Generally they are good domestics and excellent matrimonial characters: and when they are not so, why they 'make believe,' as the children say.

Again, the Caledonian loves the bottle in moderation, and would give and take good cheer if in his power: but he is too discreet to be caught in scrapes like English or Irish ruffians and rakes of fashion. He slips awa, aye *discreetly*; and

never quarrels about paying the reckoning, as Pat *indiscreetly* does. He's too well-bred to dispute about treating, too discreet to outrun the constable, and too cautious to let the constable outrun him. He is too moderate to be a laughing-stock in his cups, and too honest to pay the reckoning 'with a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green,' which is sometimes said to be Pat's way of *clubbing* for the bill.

The word discreet, again, applies even to his loyalty: for he is too discreet to expose the honour of his country, go where he will; he would not affront auld Caledonia, nor affront himself for "a' the world." The laugh seldom goes against Sandy, or, if it does, it is when he finds his interest or humour in the thing. The West Briton, the Cambrian, the country bumpkin, let out their ignorance, and make their blunders in town; but if Sandy let out his seeming ignorance, it is to the best advantage.

Sandy's love for his country often keeps him dumb, for fear of bringing discredit on his native *toon* and his native tongue; but he makes up for his silence and reserve by keen observation and by diligent listening, both of which he turns to his own account in future, and to the honour and benefit of his *natale solum*. In praising, he is no niggard, for there he runs no risk: but in condemning, in innovating, in rallying he is very prudent. In advice he is cautious also, for there great *discretion* is necessary; and a *discreet* body never gives gratuitous advice—never ventures on this most slippery ground, without being sure of receiving the meed of praise, or the remuneration of service.

The Caledonian is seldom satirical, because he is too steady and discreet to be mercurial; he has more *d'plomb* than many, and he has good sense to know that "a wit's a feather." He has judgment enough to be aware that a wag has few friends, and perhaps deserves but few; for he spares neither friend nor foe in his rage for playing upon his companions—in his ambition of eclipsing his fellow-men.

The discretion of Sandy aye leads him to feel his way ere he broach a new opinion—ere he ventures on a subject which may be hazardous in a general mixed company. So cautious, so cool, so quiet is the Caledonian in leading, so modest in remark, that it is alleged a Scotsman who once saw a house on fire, only ventured to say, 'I strongly *suspect*' something combustible about the dwelling! If a man in company commit himself, so as to talk like a maniac, and to deliver sentiments offensive to all around, Sandy would 'strongly *suspect*' that the gentleman was in a mistake.

This discreetness (as he sometimes calls it) does not proceed from timidity, but from circumspection; for, to be taken by surprise is what a good General always avoids; and although his heart and hand are as firm and as kind as any man's, you must give the countersign before he open either, and, when applied to, 'he will take a thought,' before he answer you; and, as the Scot is gifted with second-sight, another man's second-thought becomes twice two—his fourth reflection.

Seldom or never is Sandy severe at the expense of a countryman, more for fear of libelling old Scotland than of affronting the man. To turn a Scot into ridicule is coming too near home: it might, by a *ricochet*, and by a recoiling action, light upon himself. Nay more, he honestly dislikes the measure, and feels for his country brother as for himself. However, when he sees the

vein of humour run that way—when the tide is so strong that he cannot stem it so as to keep a brother above water, he will, which, by-the-by, is very amiable, very cunningly take the Caledonian in his own hands, for fear he should be more roughly used by a stranger.

A Scottish recruit once joined the army at Bombay; and, when we say a Scottish recruit, we mean a green-horn of an officer. He was troubled with a cutaneous distemper, of what nature matters not; and (as he had heard of the thing in India) he complained of the prickly heat. The English and Irish officers laughed; and the surgeon looked quizzing-like. Sandy M'Gregor, an officer of rank present, had a feeling for the young man, (who afterwards turned out a most valuable officer,) and he was apprehensive lest he should be too much played upon by the young ones. He therefore took the joke upon himself, and took his countryman in his own hands, in order to turn off all national reflections. 'I strongly suspect,' said the veteran, 'that you brought that heat a' the way from Speyside; but young lads are aye sleeping in strange beds instead of keeping *discreetly* at home.' This was completely averting the shaft of ridicule; and every one was disappointed, except the recruit, who received a favour and a useful lesson at the same time."

From Tail's Edinburgh Magazine.

WEST COUNTRY EXCLUSIVES.

WITH Prince Muskwa Puckler, and other travellers of like note, we hold it a mistake to imagine that *Exclusivism*,—or the principle of keeping others without a certain pale, and boasting of being within ourselves, while we scramble for it,—is to be found only in what is termed Fashionable Life, and among persons of high station. The *Exclusives*, properly so called,—those who enjoy the privilege of dancing in Willis's Rooms, and dining and gaming at Crockford's, or the more select clubs,—form, after all, but the inner circle of a concentric series, which, somewhat like chain-mail, link within or approaching link, covers the entire surface of British society, save the few dark depths unpenetrated by the feeblest ray of the sun of Fashion. The proper order of Metropolitan Exclusives we accordingly hold to be merely the sun of a system continually revolving with and around that central sphere. "Human nature is every where the same," say the sages. It is but a difference in mode which exists between the Countess of G——, snatching a crow-quill from a golden standish, and, by concurrence of the patroness, remorselessly dashing off the sentence of exclusion which dooms to disappointment and despair the Honourable Mrs. H—— and her fair *debutante* of the season, and Maggy Mucklebucket, who, having attained the respectability of dealing in haddocks and flounders, in the amplitude of her yellow petticoats looks disdain on draggle-tailed Nanse Prawns, who, she contemptuously observes, in passing, "will never get aboon the mussel line. *Property* is, as in the latter case, one element of Exclusivism, though it is often the least essential one.

The aristocratic Exclusives certainly possess some advantages over the less prominent species of the Order. They have a better marked line of

demarcation, and a narrower frontier to defend, guarded, too, by many artificial bulwarks, unknown in the open champaign or great levels of society. In provincial situations, and even in such towns as Bath, York, and Edinburgh, the defences are, from natural and obvious causes, far less impregnable than in London. Again, in these localities where there is a class of gentry and another of professional people, the danger of the caste immediately below breaking through the out-works, and either sapping and mining or forcing their way forward, is not nearly so great as in such places as Birmingham, Liverpool, and Glasgow, where the professional section is closely dependent upon the commercial division; and where there are few or no gentry. But this is again counterbalanced by the great traffickers and manufacturers of the trading towns, *keeping out* the smaller fry of dealers and tradesmen.

The Central Exclusives,—those whose headquarters is in the metropolis, possess another immense advantage over all provincialists, from acting in combination and as one compact alert body, whose decision is law, and whose laws are like those of the Medes and Persians. The Central Exclusives—those of Almacks and the Clubs—form, in fact, the best organized Union in the three kingdoms.

But if it be a mistake to believe that Exclusivism is confined to a small section among the higher ranks, it is equally so to imagine that the *Exclusives* are a new sect, though, we confess, they have of late become more active, and prominent, from having been compelled to stand to their guns by the incessant inroad of the *millionaires*, and other poachers and unqualified persons. We have no doubt that the body may be traced to the Conquest, when the Norman *Exclusives* banished the Saxon pretenders. We see them distinctly acting in concert ever after the Restoration; and in the reign of George II., we find from the letters of Horace Walpole, (a choice member of the society,) and other great authorities, that they were formally incorporated. Then was laid the foundations of Almack's Society, and then we first perceive the origin of high play in the private apartments of the fair leaders of the *Exclusives*.

Of the Exclusives of the higher caste, we have had quite enough for some years, in their oracles, the fashionable novels. The minor *Exclusives*,—those of the infinite gradations of the middle rank, who occupy the smaller towns, and the genteel villages, are more fertile and amusing, as well as a more novel subject of study.

Into the high central class there is clearly no forcing way, though the entrance may sometimes be yielded to immense wealth, and to brilliant talent, if found in foreign artists capable of adroit flattery; but in such small places as Bath, military and professional Exclusives, and those of the inferior gentry, will often be seen to approach and amalgamate; though even there the "monied interest" is not permitted to intrude too far, at least not *en masse*, upon the military and aristocratic order. Exceptions which may be noted every day, rather confirm than disprove the general rule. Temporary vogue will carry a man forward, and in some localities a blue or red ribbon, and in others an alderman's chain, will at once invest the fortunate wearer with the Brahminical string, and entitle him to the privileges of the highest caste in his immediate neighbourhood.

Many minor considerations affect the principle of

Exclusivism. Space is an important element. A man who has made his fortune by sugar and rum in Jamaica has many fewer obstacles to contend with than an equally rich distiller or sugar-refiner at home. The reason is obvious. Numbers in this, as in every other condition of human affairs, modify the principle of *Exclusivism*. It can act with force and entire independence only where people are congregated in considerable masses. Hence the London barristers, as a body, *exclude* the inferior order of attorneys; while in Dublin and Edinburgh, the counsellors and solicitors, the advocates and W.S.s, take their toddy together on pretty familiar and equal terms, agreeing only to keep out, to *exclude*, the tradesmen and shopkeepers. Professional Exclusivism admits of some few exceptions in favour of commerce. A man who deals in bank notes and bills—who keeps a money shop, in short—however considered by the higher aristocracy, is always held as an equal by the gentlemen of the learned professions, though the military order may frequently question his claims. There are two remarkable exceptions allowed among traffickers. Those who deal in wines and in books, if not quite in rank, come next in order to the professional Exclusives of the learned faculties, and are freely admitted into their society, particularly if they game and give dinners. Gentlemen farmers formed another exception during the era of war-prices and yeomanry cavalry; while bakers, butchers, shoemakers, haberdashers, &c. &c. &c., cannot arise even by the aid of great wealth and Esquireship, or absolute retirement from business. They may purchase estates, and become squires, and marry women "of condition;" but the way in which their money was acquired must exclude at least that generation. Their gold smells of the shop.

The whist-table and reading-room Exclusives of such small places as Lichfield or Huntingdon, Dumfries or Inverness, are often compelled to give way, on account of their limited numbers, though no exclusives whatever are more zealous and clamorous in defending the barriers, than those of small towns blessed with a "genteel society." In such localities, the fantastic tricks of this Proteus principle, become most amusing,—the admission of the curate, and the exclusion of the schoolmaster; the welcome to the poor surgeon, and the denial to the rich apothecary; the all-hail to the gay half-pay officer, and the rebuff to the smart haberdasher,—beget exquisite scenes; especially when the interest is complicated by the apothecary having married the niece of the rector, and the haberdasher being betrothed to the sister of the surgeon.

In brief, we hold that this country is as thickly studded with Exclusive circles, as is the sky with stars in a frosty night; and that the only difference between them—magnitude and lustre—is frequently delusive.

It would be an endless task to examine how the circumfluent, and converging bodies of Exclusives affect each other. Their broad distinctions we have pointed out. But thousands of minute ramifications are to be traced. Thus the pretensions to Exclusivism are locally affected by the town, street, dwelling, and the floor thereof, occupied by an aspirant. The pew in church, in which a fair Exclusive in a small town may sit, becomes relatively as important as the box of an Exclusive dutchess in the Opera-House. Good birth, added to the wealth of Cræsus, would not, at this day,

sustain for one season the pretensions of a fashionable family who lived in the Canongate, or Cowgate, though here resided the court, the nobility and gentry of Scotland—and though the mansions are the same, and the breath of Heaven smells as woefully as ever. The Exclusives of Russell Square are, in their rule, quite as rigid against the denizens of Thames Street, as are the more brilliant society of Grosvenor Square.*

Exclusiveness, though not a more firmly established principle among women than men, is certainly more active in its demonstrations among the sex. The *status* of the wife is, as in all other cases, fixed by the rank of the husband; but there are many peculiarities influenced by the present condition of women in Britain. Thus, the daughter of the poor professional man or military officer, starting in gentility, looks with scorn, not only upon the child of the wealthy tradesman, but upon every young woman of her own rank, who in similar circumstances with herself, ventures to turn her acquirements to any useful purpose. The son of a poor gentleman may, without degradation, become a tutor, or physician, or clergyman; but if his daughter should condescend to become a governess or music teacher, she inevitably forfeits caste. She may with impunity, sink into a dependent or a toad-eater, or exhibit her beauty and talents upon the public stage; but, as a teacher of her own sex, she may be respected, but yet she is degraded. To earn her bread by other modes of female industry is yet worse. It is a cause of reproach to Southey and Coleridge, which

one generation will not wash away, that their wives were milliners,—young women who, instead of remaining idle, useless, and helpless creatures, burdens upon their relatives and society, actually exercised their organs of constructiveness upon gauze and ribbons, to maintain their personal independence and dignity. The biographers of Mrs. Siddons think it necessary of having been, for a short time, a servant in a quiet gentleman's family,—the disgrace of smoothing linen or scrubbing tables being, to a lovely young female so much greater, it would appear, than the danger and degradation of the exposed condition of a strolling player.—it being, no doubt, so much more difficult to preserve the innate delicacy and propriety of the female character in the kitchen than upon the village stage, where her airs and graces, her doublet and hose, and bare bosom, may be exposed with impunity to every bumpkin who can muster a shilling.

These caprices and anomalies of the principle of *Exclusivism* have led us far away from the article which suggested the above observations—a sketch, before us, namely, of *Exclusivism* as it exists among the minor orders of the middle class, and as it is modified by their peculiar social condition. Many of our readers will be better able to judge of the truth of the portraiture than ourselves, though we consider it a faithful resemblance, even where the likeness is but faintly expressed.

* No one can have lived long in this world, without seeing many amusing, and even ludicrous instances of the working of this mischievous spirit. To pass minor ones, we have seen a whole splendid quarter in a city consigned for a time to desertion, and ultimately to degradation, because a rich dealer in gun had bought a palace there. The gun was an objectionable article certainly, but there would, we fear, have been no exception even for mild, innocent milk, or useful shoes. Some years back, one of those many abortive attempts at establishing sociality on equal terms in a proud, provincial city, had an amusing result. Card, and dancing assemblies were projected, upon the footing of the society of Almacks!—the admissions to be granted in the same manner, by a tribunal of patronesses. The wife of an attorney or W.C. of "no family," had, of course no pretensions, in her own person, to act as one of the Lady patronesses; but it was alleged, that through her influence with her daughter, whose claim from marriage with a small highland laird conferred a qualification for office, she interfered with all claims, and settled them as she pleased, one dissident lady being sufficient to exclude any claimant from as very select and fashionable a society. Among the black balls were the wife, and, consequently, the daughters of a medical practitioner, who was, at the same time, a man of good family, and a Professor in the University of the town. The misfortune of the excluded family was, that their head practised that branch of his profession cultivated by Dr. Stork and no Howdie's wife, as his lady was politely designated could he admitted into the Northern Almacks!—that was *pos*. The case naturally created a great sensation, particularly in the female and fashionable world. Each lady had her partisans; and the rejected candidate was so far successful, as to carry her cause to the appellate jurisdiction of Almacks Proper!—which ought to be the place of final resort. The memorials were, no doubt, properly weighed and considered by that august tribunal, though the decision was got rid of by a blustering sidewind—a sheer south-easter,—the decree being, that all the parties concerned—the wives and daughters of Writers to the Signet, Scotch Professors, and small Highland lairds—would be held equally alike inadmissible to Almacks! The decision, we believe, gave general satisfaction.

About the year of trade, 1806, Mr. Mark Luke was considered one of the most thriving grocers in all Glasgow. He had been many years in business, and was all but set down by the ladies of his neighbourhood as a confirmed bachelor, when the rumour was suddenly revived, that he only waited the expiration of a six months of mourning, to obtain the hand of Miss Barbara Peaston, who had rejected him some ten years before, as neither genteel, nor yet *improvable* in manners or calling. The mourning was in honour of an aunt by whom the young lady had been brought up, and whose heiress she was declared. Her fortune of £700 would have been "a good something" to Mr. Mark Luke in former years; now his might almost be called a love-match, though the lady, besides her actual *tocher*, had considerable expectation from a brother, who, like many of his compatriots had gone to the West Indies to make a fortune, and that done, to die as fast as possible, and, leave it to his weeping relatives. True he was young, and might marry, which his sister was indeed continually hoping he would, though she never seriously doubted the other conclusion of his history; a course so common, that in looking around upon her female acquaintance with legacies, it seemed only the ordinary and proper course of nature. Thus she possessed both fortune and expectations; and the Trongate had at last the satisfaction of witnessing the consummation of the felicity of Miss Barbara Peaston and Mr. Mark Luke.

So early as nine o'clock, one fine June morning, Miss Penny Parlane, a particular friend of the bride's, arrived at the apartments of Miss Betty Bogle, another intimate friend, to watch, from the window, the chase roll off towards the Falls of Clyde, with the thrice-blessed pair, on their wedding jaunt.

"Wedding-jaut, indeed! as wise-like Mark had staid at home and looked after the shop," said the former lady. "He'll need all his orra pennies to maintain the state of Miss Baby, or I'm far mistaken."

"Ye are not far wrang there, Mem; but as Mrs. Duncan Smith had a marriage-jaut, how could Baby Peaston put ower with less? But the chaise is long of making its appearance. It's a Tontine chaise—black and green. It went first up the street for the minister, and its a stricken hour since then, by my watch. What if there should have been another blow-up!"

"So ye heard of the stramash about Mark wanting to have the power of her tocher?—the swine had near run through it. It was like to be dead split upon settlements—he! he! he! However, Baby had wit in her anger. Seeing better could not be, she came o' will, and took simple Mark in her own hand; and I doubt not she'll make her jointure out just as well that way as by contract."

"Ay, a bride come to the years of discretion may be expected to act discreetly,—but surely something has hindered the ceremony."

"I can't think Baby is so much older than Mark. as they say," rejoined Miss Bogle; (Baby was only ten years younger;) "though when I was not the height of that stool, I remember her a great flirt at Mr. Skreecham's singing school, in the Abbey Kirk, with my oldest sister, and as big and woman-like as she is this day."

"And that will be above thirty years ago," returned the other in a dry marked tone, dropping her eyes. "I warrant Baby a Dumbarton youth, any way, and that is well known to be six-and-thirty good,—however, that's Mark's business, not ours,—and, no doubt, she will have the more sense to manage him and his family:—but I cannot get over my surprise that so old a friend as you, Miss Bogle, were not invited to witness the ceremony. Ye have heard, no doubt, that the great Mrs. Duncan Smith—though there was some kind of curtshying acquaintance—refused to let her eldest lassie be best maiden at the bridal:—Mean and pitiful as it was of Baby Peaston to ask that small favour at her hand, it was as insolent of Madam Smith to refuse what never is refused. What does that woman think herself, I wonder, that nothing in Glasgow is good enough for her? I had it from a sure hand that her remark was, 'If I let my daughter be bride's-maid to a grocer's wife, I suppose I must next visit and be visited by the grocer. I will do no such thing; that sort of people must be kept off from the first,—give them an inch, they'll take an ell.'—But surely that's the chaise now!"

Both ladies once more started to their feet. It was undeniably the Tontine chaise, which whirled past as if conscious of the high destinies it contained.

"Mr. Luke! Mr. Luke!" cried the bride; "do not, I beseech you, look the way of Miss Bogle's, there's Penny Parlane's grey eyne, I'm sure, glowering ower the blind to spy ferlies."

And she jerked forward her head that the unseen ladies might have a satisfactory view of her white satin hat and its snowy "swaling" plumes; and then passed rapidly away to that memorable examination of the Hamilton House Picture Gallery, which enabled Mrs. Mark Luke to descant on the Fine Arts for fifteen years afterwards, and her husband to wonder at her astonishing memory.

"A white satin hat and ostrich feathers! exclaimed Miss Parlane,—throwing herself back on her chair,—"useful, sensible head-dress, for Mark Luke's wife!—will she go behind the counter wi' them? or have the face to put her foot within the Kirk of St. John's decked out in that style, not eight months' after her aunty's burial?"

The ladies now proceeded *seriatim* to the discussion of the extravagant *trousseau*, or, as they called it, the *Wedding Sou** of Mrs. Mark Luke. Some-half dozen laced night-caps, in particular, made by a pattern furtively obtained from the laundress of Mrs. Duncan Smith, were enough of themselves to bring down a visible judgment upon the Trongate, and ruin upon the shop and trade of Mr. Mark Luke.

The fair friends were among the very first to pay their compliments to the bride upon her return from Cora Lynn, and afterwards to drink tea with her. Their joint report was, that he was a wonderful kind brother that Bob Peaston in Demberara. Many a ring and silk gown he sent his sister of which the very moral had been seen in Mr. Trinkum's window in Argyle Street, the day before. However, they daresaid, Mark could stand it; he had a capital business, and he would need it. "Baby had aye boded a silk gown, and she was likely to get a sleeve."

And here our history, limited in space, may leave Mrs. Mark Luke for the next ten years, during which, she continued to live and to dress as like the Smiths as possible,—that is to say, as expensively and finely as "circumstances," and Mark's "peculiar temper," and her own good sense permitted; for she was only relatively, not positively, either a fool or extravagant. In the meanwhile, Mr. Mark Luke had so extended his trade and prospered in all his shares, and stocks, and speculations, that he was considered a very wealthy man, not only for one in his way, but in any way. One of his wife's miseries was, that she never could ascertain the amount of his fortune.

Philosophers have said that human beings change completely in seven years; but in eight, though Mrs. Mark Luke was considerably a different woman, she was not become wholly new. In nine cases out of ten, wives are always *genteeler* than their husbands. Where the reverse holds, we have generally remarked, that that is an uncomfortable household. Mr. Luke's family followed the general rule. His lady always more ambitious, more refined, more everything, was at the end of ten years, become prodigiously more genteel, though neither quite so goodlooking, nor half so good-humoured. The gradual process of refinement had been carried on chiefly at the small watering-places which she frequented. The history of these summer lodgings, and the society into which they threw Mrs. Mark Luke, had we time to pursue it, would show the several stages of the progress and polishing of manners among Exclusives in the West. There was, first, the bed-room at Gourrock, where the neighbourhood was vulgar; next the parlour, with the bed thrust out of sight into a darkcloset, at Roseneath—decidedly the more genteel; next the airy lodging, of two or three apartments at Rothesay; and lastly—but we have not yet got to Largs.

The most remarkable incidents of these years,

* One of the many terms the Scotch derive from the French.

were the birth of Marjory Robina; a scandalous story about the purloining of a London-made baby's frock, by an English servant of Mrs. Duncan Smith's, the dismissal of the girl, and her reception in the family of Mrs. Luke; and the death of her brother in St. Kitts, of a second attack of the yellow fever, without a will, prodigiously rich, no doubt of it, and his sister his only heir. His affairs were, however, 'in great confusion;' and Mr. Mark Luke thought within himself that Mrs. Mark Luke assumed fully more consequence from the St. Kitts fortune, than was needful, until the assets were forthcoming; but she was not the less Mrs. Mark Luke, and the mother of Mysie, who was become, at five years old, the very apple of Mark's eye. Her white cheeks powerfully enforced her mother's annual pleading for the air of Largs, instead of that of Glasgow, or even of Gourock, or Dunoon, or any other spot she had ever visited before, in quest of health.

The Smiths had already been two years at Largs, with several other genteel Glasgow families; and the old haunts were evidently falling into comparative neglect and disrepute. Mr. Luke, as we have intimated, dearly loved little Mysie; and the child being, as we have said, only five years old, and not having yet discovered how essentially vulgar her father and his calling were, loved him in return, without abatement of affection; either on account of groceries, china, or crockery,—a profitable new branch he had commenced, in spite of the angry pleading of his lady, for whom it had obtained the cognomen of the Pigwife among the Smiths, and all the lodgers and bathers in rank "above her." Mark, moreover, loved a quiet life—quiet, but busy—grudging even the few hours which his hebdomadal visit to the coast, kept him out of the shop on a Monday morning after the regular hour of opening. This state of things brings us to the spring and hot summer of 1816;—saw Mark a Bank Director in Ordinary, and Mrs. Mark Luke and her daughter, and confidential maid-servant—she who stole the frock—set down in a lodging at Largs, and in hourly view of the "beautiful, lately finished Marine Villa of Halcyon Bank." So it was described in the advertisements, with its "splendid sea-views, and wellstocked garden; fruit-trees and bushes in full-bearing; three stall-stable, and gig-house; fitted up with hot and cold baths—catacomb wine cellar, and a conservatory finished to the glazing." How often on rainy days did Mrs. Mark Luke sigh, and look, peruse that advertisement and sigh again!

The proprietor and late occupier of Halcyon Bank, was a West Indian planter, who had gone to Demerara at eighteen, as a book-keeper, without a groat, and returned, at forty-five, half ruined by the fall of colonial produce, to build Halcyon Bank. In his first fever of constructiveness, he had spared no pains to complete and accomplish the marine villa, at all points, as a permanent residence for a man of fortune; but he calculated without his hostess, a mistake as dangerous as reckoning without the host. His best excuse was, that at this time he had no such woman with whom to reckon. Next summer, she was found in the person of a young lady from Edinburgh, then on a visit in Ayrshire; and, in 1816, she had the pleasure of withdrawing him to a more "eligible neighbourhood." Halcyon Bank, though far from perfect as a residence,—for it had but one drawing-room, and that only twenty-four feet by nineteen,—would have been endurable to Mrs. Gengebre,

though accustomed all her life to a suite, save for the society, the horrid society! She could not decide which class of the west country people was the worst:—the molasses and rum, or muslin and twist Magnificoes, who looked as if they despised Demerara fortunes of £.25,000, even when administered by the daughter of an Edinburgh advocate—or the Glasgow and Paisley *shopocracy*, and small-fry manufacturers, who, every season, rushed, in all their finery, down upon the sea coast and into the water, as if bit by mad dogs; jostling, elbowing, and galling the kibes of their betters. There was positively no enduring and no keeping them off.

In vain, indeed, had the *Exclusives* retreated, year after year, before the spreading shoals of the Huns, who, unlike the herrings which lead the bottle-nose whales and porpoises round the lochs and bays, are always by the great fish. From Roseneath the *comme-il-faut* squadron had been beaten back to Helensburgh. Hence they retreated, in good order, to Kothesay; but the enemy advanced by steam. Largs was no sanctuary; Arran itself no refuge at last; and still the spring note following that of the cuckoo, was, "They come!" "Jura would prove no hidingplace,"—so prophesied Mrs. Gengebre; and, if respectable people fled to St. Kilda itself, thither the ambitious and restless *canaille* would bend their sails, she was morally certain.

"But what the worse are we?" said Mr. Gengebre, for the fiftieth time. Mrs. Gengebre had one unfailing argument, and but one, suited to her husband's understanding, in the present reduced state of colonial produce.

"The worse, Mr. Gengebre! Do you not see how these hordes enhance the price of every commodity requisite in a family. Butter is a penny a pound dearer than last year; poultry,—but there is, indeed, no buying it: to retain our plain, quiet style of living and dressing in this neighbourhood, is out of the question. In short, Mr. Gengebre, we cannot afford it."

Mr. Gengebre was much struck with the sudden prudence of his wife. "It was not," her female cousin who came from Edinburgh to assist in the removal, said—"it was no to be planted among such a set, that Anne Lennox had sacrificed her youth, beauty, and accomplishments to that yellow-brown elderly gentleman,—to be planted among off-sets of sugar canes and cotton stalks, far away from the refined and desirable society to which she had always been accustomed."

The summer of 1816 witnessed, accordingly, one of those connected changes perpetually going on in society. In that season Mr. and Mrs. Bethel set off from the Marine Parade, Brighton, for a tour and residence of some duration in Rhenish Germany; Mr. and Mrs. Winram, in the same week, left their villa at Inveresk, Musselburgh, and arrived in due time in the Marine Parade, Brighton; and the proprietors of Halcyon Bank were so fortunate as to obtain that "capital mansion," which the Winrams had deserted, in the face of ten other applicants. The changes did not stop here. James Howison, foreman to Walkinshaws and Walkinshaw, Glasgow, entered the small house lately inhabited by Mr. Robert Furnishins, tailor; who took possession, at Whitsunday, of, "that comfortable, airy, roomy, first-flat, consisting of dining-room, parlour, three bedrooms, cellar in the area, and right to the common green,—the whole as lately occupied by Mark

wire!" Though Mrs. Mark Luke was taking a great liberty to *harl* their gh the papers in connexion with a rongate, these was consolation in the leanwhile, our chain is not completed ks; for Mrs. Mark Luke had not yet now tenantless terrestrial Paradise Bank, the ultimate point of her inhibition,—but she had taken up a position in front of it, and, in military phrase, Mr. Mark Luke had been contented, al wife's suggestion, of saving a half-to pack away his furniture in his ware-Mrs. Mark Luke vowed in her secret she should never return to Glasgow a square, or, at all events, a street-house within itself."

re the motives and consequences of sted movements? Mr. and Mrs. Bethel ey *must* retrench; but carrying Lon- ighton habits along with them, they hat retrenchment was not so easy of ent, even in cheap Rhenish Germany,

discontented, as a matter of course. ms had gone to Brighton, to be "more of their friends,"—that is, of those who hem to appointments for their sons, shments for their daughters,—and elves as much out of the way of such ver. The mistress of Halcyon Bank l for a time, as she "had got back to

But the tailor was charmed with eo tuation for business; and the large of the Walkinshaws' foreman were orted with the additional elbow-room, e closet for two more children and a er. They thoroughly enjoyed their l new situation.

e our heroine, Mrs. Mark Luke, was isfied with looking at the ticket among f Halcyon Bank, and wondering when t's attorney would make such a remit- ht enable her to lay the subject before effect. The first Sunday he came d him that way, as they took their k *en famille*. The peas they had at e bought from the person who had he house,—“Not a worm in them,”

Luke remarked; “and the flowers sh. How could that fine lady, Mrs. eave such a paradise!”

a worm in every mortal thing, my lized Mark; “Ye see Halcyon Bank uties could not content the craving s. Gengebre, poor woman.

er is, but always to be blest,—Baby.”

its, that's true in a sense, Mr. Luke, oper Sabbath discourse it is; but she t content with this gem for a summer- be an unreasonable woman.”

, and August passed, and still the : among the green hollies,—and still mily, by tacit consent, directed their rward. Mr. Mark Luke would now ly lift up little Mysie to have a peep sweet-brier and privet hedges flour- n the railings, while the exclamatory of this the

daughter of his house and heart,

very charm to her admiring parents.

“You would be a good girl and learn your *First Book* well, if papa would take you to live in that braw, bonny house, Mysie, dear?” said sly Mrs. Mark Luke, who, years afterwards, wont to remark that, from the first sight of the ticket, it was borne in on her mind that she was to live in Halcyon Bank. It was somehow—she could not tell how—but so it was. The presentiment, in our opinion, denoted, at least, the foregone conclusion of worrying or *concussing* Mr. Mark Luke into the purchase of the marine villa.

The nights of October now looked rousingly in the illuminated Trongate. The apothecary's windows flamed ruby, emerald, and sapphire; Mr. Furnishin's work-shop, with three windows, looked like one huge gas-lamp, and Mrs. Mark Luke, in the early part of the month, obtained a town dwelling, with that great object of her ambition, a *main-door*—and which the remaining merits, nicely appreciated on the local scale of gentility, might be reckoned about two and a half degrees in better fashion than her abandoned “capital flat.” Settled here, she selected some new carpets, and *cut* some old acquaintances; and issued a household edict, that, from that day, Mysie was to be Miss Luke.

At the house-warming Mark saw none of the old familiar faces, nor were the new what his wife entirely approved,—but they were, at least, as much in advance of the old set, as was her house. Great ladies have an uncommon advantage over such votaries of fashion as Mrs. Mark Luke. All their *nobodies*, were to her *somebodies*, in spite of herself; and very troublesome *somebodies*, too. Kindred by blood and marriage it was impossible, with Scottish prejudices and customs, to get easily rid of; and though she readily perceived, that not to be *excluded*, she must first become rigidly *exclusive* herself, that was not all at once so easily accomplished. Mrs. Mark Luke was, indeed, become a woman of many sorrows. There was no stopping the tongue of Penny Parlane and Betty Bogle, even when she admitted them to her tea-parties—and it was worse when they were excluded; nor yet of deprecating the contempt of the Smiths. It was hard for her to tell her confidential maid “whether her own relations or Mark's were the most troublesome and intrusive upon her; now that she, the mother of an only girl of considerable expectations, found it necessary, in duty to her child, to move in a different sphere. It was so very impertinent and provoking in the Sprout girls, Mark's Saltcoat nieces, to come up to Glasgow, when, though obliged to ask them, they might have known she did not want them; and then to be *aunty-auntying* at her at the Bairns' Ball, even while Mrs. Dr. Wilson was politely talking to her, and while Master James was waltzing with Miss Luke.”

But the winter campaign was as yet scarce opened. It at first promised fair, though the demon of small ambitions,—he whose name, verily, is Legion, was about to play his scurvy tricks, as usual, to Mrs. Mark Luke. In the first years of married life, the Rev. Dr. ——— was at the height of his vogue as a preacher, and it was about as difficult to obtain a *good* pew in his church in Glasgow, as a *good* box at the Italian Opera House, in London, in a very full season; and equally the subject of anxiety and ambition to *Exclusives*. Mrs. Mark Luke had sat for some years under a gallery where her well furbelowed pelisses, and undeniably, Edinburgh bonnets, were seen to little

advantage. From this eclipse she had, in three years, wriggled forward only two benches. She could not *hear*, she told Mr. Luke, where she sat,—she should have said she could not see, or be seen. The Luke name had been on the vacant seat list for all that time; and it was exceedingly provoking not to get a proper seat. It was so pleasant, too, to have a place for a stranger.

"You are lady of your wish at last, goodwife," said Mark, as he came into dinner one day, in a peculiarly bright humour.

"Ye have bought it!" exclaimed Mrs. Mark Luke, her eyes sparkling with pleasure. Mark understood this well.

"You have the seats, goodwife."

"In the Smiths' pew?" Mr. Mark Luke nodded affirmatively. "The whole pew, Mr. Luke?" Now Mrs. Mark Luke did not wish for the whole—she wanted genteel companionship.

"Only two seats, near the pulpit, for my mother and you to hear. I can shift about or take the elders' seat when at the plate.

The arrangement did not exactly please. Mark himself, even with all her pains, was far from being so polished in manners as Mrs. Mark Luke would have wished; but his ill-dressed vulgar old mother, in her brown bombazeens, who spoke so broad Glasgow?—for the Smiths' sake she would not submit to putting such a pew-mate upon them; but it would not do to be rash on this point. Mark had his pride too.

The places in this most enviable pew had been those of a widow lady and her daughter, who had neglected to secure them in time; and "first come first served," was the free-trade maxim of Mark.

"Mrs. John Smith and Miss Bella should have taken their seats before they gaed to the Troon," said he.

"Went to Ardrossan, Mr. Luke, my dear. You know how anxious I am that Miss Luke acquire, from the first, a correct pronunciation, and that no improper word reach her ear,—for what do I give such wages to the English girl we obtained from Mrs. Smith's family?"

"Ardrossan be it, goodwife; and bid the English lass with the *burr*, bring ben the hotch-potch, for I'm in a hurry to-day."

"Hodge-podge, Mr. Luke!"

"Hocus-pocus if ye like, Mrs. Luke, only let us have dinner;—I'm in haste and pressed with a power of orders from Cummock and Kilmarnock, and the shop standing to the door full of carriers."

So pleasant to the ears of Mrs. Mark Luke was it to hear of a *power* of orders, that *polished* as she always was, and *purist* as she was lately become, she constrained herself to overlook any vulgarity of language and pronunciation at this time, and to hasten dinner. She was also absorbed by the new seats. In the course of the summer she had frequently seen at Largs, her haughty and unconscious future pew-fellows, the Exclusive Smiths. "Mighty gentry to be sure they were, though Miss Penny Parlance's father remembered old Smith, a broken farmer in the parish of Delap, and it was still known to thousands in Glasgow, that Smith himself had been a clerk to the Water-twists for many a year, at £60; ay, and had *helped himself* well too." But all this previous knowledge did not now make Mrs. Mark Luke one whit less anxious about her first appearance in their pew. She resolved to be, and to look as unconscious as possible—to be neither too proud nor too humble in her bearing; and to shape her course

by circumstances. She, moreover, reserved her new pelisse and bonnet, with those of Mysie, for the first Sunday on which the Smiths could be expected.

It must be understood that the Smiths were a family of the first distinction. Their mother was an east-country lady,—i. e. the daughter of an Edinburgh writer,—and their connexions were all either *East Country* people, or *West India* people. The son was training for the Scotch bar.—Was it in the Fates that the skirt of his black gown might yet be extended over the naked family-tree of Mark, and cover the defects of Miss Mysie Luke's birth? The daughters had been educated by their particular friend, the Madame Campan of the West, whose seminary for young ladies flourished somewhere about the Camlachie Road.

It is to us quite wonderful, how, by hook or by crook, Mrs. Mark Luke contrived to make herself so thoroughly acquainted with the proceedings, and whole internal economy of the Smith family, for as well as they kept her, as Miss Parlance said, at the staff's end. She knew that on the Saturday preceding the Sunday, on which she was to put on her new bonnet, they had a dinner party, and turtle! and that instead of sherry wine, as in other genteel families, Glasgow punch, or *punch* only was used at table, as something infinitely more fashionable and *recherche*, and which, of course, she would have at her next dinner; but poor Mrs. Mark Luke, clever as she was, did not know that *minus* the turtle, the punch was thoroughly vulgar. She had much to learn; and, indeed, in fashionable life, it is *live and learn*, so rapid are the shadowy transitions. Never, however, was there a more apt and willing scholar. Among the guests of the Smiths on that day, were, as Mrs. Mark Luke understood, a young advocate from Edinburgh, who, though he had not much to do at the assizes, might probably have still less to call him home; and a Liverpool merchant of the breed of the Medici, an Exquisite of the counting-house, equally a judge of dry goods and the Fine Arts. Both were desirable men enough in their respective places, though Miss Smith inclined to the cultivated merchant, and Miss Maria admired the literary barrister. Both were most flattered and most happy to attend the ladies to church next morning; and on Saturday night at twelve precisely Maria closed her piano, while Miss Smith pledged her honour the gentlemen would receive one of the richest intellectual treats they had ever enjoyed, in hearing the Doctor. Seats were scarcely to be obtained; but there was always room, in papa's pew, for friends who knew how to appreciate eloquence; "You know, Maria, aunt John and Bella can shift about among the Lukes for a day."

"O that Mrs. Mark Luke will be the death of me!" exclaimed Maria, laughing. "I met her this morning—coming from her marketing, I dare say, poor thing; and such a set-out!—a black velvet mantle, for all the world like a saulie's cloak."

"These are the ugly things the fashionable women wear in London this season," said the travelled merchant, in his ignorance and wish to please. The young ladies exchanged looks—Maria coloured: was it possible that Mrs. Mark Luke had taken a leap beyond them, stolen a march, and forestalled them in fashionable costume?—So stood the melancholy fact. Money, talent, and activity, will do anything.

The Smiths were too genteel a family to be

k-going bells. Independently of the bustle which attended all their services, it was as impossible to get that rascal dressed in time; but they generally got him ready very soon after the service.

The Lukes, from Mark's love of the service, were still an unfashionably early assembly. On the eventful morning, Miss Smith, on the passage of the kirk by the side, and Miss Maria by the young Mr. Smith followed his portly father, who, probably still brushing his coat at home. Miss Smith, at the moment, paused, to give place to her mother-in-law, who, from the Camlachie Road Establishment, had been most rigidly taught—paused, and then first turned her eyes upon

O! ye gods, and goddesses, and fairies, and pixies, fays, nymphs, sprites, and water-kelpies! Spirits of the air, or of whatsoever element ye are, if ye have charge is committed such mighty works as refining sugars by the boiling it out by the cwt. or lb., imagine of this injured household, and place their cause upon the audacious shoulders of Mark Luke!—that vulgar woman, who, squatted at the head of papa's dressing-table, with her fashionable silks spread out—her rings, and her gloves, glancing to the October sun:—her complacent simper of recognition, confirmed by the nod of Mark Luke, who rushed out to the seat to Mrs. Duncan Smith, with ladies, without perceiving, or at least conscious of the dilemma in which he was placed by his wife.

It was a shock for a Christian family on Sabbath morning—no warning given, and she had vowed in her secret heart, she had the spirit of a flea—(she knew, you know—not for the world she uttered the shocking word,)—the old next week become Episcopalian, or abandon a community where she had monstrously used:—there was, however, a genteeler congregation in the street, which long wished for an opportunity to get away from the Kirk,—the English service, and the organ so beautiful.

But this show of humility in no way altered the insult and provocation. She even had her own woman, in her simple ignorance, to Miss Maria the psalm at the same time, as if psalms or hymns at this time have concerned the Smiths. Haughtily reining her horse, Maria exchanged looks with her mother, while both at a glance seemed to take an inventory and appraisal of the lady, who in her place of state, at the head of her new pew, looked as if placed on a seat of distinction, now generally, we believe, fallen into

quickness of observation, where her self-love was interested, nor yet without pride and resentment. She now tingled with indignation,—but shame was the quickly-succeeding feeling: for she had been palpably detected in the vulgar practice of singing psalms! Habit had been too powerful for fashion; just as when she still sometimes mispronounced a word, or used an expression of a kind that neither the delicate substitute of the Lord Chamberlain, nor the matron of Camlachie House, could have sanctioned. On perceiving her blunder, her naturally good voice died away to a faint quaver—

“Fine by degrees, and beautifully less;”

and her Paisley science was never again displayed within the walls of St. ——. It had been all very well to sing the psalm, while she sat with her old-fashioned mother-in-law, under the gallery. But now—

Upon the very same principle which Mrs. Mark Luke lost her voice, the Smiths ought to have recovered theirs,—for as she pushed forward they retreated. Mr. Smith would not that week consent to become an Episcopalian, ill as he allowed his wife and daughters had been used; and the Miss Smiths were consequently compelled to delay their conversion to the genteeler religion till they should marry; which Maria thought could not be very long now. He was, however, prevailed with to sanction the exchange of places then negotiating between his wife and the family tailor. Here was diamond cut diamond for Mrs. Mark Luke! Even the oldest and the most sand-blind, and high gravel blind of the crones early gathered on the pulpit stairs, (afterwards roosted out, by the way, as a vulgar feature,) noticed the new crimson-covered seat, next the door, on which a boy in the Smith livery had early mounted guard; and in ten minutes afterwards, while all the bells of Glasgow were ringing out, up the passage marched Furnishins, the tailor, and his wife, and Brown, the dyer, and his wife, following rank in file in the wake or trough of Mrs. Mark Luke's new pelisse, and of her streamers, regarded as the broad pennant of their new pew. Composedly they took their places by her side,—first Mrs. Furnishins, then Mrs. Brown!

She saw, she felt, she was betrayed, insulted, lost! To make the matter worse, she could not pretend to deny but that Furnishins was a genteel tailor. Did he not make for the Smiths, her own husband, and the best in Glasgow,—occupy her late flat, and send his family to Helensburgh in summer? But the dyer, he was merely one of old gowns and shawls, not of webs and whole pieces; a man who dipped his own self,—and who, accordingly, came to church on Sunday with fingers of all hues—blue, green, and purple—as if fresh out of the vat. Could the man not wear mittens?

The case of the Smiths had been sufficiently deplorable, but, was ever kirk-going Christian matron so afflicted about church matters as Mrs. Mark Luke? Even those of her sympathizing fellow-Christians who railed the loudest at the arrogance of the Smiths, openly displayed in the face of the whole congregation, could not wholly forbear a slight joke at the mortified appearance of the lady, who in her place of state, at the head of her new pew, looked as if placed on a seat of distinction, now generally, we believe, fallen into

desuetude in lowland churches. There was not even her respectable old mother-in-law to keep her in countenance. She had manœuvred that the old lady should, of her own accord, express a desire to return to "sit under" worthy, drowsy, droning Dr. —, whose "style of language" she said she comprehended better than the flory flights of that young Doctor, who had turned all the leddies' heads." Even the old lady resented the insult offered to her offspring, and the bile of Mark was for the first time fairly heated and stirred in his wife's quarrels. The insolent conduct of the Smiths would, indeed, every one assured him, have provoked an angel. Nothing else was talked of for that week in Glasgow,—or, at least, in the loquacious circle of Mrs. Mark Luke, and Miss Penny Parlane, who generously made up a feud with her friend of some months' standing, and gave tongue loudly against the Smiths, wherever she went.

How was Mrs. Mark Luke ever again to appear in church?—that was the question. If the Smiths meditated Lutheranism, she ruminated as deeply on becoming a Seceder. Some very genteel meeting-houses had been built in Glasgow, and were filled by well-dressed congregations. To this Mark steadily opposed his veto; and indeed Mrs. Mark Luke could not, on many accounts, have seriously thought of so retrograde a movement. The Seceders or Voluntaries were decidedly as much below par, as the English Chapel was above it. On the first Sunday it luckily rained "cats and dogs." No one could stir out that day, even in a *noddly*. On the next, Mrs. Mark Luke pleaded a gum-bile and swelled face; so the tailor and dyer and their ladies remained, for her, undisturbed in possession. Mrs. Mark Luke had never been three successive Sundays out of church in her life; so upon the third Sunday, some returning sense of duty, and partly, perhaps, some small longing to see what new faces, cloaks, and bonnets were abroad, prevailed over the still rankling feelings of wounded, irritated pride. It may be very easy for those ladies who have parties, and *soirees*, and concerts, and plays, and operas to attend, to avoid the church, but our Mrs. Mark Luke was none of those. There was not at that time so much as an occasional lecture upon Temperance or Negro Slavery to beguile the tedium of the week. So she went to church; and the dear, young Doctor happened to choose for his text those words, "*Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.*" Dr. Chalmers himself could not have handled the subject better. She saw it was meant for a palpable hit. The tail of Miss Betty Bogle's eye pointed as plainly at a certain crimson-covered seat as a lady's eye with a slight skelly could well do.

Mrs. Mark Luke vowed in her secret mind to call upon the Doctor's lady to-morrow, and sound her as to whether a new gown of best Prince's stuff, to cost £25. or a silver tea-pot, as a present from the ladies of the congregation, would be the most acceptable tribute to his eloquence.

Even Mr. Mark Luke himself noticed the close *practical* application of the text; and at the close of the service, so deeply impressed was Mrs. Mark with the discourse, that she nodded condescendingly to Mrs. Brown, and whispered an inquiry about her baby and the measles; and of a pot of currant jelly to be sent to-morrow.

Ye gods and goddesses! we were but a few

pages back invoking you to avenge the injury offered to the illustrious house of Smith, by what Mark Luke most vulgarly and profanely called two bottom-rooms, being granted to him and his wife in the Smith's pew, in a Presbyterian Kirk! Is it of you, or of what other delicate, tricky, humorous, laughing sprites, that we should now inquire,—how it rejoiced the reins—so to speak—of your incorporeal natures, to witness the kindly gracious humanity, the great humility of Mrs. Mark Luke, when she thus condescended to address her neighbour the dyer's wife, in open church?

If the dear Doctor had hitherto been considered the first of priests by the ladies, he soon became to Mrs. Mark Luke, the greatest of prophets. But that will appear in order.

Fairly set down in her new house and her new pew, and the first dreadful rebuff surmounted, Mrs. Mark Luke, during this winter, worked double tides in making up lost way in the difficult voyage of gentility. She laid her plans well; she gave excellent dinners, and did not turn her company out of doors before a second dinner appeared at her command, under the name of supper. This was an improvement upon the *Exclusive* or *East-Country* system, introduced by Mrs. Smith, and as such it propitiated convivial guests of the old school. To be sure few of the town's people, as the Smiths truly said, visited the *Pig-wife*, and even some of the young super-refined Edinburghers, and Greenockians, and men of Liverpool, were deceitful enough to say in *Exclusive* circles, that they went merely for the fun of the thing, while those good easy souls, who liked good feeding and easy sociality, and did not care for Rossini's music or *Exclusivism*, asserted with more truth, that no dinners could be really better in themselves, or more perfectly appointed than those given by Mrs. Mark Luke; no house was better furnished than hers, no lady better dressed, nor hostess more attentive and obliging in her manners.

"A little *empressment* might be noted," said Mr. Ewins, a great authority in such matters, for he had travelled with a young nobleman, and had been at Hamburgh, Leipsic, and Paris, and he had dined at Hamilton Palace, and with the *Member*; "but that is almost a virtue or a grace in a Scotch landlady!" he added.

This was said in the hearing of the select *Exclusive* Smith party. He, or rather *she*, our poor Mrs. Mark Luke, and her entertainments were not to be so easily let off.

"Was it you, Mr. Ewins," cried Miss Maria, with her charming vivacity of manner, "that Mrs. Luke insisted upon tasting the soles she had brought *per coach*, from Aberdeen, at £1, 2s. cost, after she had gorged you with Highland mutton?"

"What we call her *sole-cism*," said Bob the wit. "And did she insist upon you swallowing a raw glass of old rum instead of a little brandy,—raw rum,—as your dram after your fish," added he, laughing aloud.

Either the taste, or good-nature, or both, of Mrs. Luke's guest of yesterday were piqued by this impertinence. Besides, it in truth defied him, "a travelled gentleman," to perceive any shade of difference between the Luke and the Smith *style*, save, that with the former there was really less pretension; and that the affectation of refinement was less troublesome and obtrusive.

"I am sorry, for the sake of the ladies," he replied, "that I cannot charge my memory with the exact order in which I ate my dinner yesterday. I rather think, however, Mrs. Luke observes the established order of Glasgow, in the succession of her dishes. Soles, or any sort of fish in the second course, would, no doubt, be supreme *bon ton* in Paris, at Petersburg, or Vienna,—I do not know if Mrs. Luke has yet got so far-a-head of her own city in the march of refinement. And as for rum, my friend Robert cannot surely have been so much in Paris without learning that *veritable Martinique* is as much more elegant at a French table, as, at our own, brandy is to Kilbagie."

This was a damper,—a wet blanket,—a slap in the face. The champion, however, did his lady no permanent good. If it were so that fish and rum were ordered thus in France, which they doubted, it was not the less a vulgar practice in Glasgow; and at best, Mrs. Mark Luke had but blundered upon the higher style.

Mrs. Mark Luke's increased activity in competition, and the affair of the pew, had now changed contempt into persecution. She might advance with the lovers of good dinners, but the *Exclusive* ladies, even of those who ate them, still held her aloof. Poor woman! often when meaning to confer a kindness she did incalculable mischief. A new pattern of a cap or shawl border which she might purchase, perhaps, only to encourage a young beginner, were immediately vulgarized, and the sale ruined by the adoption of the article by Mrs. Mark Luke. Any thing beautiful or novel which she, in her indefatigable activity, obtained and wore first, was forthwith christened a Luke, and so proscribed. Her name liberally set down for six copies, ruined the hopes of a young poet of our acquaintance, then publishing by subscription. He believes to this day that he failed because we did not review him properly; but this was the true cause. No *Exclusive* lady would for a long time, send her daughter to the new drawing master, or music master, to which Mysie Luke had been sent, however eminent the stranger might be in his art. Her mother's name at the head of a list, or near it, almost knocked up. This winter, a charity concert and two balls. Tickets were certainly taken, but *nobody* went,—that is to say none but nobodies attended. It was enough, as Mrs. Smith said, "that they paid their money without *mixing* promiscuously with that set."

About the end of the season, Mrs. Mark Luke had been earnestly requested to patronize the benefit of a female player. Mrs. Mark Luke was a generous woman, as well as an ostentatious one. Her box, early taken, left half the others empty; and she was thus at the very last day, compelled to beat up for play-goers, and send out such scouts as Miss Penny Parlane and Miss Bogle, to aid in distributing tickets, for which she paid, and to promise teas, far and wide. This single transaction threw her months back, as the crisis compelled her to seek support, by renewing old cast-off intimacies, and yielding, of necessity, to improper new alliances. The Furnishins and Browns were not, to be sure, taken into her own box; but it was undeniable that they were in the boxes upon the only night that she had graced the theatre with her presence.

Sick with so many chagrins, Mrs. Mark Luke longed for summer and the Largs; and, in the

first fine days of spring, she set off in search of genteel summer lodgings. Now, what lodgings could possibly be so genteel as those which had been rented for two years by the Smiths? Mark might fancy them too expensive; but there was the St. Kitts remittance certainly coming with the next fleet, and, upon the faith of this, inquiry was instituted.

Was ever professional landlady, with a lodging upon her hands, so cold and dry in manner, and so reluctant to admit inspectors, as this one? Mrs. Girvan drawled out that she was not quite sure yet, what she was to do about her *hoos*. She was not even sure if it was to let at all, or if she was not actually in terms about it already. She accordingly followed rather than led the bold intruder into her dining-room. There stood the very sofa on which Madam Smith had sat in state last summer; there hung the muslin draperies from behind which Miss Maria had "cut her capers," and Miss Smith cast her haughty airs upon Mrs. Mark Luke and her little daughter, as they went to the evening promenade. She would at this moment have given triple rent for the lodging, of which the tenantless or tenantable condition appeared so dubious to the landlady. An idea suddenly struck the applicant,—the woman was afraid of her payment.

"You surely do not remember me, Ma'am," said Mrs. Mark Luke, with a simpering consciousness of being as good as the bank.

Mrs. Girvan could not plead ignorance.

"I know you well enough, Mem—ye wont to pass this way often enough last season:—ye are Mrs. Luke, the grocer's wife in the Trongate;—and I'm not just sure that I'm free to set my *hoos*."

"Mrs. Luke, the grocer's wife in the Trongate!"—it sounded harshly on the delicate auricular nerve of our Mrs. Mark Luke. Had she then no higher *status*—no independent existence, even with the St. Kitt's fortune? She evacuated the lodging in sulky silence, and strayed towards the still empty, unsold Halcyon Bank; while the landlady, now finding her tongue, lost as little time as possible in informing her gossip, how loath she had been to set off Mrs. Luke, for Mark Luke's siller was as sure as Johnny Carrick's; but she had no choice, as it would ruin the character of her house for ever, if she took in the Pig-wife. Her ignorance on such points had cost her enough before. In inadvertently receiving the Smiths themselves, she had for ever forfeited all hope of getting back the Dempsters, "who were a cut aboon the Smiths, in spite of all their airs and pride, and cousins of Mrs. Genebre's of the Bank, (Halcyon Bank, to wit,) who was a *real* lady." False woman!—had she not given these same Smiths reason to believe she thought them the greatest people on Westland ground, and, to their faces, sneered at the pride and poverty of the East country gentles of the writer tribe.

When Mrs. Luke returned home without having secured any lodging, she found her husband in a humour which, for the first, fairly threw him into her sphere of sympathies. Nor did she neglect to improve the circumstance. A piece of ground had recently been enclosed in Glasgow, for a new burial ground, which was to be sold out in small portions, and Mark, among his many purchases, had ambitioned that of a decent family *lair*, to which his father's bones might be lifted, and in which might soon be laid, first his mother,

next Mrs. Mark Luke, and then himself—Mysie and her posterity, following, to the latest generations. Why Mark imagined that his wife, ten years younger than himself, was to tenant the Luke family *lair*, and have her virtues recorded on its marble head-stone before himself, we cannot tell, save that matrimonial longevity seems a privilege of our nobler sex.

The burying ground for sale was laid out and divided. Mark studied the ground-plan, which was submitted to him before any places were sold, or many bespoke, and he fixed upon his own, with the approbation of his wife. It was horribly dear he owned; but in a respectable *juste milieu* situation among the illustrious dead of the Barony parish; dry—neither too large nor too small—too backward, nor too forward; and great was Mark's indignation when he was informed by one of the Trustees that, notwithstanding the earliness of his application, and the extent of his wealth and credit, there was no place for him and his family among the defunct *Exclusives* of his native city. Smith himself, ay, and Dempster, had crushed his claim at once:—no lady had a hand in this. As trustees for the new ground, they had a strong interest in rejecting such applications as might hinder others. "The Walkinshaws are in terms," said Mr. Smith; "but if they hear that such people as Mark Luke are applying, the speculation is ruined:—no one *will* or *can* purchase after him."

Was ever so ill-starred a family as the Lukes! Excluded in church pews, excluded in summer-lodgings, excluded in a burial ground!

It was some slight atonement or consolation that, when Mrs. Mark Luke next read in the *Chronicle*, "*Upset price still farther reduced. That charmingly situated and most desirable Marine Villa,*" &c. &c.,—there followed in the *Gazette*—lo! and behold!—it was no mistake:—"Meeting of the creditors of Duncan Smith, merchant, to be held in the Tontine, &c. &c., for the purpose of appointing an interim factor."

Mrs. Mark Luke ordered her clogs, to return a call from Miss Penny Parlane,—a visit long past due.

"Me never to hear a word of this!—but I hear nothing that goes on in Glasgow."

"And Mr. Luke is to be trustee on the sequestered estate.—It's no possible, but ye must have heard?" said Penny.

"Well if I did, Miss Penny, it was but prudence,—seeing how Mr. Luke stood in relation to the unhappy case,—to say little.—Here is a down-come!"

"Ay, Mem!—You remember that great discourse of the Doctor's upon the words, 'Pride goeth before destruction.'"

"The Doctor is great upon every subject," said Mrs. Mark Luke, somewhat stately; and she took her leave, perceiving that she had a better clew for information than even that which Miss Penny was willing to afford. Mark, too, to cheat her so, and keep his thumb upon all this!

To do our heroine justice, she was not, considering the many provocations she had received, at all vindictive; and though Mark, besides being factor, was himself a large creditor, she did not press her belief, which she could indeed have established by the evidence of her confidential maid with the *burr*,—that the Smiths had a great many more silver spoons and forks, and napery, than appeared in the inventory. There was a silver

tray and vase in particular. Mark himself acted with humanity and fairness; nor did Mrs. Mark Luke next year canvass against the appointment of Mr. Smith as agent to some Insurance company, in which she could now certainly have baffled him. She did not even insult the fallen greatness of the family by pressing her services and society upon them. N. B. While the first meetings of creditors were holding, a letter arrived by the carrier to Mark, ordering some tea and sugar; and announcing, that Mrs. Luke might now have Mrs. Girvan's lodgings; but Mrs. Luke was supplied!

Mr. Smith did not long hold his new situation. He died of what was called a broken heart; and the friends of the family, Mark Luke aiding and assisting, purchased for his widow and daughters the good-will of the Camlachie-Road Establishment, from which the presiding lady was opportunely retiring to the higher latitude of Portobello. While these arrangements were in progress, Mrs. Mark Luke's sympathies were deeply engaged for those "who had seen better days," and who were surely humble enough now. Humble they might be; but it now became a matter of calculation to be more rigidly and tenaciously exclusive than ever. This, Miss Smith said, was imperatively demanded by the first interests of the Establishment; which as the sure way to success, opened with everything either new, distant, or foreign, and, at least, as anti-Glasgow as possible.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Luke had the great good fortune to procure the reversion of a very clever upper-servant, or under-governess, discharged on the bankruptcy. The English girl with the *burr*, engaged so long ago for the sake of the early purity of Miss Luke's accent, who was to lisp in English speech,

"And drink from the well of English undefiled"—

had been discharged as next thing to an impostor. She was only from Durham or thereabouts; and Robina, herself, had detected her mispronunciations, and bad grammar; but Miss Dedham was a quite different style of person, and, indeed, in every way, an immense acquisition to Mrs. Luke and her daughter. We have said that our heroine was an apt scholar: thus, she profited, though she "too much the lady" to own that she either required or received any instruction in high-life and high-lived manners, from the adroit hints of her new companion, or from her descriptions of how such things were managed, by her direction, in her former family, and her former nursery and school-room.

Smollett pretends that in one month Peregrine Pickle qualified the gipsy girl he picked up under a hedge, to play her part as a young lady of breeding and education in polished society, which she accordingly performed, not only without detection, but with great *eclat*, till, in an evil hour, the force of original habit burst conventional usage, not yet become habitual and confirmed. We have ever held this story as a scurvy satire upon modern refinement, but certain it is, that with her own good natural parts, the tacit lessons of the governess, and those ever-ready ministers to the improvement in fashionable taste of those who have plenty of money—the milliners, namely, and the perfumers, and jewellers, and confectioners, and toy-dealers, and elocutionists, and lectur-

ers—Mrs. Mark Luke had *genteelified* and absolutely refined more in one season, than in some half-a-dozen former years of stunted appliances, and with no one of sufficient authority to instruct her in the use of such as were proper. Miss Ferrier, Captain Hamilton, and, above all, Mr. Theodore Hook, among the secondary novelists, have exhausted themselves in ridiculing all the blundering, clumsy, and ludicrous attempts of the would-be-gentle folks to imitate their betters; the presumption of *cits*, *nouveaux riches*, and *parvenus*, and cockneys, who presume to converse and give musical parties and dinners like the highly-polished privileged orders. Even Miss Edgeworth has given one ambitious dinner, remarkable for entire and ludicrous failure; but then she has the discrimination to shew, that the failure does not arise from any want of knowledge in the grocer's refined and ambitious lady, but solely from want or adequate means to accomplish her elegant hospitality. Lady Clonbrony has more vices of pronunciation, and is guilty of more breaches of conventional English manners, than the Dublin vulgarian; and while Lady Dashfort is as *brusque*, rude, and familiar as her high rank warrants, her maid is the very pink of formal, elaborate politeness. In this Miss Edgeworth shews her superiority to ordinary fictionists; she is aware that while Maria Louisa, the daughter of an Emperor, and the descendant of a line of princes, born to the manner, if such may be, was simple to awkwardness, Josephine, the poor Creole, possessed all the refinement and elegance of manners which accomplishes an Exclusive *petite maitresse*.

Our own wonder and amusement has never been excited by the blunders of such pretenders as Mrs. Mark Luke, but rather by the truth, the *vraisemblance* of their imitation; and the absolute identity with great folks, in all exterior shows which they were able to maintain and display after a very little experience. The ladies of the family of a rural esquire or laird, though of undisputable gentility of birth, will much oftener blunder in some part or other of costume, and in the last forms of etiquette, than the females of a respectable town tradesman. It has been remarked that the purest speakers of the English language in England, next the highest class of nobility, are those shopkeepers and tradesmen in the west end of London, who associate with them daily in supplying their wants. The principle holds in many other points; and we think that the sketches of *parvenu* manners should now rather direct their observation to how the proscribed castes pronounce their minds and accentuate their ideas, than to their *aa's* and *ee's*; and to how are *pronounced*, or exhibited, the few distinctions in their natural modes of thinking and feeling, between classes so far separated by external rank.

To return to our heroine. She got tired of the tacit teaching of the accomplished Miss Dedham, and was pleased to be rid of her; as, in the course of other two years, she formed quite another plan for Miss Luke than the original one of a home education. She no longer required instruction in speaking English herself; for though she still occasionally blurted out a broad *aw*, when a delicate *a* was proscribed, and dealt largely in false emphasis, she began to feel returning confidence in herself, from Kean or O'Neil—we really forget which—having sanctified some of her supposed blunders, freely attacked by Miss Dedham. Be-

sides Mysie's English master, (the highest charger in Glasgow for private lessons,) had, in different words, decided against the governess; and, in short, she was civilly dismissed.

Miss Luke was now, in jockey phrase, rising eleven; and a plain, good-tempered, sensible child, who "took," it was said, after her father. Her mother's friends, and Miss Dedham, in particular, long affirmed that she *promised* to be a beauty; and Miss Betsey Bogle, that *Lukie* would never keep her word. Even her own mother feared for her *beauty*, but she resolved that she should be highly *accomplished*, and never keep but the best company; in short—for it is nonsense to conceal it longer—that she should be *finished* off at the Camlachie-Road Boarding School.

Mr. Luke thought Mysie very pretty already, and to him her acquirements at eleven were quite wonderful—save in music. There Mark, who had a natural gift, felt that his heiress fell far short of her mamma; while Mrs. Luke herself, and Miss Dedham, affirmed just the contrary.—Miss Luke was wonderful in music, as in everything else, for her years. Often had Mark given up his eyes to satisfy them, but he would not yield his ears. If Mysie's attempts were music, then was the female world of the West advancing backwards. His own family afforded an apt illustration. Before going to his apprenticeship he had been charmed by the old ballads of the

"Free maids who wove their threads with bones,"

in Hamilton; and with his old mother's song of "Saw ye my father." Even the everlasting "Flower of Dunblane," and the "Whistle, and I'll come to ye," of his wife in their sprightly days of courtship, were, if not well sung, at least intelligible; and of Miss Peaston's five pieces on the piano, Mark could, at all events, recognize the "Legacy," and the "Woodpecker tapping;" but as to Mysie's melodious efforts upon the new Edinburgh instrument, and her pea-hen screechings!—mortifying as it was to Mark to own it, he fairly gave them up. Rossini's music—and as probationer for the Camlachie Establishment, Miss Luke was, at this time, allowed to look at nothing else,—sounded to Mark Luke, grocer, exactly as it did to Samuel Coleridge, poet,—*like nonsense verses*; and for the same reason, which was, that their fashionable friends decided they had no more ear than a post. Mark defied his wife's sentence, by proud reference to his own capitally sung Burns' songs, and Tannahill's to boot—as Coleridge might, by citing the exquisite harmony, the breathing music of his verses; but Mrs. Luke would have eluded this by the supplementary declaration,—“No ear for really good—that is for *fashionable* Italian music, Mr. Luke.”

Meanwhile, the Camlachie Establishment was rising in reputation every day. It had been conducted from the first, Mrs. Luke assured her husband, with the greatest *tact*:—all the governesses were Swiss, the domestics English,—and they were held at such a distance! Miss Maria herself was just returned from France.

There was an impenetrable mystery in the management of the seminary, with "the strictest discipline, and the most rigid observance of etiquette." Mrs. Mark Luke was willing to forget all her early injuries and insults, for the sake of her daughter. "It was always allowed," she re-

marked, "that *Madame Mere*, which she understood was Mrs. Duncan Smith's style in the school, was quite the lady—too much so, poor woman! in former days—but now of great advantage in forming the minds, and moulding the manners of young ladies; the discipline, Mrs. Luke understood, was so admirable, that every time she entered the school-rooms, every pupil, however engaged, rose, and dropt a low curtsy; then the regimen was so well regulated, and the young ladies were, from the practice of *Calisthenics*, so remarkable for their fine carriage. True, the terms were high; but then the pupils were so select, and Miss Maria so accomplished, and Miss Smith so intellectual!"

All this was poured into the unmusical ears of Mr. Luke with a rapidity, which gave him no opportunity either for question or remark, much as he admired and wondered, and deeply as, on account of Mysie, he was interested. As for Mrs. Smith, or "*Madame Mere*," he knew her of old to have been a senseless, proud, extravagant woman, who had ruined her husband, and brought up her children too like herself. Miss Maria had been, whatever she now was, a saucy, satirical little cuttie, who had often laughed at his simple good wife, in face of the whole kirk,—and Miss Smith a vain, conceited fool. In this elementary way did Mark silently reason upon these great characters. *Calisthenics*, he presumed, was some puppy of a French dancing-master; and as to accomplishments, he understood them quite well, for his own wife had been accomplished, and Miss Betsey Bogle was very accomplished—many of his female friends were very accomplished, whom he thought useless *tawpies* for all that; but he nevertheless yielded to the necessity of his Mysie, when she had finished her English, and writing, and arithmetic, and geography, and dancing, being made neighbour-like and accomplished—though he absolutely boggled at *intellectual*. Could Miss Smith preach like Dr. Chalmers, or lecture like Professor Sandford, or write politics and political economy, like the Editor of the *Glasgow Herald*; and was she to impart all this intellectuality to his little Mysie? Allowing she were capable of imparting these goodly gifts—to which, however, Mark demurred,—he could not all at once perceive what the better his wee Mysie was to be for such rare and novel acquirements. Might they not prove a mote in the lassie's marriage?—Men—Mark judged by himself—did not always like those marvellously clever speechifying ladies; and he puzzled on for another five minutes, and economically scraped his cheese, before he ventured to ask; "but what is *Intellectual*, goodwife? or what mean ye by it?" "Huts, tuts, Mr. Luke, with your goodwife's—surely ye may leave that low epithet to Bailie Jervie's Mattie, and the Salt Market, now; and as for intellectual—every educated person, Mr. Luke, every individual among the educated classes, or of ordinary accomplishments, Mr. Luke— Really I am ashamed of the inquiry—and what signifies explaining about it. It is enough at present that Miss Luke becomes an inmate of the Camlachie Establishment."

Mr. Mark Luke emitted something between a consenting grunt, and a regretful sigh; but the matter once fixed, he began, like a man of sense to view it on the bright side,—"*his own Mysie accomplished and intellectual*—but, above all, so near him as to come home every Saturday,

though bred through the week with the daughters of the wealthiest merchants in the west of Scotland, forbye the Lenox and Argyle lairds. And, good easy soul as she was! his consent made the goodwife so happy!" At the worst, the affair possessed many consolatory points; the Smiths would surely be kind to his bairn,—they owed him a day in harvest from the date of his trusteeship.

With what joyful alacrity did Mrs. Mark Luke proceed next morning to purchase the fashionable equipments of her daughter, whose embroidered trousers and silk hose, were ordered upon a scale which might better have suited a grown-up young lady fitting out for the Bengal or Calcutta or matrimonial bazaar, and pretty sure of an early market, than a little girl going to school! There were few genteel tea-tables in Glasgow, where, in two days afterwards, the high destinies of Miss Luke were not known and discussed, and the vanity of her parents treated with proper reprobation; yet it is singular that the catastrophe, for we must call it by that imposing name, was not anticipated in a single quarter.

The last of the plain frocks and night-gowns of Robina, as her mother now chose to name her, were brought home; and for the more conspicuous fashionable attire, there was a good reason of delay. Her mamma reserved that till she had an opportunity of reconnoitering the dress of the Camlachie young ladies, and consulting, as she would then be well entitled to do, with Miss Maria, whose sojourn in France entitled her to preside, and pronounce in all affairs of the toilet. There was, in certain Glasgow *coteries*, whispers of some mysterious corsette, and classic sandal, which was to give the Camlachie pupils the shapes of Venuses and nymphs, and the ankles of Vestris. Mrs. Mark Luke had not mentioned this circumstance to Mark, for she knew whereabouts to throw her pearls; but this circumstance had no mean effect on her own maternal judgment.

To do the thing handsomely, and in good style, Mrs. Mark ordered a Tontine chaise one morning, and making herself and her daughter—Jenny looking after her said—"as fine as *hands* could make them," furnished herself with a supply of her newly engraved visiting cards, and repaired to the Camlachie Road Establishment. Her spirits, if not quite so ebullient, were at least as much fluttered as those of her daughter, as her anticipations of for the first time finding herself in the same room with the *Exclusive* Smiths, the objects of her imitation, envy, and admiration for so many years, were not wholly pleasing. As the walls of "the Establishment" were discerned among the trees, a sudden faintness struck to her bold heart; but what will not a dutiful, and affectionate mother encounter for her only child,—and that child an heiress, and moreover a girl, and one too, whatever flatterers might affirm, whose substantial frame, as her mother perceived, would require the united force of the mysterious cestus, the sandal, and the calisthenics of Camlachie, to be moulded at sixteen, into that of a Grace. A drive of a half hour had been interrupted only by the numerous gay and eager inquiries of blithe restless Mysie, rejoicing equally in her new grand school and her glossy pink sash, and such habitual and unconscious maternal admonitions delivered every three minutes, as "Hold up your head, Robina! Mind your carriage, Miss Luke.—Take

your fingers from your mouth, child.—Your kid gloves will not be fit to be seen before we reach the place."

But before the lustre of Miss Luke's French kids was wholly gone, the chaise had wheeled within the gate of the seminary, and the fatal bell was rung! It will not do for ladies, whose business it is to teach *morals* with *manners*, to tell many direct fibs. Mrs. Smith was at home, and Mrs. Luke and her daughter were ushered into an empty drawing-room, and left for a half hour to admire the harp, and couches, and conversation stools, and apology-tables, and cabinets, and the painted pasteboard ornaments, elegancies, and utilities, quite at their leisure, while a family council was holding above stairs.

"By the greatest good fortune in the world, I had a glance of the triple-bordered Paisley shawl of the grocer's lady of three-tails," said Miss Maria.

"There can be no doubt about the business of the embassy," rejoined Miss Smith.

"We have several vacancies, Bell," said Madame Mere, thoughtfully.

"None, Madam, for Mark Luke's child," returned Bella, the true *head* of the establishment.

Many ideas passed with rapidity through the brain of Mrs. Smith. Mark Luke, Esq., Dr. to Mrs. Smith and daughters, for the board and education of Miss Luke, &c., was in particular, an inviting set-off, to a long bill for the tea, sugar, and soap, required for the uses of the establishment. She gave her thoughts oblique speech.

"Our family has been obliged by the consideration shown by Mark Luke, at that very unpleasant time when Mr. Smith's affairs became deranged."

"Ma'am, is it your wish to ruin the seminary?" cried Miss Smith, addressing her mother in a tone of asperity. "Receive Luke's daughter:—have her vulgar bustling mother going about the town proclaiming that her Miss is with us,—and lock up your doors.—Could ever the Higgins, or the Dempsters, or the Haigs send, or recommend another pupil to you? I put the case to yourself, Ma'am,—would *you* have sent *your* daughters to a school where a grocer's child was placed?"

"That was in other days, Bella; and I——"

"Stay, Madam; has not the main cause of our success been that we are so very *select*,—known to be so particular about whom we receive,—so rigid in our rule of excluding all suspicious characters,—that no taint of vulgarity, no pupil with improper local connexions is admitted within our doors. What else, pray, makes even this Mrs. Mark Luke besiege them? It is very possible that many useful branches, and even the accomplishments, may be taught in the common schools of Glasgow, almost as well as in our seminary; but here is our grand and marked distinction, from which if we deviate——"

"This child will be very rich," returned Mrs. Smith; who was, we fear, incapable of taking so comprehensive a view of any subject as her intellectual eldest daughter. She could squabble about pews and caps, but she failed to comprehend the grand resources which are afforded by the principles of Exclusivism in British society, throughout all its grades.

"Rich, my dear mother!" retorted Bella, spitefully; "and what is her wealth to us? There are rich girls enough about Glasgow and Paisley, I daresay; but what is that to the purpose of vul-

garizing the Establishment by admitting such a candidate as this?"

Mrs. Smith began to see the affair in the proper light; but she would not at once yield. "You are not always so very *select*, Miss Smith," she returned. "There was the Belfast girl, not a whit more genteel than little Luke,—and the Campbelton girl, and that sallow creature from Manchester."

"*Une batarde*," put in Maria,—who, though she meant to vote with her sister for the exclusion of Mysie, chose to speak against her.

"No, you were not always so very *select*, Miss Smith," repeated the piqued *Madame Mere*.

There was so much at stake that Miss Smith resolved not to sacrifice the family interests, her own included, to her own temper, nor yet to her mother's silliness. Meanwhile, time was pressing, for the candidate waited below.

"I am astonished, mother, how you, with your excellent sense and knowledge of life, can take so narrow a view of this affair. I am certain your kind heart betrays your head:—poor Luke's attention to my father's affairs I am not disposed to forget any more than you,—and if there were any way of obliging the man save this. Have you forgot the Kilmarnock carpet-maker's girl, who nearly ruined the school?"

"She was a very pretty, clever, sweet child: I have not forgot her," said Mrs. Smith, in a natural tone.

"Granted, Ma'am; but what is that to us? It is hard that we should suffer by other people's misfortunes. There are plenty of excellent schools for the children of the *low* rich."

"Ten vacancies in my establishment at present, Miss Smith."

"Were there twenty, Madam, I will never depart from the principle. You know well the cause of your thin house this year. Those few drops of black blood which I detected at first glance in the Greenock girl, and warned you of——"

"My gracious!" cried Mrs. Smith, in a very natural manner; "she was two removes from the Hindoo on the one side, and four on the other—an heiress and a lawful child!—And that malicious, prating woman——"

"No matter, Ma'am. It is quite superfluous to tell me of the babbling propensities, and the love of gossip and scandal, either among west country ladies or east country ladies. Since our success depends no little upon their tongues, we must keep out of their reach. The fewer Glasgow damsels we receive the better. I never desire to see a St. Mungo's Miss within our doors. The prying and tittle-tattle of the Betty Bogles and Penny Parlanes are absolutely ruinous to the *low* schools; and the more distant the towns-people are held, even by us, the better for the seminary. A small degree of mystery is necessary in every professional undertaking. Let the people of the *small* schools parade their reverend patrons and public examinations, and placard their marvellous systems: *Exclusiveness* depend upon it, is the true foundation of our select society. If we once give way, if we deviate from the exact line of demarcation to be maintained between birth and fashion, and the mere mob dung-hill wealth lying at our door, depend upon it, Ma'am——"

"Well, well, take your own way, Miss Smith," said Madame Mere, quite convinced, but far from satisfied; and the Swiss governess, Mademoiselle

Curchod, whose department it was besides teaching the French language and embroidery, to tell lies polite for her board and her salary of £30, was deputed to dismiss Mrs. Mark Luke with all imaginable civility. This office, the young lady, (who, by the way, was said in Glasgow to be a cousin of Madame de Staël's, by the mother's side,) performed with such grace, that Mrs. Mark Luke invited her to tea, and half believed it must be impossible for Mrs. Smith, or her daughters, to see a visiter at this hour, and that they exceedingly regretted their inability to receive her. It was, however, with some failing of heart that Mrs. Luke seated herself in her chaise, musing on Mademoiselle's announcement of the applications, ten deep, for every vacancy occurring in the "Society."

The visit was not wholly thrown away. Mysie, on the alert about her future schoolmates, had caught a peep of some of the peeping Misses. They all, from six to sixteen, wore a sort of conventual costume, as ugly and un-English as possible. "Mamma," said Mysie, "why have the Misses their hair tied up that ugly way, as if they were going to wash their faces?"

"Robina, love, hold up your head!—how do you think Mrs. Smith will receive a slouching, awkward Miss? That is the present fashion of young ladies in France, which Miss Maria has introduced. Miss Fanny Ayton, and Miss Fanny Kemble, wear their hair in that style."

And when Mr. Luke marvelled at his daughter, disguised and uglified, from her hair being dragged into a net, and her little person invested with a Swiss apron, he was informed that the one was favourable to her eyes and her studies, and the other to her habits of tidiness. For two weeks, and finally for ever, these improvements remained the sole advantages mother or daughter derived from the Camlachie Establishment. Mrs. Mark Luke once more left her card, and waited the leisure of the presiding genius of the Society one Saturday and another.

Mrs. Mark Luke had now everywhere announced the high destination of her daughter; and this protracted silence made her so anxious and unhappy, that she took courage, and despatched an unexceptionable note,—on rose-tinted paper, and smelling horribly of musk,—simply—simple woman!—announcing her own, and her husband's intention of placing Miss Luke at Camlachie, for the benefit of the invaluable instructions in morals and manners of Mrs. Smith and her accomplished daughters. It went against her pride to be thus urgent—she whom poor but excellent teachers of all sorts had so long humbly and diligently solicited;—but what will not a fashionable mother do for her only child—that child a girl, and of "considerable expectations?"

Anxiously did Mrs. Mark Luke await the response, which came one morning just as she returned from a round of calls, in which Miss Luke had accompanied her, to take leave of her friends preparatory to going to school. The paper, of the first quality, was, in this case, neither tinted nor perfumed; but so long-tailed and conglomerated were the characters, that—what with the *e* added to the tail of the Smith, and the *i* changed to a *y*—it cost Mrs. Mark considerable trouble to make out how very much Mrs. D. Smythe regretted that there was no present vacancy in the select number of young ladies received into her *Society*, and no probability of any one occurring

which warranted Mrs. S. in entertaining the hope of ever having the pleasure of seeing Miss Luke—a most interesting charge!—a member of her family.

The *Smythes* had changed their tone in latter days. The *Exclusives*, upon calculation, were no longer haughty and insolent in manner. Mrs. Mark Luke understood the case—or guessed at it; but she was rather mortified at her own condition than angry with them. How Miss Betty Bogle would sneer, and Penny Parlane exult over her! "It is all along, Mr. Luke, of your having no place of our own. If I could have left my card at the seminary as Mrs. Mark Luke of Halcyon Bank, you would have seen another sort of answer to my application for our Robina: and there it is for ever in the papers! It is a marvel to me such a gem, and such a *rug*, is not nipped up long ago. There is young John Cowan, the drysalter, and some of the Jamaica street nabobs, I am told, are after it. Far would it be from me Mr. Luke, to wish that you should hurt your pecuniary circumstances by the purchase. I am content to leave the place to those who can better afford it than my husband."

Cunning Mrs. Mark Luke! Mark was fairly piqued at last; in his purse-pride, and in his paternal and conjugal affection; while his prudence was largely propitiated by another "Upset Price still Farther Reduced." In a month Halcyon Bank was his own, and in the first delirium of her vanity and exultation, Mrs. Mark Luke's naturally kind heart had expanded far beyond the narrow boundaries of cold Exclusivism; and, between good nature and social vanity, she had so far forgotten strict propriety, as to invite all the world—country cousins, and vulgar old acquaintances included—to her marine villa. She had been excluded from pews, boxes, burial-grounds, and boarding-schools; but now she was to be happy—perfectly happy.

O, Seged, King of Ethiopia! if thou, in the plenitude of imperial potency, with all appliances and means, could not command felicity for a single day, what envious, mocking fiend tempted to betray our Mrs. Mark Luke with those brilliant, illusive *jack-a-lanterns*, which in all ages of the world, have dazzled to bewilder the daughters of men, and to drag them on through bog and morass, only to land them knee-deep in the mire at last? Yet were not all her hopes illusive; for happy was the little hour in which she first ran over the garden, and explored, as its mistress, every garret and dog-hole of Halcyon Bank. In that state of flutter and beatitude, we shall for a time leave Mrs. Mark Luke to the sympathy of our indulgent readers. They will not grudge one little hour of bliss without alloy to a woman before whom lies the task of *finishing* and marrying a daughter upon the Exclusive system of the middle ranks in Scotland,

From Tail's Edinburgh Magazine.

MARY HOWITT'S SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

MARY HOWITT's volume is altogether charming—in exterior, in embellishments, in contents. The "Sketches" are in verse; the sweet, simple, natural, and pious verse of this delightful writer, which possesses a character of tenderness and sweet-

as all its own. We fear lest the multitude, seeing her literally at her word, may imagine this work fit for children merely. It is adapted to children certainly, but its uses are expansive as humanity. We can but enumerate a few of the objects. The "Coot," the "Camel," the "Cedar-tree," the "Monkey," the "Eagle," the "Kingfisher," the "Broom-flower." But this is an idle talk. We must not quote two thirds of the volume, and, limited in this respect, we are quite at loss what to select. Perhaps a stanza, gleaned here and there, will best convey an idea of the nature and execution of these exquisite pictures, as of the Monkey:—

MONKEY, little merry fellow,
Thou art Nature's Punchinello;
Full of fun, as Puck could be—
Harlequin might learn of thee!

* * * *

In the very ark, no doubt,
You went frolicking about;
Never keeping in your mind,
Drowned monkeys left behind!

Have you no traditions—none,
Of the court of Solomon?
No memorial how ye went
With Prince Hiram's armament?

Look now at him!—slyly peep;
He pretends he is asleep;
Fast asleep upon his bed,
With his arm beneath his head.

Now that posture is not right,
And he is not settled quite;
There! that's better than before,—
And the knave pretends to snore.

Ha! he is not half asleep;
See, he slyly takes a peep.
Monkey, though your eyes were shut,
You could see this little nut.

You shall have it, pigmy brother!
What, another! and another!
Nay, your cheeks are like a sack,—
Sit down and begin to crack.

There the little ancient man
Cracks as fast as crack he can!
Now, good bye, you merry fellow,
Nature's primest Punchinello."

We shall next take *The Water-Rat*:—

Come unto the meadows the bright summer day—
The people are busily making the hay.

After a bright, fresh description of the woods
get to the subject of the sketch.

There I'll show you the brown water-rat at his play.
You will see nothing blither this blithe summer-day.

glad innocent creature, for whom was ordained,
the quiet of brooks and the plants they contained;
hush! step as lightly as leaves in their fall,
has wrong'd him, and he is in fear of us all.
there he is sitting, the tree roots among,
and the reed-sparrow by him is singing her song.
how gravely he sits; how demure and how still,
VOL. XXV.—No. 150.

Like an anchorite old at his mossy door sill.
Ah no, now his mood of sedateness is gone,
And his harlequin motions he'll shew us anon.
Look! now, how quickly the water he cleaves,
And again he is up 'mong those arrow-head leaves.
See his little black head, and his eyes sparkling shine;
He has made up his mind on these dainties to dine.

From the *water-rat* we pass to the *sparrow's nest*.

—What a medley thing it is;
I never saw a nest like this;
—Put together, odds and ends,
Pick'd up from enemies and friends.
See! bits of thread, and bits of rag,
Just like a little rubbish-bag!
Here's a scrap of red and brown,
Like the washer-woman's gown;
And here is muslin, pink and green,
And bits of calico between;
Ah! never thinks the lady fair,
As she goes by with mincing air;
How the pert sparrow overhead,
Has robbed her gown to make its bed!
See! hair of dog and fur of cat,
And rovings of a worsted mat.

* * * *

Well, here has hoarding been and hiving,
And not a little good contriving;
Before a home of peace and ease,
Was fashioned out of things like these,
Think, had these odds and ends been brought,
To some wise man renowned for thought,
Some man of men the very gem,
Pray what could he have done with them?
If we had said, "Here, sir, we bring
You many a worthless little thing;
Just bits and scraps, so very small
That they have scarcely size at all;
And out of these you must contrive
A dwelling large enough for five,
Neat, warm and snug, with comfort stored,
Where five small things may lodge and board.

We leave the astonishment of the philosopher
to come to the moral of the tale:—

And here in this uncostly nest,
These little creatures have been blest;
Nor have Kings known in palaces,
Half their contentedness in this,
Poor simple dwelling as it is?

We would have copied out the whole of the migration of the patriotic "Grey Squirrels," the Scots, the Swiss, the Poles, among quadrupeds, who, overrun by the wild swine, retreated from their country in good order; but that we see there the initials W. H. The description of a Lapland winter, and the scenery of the northern regions, which ushers in this tale, is most beautiful. Again we would fain take the TRUE STORY OF WEB-SPINNER, a tale of chivalry,—of Baron Blue-bottle, and Madgy de la Moth, save that we could not break its unity, and are, besides, tempted to plunge into the splendid sunlit Southern Seas, for—

O, the South! the balmy South,
How warm the breezes float!
How warm the amber waters stream,
From off our basking boat.

Come down, come down, from the tall ship's side,
 What a marvellous sight is here?
 Look—purple rocks and crimson trees
 Down in the deep so clear:
 See! where the shoals of Dolphins go,
 A glad and glorious band,
 Sporting among the dry-bright woods,
 Of a coral fairy-land.
 See! on the violet sands beneath,
 How the gorgeous shells do glide;
 O, Sea! Old Sea, who yet knows half
 Thy wonders and thy pride.
 Look how the sea-plants trembling float,
 All like a mermaid's locks,
 Waving in thread of ruby red,
 Over those nether rocks,
 Heaving and sinking soft and fair,
 Here hyacinth,—there green,
 With many a stem of golden growth,
 And starry flower between.

The Garden, which is in a different style, will
 be a favourite with many. It was a child's gar-
 den.

Full of flowers as it could be,
 And London-pride its border.

And soon as came the pleasant spring,
 The singing birds built in it,
 The blackbird and the throstle-cock,
 The woodlark and the linnet.

We cannot go over the catalogue of its beau-
 ties, but we may select a few.

A lilac tree and a guelder-rose,
 A broom and a tiger-lily,
 And I walked a dozen miles to find
 The true white daffodilly.

I had marigolds and jilliflowers,
 And pinks, all pinks exceeding,
 I'd a noble root of love-in-a-mist;
 And plenty of love-lies-bleeding.

I found far off in the pleasant fields,
 More flowers than I can mention;
 I found the English asphodel, *
 And the spring and autumn gentian.

I found the orchis, fly, and bee,
 And the cistus of the mountain,
 And money-wort and the adder's tongue,
 Beside an old wood fountain.

I found within another wood
 The rare *pyrola* blowing,
 For wherever there was a pleasant flower
 I was sure to find it growing.

I set them in my garden beds,
 Those beds I love so dearly,—
 Where I laboured after set of sun,
 And in summer mornings early.

O, my pleasant, pleasant garden-plot!
 A shrubbery was beside it,—
 And an old and mossy apple-tree,
 With a woodbine wreathed to hide it.

Ofttimes I sat within my bower,
 Like a king in all his glory;

Ofttimes I read, and read for hours,
 Some pleasant wondrous story.

I read of gardens in old times,
 Old stately gardens kingly;
 Where people walked in gorgeous crowds
 Or for silent musing singly.

I raised up visions in my brain,
 The noblest and the fairest;
 But still I loved my garden best,
 And thought it far the rarest.
 * * * *

Who can forbear to enrich the heart and
 of every young person, with whom he may be
 nected, with poetry like this?

We shall not here cite more than one
 from our special favourite, the "*Wood-mouse*."
 It is embued, like many of Mary Howitt's com-
 positions, with the finest spirit of Wordsworth

I saw a little Wood-mouse once,
 Like Oberon in his hall,
 With the green, green moss beneath his feet
 Sit under a mushroom tall.

I saw him sit and his dinner eat,
 All under the forest tree,—
 His dinner of chesnuts ripe and red,
 And he eat it heartily.

I wish you could have seen him there;
 It did my spirit good,
 To see the small thing God had made
 Thus eating in the wood.

From the *Humming-bird* we quote this
 stanza:—

How glad the heart of Eve would be,
 In Eden's glorious bowers,
 To see the first, first Humming-bird,
 Among the first spring flowers.
 * * * *

Thou little shining creature,
 God saved thee from the Flood,
 With the Eagle of the mountain land,
 And the Tiger of the wood!

The "*Squirrel*," the "*King-Fisher*," the "*Wood-mouse*," the "*Titmouse Nest*," are each ex-
 cept the latter,—but,

Look at it near, all knit together,
 Moss, willow-down, and many a feather;
 So soft, so light, so wrought with grace,
 So suited to this greenwood place,—
 And spangled o'er, as with intent
 Of giving fitting ornament;
 Like silvery flakes of lichen bright,
 That shine like opals dazzling white!
 Think only of the creature small
 That wrought this soft and silvery ball;
 Without a tool to aid her skill,
 Nought but her little feet and bill;
 Without a pattern whence to trace
 Her little roofed-in dwelling-place,
 And does not in your bosoms spring
 Love for this skilful little thing?
 See there's a window in the wall:
 Peep in: the house is not so small,
 But snug and cozy you shall see,

ry decent family!
count them—one, two, three, four, five—
sixteen merry little things alive;
re you your little hand could not get.
glad you've seen it, for you never
ought before so soft and clever!

rettier and yet more tender is the wild
Crocus. It breathes the purest radical-
ie Spring Crocus,—

———An English flower
at only groweth here and there.

n our meadows it is growing.
d now it is the early spring,
see from out the kindly earth
many thousands issue forth,
'it gloried to give birth,
'such a lovely thing.

* * * * *
e the odorous hawthorn flower,
ve the wilding's bloom to see,
e the light anemonies
tremble to the faintest breeze,
hyacinth-like orchises
e very dear to me!

star-wort is a fairy flower,
e violet is a thing to prize,
wild-pink on the craggy ledge,
waving-sword like water-sedge,
e'en the Robin-run-i'-the-hedge,
e precious in mine eyes.

yes, I love them all, bright things!
t then, such glorious flowers as these
learner still,—I'll tell you why,
e's joy in many a thousand eye,
n first goes forth the welcome cry,
"Lo! the Crocuses!"

little toiling children leave
eir care, and here by thousands throng;
through the shining meadow run,
gather them,—not one by one,
y grasped handfuls,—where are none
say that they do wrong.

run, they leap, they shout for joy;
ey bring their infant brethren here;
fill each little pinasore;
bear their baskets brimming o'er,
in their little hearts they store,
is first joy of the year.

oy in these abundant meadows,
ars out like to the earth's o'erflowing;
less that they are beautiful,
that they are so plentiful,
e for every child to pull.
ve to see them growing!

ful spirit of humanity! may thousands on
s, old and young, listen to your gentle
!
t fair to say that the publisher and artist
cuted their respective departments as if
of doing due honour to these sweet in-
s of maternal love. The engraver al-
erved to have his name on the title page,
ny with that of Mary Howitt.
e, in conclusion, entreat that those incon-

siderate, or prejudiced persons, who identify all that
is vulgar, virulent, and atrocious, with the epithet
Radical, will reflect that Dr. Bowring, the au-
thor of these juvenile lessons, breathing benevo-
lence, purity, and the *unfallacious* virtues, bears
that dishonoured name; and that Mrs. Howitt is
the wedded partner of one of the boldest of our
reformers, the avowed and open enemy of priest-
craft in all its subtle forms, but especially as it is
entrenched behind the corruptions of the Church
of England Establishment.

From the Amulet.

A BAPTISM IN THE ISLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELWYN," &c.

It was on one of those bright, lovely, heart-in-
spiring days of early autumn, by which in northern
climates the fickle moodiness of spring and sum-
mer is so deliciously atoned, that a little knot of
worshippers, attuned in inward feeling to the still
hour of solemn Sabbath morning, and harmoniz-
ing in primitive exterior with the simple features
of the island scenery around them—sat gazing,
across the rarely unvexed Sound of B——, on the
humble tombstones of a quiet kirk-yard in the
Outer Hebrides.

The church—a memorial of the gratitude to
Heaven of some shipwrecked lord of the isles in
ruder yet more pious times—was placed amid the
very perils it commemorated; only sufficiently
elevated, on its majestic natural pedestal of rock,
above the dangerous shore, to prevent the waves
by which the hallowed edifice was perpetually in-
vaded, from actually washing it away; while often
did the deep, soul-felt, Hebridean prayer for those
that "go down to the sea in ships," breathed forth
by the sons of stormy Thule, derive a strange, yet
awful, accompaniment, from the boding murmurs
of the scarce-excluded tempest.

To-day, however, the little island fane reposed
—between its rocky barrier on the one hand, and
its soft, rarely-trodden churchyard on the other—
in smiling Sabbath stillness, as if no storm had
ever since its first erection, vexed the tranquil
arm of the sea it overlooked. And pleasant,
though in nature's simplest, least ambitious style,
were the objects on which the eyes of its assem-
bling worshippers rested, while awaiting in patient,
uneventful quietude, the arrival, from the larger
island in which he usually resided, of their ever-
welcome pastor.

Immediately beneath the church, lay stretched
around a little bay of silver sand, a scattered ham-
let of some dozen or so of fishermen's cottages;
before whose very doors the summer waves came
sporting in the sunshine, and dancing reproachfully
around the keels of the one or two rude boats
drawn up on the beach, as if enticing them to tempt
the no longer formidable deep. With their gen-
tle, yet cheerful murmur, mingled the gay, though,
on this hallowed day, subdued, voices of children
—rocking in fancied importance in the idle barks,
or dabbling, fearless as their rival sea-birds, in
their native element; while, from the short green
herbage, spreading inland far as eye could reach,
the tinkle of a sheep-bell, or farewell note of the
fast-emigrating plover, broke without disturbing
the Sabbath stillness of the scene.

Its musing tenor was however, ere long, interrupted by anxious speculations on the unwonted detention of the usually punctual pastor. For many a year, often through storm and peril, had the eve of every alternate Sabbath brought him, like a ministering angel, to his beloved island flock. Never but once (and that from a cause which the settled weather of the preceding evening now put wholly out of the question) had he delayed till the very morning of the hallowed day, his three miles voyage across the proverbially treacherous Sound of B—; nor was he likely, under the present circumstances, to have voluntarily done so; seeing that on this smiling, yet to many, sorrowful Sabbath, he was to unite, in one solemn, touching ceremony, the baptism of the fatherless children of a whole boat's crew of lost fishermen. To bear up the surviving widows under a sad rite, investing them with a double burden of parental duties and responsibilities, pastoral counsel and consolation would of course be abundantly needful; nor was it in the kind nature of the worthy man of God thus to defer it, but for valid, and yet unimaginable reasons. On these conjecture was soon exhausted; and from them the transition was easy, among a people few and isolated, and consequently linked by more than ordinary brotherhood, to the sad recollection of the event by which so many hearts (not in S— alone, but throughout the Scottish Isles) had been at once made desolate.

"I'll ne'er put faith in sea again!" exclaimed a greyhaired elder of the group, as some one expatiated on its rare and placid beauty—"It lookit muckle sic like as ye see it now, but sax short hours afore the rising o' that awfu' gale that cost our lads their lives, and made mair widows and orphans in ae night, than ever grat afore atween Dunrossness and Scalloway. Four weary days did I sit here, wi' wailing women round me, ahint the shelter o' the auld Kirk, that seemed whiles rockin' in the blast itsel, and watch till my e'en blinded, wi' the spy-glass, for the men that never cam to biggit land again! And, o' the fourth, the doure South Easter blew as fierce and furiously, as though it hadna (lang ere that time) gotten its sairin o' men's precious lives. Our folk, nae doubt, were blawn awa' to sea, and perished there o' cauld, and drouth, and hunger—though broken boats were rife enow for weeks they tell me after, on the wild Caithness shore; and north as far as the verra Shetlands! But what dos't matter how the puir fallows lost their lives, since it was His will (reverently lifting his bonnet) they never should return? Oh, but the island's dowie! wantin its best hands at the fishin', and fowlin', and kelp burnin'! brave gallant craigsmen like young Angus Roy, douce experienced chieils to crack wi' like Neil Bryden! Women and weans are weary things their lanes! and, oh, it'll be lang or daft demented Jock Mackinnon fill his worthy father's bonnet! But what's ordered maun be"—added the old man, checking his own unauthorized repinings—"and what's the loss to me, that has nae lang to wrastle here mysel? God help them that hae fatherless weans to gie up to fremit folks' arms the day."

The hour of worship at length drew near. The warm autumnal haze which had for some time past risen to wrap in its robe of silver mist the distant shores of B—, yielded to the breath of a light but steady breeze; before which a boat was ere long descried, cleaving the shining waters

with its broad and sunny wings, like some harbinger bird on a message of mercy from realms of light and love. But it was soon perceived, by the experienced eye of old Ronald Ross (the envied possessor of the sole spy-glass on the island,) that, instead of the usual neat skiff, wont to convey over calm and summer seas the expected pastor, the advancing craft was a black weather-beaten sea-boat; filled too by a far larger crew than the four youthful rowers who, in clean checked shirts, and trews of holiday Tartan, claimed the privilege of manning, on ordinary occasions, the minister's little pinnacle.

Curiosity, not the less keen for lack of frequent aliment, was abundantly excited. The glass passed rapidly from hand to hand among the male-gazers, while the women launched out into an ocean of conjecture. Could it be dread of a storm at that uncertain season which brought the winter boat across to-day? Could it be the fishermen of B— accompanying the minister on his sad, but interesting duty to the orphans of their deceased comrades? Or last, not least, could the chief himself have chanced to visit the Isles, and be coming in person to grace the rite, and solace, with his well-known kindness and liberality, the sorrows of many a widowed heart? The supposition was not an unlikely one, for the venerable pastor had been his beloved and honoured tutor, and often had they in after life gone hand in hand in deeds of charity and mercy.

But, as the nearing boat, in rounding a projecting headland, turned her dark side more broadly to the view, forms were first suspected, and then descried, to be within her more familiar and dearer far than even the white-haired man of God, or the gay gallant heir of Castle B—. "Gude sa' 'is!" exclaimed old Ronald Ross, well nigh dropping on the rocks his precious spy-glass—"if the foremost man in the bows o' yon boat be na Neil Bryden himsel', it maun be his wraith!"

"Neil Bryden!" echoed a dozen voices at once—"Neil Bryden! Surely Ronald, the taisch* maun be on ye, that ye see drowned men in the body, by the fair light o' day en a Sabbath morning!" "It's fifteen weeks yestreen since Neil Bryden and a' his crew sailed out o' the cove down bye. Think ye they'll ever sec't in life, till the sea gie up its dead, as the minister said in the burial sermon?"

"It has gi'en them up, and afore its time; His name be praised!" said another grey-headed elder, who had saved the glass from falling, and ever since been gazing through it. "We've lost her now round the point; but ere she gaed out o' view I saw Neil Bryden, and lang Macleod, and Jock the mainlander, and the twa Mackinnons, a' standing livin' men thegither. But my een reeled, ye may believe, and I could na count them rightly; and"—here his voice fell—"I did na see *him* I wad fainest hae seen o' them a', and that's the gallant skipper, blythe Angus Roy; and his wife has the sairest heart o' ony, for she's no island born, and pines for her ain folk. But he might be yonder, and me no see him; there was ae strapping chieil ahint the mast that I could na mak' out awa'."

"God grant it may be Angus come to life wi' the lave, if so be that you are livin' men, and a real timmer boat, and no a delusion o' the Enemy," said Ronald, lifting his bonnet as he spoke. But, ere his cautious speech was uttered, men, women, and children, had rushed down a short but pre-

* Second sight.

cipitous path, leading directly to the little port below. Just as the foremost runner's foot touched the margin of the sequestered natural harbour, its silver sands grated beneath the keel of the dark fishing-boat, and out leaped headlong on their native shores half a dozen joyous, but thin and weather-beaten mariners. Some stooped and kissed the ground they never more had hoped to see, with frantic eagerness; some knelt and uttered forth, regardless of human eyes, their thankfulness to Him who rules the deep; some, who found relatives in the already assembled crowd, embraced them, half afraid to ask for others, nearer and dearer still.

To these, the thoughts of all, of the good minister especially, were instantly directed; at whose considerate suggestion, indeed, the boat had been run into the quiet cove, instead of making at once for its usual landing-place below the village. Thither he now proceeded, restraining by his gentle authority, the haste of many an indiscreet herald of a tide of joy too mighty to be abruptly poured into any human bosom.

But, in this joy, as in every earthly cup, however overflowing, there mingled a drop of sadly contrasting bitterness. One was indeed missing from amid the resuscitated crew; and that, the head of all—the brave experienced Angus from the mainland; whose superior knowledge of fishing affairs, and peculiar habits of steadiness and sobriety had marked him out for the captain of the boat, of which, indeed, he was himself chief owner. And many were the lingering looks and thoughts, cast even by the excited group—who could hardly be restrained to follow at a cautious distance the preparatory advance of the minister to homes of new-born happiness—towards the solitary dwelling about half a mile inland, where the widow of Angus Roy (the deepest mourner of them all, from her natural character and isolated position in a land of comparative strangers) sat rocking on her knee the now sole orphan on whom the blessed waters of baptism were that eventful morning to distil.

"God help and pity Mhairi!" was the cry that burst from many a heart, regardless, under the thought of her enhanced affliction, of what seemed almost the cruel mockery of joy, in store for other dwellings. Even the rescued mariners, while telling by the way, in answer to a thousand disjointed questions, the brief story of their miraculous deliverance, shrunk from the drawback on their homeward pilgrimage, inflicted by the loss of gallant Angus Roy. "It was na in man to save him!" exclaimed they anxiously, as if deprecating blame, which none dreamed of imputing to them. "He wad bide, a' we could say or do, the last man in the boat he had steered sae lang; and when his kent hand left her helm, to grip the rope that was to mak her fast, and keep her frae drifting, the auld ungrateful — gae a sudden kedge astern, and drew Angus (wi ae fit on each) fairly atween her and the tall merchant brig, that lay tossing in the trough o' the sea, and had ill eneuch ado to tak ony o' us in. She fought hard though, ye may believe, and us aboard her, to recover him! Neil Bryden then louped into the sea, ere ever man could hinder him (for weel he likit Angus,) and ance he thought he grippit his hair; but it was but the rope o' the auld black boat after a'; and we brought her hame, ill doin limmer as she was, for Angus's sake. She'll aye win a penny for his wife and fatherless weans!"

"God help and comfort her and them!" burst from many a heart: "but there will nane need to gae near her till the minister can won himsel. Its wark for nane but the like o' him, honest man, to keep her frae sinfu' repining, when a' the lave hae sae muckle cause for joy!"

"I'm come to help him, with God's blessing," said a frank, and what would under other circumstances have been almost a joyous voice, from among the rescued band; and all eyes turned on the "strapping chield," old Ronald Ross's spy-glass had failed to make out behind the mast of the boat, and who on landing had still lingered, almost unheeded, behind the quickly encompassed islanders.

"And wha are ye that should hope to bring comfort to Mhairi Beun?" asked the grey-haired elder, who had eyed the lad for some time with perplexed half-recognition. "Even her ain father's son, another Angus, (half as dear may be to her, as the aye that is with God) come all the way from America, to do for Mhairi and her bairns what He enables me, and she shall bid me," replied the youth, in the same frank and fearless tone which marked his first introduction to the notice of the group. "God's blessing on ye, callant!" rose on every tongue, as the sympathies of the lingering crowd fairly deserted the more common-place scene of joy before them, for the strangely mingled burst of widowed grief, and reviving natural affection which must await the arrival of the young man on his sister's desolate hearth. But without the minister's sanctioning presence none durst encounter it; and, rejoicing first with those that rejoiced, they all felt, might enable and strengthen them to mourn with her, who (even in a long relinquished brother's arms) they knew could not do otherwise than weep.

Meantime the precautions of the worthy pastor had proved unavailing. The boat had been observed from the village to be of larger size and stronger build than usual; and, though no spy-glass there revealed glimpses (as of the world of spirits) to the sick hearts of the expecting matrons, curiosity was excited. A group of the elder fisher-girls (lingering from past associations near the scene of their once cheerful labours) bent on the nearing bark a gaze of wondering recognition, while the instinct, more unerring still, of their sagacious Highland terrier, led him to forego his race's unamphibious habits, and stand with ears and tail erect, fairly amid the curling waves. At length a wild, half-witted boy, son to one of the long-lost fishermen, dashed bare-legged across a narrow creek of what might be called his native element, to rouse the astonished village with tidings of a spectre-boat, with Neil Bryden at the helm, and his own well-known father, Hugh Mackinnon, sitting pale and wraith-like, in the bows.

The rumour ran like wild-fire through the straggling hamlet—one by one its half-appalled, half-doubting inmates appeared on their long-deserted thresholds. It was to see, in the advancing crowd, the confirmation of part at least of the young scout's strange communication. Sailors were there, more numerous far than usually attended on the pious pastor; figures were there, in whose gait and stature affection could not be deceived; faces (soon even these could be descried) there were, but dearer far for the tears of care and sorrow which none would have wished, at such a time, to see utterly banished thence. Before the wondrous group could thread its way through

rocks to the open bay on which the hamlet stood, four women, in deep widow's garb, were locked in the arms of those they had for months deplored as lost; and the husband of a fifth, (whom joy had paralysed while it lent wings to others) the elder Mackinnon, was clearing with gigantic leaps, while before him bounded his half-witted boy—the space between him and the hearth, where one, always delicate, and now enfeebled by distress, sat wondering whether it was her poor laddie, whose brain was in some strange manner turned to-day.

Long and fondly were wives strained to hearts that never thought to beat again beneath the friendly burden; but even wives soon yielded in interest to the yet unseen babes, whom, tossing on the midnight sea, or gazing at childish groups round friendly though far distant hearths—parents had sought to image to their longing minds! Quickly flew the covering from the cradles, where lay, adorned for the approaching solemnity, the innocent creatures, dearer to mothers' hearts for the grief amid which they had first had power to win a smile! Where they not lovelier, finer, dearer far in fathers' eyes than ever peaceful parents kissed at rarely-left firesides? They were; and if not smothered in the long arrears of overwhelming tenderness, the share their mothers and elder prattlers claimed, had alone the merit of averting the catastrophe. But why dwell on scenes like these? Who does not know or feel better than man can paint it for him, the joy too incoherent for words, which springs from meetings deemed (on earth) impossible, and ties renewed when buried in the grave?

The pastor soon saw that here his ministrations were superfluous, save that one brief impressive soul-felt prayer, which stilled like precious oil the tumultuous waves of rapture, and called a chastened feeling downward from that heaven to which it rose. All joined, in deep unbidden reverence, in the holy tribute which, with the judgment that marked all his intercourse with human creatures, the minister saw must supersede, on this eventful day, the stated morning services of the sanctuary; whose evening worship he purposed to render doubly hallowed by that interesting baptismal service, which all, subdued yet grateful hearts, would then be fitter to attend.

Duty, meanwhile, painful yet deeply interesting duty, summoned him elsewhere. For, abruptly as joy had been allowed to try its strength on human weakness, sorrow had been held sacred even by a rude, unpolished people. No murmur had wasted to Mhairi Bean's low cottage the wondrous tale of general joy and individual bereavement. She sat, trying by many a kiss to nerve her heart to bear to the sacred font the child no father would be there to claim from her; little thinking how bitter, how unendurable, indeed, would be the glance which would show her, ranged around it, fathers yielded back by the greedy deep, as if in mockery of her still lonely hearth and unacknowledged babe. But He who numbers all the widow's tears, had sent one she little dreamed of to assume the sponsor's office; and for this it was necessary, as soon as might be, to pave the painful way.

Accompanied alone by the young Transatlantic highlander, and by Neil Bryden, whose presence, as her late husband's oldest and tried friend, it was thought the bereaved one might, when the sad discovery was made, be induced with least

of agony to bear, the good pastor entered, with his wonted familiarity, the dwelling of "Mainland Mary." The visit, as preliminary to the day's trying solemnity, had not been unexpected. Composed, decently attired, and surrounded by three smiling elder children, the stranger widow, whom no relative of her own attended to support throughout the painful day, thought it but like her revered minister, to come himself to fetch the loneliest stricken sheep in his flock home to her Father's house. Choking with feelings too mighty even for his disciplined mind, he sat down beside the unsuspecting mourner, while the others yet waited without; though the half-closed door let not a word escape them of the touching conference, and said, "Mary, when last we met you could say through your tears, 'Blessed be the Lord!' though he had seen meet to 'take away the delight of your eyes with a stroke!' Did the blow, that at the same time fell on other broken hearts, teach you, even in the midst of your own sorrows to weep with those that wept? Or did the general calamity make your own feel lighter and less grievous?"

"Oh, Sir," cried the heart-broken young creature, "ye anna surely think sae! Do my forworded bairns lie lighter on my heart, or their puir drowned father come less often to my dreams, because five widows like mysel maun tak fatherless babes in their arms, down by to the kirk the day?"

"And what if they did not stand so situated, Mary? What if you alone bore the burden an unerring God has been pleased to lay on you? Could you rejoice—or, if that is too much for frail human nature, could you bear with those who, in His mysterious providence, are all—save yourself—widows no longer?"

"Save me!" echoed the poor bereaved one, scarce comprehending the bewildering distinction—scarce accountable for the first extorted murmurs of despair, "Save me, the loneliest, and weariest, and waest o' them a'; wi nae friend o' mine ain to tak me awa' frae a place and folk that I canna bide langer wi and live?"

"I'll tak ye awa'. Mhairi dear!" exclaimed the young Nova Scotian, bursting unbidden into the room, and throwing his arms round his sister. "Do ye no mind your wild brother Angus, that ye grat sae to part wi', and said ye wad never see mair? I have nae forgotten how ye pled for me whiles, when I angered the lave wi' my daffin'; or the crown ye sewed into the faulds o' my gravat, nor the counsel ye gied me never to forget Scotland and you! I'm come back to be father and mother, and man to you Mhairi; to bide wi' ye here, if ye bid me, or tak ye to Arisaig the morn, if ye like to gang."

"Arisaig!" murmured the widow, as if the last well-known name alone had roused her overwhelmed and bewildered faculties. "Na, na, laddie! the bare walls, and cauld hearth-stones there, wad be waur than the cerie dwallin, and fremit hearts here!"

"But there's nae bare wa's or cauld firesides where I bid ye gang, Mhairi dear; but bein houses and warm ingles, and a' your ain folk to gie you a canty hame-coming. It's Arisaig *on the seas* where I cam frae, and would fain carry you. D'ye no ken that we ca'd our bonny new fishing-ground yonder, by the name our hearts aye warm to, at home?"

"I had heard sae, may be, laddie!" (for from pronouncing her brother's name she still seemed to shrink.) "But, troth, I thought aiblins less o'

ye a' than I suld hae done, till I had nane forbye to think o'. Oh, Angus, Angus!" here the suppressed passion burst forth at length, "Tak me whaur ye will, ye canna gie me back the Angus that the deep sea hauds in its bosom! But I'll gang wi' ye, dear, 'deed will I; and the blessing o' the widow and fatherless be wi' ye for mindin' me!"

"Minding ye, Mhairi? Con a mither forget her bairn? as our's cried when Neil Bryden there speired if she remembered her far awa' dochter? Ye maun speak to Neil, Mhairi, dawtie; and tak the hand he's been hauding out to ye ever sin' he cam in. He was a leal friend to him that's awa'; and has left his ain wife to her joy to come here and see you in your sorrow."

"Neil Bryden!" said the bereaved one, endeavouring to look up, while an involuntary shudder crossed her frame, and buried her head once more on her brother's breast. "Neil, how came you here, and a' the hands forbye, I thought I heard them say—and him—him—"

"As God shall judge us, Mhairi, it was nae fau't o' man's; and when the boat sundered frae the ship, and Angus sunk between them, the mirk night, and raging sea, made it madness to hope to save him. But it was tried, Mhairi, doubt na that! The fremit Aberdeen skipper pat about his vessel at the risk o' his life, and ane o' pur Angus's comrades jumped into the black boiling water, to keep him to ye if it had been God's will."

"There stands the man, Mary," interposed the pastor in a kind yet gently admonishing tone, "will you not put your hand in that which was stretched out, at risk of life, to save your husband?"

"Will I?" exclaimed the rebuked and once more freely weeping widow, as she tore herself from her brother's arms, and speechlessly grasped, though with averted face, both the hands of the fairly-sobbing mariner: "For what ye've dune, Neil, I'll bless and pray for ye to my dying day; and maun say," her voice subsiding to an almost inaudible whisper, "to Mary Bryden, that grat sae often wi' me whaur you're standin' now; thus I'll try and no repine that she need greet nae langer. Gang till her Neil, for, oh, I ken fu' weel she's wearying on you!"

"She'll no weary, lang, Mhairi, for we'll a' hac to be stappin down to the kirk belyve. But I canna leave ye wi sic a sair heart and no tell you— afore your wiselike stalwart chield o' a brother there, how happy ye'll be yet when ye win out to your folk owre sea, and how kind, for auld Scotland's sake, they can be to pur heart-broken shipwrecked men. Think na to feel strange, Mhairi, when ye land on yon far awa' shore! I've never felt a moment's strangeness since, after five lang nights and days o' weary drivin' owre the wide sea, out o' a' sight or hope o' home; Ane abune a' sent a vessel through the Pentland Frith to rescue us. Our sail was a' rent, Mhairi, and our oars maistly washed awa'. The last drap o' water in the keg was drank lang syne, and the last dreg o' meal in the barrel licked dry, though our dryer throats wad scarcely let it owre, when the ship cam fleecin' round the Head, like an angel frae heaven."

"Feared were we a' she wadna see us, for night was darkenin' fast as she came nigh, and as we were baith drivin' awa' afore the gale, she was likelier to sink than save us! It was your Angus,

Mhairi, it will be a comfort to ye to hear it, that saved our lives, if we could na save his, pur fallow! He had his gun in the boat—the gun ye were wont to say wad be his death among the wild craigs after the sea-fowl; weel, the sound o' that gun was the first thing that let the ship's crew ken there were men in jeopardy afore them. They fired again—oh, what a blessed sound was that to perishing creatures! We had mostly a' tint heart the last twa days, and our strength seemed failed and gone; but that gun put life into the weakest, and we stood to our oars again, as if arm of man could do ought but sit still and bide the Lord's time to save us.

"The ship came driving on, hung wi' as mony lights as the blast wad let her burn; ropes and kind hands were flung in dozens over her side, we grappled some, and others grappled us, and God only can tell how we were a' landed—save him that's landed on a better shore, Mhairi—on board the Aberdeen brig that saved us."

"Oh but her crew were kindly couthy creatures, and gae us our bite and soup as though they had been our brothers born! But their tongue was a wee fremit like; and they couldna speak o' our ain isles, and lochs, and firths, that they never saw, and scarce heard tell o'. But when we landed at Pictou, Mhairi, it was maist as like hame as Wick or Stornoway. The hieland tongue was in every house. The first thing I speired after, Mhairi next to my ain gude brither frae the Lewis that I found was dead and gone, was for a' your folk frae the mainland; for I thought your heart wad warm the mair to them now than ever; and wha should I speir at but Angus there, that I had never saw, but who had heard o' the boat picked up at sea, and cam fleeing to the town to see lads frae the isles. Man and mither's son o' us, he wad hae us out to Arisaig; and bonny as ye may think the place they ca' sac in Scotland, its naething, they tell me, to the land o' their ain makin' owre bye. Its no but they like their ain hills and lochs, best still, the auld folk especially; but there was naught but starvation, and misery, and heart-break here, and yonder they've meat, and drink, and cleadin to the mast; and the mae mouths, the mair to fill them wi; so your bairns will be a fortune to ye there, Mhairi, in place o' a heart-break."

"Aye," interrupted the Nova Scotian, eagerly, "when I first gaed out, Mhairi, little as ye thought o' the wild callant at hame, I won mair siller in a week wi' the axe in the bonny woods yonder, than our father could win in a year; let him toil as he likit. But ye'll come out wi' me and see, Mhairi, and ye needna tak thought for being a burden to ony ane; for the white wheat's plentier in the land I come frae, than the black aits in the strath ye left; and the fruit trees grow like the birks in the laird o' Ardvallan's bags. It's just a land o' promise, as the gude minister there wad ca't. We've a gude ane o' our ain, out bye just like him; and a kirk by the sea-shore, maist as grand, though we biggit it ourselves, as St. Coul's down yonder."

"I rejoice to hear it, young man," said the good pastor kindly. "Scottish hearts cannot long beat any where, without yearning for the word as preached to their fathers. But you remind me that there is a solemn duty abiding us at home. Mhairi, you are aware that the infant in yonder cradle awaits a name, in token of adimission into his Master's flock. Can your heart rise in thank-

fulness to Him who has sent, to fill a father's place, another sponsor bound and ready to fulfil his part?"

"Aye, Sir!" said the now calm, and wondrously supported mother. With composure almost amounting to dignity, she walked towards the cradle, lifted thence her sleeping babe, delivered him, with one long and silent kiss, to the uncle, around whose knees the other children had already unconsciously clung, and saying, "God be wi' ye, my bairn, and mak' ye like him whose name ye are to get the day!" rushed by an opening behind the fire-place, into the other end of the cottage.

With grief, chastened and hallowed as that which her parting words indicated, the minister felt that she might safely be left to commune alone. The party quitted the house; the young godfather, bearing with a mixture of pride and awkwardness, the precious babe entrusted to his sponsorship; while a staid little girl of seven, the destined substitute for a too-naturally absent mother, held firmly by the long frock of the charge, of which she felt, as it were, defrauded.

Neil Bryden, now that his benevolent task was done, ran nimbly forward with a lightened heart, to meet his own wife and child, whom respect only for Mhairi's feelings had kept lingering during his visit, within sight of the cottage; resolved, as he smothered with a fresh set of kisses, his smiling crowing babe, that it, too, should be named Angus, and trained to resemble its gallant godfather. The bell for worship now mingled sweetly with the wild music of the summer waves on the rock-founded walls of the rude island-house of God. The little hamlet poured its slender tide of feeble staff-bent grandsires, and plaided grandames and heedless children, as usual, along the rugged kirk-yard path. But it was swelled by manly stalwart forms in sailor-garb to-day, and neat coifed matrons, their weeds thrown hastily aside for bridal garments, bearing each a white-robed candidate for immortality, brought up the glad procession to this "Baptism in the Isles!"

From Fraser's Magazine.

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

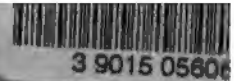
SIR EGERTON BRYDGES is indeed a veteran in literature. Many are our grey-headed readers who will call to mind the pensive pleasure which they experienced when reading *Mary de Clifford*, in the days of their youth. His subsequent works are far too numerous for us to mention, even by their names, without departing from our plan of brief biographical notices; but the omission is of little importance, as he has inserted a complete list in one or more of his recent productions. Several of them are already dear to the bibliomaniac, and, as years roll by, others will become so, in consequence of the very few copies which he has allowed to be printed; and this remark is more particularly applicable to those published on the Continent. Descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors, and firmly convinced of the justice of his claim, Sir Egerton endeavoured to prove his right to a seat in the House of Lords. But his ef-

forts were not crowned with success; and the disappointment in that great object of his ambition unhappily passed not over him as the shadow of the summer cloud. It left upon his mind painful and enduring impressions, which he is little inclined to conceal; and a querulous tone, a sense of injury, and something too nearly akin to misanthropy, are, ever and anon, prominent in most of his subsequent lucubrations, which, amid the gloom, are, however, redolent with the ripe fruits of experience and deep meditation. These may be plucked by a select few, who are not to be deterred from the gathering by briars and brambles around the trunk of the aged tree; but the many will pass by. They must be attracted, or, at least, not repelled; and it is not more true that "every heart knoweth its own bitterness," than that the "stranger intermeddleth not therewith." We take this to be a principal reason why divers of his works are but little read; for a pleasant and profitable collection might Sir Egerton make from his desultory and almost unknown writings (such as the *Veredica*, *Decapentaca*, &c.) could he but resolve to forget himself.

For some years past he has resided in the neighbourhood of Geneva, not as a misanthrope, but mingling with society, and moving therein with the placid ease and politeness of the old school. When his countrymen contrived to get up private theatricals at the "Cassino," prologues and epilogues were forthcoming from the pen of the writer of the well-known sonnet, *Echo and Silence*; and he is ever ready to assist in promoting the happiness of others. Such are the sunny hours of his existence: but, when alone, it is to be feared that an habitual cloud hovers over his spirit, darkly tinting with its shadow "the thick coming fancies" which he is ever committing to paper; and few writers are more systematically engaged. It is in what we term the dead of night—at four in the morning—that this veteran commences the daily task, which habit and an active mind concur in summoning him to perform as a duty. It was recently his boast that, for a period of many months, he had every morning seen the sun rise over the Lake of Geneva; and that, before the rest of the world was moving, he had done his "day's work." He was then residing at a villa (the grounds of which joined those of "Les Délices," formerly the residence of Voltaire,) about a mile and a half from Geneva, and was in the habit of walking into town almost daily, to read the papers and gossip, even as others "whom nature makes by the gross, and sets no mark upon them." Since that period he has removed farther from the town; but, as we hear, his habits continue unchanged—and the consequence must be an immense accumulation of manuscripts, the greater portion of which will probably in due course, be sent to the press, as he has never evinced an inclination to "hide his light under a bushel." Many of his works, indeed, have been published at a great expense and loss to himself, owing to causes which no doubt he clearly foresaw,—such as the small number of copies printed, the comparatively few persons on the spot who read English, and the impossibility of exciting general interest towards bibliomaniac and genealogical inquiry. These repeated sacrifices bear witness that Sir Egerton has not been urged on in his literary career by the *auri sacra fames*. To use a common but expressive term, writing is his "hobby;" and many a pleasant hour do we sincerely wish him therewith, whether gayly cantering round the flowery meads of poesy, or slowly and patiently threading the formidable mazes of genealogical trees, detecting ever and anon, relics of the olden time, and ruins of mighty houses.







BOUND

MAY 7 1945

UNIV. OF MICH.
LIBRARY

